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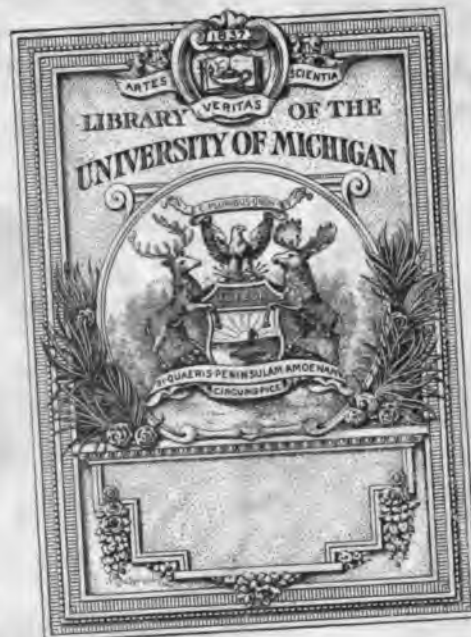
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PUNCH



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1880.



SCENE—*The Thames out Henley way. MR. PUNCH discovered lazily lolling in a Skiff moored among the reeds. TOBY dutifully imitating his Master in uncompromising dolce far niente. To them enter hastily, and fresh from London, the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY.*

Premier. Ah! found you at last, my dear PUNCH! Whoof! I wired you. Why didn't you answer?

Punch. Telegrams never come here, where I loll, like the mighty God Pan, Sir,

"Down in the reeds by the river."

Premier. Advice, many-counselled ULYSSES—

Punch (yawning). Rather not turn on that tap in a Lotos-land lovely as this is.

Still if it must be, it must. Only first try another potation.

[*Passes tankard.*]

Premier. Thanks! I must catch the next train up to London; and so—

Punch.

Botheration!

No House to-night! Take it easy!

Premier. You're lazy,—yet cute as a Q.C.

I've run down to seek your advice; I am sure you will give it *in nuce*.

Punch. Palaver in June—on the river! By Phœbus, the thing lacks congruity!

Premier. Sir, in evading the point, you're displaying a Turk's ingenuity.

Punch. Terrible wriggler, the Ottoman; many more shifts than old Merlin.

Wonder if joint-stock coercion will bring him to book now at Berlin?

Premier. That is just one of the points that I wanted—

Punch.

By Jove, look at TOBY! A

Tidy cool hand is that tyke; he will never invite hydrophobia.

Twig him there stretched on his back! 'Tis a capital antiphlogistic.

Premier. Yes, but the Porte—

Punch.

A propos, try the Claret Cup. Dreamily mystic

That haze on the—dickens, man! don't jump like that! This is not a Dutch lugger.

Seen *Anne-Mie*, by the way?

Premier.

No.

Punch.

I'll just shift this cushion. That's snugger!

BEERSMAN's not bad, I assure you.

Premier.

Well—passing such topics extraneous—

What do you think of our Note?

Punch.

The identic and—hum—simultaneous?

Hope it *may* prove the right key-note of Harmony. Ah! if the Powers
Their Plenipos mustered down here, 'midst the reeds and forget-me-not flowers,
I'd settle the "three points" like winking.

Premier.

Well, first for the Turco-Greek frontier——

Punch. This is not the "*Answärtige Amt.*" Better far in a skiff or a punt here,
To—ah! what a glorious sunset! By Phœbus, it's really magnificent!

Premier. PUNCH, if I but had my will——

Punch.

I much fear I should be in a jiffy sent

Straight to that dull Wilhelmstrasse,—in June! My objection's emphatic.

Much nicer to watch my float bobbing than listen to jaw diplomatic.

Premier (glumly). Your counsel is commonly ready, but——

Punch (reassuringly).

Pshaw! my sweet WILLIAM, don't hurry!

And when did your PUNCHUS fail you? What is it?

Premier (deprecatingly).

I fear I'm a worry.

But as to Coercion—Obstruction—Rad Hobbies—bad Ottoman habits——

SIR BARTLE and BRADLAUGH—Scotch bigots—hot HARCOURT—the Hares and the Rabbits——

That task for a modern God Terminus, Thessaly way—and those Tories,

Who swear in one breath we're both stealing and turning our backs on their glories,—

Why really, my cool-puffing PUNCH, there are so many points, that——

Punch.

No doubt of it.

A pretty tight fit, Sir, all round; but, my WILLIAM, you know the way out of it.

Principle, patience, and pluck. Oh come, come, my stout veteran, verily,

Spite of your seventy summers, you seem to have started right merrily.

Peg away. Puzzled? Pooh! pooh!—you're so modest.

Premier.

Of course your approval,

In principle, lightens the load, but 'twould hasten the burden's removal

If hints as to details——

Punch (rousing himself).

Here goes then! A batch of new brooms, you're expected

To sweep very clean, and already a good deal of dirt you've detected;

But would you the Padishah squeeze without putting the Powers at jangles——

Get Tory-intrigue out of hobbles, and Tory finance out of tangles——

And scumfish the hosts of O'DONNELL, and drive half the crotchets to Sheitan,

And—do all the other stiff jobs that the Pigmies expect from a Titan——

You may, it is true, need a "tip" or two. Take them, in bulk and in brightness,

Sweetness and Light quintessentialised, Art without queerness or "quite-ness,"

Portable pithy omniscience, encyclopedian wisdom,

Smartness unspoiled by the taint of the Cockney Cad's realm of Cheap Fizz-dom;

Statesmanship's true *Vade Mecum*, Time's chronicle wrought with conciseness,

And writ in a manner most trenchant, a style that, for terseness and niceness,

Would take the shine out of THUCYDIDES, stump smart MACAULAY, or bowl HUME,—

Take—need I mention the Masterpiece?—take PUNCH's

Seventy-Eighth Volume!





January xxxi Days.

1	St. Stephen	17	St. Francis
2	St. Basil	18	St. Agnes
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. Vincent
4	St. Thomas	20	St. John the Baptist
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Stephen
6	St. Basil	22	St. Agnes
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. Vincent
8	St. Thomas	24	St. John the Baptist
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Stephen
10	St. Basil	26	St. Agnes
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. Vincent
12	St. Thomas	28	St. John the Baptist
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Stephen
14	St. Basil	30	St. Agnes
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. Vincent

February xxix Days.

1	St. Valentine	16	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	17	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	18	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	19	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	20	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	21	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	22	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	23	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	24	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	25	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	26	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	27	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	28	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	29	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	30	St. John the Baptist

March xxxi Days.

1	St. David	17	St. Patrick
2	St. Valentine	18	St. Agnes
3	St. Basil	19	St. Vincent
4	St. Sylvester	20	St. John the Baptist
5	St. Thomas	21	St. Stephen
6	St. Agnes	22	St. Agnes
7	St. Basil	23	St. Vincent
8	St. Sylvester	24	St. John the Baptist
9	St. Thomas	25	St. Stephen
10	St. Agnes	26	St. Agnes
11	St. Basil	27	St. Vincent
12	St. Sylvester	28	St. John the Baptist
13	St. Thomas	29	St. Stephen
14	St. Agnes	30	St. Agnes
15	St. Basil	31	St. Vincent

April xxx Days.

1	St. George	16	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	17	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	18	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	19	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	20	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	21	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	22	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	23	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	24	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	25	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	26	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	27	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	28	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	29	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	30	St. John the Baptist

May xxxi Days.

1	St. Matthew	17	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	18	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	22	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	26	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	30	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. John the Baptist

June xxx Days.

1	St. Peter	16	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	17	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	18	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	19	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	20	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	21	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	22	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	23	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	24	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	25	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	26	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	27	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	28	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	29	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	30	St. John the Baptist

July xxxi Days.

1	St. James	17	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	18	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	22	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	26	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	30	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. John the Baptist

August xxxi Days.

1	St. John the Evangelist	17	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	18	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	22	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	26	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	30	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. John the Baptist

September xxx Days.

1	St. Michael	17	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	18	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	22	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	26	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	30	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. John the Baptist

October xxxi Days.

1	St. John the Baptist	17	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	18	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	22	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	26	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	30	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. John the Baptist

November xxx Days.

1	St. Martin	17	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	18	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	22	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	26	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	30	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. John the Baptist

December xxxi Days.

1	St. Stephen	17	St. Agnes
2	St. Basil	18	St. Vincent
3	St. Sylvester	19	St. John the Baptist
4	St. Thomas	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Agnes	21	St. Agnes
6	St. Basil	22	St. Vincent
7	St. Sylvester	23	St. John the Baptist
8	St. Thomas	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Agnes	25	St. Agnes
10	St. Basil	26	St. Vincent
11	St. Sylvester	27	St. John the Baptist
12	St. Thomas	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Agnes	29	St. Agnes
14	St. Basil	30	St. Vincent
15	St. Sylvester	31	St. John the Baptist



IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A SPORTING MAN, AND ARE OUT FOR A QUIET RIDE, IT'S VERY ANNOYING WHEN YOUR HORSE INSISTS UPON JOINING THE HOUNDS THAT ARE RUNNING A FIELD OR TWO OFF THE HIGH-ROAD.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

January.

JANUARY! Tailor's bill comes in.
Blow that blooming Snip! I'm short o' tin.
Werry much enjoyed my Autumn Caper,
But three quid fifteen do look queer paper.
Want another new rig out, wuss luck,
Gurl at Boodle's bar seems awful struck.
Like to take her to the pantermime;
That and oysters after *would* be prime.
FAN's a screamer; this top coat would blue it,
Yaller at the seams, black ink won't do it.
Wonder if old Snip would spring another?
Boots, too, rayther seedy; beastly bother!
Lots o' larks that empty pockets "queer."
Can't do much on fifty quid a year.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST.—"So they're building a Church in memory of Bishop WILBERFORCE at Southampton," said SMELFUN-GUS. "He was 'all things to all men.'" How different from me! I'm "nothing to nobody?"

THE TAX WHICH NO CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER HAS DISTURBED, OR IS EVER LIKELY TO DISTURB—Syn-tax.

FORECAST FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—Month opens with a shower of frogs. *Ranc* weather.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Suspicious Bidder (on a dozen of "Gooseberry" being put up). "WHAT'S THE BRAND, MR. AUCTIONEER?" "BRAND! WHAT! FOR THIS CHAMPAGNE? A MAGNIFICENT WINE LIKE THAT, SIR, DON'T WANT ANY BRAND! WE SELL IT ON ITS MERITS. SHALL WE SAY FIFTEEN SHILLINGS?"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

February.

FEBRUARY! High old time for sprees!
Now's yer chance the gals to please or tease.
Dowds to guy and pooty ones to wheedle,
And to give all rival chaps the needle.
Crab your enemies,—I've got a many,
You can pot 'em proper for a penny.
My! Them Valentines do 'it 'em 'ot.
Fust-rate fun: I always buy a lot.
Prigs complain they're spiteful.
Lor' wot stuff!
I can't ever get 'em strong enough.
Safe too; no one twigs your little spree,
If you do it on the strict Q. T.
If you're spoons, a flowery one's your plan,
Mem: I sent a proper one to FAN.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—If you are blest with a large family, and have, besides, numerous relations whom you don't wish to disoblige, always dress yourself and household in black; and thus you will escape the expense of mourning.

FOR THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY'S DINNERS.—Toast and Sentiment: "May we never want a patient, or a six-ounce bottle to send him."

THE PLUNKY MILLENNIUM.—When every valet shall be exalted.

A HALFPENNY ROLE.—The Echo's.



—AND IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO BE OVERTAKEN IN A NARROW LANE BY A TROOP OF HUNTING PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT, AND ARE TRYING HARD TO CATCH THE HOUNDS.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

March.

MARCH! I'm nuts upon a windy day,
Gurls do git in such a awful way.
Petticoats yer know, and pooty feet;
Hair all flying,—tell you it's a treat.
Pancake day. Den't like 'em—flabby, tough,
Rayther do a pennorth o' plum-duff.
Seediness shows up as Spring advances,
Ah! the gurls do lead us pretty dances.
Days a-lengthening. Think I spotted FAN
Casting sheep's eyes at another man.
Quarter-day, too, no more chance of tick.
Fancy I shall 'ave to cut my stick.
Got the doldrums dreadful, that is clear.
Two *d.* left!—must go and do a beer!

SUGGESTIONS FOR SONG-TITLES.

FOR BORROWERS.—
"Always a loan!"
FOR LADIES LOVING SHOPPING.—
"The sweet buy and buy."
FOR *passé* Beauties.—
"The Song of the Old Belle."
FOR DISAPPOINTED SPORTSMEN.—
"Never Moor!"



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THREE MALCONTENTS.

The Hunted Hare. "I DO CALL IT HARD TO BE CHIVED ABOUT AS I AM. I OWN I'M NICE TO EAT, WITH CURRANT-JELLY, AND MAKE SCRUMPTIOUS SOUP! BUT IT'S NOT FOR THAT; IT'S BECAUSE I'M GOOD AT RUNNING AWAY!"
The Chained St. Bernard. "AT ALL EVENTS, YOU'RE FREE TO GET ABOUT AND SEE THE WORLD BEFORE YOU'RE CAUGHT! HERE HAVE I BEEN CHAINED UP IN THIS BEASTLY YARD FOR TEN YEARS, AND I'VE ONLY GOT TWO MORE TO LIVE. I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD—HANG IT ALL!—AND THEN MARRY, AND SETTLE!"
The Wounded Pigeon. "DON'T YOU TALK! LOOK AT ME! TWO DAYS AGO, I WAS SHOT IN BOTH LEGS BY A DUFFER, AND, LIKE A FOOL, I FLEW AWAY! I'VE BEEN FLYING EVER SINCE, FOR I CAN'T WALK, AND I CAN'T SIT, AND I CAN'T LIE DOWN, AND I DAREN'T FLY HOME! OH! OH! OH! VIVISECTION'S A JOKE TO THIS. AND AT LEAST THEY GIVE YOU CHLOROPFORM!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

April.

APRIL! All Fools' Day's a proper time.
Cop old gurls and guy old buffers prime.
Scissors! don't they goggle and look blue
When you land them with a regular "do"?
Lor! the world would not be worth a mivvey,
If there warn't no fools to cheek and ohivy.
Then comes Easter. Got some coin in 'and,
Trot a bonnet out and do the grand.
FAN all flounce and flower; fellows mad
Heye us henvious; nuts to me, my lad.
'Ampstead! 'Ampton! Which is it to be?
FAN—no flat—prefers the Crystal P.
Nobby togs, high jinks, and lots o' lotion,
That's the style to go it, I've a notion!

GOLDEN - WEDDING - GIFTS.—A wig, a pair of crutches, and a set of false teeth.

MEMORANDUM FOR MARCH.—Mariners, on St. David's Day, look out for leaks.

A SECRET FOR THE SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—How to curry favour.

LUSH-US FRUIT.—The Grape.

MEMS. FOR MIDSUMMER.

(By a Man of Foresight.)

Mem.—As the season is now drawing to a close, and one probably has few dinner engagements still in prospect, it might be politic perhaps to ask some country friends to come and stay a week with us. N.B.—*After Goodwood.*

Mem.—In the not improbable event of their declining, and suggesting we had better visit them instead, my wife must not omit, while expressing our regret that we cannot come *just yet*, to hint that I am still extremely fond of shooting.

Mem.—With a view to the contingency of my getting in this manner a few days on the moors, and a week or two in Stubble-shire, I had better look up my old shooting-boots, and borrow BOB's new breech-loader.

Mem.—When accepting invitations we must bear in mind the need to make our visits dove-tail nicely, so as not to waste a day in useless travelling.

Mem.—Supposing I am asked if I want any game sent anywhere, I must take care that I don't forget my Uncle BOB, who stood god-father to baby.

Mem.—And perhaps it might be well to send a brace of birds to dear old CHARLEY CRACKLETON, who has hinted more than once that it is not at all unlikely he may leave us his old china.

Mem.—EMMY said the other day that her dear Mamma desired to come and see us very shortly. If this desire be realised, as probably it will be, I must arrange for being summoned unexpectedly to Paris, to serve upon a Special Exhibition Jury.

Mem.—If I return before the dear old lady leaves us, I must devise some dodge for shortening her visit.

Mem.—Don't let me forget to look up FREDDY FOKESSEL, and find out where his yacht will be for the next six weeks.

Mem.—If no grouching's to be had, I had better chum with him till the partridges are ready, and let EMMY take the chicks to spend a quiet month at Margate.

Mem.—I must not forget to tell EMMY to remember that when the Landlord's fellow calls again for rent, he is to be told that I am out of town, but that, to save him further trouble, I will have a cheque quite ready for him when he calls at Christmas.

Mem.—As the house is to be painted in the Spring, we had better go abroad then, and get some one to hire it till the smell has quite evaporated.

Mem.—Let me be sure to lock my study-door when I leave home, lest I find my things all "put to-rights" when I return to it.

• *Mem.*—That cheap sherry at the Club is stronger than it tastes, and, while the weather is so hot, I had better, for my health's sake, stick to Pom-mery and Margaux.

Mem.—I must really bear in mind that EMMY has reminded me (and more than once, I fear) that Cook has twice asked for her wages.

Mem.—While thinking over household matters, I ought to recollect that the cistern has begun to leak and the coal-cellar is empty.

Mem.—If we chance to come across that charming little Mrs. SHUGRA CANDIE in our wanderings this autumn, I must not get too intimate, for EMMY so dislikes her.

the plate and lock up the piano while the house is being cleaned; or else, the carpets being up, a ball is pretty certain to be given in our absence.

WHYS FOR THE WISE.

WHY do bosom friends entreat you to "drop in on them at any time," when they know you know quite well that if you were to do so you would find them not at home to you?

Why, when men are bored to death at an "At Home," do they somehow feel constrained to murmur out their thanks for "such a very pleasant evening"?

Why, when Ladies want to sing, will they persist in pleading that they have a dreadful cold, and really cannot get a note out?

Why cannot Actors be content with the applause of their own conscience, and the Stalls, and not gag their part to gain the plaudits of the Gallery?

Why do hired Waiters always breathe upon your head, particularly, alas! if it happens to be a bald one?

Why, when a man likes a thigh or a liver-wing, does he insist on saying that "any part will do for him?"

Why, if a friend wins a five-pound note at cards, do you find him take such care to calculate his gain at about a dozen shillings?

Why do Critics chronicle a "genuine success," when they know full well the piece won't run above a fortnight?

Why cannot a Hair-cutter perform that operation without hinting that your hair will soon be hardly worth the cutting?

Why do friends exclaim, "How very well you're looking!" when you see by their expression they are thinking just the contrary?

Why do Orators crave leave to say a few words on the subject, when they really mean to talk for half-an-hour, or more?

Why is it deemed no sin to steal a friend's umbrella, or outwit him in a horse-deal?

PAN.

PAN, whom the pagan poets still invoke,
Cool common-sense has placed beneath its ban,
For all last year he seemed—and 'twas no joke—
Always a dripping—or a frying—Pan.
Talk of "the great god Pan" is therefore rot,
Now Pan 'tis plain, has gone to watering-pot.

NEW NAME FOR AN OLD

SALT OF DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.—Piratic Saline. (With thanks to Mr. Lamplough.)

EBONY BLACKING.—An abusive article in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT.—Three friends loving and lushy.

A FOG SIGNAL.—A Respirator.



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Young Housekeeper (just married). "WHAT CAN YOU RECOMMEND, MR. BRISKET?"
Butcher. "WELL, MISS—M'UM—A NICE LEG O' MUTTON, M'UM—"
Young Housekeeper. "OH, DEAR! COULDN'T YOU LET US HAVE ONE OF THE FRONT LEGS? THEY'D BE SMALLER, WOULDN'T THEY, MR. BRISKET?"

Mem.—The housemaid is quite welcome to open the portfolios and to look at "Master's drawings" when he is away, but she really must not use them to cover up the furniture.

Mem.—To tie another knot in my handkerchief to-morrow, that I may not forget that EMMY's pin-money is due, and that she desires, are leaving town, to buy a new rig-out for TOMMY.

Mem.—We really must remember to send away



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

The Bishop (to his youngest and favourite Son). "Now, why shouldn't you adopt the STAGE as a PROFESSION, THEODORE? LORD RONALD BEAUMANOIR, who's a YEAR YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF, IS ALREADY GETTING SIXTEEN GUINEAS A WEEK FOR LOW COMEDY PARTS AT THE CRITERION! THE DUCHESS TOLD ME SO HERSELF ONLY YESTERDAY!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

May.

MAY! The month o' flowers.
Spooney sell!
"Rum 'ot with," is wot I likes to
smell.
Beats yer roses holler. A chice
weed
Licks all flowers that ever run to
seed.
Nobby button'oler very well
When one wants to do the 'eavy
swell;
Otherwise don't care not one brass
farden,
For the best ever blowed in Covent
Garden.
FAN, though, likes 'em, costs a
pretty pile,
Rayther stiff, a tanner for a smile.
Blued ten bob last time I took 'er
out,
Left my silver ticker up the spout.
Women are sech sharks! If I
don't drop 'er,
Guess that I shall come a hawful
cropper!

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

(At a Municipal Election.)

First Voter. I've just been and
plumped for CARTER.

Second Voter. Plumped for CAR-
TER! Why I don't believe you
know him.

First Voter. No; that's why I
vote for him. He may be an honest
man. I know the others.

HINT TO THE TRADE.—Bring
out a new choker, and call it the
"Sus: per coll:!"



CUMULATIVE!

Tourist (on Scotch Steamer). "I SAY, STEWARD, HOW DO YOU EXPECT ANYBODY TO DRY THEIR HANDS ON THIS TOWEL? IT'S AS WET AS IF IT HAD BEEN DIPPED IN THE SEA!"
Steward. "AWEE!—DEPPED OR NO DEPPED, THERE'S A HUNDRED FOUK HAE USED THE
TOOWL, AND YE'RE THE FURST THAT'S GRUMMELT!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

June.

JUNE! A jolly month; sech
stunning weather!
FAN and I have lots of outs to-
gether;
Rorty on the river, sech prime
unts,
Foul the racers, run into the punts.
Prime to 'ear the anglers rave and
cuss,
When in quiet "swims" we raise
a muss.
Snack on someone's lawn upon the
quiet,
Won't the owner raise a tidy riot
When he twigs our scraps and
broken bottles?
Cheaper this than rustyongs or
hottles.
Whitsuntide 'ud be a lot more gay
If it warn't so near to Quarter-
day.
Snip turns sour, pulls "county-
courting" faces.
Must try and land a little on the
Races.

AN UNFAIR PROCEEDING.

BRUNETTA protests against the
partiality shown by public writers
in addressing her sex as "our fair
readers." She hopes in future
that this formula will be changed
to "our fair and dark readers."

A THEATRICAL SPECULATION.
Take Drury Lane, produce Ca-
riolans gorgeously, and call it
Druriolanus.

AN INCORRIGIBLE OFFENDER.
—A Drinking Fountain.



CETEWAYO IN LONDON.

Mrs. PONSOMBY DE TOMPKINS REALISES HER LIFE'S AMBITION AT LAST, AND RECEIVES ROYALTY AND SUITE IN HER OWN HOUSE.



THE KNIGHT AND THE FLEA—AN UNRECORDED TRIAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN AUTUMNAL DUET.

(Rather out of tune.)

MATERFAMILIAS. The Doctor says dear MAY lacks tone.

PATERFAMILIAS. Oh, yes, I know! Sea-baths, ozone!

Catch-words to cover the old claim
For holidays.

MATERFAMILIAS. It is a shame
So to misconstrue him—and me,
For on this point we do agree.

PATERFAMILIAS. On principles of abstract reason!
Man always finds, though, at this season
Doctors and wives for once at one.
But Stocks are down—it can't be done!
I can't afford it.

MATERFAMILIAS. The old tale!
I hope you'll own *that* tune is stale.
You get more stingy every year.

PATERFAMILIAS. You sing a little sharp, my dear.
Un troppo brio! Try *cantabile*.

MATERFAMILIAS. How can you, JOHN, behave so shabbily?

Well, let MAY die!

PATERFAMILIAS. Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

"Twixt man and wife it ought to be
Case of duet, and not of duel.

MATERFAMILIAS. Well, whose fault is it? You're so cruel! (*Wrens*)

PATERFAMILIAS. Come, come, my dear, no *lagrimoso*!

MATERFAMILIAS (wiping her eyes). Then you consent, love?

PATERFAMILIAS (*drily*). I suppose so.
No matter how long women parley,
Married duets have one *finale*.

Change of air's what all wives say,
Though to the old tune hub must pay!

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE!

PICKED up my daily pin. Have now exactly 183 pins carefully laid by, so that one half of the proverbial groat is secured.

SKINNER, FLINT, and myself again met and talked over our great scheme of joining at a halfpenny daily paper when the General Election takes place.

Put a happy thought into execution—bought a penny loaf, and called at two or three cheese-mongers and tasted their Cheddar, Cheshire, &c. Made quite a substantial meal.

Obliged by urgent business to use the Underground Railway. Took a third class (parly) ticket, but the train was so crowded that I had to be put into a second class carriage, the only time in my life I have ever travelled in this luxurious manner.

Another piece of good luck—some careless

person had left a *Daily News* on the seat; put it in my pocket to add to my waste-paper store. Found a half-penny (French).

This evening was very cold, but instead of lighting a fire I went to the South Kensington Museum, which was both warm and free.

Full moon; so I went to bed without a dip.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN the wind blows east away,
And the roads like rink-floors ring,
And you cough and sneeze all day,
Then men say it's a "merry Spring"!

When the rain pours day and night,
Skies look glum, and faces glummer,
And hay-fever's at its height,
Then, of course, it's "glorious Summer"!

When sole change from catching colds
Is in wondering how you caught 'em,
And grey mist the land enfolds,
Then you know it's "genial Autumn"!

When cold water takes two shapes,
Drenching *douche* and icy splinter,
And the world's all coats and capes,
Then be sure it's "jolly Winter"!

MEM. BY A LAUNDRY-MAID.—The fastest colours are those that won't run.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

SOME LADIES HAVE TAKEN TO WEARING JERSEYS—AND VERY HEALTHY AND BECOMING THEY ARE! NOW, WHY SHOULD NOT GENTLEMEN CONTENT THEMSELVES WITH MERE UNDERCLOTHING, AND DISCARD THE HIDEOUS CHIMNEY-POT, FROCK-COAT, AND TROUSERS OF THE PERIOD, SO FATAL TO PICTORIAL DESIGN?
(N.B.—THE UNDER-VEST TO BE WORN OUTSIDE THE DRAWERS. (*A FA SANS DIRE!*))



OF AN EVENING, THE VEST, DRAWERS, AND SOCKS MIGHT BE BLACK. WHAT MORE CALCULATED TO SHOW OFF A FINE FIGURE! BESIDES WHICH, IT WOULD BE A NATIONAL COSTUME, SINCE NO COUNTRY CAN VIE WITH OURS IN THE ELEGANCE OF ITS UNDERCLOTHING.
(N.B.—HIGH ART MIGHT REVIVE IN ENGLAND IF MODERN DRESS WERE REFORMED IN THE DIRECTION INDICATED.)





CHINAMANIA MADE USEFUL AT LAST!

"Hand-painted china is all the rage as a trimming for Ladies' Dresses."—*Paris Fashions.*

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

July.

'OT JULY! Just nicked a handy fiver,
(Twenty-five to one on old "Screw-Driver"!)
New rig-out. This mustard colour mixture
Suits me nobly. FAN appears a fixture.
Gurls like style, you know, and colour ketches 'em,
But good show of ochre,—that's what fetches 'em.
Wimbledon! I'm not a Volunteer.
Discipline don't suit this child—no fear!
But we 'ave fine capers at the Camp,
Proper, but for that confounded scamp:
Punched my 'ead because I guyed his shooting.
FAN I fancied rather 'ighfaluting;
Ogled the big beggar as he propped me.
Would 'a licked 'im if she 'adn't stopped me.

OLD PROVERBS RE-POINTED.

A MAN and his molars are soon parted.
A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.
Watched lovers never "spoon."
Too many broths spoil the cook.
Short reckonings make long aces.
One good kiss deserves another.
A hitch in time is no crime.
By one without an ear.
Lace in haste and lament at pisure.

Where there is smoke there's 'bacco.
Good weeds go apace.
Bad words button no-shirt-fronts.
When the wine comes in, the ladies walk out.
Little Jews have long noses.
A nod is as good as a bow to a poor acquaintance.
People with corns should never kick.
All is fare to an extortionate Cabby.
Never say "dye"—nor do it either.
A lazy glazier breaks the most panes.
Grace before meat.—Pay milliners' bills and hang butchers'.

THE COACH TO HIS TEAM.

"Thus sang they in the torpids' boat,
A lively more than tuneless note."

PULL now, Number Three!
Out again, man; hang you!
Six, oh (big big D—)
One's obliged to slang you!
One, two—one, two—bah!
(Jumble adjectival)
Hear that scornful "yah"?—
Comment from a rival!
Now, then, bow, my boy!
Blow it, do wake up, man!
Think bow-oar's a toy,
Fit for—*Tracy Tuppman?*
Stroke! Sharp off the chest!
Dash it, man!—more "devil!"
Good; Now you may rest,
And I—may be civil!

'ARRY'S MOTTO.—"Youth on the prowl and pleasure at the 'elm."

"SMALL ARMS."—Baby's.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

August.

AUGUST! Time to think about my outing.
No dubs yet, though, so it's no use shouting.
Make the best of the Bank 'Ooliday.
FAN "engaged!" Don't look too bloomin' gay.
Drop into the bar to do a beer.
Twig her talking to that Volunteer.
Sling my 'ook instanter sharp and short,
Took JEMIMER down to 'Ampton Court.
Not arf bad that gurl. Got rather screwed,
Little toff complained as I was rude.
'It 'im in the wind, he went like death;
Weak, consumptive cove and short o' breath.
Licked 'im proper, dropped 'im like a shot,—
Only wish that FAN had seen that lot.

PERFERVIDA INGENIA.—Sootch and Scandinavian—Burns and Scalds.

FAIRIES' DRINKING VESSELS.—Cuckoo-pints.

WEATHER REGULATIONS FOR 1880.

RAIN to fall only in the night.
A Committee of Weathercocks, to regulate the winds. Chairman *ex officio*, Clerk of the Weather. Members of the VANE family *ex officio* members.

East winds not to be allowed at the West End.

Mountain dew to be taken without water. None allowed to get beyond mountain dew points of highest saturation.

When the Barometer falls, the housemaid to pick it up and report the occurrence to the nearest Weather Station.

Squalls to be confined to nurseries.

Barometrical pressure not to be unfairly increased by tapping the glass.

The rate of the wind may be ascertained from those who have succeeded in raising it.

Licences for the introduction of the weather into conversation will be granted by the Meteorological Society.

Interesting and valuable experiments with the "dry bulb" and "wet bulb" may be made by means of an onion and a glass of water.



THE TIDY COSTUME.

A HINT TO ART NEEDLEWORKERS.



"COMMINATORY."

Scotch Field Preacher. "AH SEE YE AHINT THE STANES THERE, LADDIES! SMOCKEN,—E-H! BUT YE MAY SMOCK,—AN' YE MAY SMOCK"—(*crescendo*)—"AN' YE MAY SMOCK—BUT YE'LL SMOCK GEE AN SAIRER WHAUR YE'RE GAUN TAE!!"



"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT."

Country Lass (to Policeman who takes them over the road at Oxford Street Circus). "I'M SO MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR TAKING THE TROUBLE—"
Gallant Constable. "LOR' BLESS YER, MISS, I WISH THE CROSSIN' WAS TWICE AS LONG!"



LEO ET VIRGO TRIUMPHANTES.

(EXEUNT OMNES.)

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Ponto had kept on standing most provokingly at larks. "Call that a pointer!" exclaimed Wagg. "I should call him a pointer!"

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—Complaints are often heard of the disturbance caused by the crowing of cocks in the early morning. In this educational

ANOTHER COUNCIL OF TRENT.—The Town Council of Burton-on-Trent. Convoled by the Mayor. Principal Fathers, Messrs. Bass and



AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY, IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO CARRY PLANTS OF ANY KIND, ALIVE OR DEAD, INTO ITALY, AND THE OFFICIALS AT THE ITALIAN DOGANA (CUSTOM-HOUSE) NEAR MENTONE HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD THAT AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH A ROSE IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE, HAS STROLLED BY, TOWARDS VENTIMIGLIA. SO THEY ARE AFTER THE UNSUSPECTING CRIMINAL!

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

September.

HERE'S September! 'Ooliday at last!
Off to Margit—mean to go it fast.
Dustard-coloured togs still fresh as paint,
Like to know who's natty, if I ain't.
Got three quid; have cried a go with FAN,
Same to spend my money like a man.
But stickin' tight to one gal ain't no fan—
Here's no end of prime 'uns on the run;
Harn't resist me somehow, togs and tile
All A 1—make even swell ones smile.
For! if I'd the ochre, make no doubt
I could ent no end of big pots out.
Call me Cad? When money's in the game,
Cad and Swell are pooty much the same.

POLITE INQUIRIES.

How old are you? How much have you a year? Do you derieve your income from property, or live by your wits? Who are your bankers? What is your father? Who was your mother? Is there insanity in your family? What is the skeleton in your cupboard? Were you ever



AN IRREVERENT SAXON.

"MY CARD, MON? I HANNA GOT ONE! BUT I'D HAE YOU TO KEN THAT I'M A MACKINTOSH!"
"YOU MAY BE A HUMBERELLER, FOR ALL I KNOWS, BUT MY FARE'S HEIGTENPENCE!"

in gaol? Are your teeth all sound? Did you ever pawn your watch? Have you paid your rates and taxes? And your rent? Did you ever shoot the moon? Where did you borrow your dress-coat? Did you buy those clothes ready made, or do you employ a tailor? What credit does he give you, and how much do you owe him now?

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

October.

Now October! Back again to collar,
Funds run low, redooosed to last 'arf-dollar.
Snip on rampage, boots a getting thin,
'Ave to try the turf to raise some tin.
Evenings getting gloomy; high old games;
Music 'Alls look up the taking names.
Proper swells them pros! If I'd my choice,
There's my mark. Just wish I'd got a voice;
Cut the old den to-morrow, lot's o' Cham.,
Cabs and diamonds,—ain't that real jam?
Got the straight tip for the Sieserwitch,
If I konly land it, I'll be rich.
Guess next mornin' wouldn't find me sober—
Allays get the blues about October.

MOTTOES FREELY TRANSLATED, AND EASILY APPLIED.

"AMOR" nummi—EVANS'S, Covent Garden.
Cudit questio—The subject is 'ARRY.
Carpe diem—A carp a day (*Fisherman's motto*).
Con amore—Probably brother of ROBY O'-MOOREY.
"D.T. fabula narratur"—Drink at the Princess's.

Dies non—Never say die.
Dum spiro spero—SPIERS AND POND.

Ecce post factum—Done out of a post.

Ex uno disce omnes—Lord BEACONSFIELD and party.

Festina lente—Get Lent over.

Fieri facias—Jolly nose!

Fuimus—We're going a small party.

Hent—Motto for Mr. Gladstone's axe.

Hinc illa lacrymæ—Tears—idle tears!

In case—Darmstadt.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter, &c.—To have utterly diddled the clever ones, &c.

Jus gentium—Sauce for Gents.

Littera scripta manet—"Heavens! I forgot to post them!"

Magna est veritas—Truth! extra edition!

Mi-nus—Not your nuss.

"Mos" pro lege—Sixty per cent. first—then the Law.

Nemine dissentiente—An eminent Dissenter.

Ne plus ultra—Knickerbockers.

No-lens volens—No chance for a photographer.

Non bis in idem—Never cry Encore!

Non tali auxilio—Never hold on by the tail.

● *Ore rotundo*—"Round in the mouth."

Pro forma—The swan-bill corset!

Quidquid excessit modum—"Two quid's" too much.

Quid rides!—Why get astride a horse?

Rebus in angustis—Small minds like riddles.

Rem acu tetigisti—A good stroke!

Sui generis—A sort of a pig.

Tot idem verbis—Don't say the same thing so often.

Vice versa—The bad habit of rhyming.

Virtus semper viridis—A young man from the country.

MEM. BY A MARRIED MAN.

Now pert, now pensive, as a maiden, MAY

Was a sweet mixture of the grave and gay.

A clever matron now, with aims extensive,

I find that MAY's ex-pert and most ex-pensiva.

A sylph she then flung flowers by the armful,

Now—she can't call her figure an ex-ample.

Ah me! these unknown quantities, these exes, Quite alter the equation of the sexes!

OUR Cook, who is very stout, says there is no waste in her kitchen.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

November.

DULL November! Didn't land that lot.
 Fear my father's son is going to pot.
 FAN jest passed me, turned away 'er eyes,
 Guess she ranked me with the other guys.
 Nobby larks upon the Ninth, my joker;
 But it queers a chap to want the ochre.



"SCIENCE."

Curate (with sudden excitement, whilst taking a walk with his new Rector). "GOOD GRACIOUS! I DO BELIEVE I SEE A MAGNIFICENT —"
 Rector (startled). "WHAT'S THE — WHAT IS IT?"
 Curate. "A 'PAINTED LADY' IN THE NEXT FIELD!"
 [Rushes off like "mad," and vaults over the gate!
 [No wonder the Reverend Gentleman was shocked. He was not entomological, and did not know this was the common name of a fine Butterfly ("Vanessa cardui") very numerous this year!

Nothing like a crowd for regular sprees,
 Ain't it fine to do a rush, and squeeze?
 Twig the women fainting! Oh, it's proper!
 Bonnet buffers when the blooming copper
 Can't get near yer nohow. Then the fogs!
 Rare old time for regular Jolly Dogs.
 If a chap's a genuine 'ot member,
 He can keep the game up in November!

NURSERY GARDEN OPERATIONS.

(With the Nurse's kind permission—of course.)

Sow buttons everywhere.
 February is the month for cutting teeth. Keep the cuttings.
 Trim your little sister's hair with the scissors.
 You may expect a fine crop.

In harvest time offer to cut nurse's corn. If you are the fortunate possessor of two ears, get a box for each, and keep them.

Dig the baby in the ribs, plant a blow on your little brother's nose, and wait to see what the result will be. Probably some birch.

Go into the fruit garden and improve your arithmetic by going into the currant accounts.

If your little brother takes a nectarine, and you take another and then tell of him, why will you have more than he has? Because you will take a nectarine and peach.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

December.

DUN December! Dismal, dingy, dirty.

Still short commons—makes a chap feel shirty.

Snip rampageous, drops a regular summons.

FAN gets married; ah! them gurls is rum 'uns!

After all the coin I squandered on 'er!

Want it now. A 'eap too bad, 'pon honour.

Snow! ah that's yer sort though, and no error,

Treat to twig the women scud in terror.

Hot 'un in the eye for that old feller;

Cold 'un down 'is neck, bust his umbrella.

Ha! ha! Then Christmas, —'ave a jolly feast!

The Boss will drop a tip, —'ope so, at least.

If I don't land some tin, my look-out's queer.

Well, let 's drink, boys— "Better luck next year!"

SCIENTIFIC CONUNDRUMS.

WHY was Chiron, the sage preceptor of Achilles, an important element in statics and shipbuilding? — Because he was a Centaur of gravity.

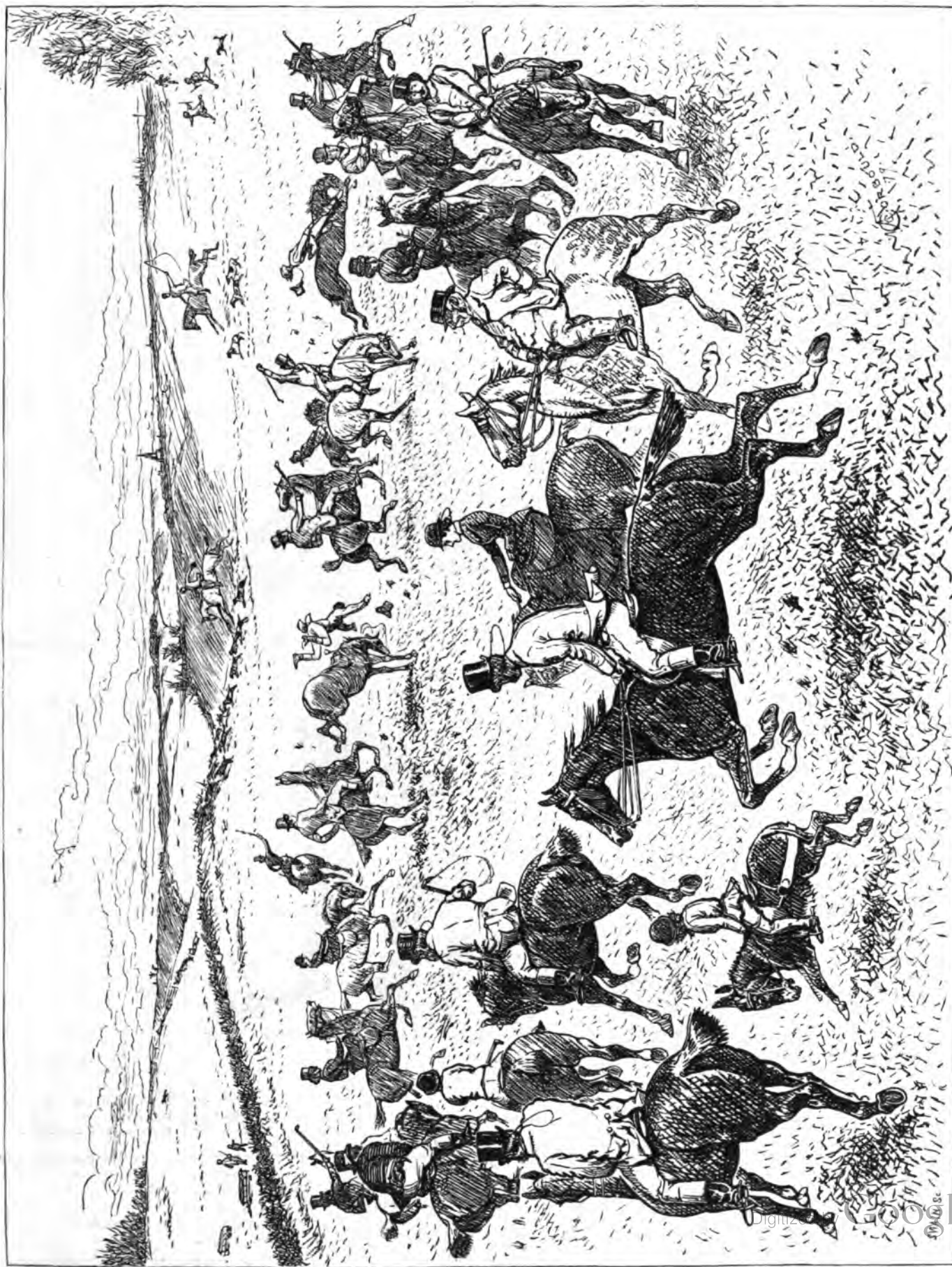
When "Beauty draws us with a single hair," what force does it forcibly illustrate? — Capillary attraction.

On what scientific subject are the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, Colonel HENDERSON, and Mr. SMITH presumably the best authorities? — The composition and resolution of forces.

Can you furnish two instances of a perfect equilibrium of forces? — Yes; latent caloric and a "dead heat."

FURNITURE FOR SCHOOL-BOARD ROOMS.—All in Birch and cane.

"NOT A SOUND WAS HEARD."—Master SILENCE at a Quakers' Meeting did hear a pin drop.



"GONE AWAY!"

FIRST OPEN DAY.—EFFECTS OF A STRAW RIDE AND A LONG FROST IN 1879.



SIR HENRY'S CHOLER UP AT LAST!

THE Nineveh Bull seems to have been on the rampage in the Stamboul China Shop, and to have all but smashed our very shaky diplomatic relations in that eminently unsound establishment.

The Pasha of Police, HAFIZ—namesake of the Persian poet, famous for his lyrics, amorous, vinous, and Anacreontic, but himself more distinguished by his deeds of hate than of love, and his orgies of blood than wine, his most conspicuous part hitherto having been that of first murderer in the Bulgarian massacres—has lately been playing one of his little games at Constantinople in the arrest of a learned and unoffending agent of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr. KOELLER, who has been translating our Prayer Book into Turkish, and with him of AHMED TEWFIK, a Khodja, or one of the priestly class, whom the missionary had employed to assist him in his task, and revise his translations.

These arrests being glaringly illegal, as running in the teeth of the Imperial decrees assuring religious tolerance, our Ambassador at once insisted on the release of the Missionary, and the poor old codger, who had got mixed up with him, the restoration of Dr. KOELLER's papers, and last, not least, the dismissal of HAFIZ, the Police-Pasha and ex-actor in the Bulgarian Atrocities.

The Porte has met the demand with its usual weapons—lies, evasions, denials, and procrastinations. But the Nineveh Bull has put down his foot for once; has given the Porte an Ultimatum, and the time thereof having expired, has "suspended diplomatic relations." If he could only suspend that most obnoxious of all our diplomatic relations, HAFIZ PASHA, and a good many of the same kidney!

En attendant, the Nineveh Bull frowns sternly on the Father of the Faithful; there is a great gulf fixed between the English Konak of Therapia and the Harem of Yildi Kiosk. Of course ABDUL HAMET being as weak as he is stubborn, will in the long run have to knock under, and right HAFIZ PASHA's wrong, or seem to do so.

In the meantime our "suspended relations" are doubtless uncomfortable. But we hope that, on HAFIZ's own principle, a little severity may be employed to "clear the air," and that the punishment which has been so long hanging over that blood-stained scoundrel's head may at length fall, and fall heavily.

But why talk of "hoping" for such a result? As this would be justice, it is a great deal too much to hope for as the upshot of a Stamboul "difficulty." The more probable end of the affair will be

dexterous evasion with colourable satisfaction of the English Elchee's just demands, and the promotion of HAFIZ PASHA in place and pay under the pretence of disgrace and punishment.

By the way, we wonder with what view Dr. KOELLER can have been translating the English Prayer Book into Turkish? Can it be that Lord B.'s next *coup* is to be the introduction of the Church of England into Asia Minor—and that Dr. KOELLER's Prayer Books are to be used for asking a blessing on Lord SANDON's steam-ploughs?

Punch to his Excellent Friend Sir Julius Benedict.

On his recent marriage with Miss Forley.

GALLANT and gay Sir JULIUS, who again
Bindest dull Liberty in Love's soft chain,
Oft *Punch's* soul, by thy sweet strains inspired,
Has been to pity moved, to fervour fired;
And shall he now, as speaker for the Nation,
Refuse his grateful meed of gratulation?—
Long may *Amore's* dart, turning *La Morte's*,
Leave thee, at once, *Piano's* lord and *Forley's*!

Warning for Warning.

OUR American cousins are very kind in sending us forecasts of storm from their side of the Atlantic. It would only be civil if our political weather-seers were to return the compliment by some such Cablegram as the following, *à propos* of Mr. PARNELL, Agitator and M.P.:

Storm Warning.—A centre of disturbance has left Irish Coast, travelling westwards. Will probably reach American side by 30th inst.; may be expected to affect all the Northern States within their Irish degrees of latitude and longitude. Thunder, lightning, and windy weather, with higher temperatures, likely to follow. Warn all parties (particularly Irish) to lay aside metallic substances on their persons, as from highly electrical conditions of atmosphere such substances may be likely to melt.

ADAPTED FROM THE NORTHERN FARMER.

Stage-Manager's Christmas Pantomime Quotation:—

"Properties! Properties! Properties!" by Google

THE MORRIS-DANCE ROUND ST. MARK'S.



A MORRIS! a Morris! *Æsthetics, Artistics,*
Slade scholars, Professors, High-Art dilettante,
 Up with your polemics, if not with your fistics,
 In defence of San Marco against the *birbante*,
 The Brigands, the Vandals, the Goths, the *Bœotians*,
 Who come forth to destroy on pretence to restore,
 And whose sinister interests or Philistine notions
 May soon flay San Marco from finial to floor!

They may tell you their aim's but to fix his foundations,
 To stay what is sinking, make good what is gone:
 Gammon! That's but to mask their accursed operations;
 You judge what they *will* do, by what they have done.
 Or if your sharp eye on these jobbers and Vandals
 Have put spokes in their wheels, their profane hands have stayed,
 The virtue's not theirs, but your vigilant candles,
 The light they have thrown, and the noise you have made!



JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Old Scotch Wife. "LOSH ME! THERE'S A MAUN DRENKIN' OOT O' TWA BOATTLES AT ANCE!!"

[*The Old Gentleman was trying his new Binocular, a Christmas Present to his Nephew.*]

Then a Morris! a Morris! round brave old San Marco!

If all's true that they say, be't a caper of joy,
That through all risks of wreck in Venetian barco,

His mosaics and marbles are safe, dear old boy!

But if, thanks to Italy's tastes unæthetial,

Your fears point to risks that still hang o'er his head,

Let your Morris do duty for dance more funereal,

Like that danced in Basle cloister by Death—o'er the dead!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Alhambra—Drury Lane—German Reed's—The Gaiety—End of First Round.

ROTHOMAGO, at the Alhambra, belongs to a class of entertainment exactly suited to this house. It is the right piece in the right place. There is only one mistake in it, and that is the absence of tricks and transformations. The French original was full of these grotesque surprises, perpetually surprising and delighting the audience. Given, one good piece of this sort, starting at Christmas time, and it ought to last the year through. *Rothomago* is the sort of elastic story which like *Le Tour du Monde*, admits of perpetual variety. As soon as a novelty could be obtained, something that was played out or that didn't go quite so well as the rest could be removed, and the novelty popped into its place, when, of course, all the world must be told by every means of advertisement at money's command, of the additional attraction to the spectacular-extravaganza of *Rothomago*, or whatever the piece might be at the Alhambra.

In this way, *La Biche au Bois* and the *Pied de Mouton*, ran for about twenty years in Paris. They are always running. Were I to see in the *affiche* of the Porte St. Martin that *La Biche* was now being played with five new Acts, fifteen new tableaux, and that all Paris was going to see it as all Paris has been to see it for the last quarter of a century, I should not be in the least surprised. And so it might be at the Alhambra.

The music of Act I. is by Mr. SOLOMON, who shows the usual wisdom of SOLOMON in being remarkably like SULLIVAN, — and

none the worse for having studied in that Doctor's school. In Act II. it is by Signor BUCALOSSE, where a concerted piece, and the ballet-music were the best numbers: in Act III. M. GASTON SERPETTE gives us one concerted piece worthy of his name, and in Act IV. our old friend, and the Alhambra's best servant, Mr. J. G. JACOB, comes out strong in his ballet, as does also Mlle. ROSELLI, the new dancer, who has danced from Paris, Turin, Milan, and Bordeaux, all the way up to Leicester Square, where I hope to "meet her once again."

The Fourth Act is the best of the lot, and merits separate notice. That the last should be the best is true Alhambra policy (if it only begins at a reasonable time, as no doubt it does by now), intended for the entertainment of those whom Club dinners have detained, and who, alas! poor creatures, turned loose on the cruel streets of London at ten o'clock at night, scarcely know whither to bend their steps. To these waifs and strays the hospitable doors of the Alhambra are open. Within all is brightness and lightness. Mr. PAULTON lectures in his own peculiar vein of humour. Miss LOSEBY looks charming, and sings melodiously. Miss HETTY TRACY is a sweet Fairy, and Miss EMMA CHAMBERS a saucy Soubrette.

Neither Mlle. JULIE (who seems to know as little of the stage as she does of our language), nor Miss ROSE STELLA, is an acquisition. A Frenchwoman, who has little to recommend her but a name which may be mistaken for "JUDIC," is of very little use at the Alhambra, judging at least from her first performance of the *Princesse Allegra*.

The costumes in the Egyptian Ballet are peculiarly effective; and the dancing of Mlle. GILBERT, and "little ROSA," in the Vintage Ballet, is as graceful as it is full of life and spirit, where the harmonious clinking of bright metal cups as an accompaniment to the chorus, is a novel and striking effect. So much for *Rothomago*: and now for Drury Lane.

What! *Blue Beard* never been seen before at Drury Lane! Well, so they say. Who are they? Mr. HARRIS, Mr. VOKES, and the "Brothers GRINN." I can't believe it.

If not as a pantomime, surely the drama of *Blue Beard* must have been done here ever so long ago, before this Representative Person was born or thought of. Be that as it may—and I am not an anti-



EARLY ENGLISH-FRENCH. (DECEMBER 26.)

French Nursemaid. "VOUS ÊTES BIEN TRANQUILLE CE MATIN, MONSIEUR GÉRALD!"

Master Gerald. "JE CROIS QUE J'AI MANGÉ UN PEU TROP BEAUCOUP HIER!"

quarian—the Pantomime of *Blue Beard* is being done now at Old Drury, and if the subject is a novelty here, so also is the surprising fact that the Christmas Annual is not written by Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD. Did that gentle writer of Pantomime refuse to treat so horrible a story as *Blue Beard*? or has he really retired in favour of the fraternal GRINNS? So thus we begin the Drury Lane Pantomime with novelty and mystery.

Blue Beard, or VOKES' Entire, was played on Boxing Night to a densely crowded house. (Mr. FERDINAND WALLENSTEIN in the orchestra faced; the audience bravely, and urged on his leaders of attack with his Marshal's *bâton*. The Family is a necessity at Drury Lane, but *Necessitas non habet leges*, i.e. "Necessity has no legs," and herein the VOKES Family has the pull over the Mother of Invention. But, my dear Brothers GRINN, why did you ever go away from the real old story of *Blue Beard*? Mr. FRED VOKES is very funny as a larkish Bashaw?—but I don't believe in *Blue Beard* as a mere practical joke, even in a Pantomime. The Elephant, by Mr. RIDLEY and Mr. BEN FIELDING, is the hit of the mime at Drury Lane. Mr. RIDLEY does the forelegs, which must be rather puzzling even for a Riddle-y; while the hindlegs have a good innings, though done by one who is FIELDING. When I saw the name of RIDLEY, this historic poet burst forth with the wish that

We could have LATIMER,
Just to play *Fatima*!

The Wreck, the great Sea-Serpent, and FRED and RAWDON VOKES in a cockle-boat, are all genuine good pantomimic fun of the real old-fashioned sort, and therefore pardonable as an introduction into the story of *Blue Beard*.

In the Oriental Palace Scene, the VOKES Family ought to have their throne of cushions in the centre. At present, done as it is, in the right-hand corner of the Stage, one quarter of the house doesn't know what the other three-quarters are laughing at. The Blue Chamber is made nothing of! Oh, fatal cynicism of the Brothers GRINN!! You excite our curiosity with *Fatima*'s, and then to show us Nothing! Why, *Blue Beard* wasn't even a Freemason, according to the Brothers GRINN! But the Family Dance to finish—legs over head, double encore, and a magnificent Transformation Scene, by WILLIAM

TALBIN, which, gorgeous in brilliancy and colour, is quite a cheering sight in this dull, foggy, unpoetic Christmas, which has been anything but "All right up to now!"

In the "Comic Scenes"—so called, to distinguish them from the Serious Scenes of the Opening—there is one great novelty—a *Clown*, with a moustache. I thought at first it was "a trick;" but no—there it remained all the evening; and unless some new Transformation has occurred before these lines appear, there will be that moustache on that *Clown*'s lip. "Ah!" as Mr. H. P. STEPHENS says in his topical Song, "What are we coming to next?" A *Clown* in moustachios! Why, he'll come on with whiskers, and then without his paint; and then without his motley! And then—a Pantomime, in plain clothes, under the patronage of "the Church and Stage Guild," with a Ballet of Colonial Bishops, in short skirts, and a Rural Dean, lent for the run by the Pastoral Aid Society, to appear as the Good Fairy Pew Opener.

So much for Drury Lane, and success to the VOKES' Entire.

At the St. George's Hall, the GERMAN REEDS have got a genuinely seasonable entertainment called *A Christmas Stocking*, written by Mr. GILBERT A BECKETT, who has evidently been inspired by the famous adventures of Miss Alice in Wonderland. Mr. ALFRED REED as a Jack-in-the-Box toy has the most marvellous make-up, being an exact living reproduction of one of those startling bogies which were at once the delight and terror of our childhood when we snatched a fearful joy in undoing the wire hook that kept down the lid of the box. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP is inimitable as the Beadle out of a Punch Show, whose poor wooden head has been so belaboured that he cannot recall the name of the villain who stood at a first-floor window and committed such diabolical atrocities as might well attract the attention of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN is a Prince off a Twelfth-cake, which, to a logical-minded critic like myself, seems a mistake, as such a personage, whatever pleasure he may have, has no business in the Land of Toys.

Mr. KING HALL's music is charming from first to last, specially a trio and dance between Miss EDITH BRANDON (who looks about fifteen, and plays the little girl, quite a first-cousin to ALICE, admirably), and the two ALFREDS, REED and BISHOP.

It is to a thoroughly careful carrying out of this style of entertainment on an enlarged scale that Messrs. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN owe their success with such pieces as *The Sorcerer* (which was eminently a GERMAN REED style of entertainment, like the same Author's *Agas Ago*), and *The Pinafore*. The Opera Comique performance is only the GERMAN REED's entertainment "writ large," and the patronage which many persons, who have hitherto restricted themselves to the show at St. George's Hall, have bestowed on the Opera Comique proves the relationship—the *Pinafore*, with its "cousins and aunts," establishes a *relationship* in itself—existing between the two establishments.

The Gaiety *Gulliver*, to begin with, is a happy title, and as the piece continues it strikes me that it is a happy title to go on with. Essentially for Christmas, a better show of children for children cannot be seen than in the last Act but one of the Gaiety *Gulliver*. Yes, it is in Acts, but don't let anyone be dismayed by what sounds at first a formidable fact—"Seven Acts and twelve Tableaux," lasting from 7:30 till 11:30 at night, or from 1:15 to something past five in the afternoon. Here is something to be seen and heard too for the money, and the money laid out on the Gaiety *Gulliver* must have been something considerable. What chariots drawn by nightmares must Mr. H. J. BYRON, its author, have ridden in for ever so many months previous to its production, and how very *blanches* must have been the *cartes* (not drawn by nightmares these) given by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD—Gaiety JOHN—to everybody, everywhere, to secure the funniest pantomimists, the cleverest children, the brightest costumes and scenery, and in fact the best of everything. The well-selected music is admirably performed by the disciplined band of Herr MEYER LUTZ—the back of whose head is not yet a familiar sight to the audience, having been so long hidden under a bushel of footlights—and the Storm Scene is a most striking effect. Mr. ELTON, struggling with the waves, is quite in his element. On the night I saw him, "he like a sailor fell," and went to Davy Jones's



AT SEA ON SHORE.

Post Captain (Commanding Naval Brigade at exercise under the Admiral's eye, to Middy acting as Galloper.). "DON'T CROSS THE ADMIRAL'S BOWS, YOUNGSTER! GO UNDER HIS STERN, OAN'T YOU !!!"

locker, "never to go again"—like the Grandfather's Clock (has it stopped at last?)—at least, not as "the mutinous mate," but as the King of Comic Song Island.

Miss KATE VAUGHAN, as *Pretty Poll of Portsmouth*, dances her best, and that's saying not only much but everything; while Miss NELLIE FARREN, *Lemuel Gulliver*, of course, is livelier than ever, and that's vouching for a good deal. In the earlier part the songs, duets, trios, and quartettes, by the talented combination of Misses VAUGHAN and FARREN, and Messrs. TERRY and ROYCE, are perpetually redemanded; and the song in the Brobdingnagian Cornfield is capitally written, excellently sung, and heartily encored, till there's not a verse of it left to sing. Miss WADMAN sings charmingly the solo part of one of the most graceful numbers in the whole piece; and Miss LOUIS freshens us up with a taste of her spirit—she is the Spirit of Christmas Cheer—just at the very end of the performance.

The Scenery, by Messrs. LLOYDS (he's only one person, though in the plural, but quite equal to two), PERKINS (with all the strength of BARCLAY in him), HANN (Brother HANN, not "Sister HANN"), GRIEVE & SON—and the son can never make his father Grieve—is good from first to last. But the last—the very, very last—*An Allegorical Tableau of the Golden Age*, is by Mr. BEVERLEY, and reminds me of the time when Madame VESTRIS played *The King of the Peacocks*, and *The Island of Jewels*—both, of course, by Mr. T. R. PLANCHÉ—bless him *ad multos annos*!—and when all London crowded to the Lyceum to see the Christmas Extravaganza, and when the Last Scene, for which everyone stopped—as they do now most respectfully, on being so requested to do, at some of the Comedy Theatres—was the Scenic Artist's *chef d'œuvre* of the year, and became the talk of the town, and that *chef d'œuvre* was by the same cunning hand that has painted *The Golden Age* of the Gaiety *Gulliver*, Mr. W. BEVERLEY, as aforesaid. I only wished to see *The King of the Peacocks* glide forward from the centre, and I should have been a good little boy again, like Mr. ROYCE, in the Opening Scene.

Then there's the Flying Ballet, and the Review of the Lilliputian Army by *Queen Mite* of Lilliput—where Mite is Right—and she is the dearest little Mite, and the most unselfconscious. But space will not permit me to say more; and everyone can see it in bits, or at one sitting, for themselves. So walk up, walk up, and see the

show! This is, as the Prizefighters say, the end of the First Round; and next week I will come up smiling, ready for another: till when I am

Your faithful

REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*A propos* of theatrical notabilities, the funniest, if not the best likenesses I have yet seen of Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY as *Shylock* and *Portia*, are by M. PILOTELL, in the latest number of *Sketch*. Its new Editor bears a name dear to all connected with *Punch*, who, I am sure, for our late Chief's sake, will join with me in wishing success to Mr. REGINALD SHIRLEY BROOKS.

Wiring into the Cape.

THE QUEEN may mark the inauguration of the Submarine Cable to the Cape by exchange of messages with such living Potentates as the Sultan of ZANZIBAR, Sir BARTLE FRERE, and Sir GARNET WOLSEY. *Punch*, more favoured, is privileged to communicate with the Cape's great Discoverer.

The Ghost of VASCO DE GAMA wires to 85, Fleet Street, from the Anglo-Dutch Elysian Fields, under the shadow of Table Mountain:—

"To Great Britain, binding her not by Red-tape,
I am glad, that like me, you have doubled the Cape;
Made her strength twice as strong, and her hope twice as stable,
Linked, and anchored, at once, by the Submarine Cable!"

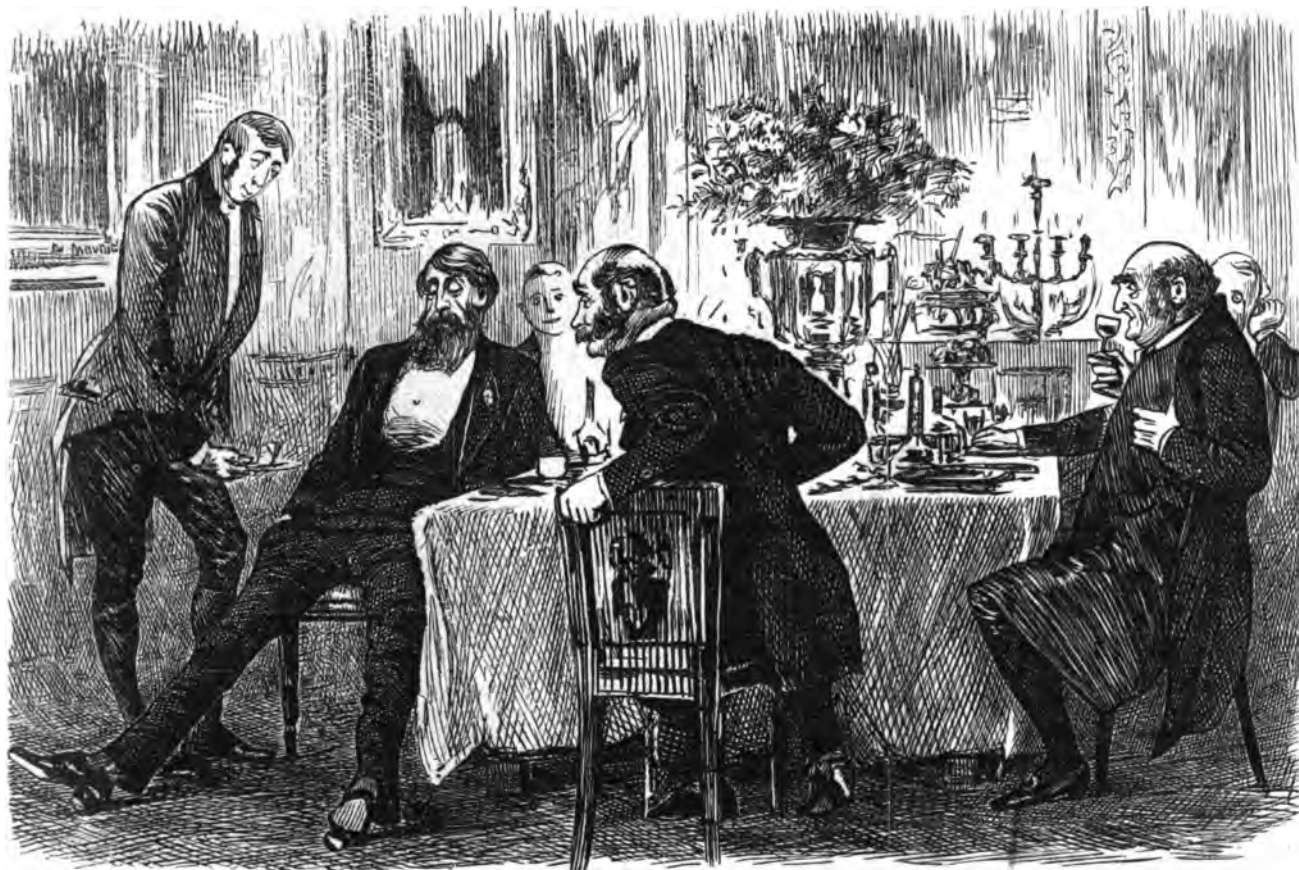
Tightness without Tipple.

We are warned to "prepare for a tight money-market in the spring." But how are we to prepare? Whatever Sir WILFRID LAWSON and the United Kingdom Alliance may say, there is no preventing tightness of that sort, either by Prohibitory Bill or Local Option.

By Rights.

(See the *Pall Mall*, *Morning Post*, and *Daily Telegraph*, *passim*.)

If the *Borussia* late a wreck we've seen,
So that Bore-Russia should long since have been!



THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION AND LIBERAL IDEAS.

His Grace the Duke of Poplar and Bermondsey. "JUST LOOK AT THESE BAGS YOU LAST BUILT MY, SNIPPE! J' EVER SEE SUCH BEASTLY BAGS IN YOUR LIFE! I SHALL ALWAYS BE GLAD TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, OLD MAN; BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF YOU SHALL EVER MEASURE ME FOR ANOTHER PAIR OF BAGS!"

Mr. Snippe (of Snippe and Son, St. James's Street). "YOU'VE ALWAYS GRUMBLED ABOUT YOUR BAGS, AS YOU CALL 'EM, EVER SINCE YOU WERE MY FAG AT ETON; AND AT CHRISTCHURCH YOU WERE JUST AS BAD, EVEN THOUGH MY POOR DEAR OLD GOVERNOR USED TO COME ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MEASURE YOU HIMSELF. IT AIN'T THE FAULT OF THE BAGS, MY DEAR POPSY—IT'S THE FAULT OF THE LEGS INSIDE 'EM! SO SHUT UP, OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUD, AND LET'S JOIN THE LADIES—THE DUCHESS HAS PROMISED TO GIVE US 'LITTLE BILLER!'"

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

"A FLATTERING tale?" Alas! the wise—
Glad Goddess of the azure eyes!—
Grow age-proof 'gainst the potent battery
Of cheering charms that lies in flattery;
So poor of faith, of hope so chary,
That fables from the Court of Fairy,
And your fallacious fictions seem
The pageants of a world of dream.
Yet, Goddess, when the youngling Year
Draws to you half in hope, half fear,
And pleads, like any other boy,
For pretty tales of peace and joy—
The roseate rapturous romance
That makes youth's throbbing pulses dance—
Kind Hope for all her doubts must feel
Tempted to answer his appeal,

And tell him tales, prophetic, pleasant,
And brighter than our past, or present.
Enough of Erebus and Nox!
Have we not plumbed Pandora's box?
And may we not rejoice to find
That Hope at least is left behind,
With radiant eyes and honeyed lips,
To dissipate despair's eclipse?
Tell how the Fairy Princess Peace,
Herald of quiet and increase,
Will soon step forth, and drowsing Duty
Awaken like the Sleeping Beauty
At kiss of Conscience, and the cry
Of honour and humanity.
Tell—call it not a flattering tale—
How trade will soon return, we'll hail

Our truant Goldylocks most gladly,
For in his absence all goes badly.
We're rather sick of ghosts and bogies,—
Such vampire taste too much in vogue is,—
So, if you please, let's have your story,
Quite free from all that's grim or gory.
Then, *could* you throw in summer skies,
Touched with the tint of your own eyes?
Such as our late preposterous weather
Veils from our vision altogether!
Great Goddess of the Anchor deign
To free us from the reign of rain,
Which swamped us all in Seventy-Nine.
To this our suit kind ear incline,
Who back for reasons all too weighty,
The plea of our young Hopeful, Eighty.

Fair and Foul.

NOTICING a recent ecclesiastical celebration at the Church of St. Clement Danes, a contemporary antithetically observes:—

"Although there was a dense fog, there was a fair congregation."

What an exemplary, as well as fair, congregation, not to be deterred from attending church by a fog which, in its density, combined with London's smoke and soot, must have been dangerous, if not detrimental, to all fair complexions.

TRACING PAPER.—For Pedigrees.

Unprecedented Attraction.

"Mr. GEORGE RIGNOLD in Comedy ALONE."

So runs the commencement of a theatrical advertisement. What a great star Mr. GEORGE RIGNOLD must be! A whole dramatic company concentrated in the person of a single performer! Mr. G. RIGNOLD's must be, surely, the very essence of acting.

SOON CONSOLED.

How fickle is man! At the Criterion Theatre you may be *Jilted* at eight, and yet find yourself perfectly happy with *Betsy* at 8'45.



YOUNG HOPEFUL.

"PLEASE, DEAR HOPE, DO TELL ME A *FLATTERING TALE!*"

THE RAVEN

A New Version, respectfully dedicated to the Duke of Somerset.

ATE, upon a mid-
night dreary, as
I pondered, chill
but cheery,
Over certain prosy
volumes of Con-
temporary lore—
Midst prophetic
pages prowling,
suddenly I heard
a growling,

As of something
faintly howling,
howling at my
chamber door.

"'Tis some poor
stray tyke," I
muttered, "howl-
ing at my cham-
ber door;
Only that, and
nothing more."

Eugh! distinctly I
remember it was
in the cold De-
cember,

And my fire to its
last ember burn-
ed, while outer
blasts did roar.

Fearfully I funk'd
the morrow, vain-
ly I had sought
to borrow

From my friends, or,
to my sorrow, add
to my coal-mer-
chant's score—

To that swollen,
heavy-laden thing
poor devils call a
"score"—

To be settled—
nevermore.

And the windy, wild, uncertain flapping of my window curtain
Filled me, thrilled me with fantastic fancies never known before;
So that, now, to check the cheating of my mind I stood repeating,
"'Tis that JONES's dog entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Bibulous JONES's pug entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Only that, and nothing more."

Presently the sound grew stronger. Hesitating then no longer,
"Tyke," said I, "low mongrel, truly this intrusion is a bore;
Where the deuce have you been prowling, that so late you come a
howling,

Keeping up this nasty growling, growling at my chamber door?
I was hardly sure I heard you." Here I open flung the door,—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Back into my chamber turning, where my lamp was dimly burning,
Soon again I heard a growling, something louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something stirring at my lattice,
Let me see if ghost or cat 'tis, and this mystery explore.
Pooh! I have it, what a duffer, what a booby, to be sure!
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!

Open here I flung the casement, when, to my extreme amazement,
In there stepped a rusty Raven of the "glorious days of yore."
Not the least obeisance dropped he, not an instant stayed or stopped

he,
But, like ghoul who hopped and flopped, he perched above my
chamber door—
On a plaster bust of DIZZY standing o'er my chamber door—

Perched and sat, and—nothing more!

Then this seedy bird beguiling my chilled features into smiling,
By the grave lugubrious grimness of the solemn phiz he wore,

"Thou art welcome to this haven," said I, "foul, bedraggled,
shaven,

Hopeless-looking ancient Raven, croaking as of days of yore.

Tell me what thy lordly name is, is or was, in days of yore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this most sickly fowl to hear respond so quickly,
Though the *nomen* was a rum one, it a certain aptness bore,
As to those dull dupes of folly and foreboding melancholy,
Hopeful seldom, never jolly, dotting on those days of yore,
Who esteem the present hopeless, utter failure or next door—
To be mended nevermore!

But the Raven, squatting lonely on the plaster bust spake only
That one word, as though his soul in doldrums he would thus outpour
Nothing further then he uttered, though his spirit seemed sore
fluttered.

"Come!" I said, or rather muttered, "you're dyspeptic,—'tis a
bore,

But to-morrow you 'll be better, sleep will your lost tone restore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Struck to find the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "this one word, now, is his only stock and
store,

Caught from pessimistic master, who in progress saw disaster,
Coming fast and coming faster, till his wails one burden bore,—
Till his sad vaticinations one unvarying burden bore,

This same Raven's "Nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling my amused soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled my easy chair in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the cushion sinking, thought to thought by fancy linking,
I employed my brains in thinking what this black and feathered bore,
Like all ganat funereal vaunters of those precious days of yore,
Meant by croaking "Nevermore!"

Then methought the air grew denser, darkened as by cynic censor,
Some CASSANDRA whose forecastings are of evil days in store.

"Croak no more!" I cried. "Content thee with the gifts the gods
have sent thee!

Give us respite and nepenthe from sad dreams of days of yore!
Let us quaff hope's sweet nepenthe, and forget those days of yore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil! 'Things are going to the devil,'
Is the formula of fogies, I have heard that boak before;
Times look dark, but hearts undaunted find the future still
enchanted,

With fair visions such as haunted valiant souls in days of yore.
Can't you, *can't* you look less glum? Keep up your pecker, I
implore."

Quoth the Raven,—"Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, I don't wish to be uncivil,
But the heavens still bend above us, happy days are still in store;
All are not with megrims laden, still the future holds its Aidenn,
For brave youth andauteous maiden; prophets *have* been wrong
before,

Generally *are*, in fact; why can't they learn and cease to bore?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Then, look here! we'd best be parting, croaking fowl!" I cried,
upstarting,
You had better find your way to some Fools' Paradise's shore!
Leave no feather as a token of the rubbish you have spoken,
Leave my lonely rest unbroken, quit that bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my sight, and take thy blackness from my
door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven still is squatting, my aesthetic paper blotting,
On the plaster bust of DIZZY, just above my chamber door,
With his wall-eyes dully gleaming 'neath the nightmare of his
dreaming,

And the gaslight o'er him streaming, casts his shadow on the floor;
But my soul in that black shadow that lies heavy on the floor,
Shall be shrouded—Nevermore!

Last Additions to our English Vocabulary.

(From recent Indian experiences.)

"*A FANATIC.*" One who is ready to kill and be killed in defence
of his country, like the Greeks at Thermopylae, and the Dutch at
Leyden.

"*Scientific Frontier.*" A position in an intensely hostile country
where three armies may be shut up close together, each unable to
help or communicate with the other.

"*An Independent, United, and Friendly Country.*" One invaded
and occupied by three hostile armies which hold only the ground
they stand on; which every man, woman, and child are leagued to
destroy, and whose commanders are fain to hang every man who
resists them, to burn their villages, and to turn their women and
children out to starve.



BREAKING THE ICE.

Gallant Colonel (who has just been made a Grandfather, and can talk of nothing else). "DO YOU TAKE ANY INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN, MISS CRAUNCHER?"

Fair Authoress of "A Pair of Cavalry Mustaches," &c., &c., &c. "I LOATHE ALL CHILDREN!"

A MATCHLESS MONUMENT.

"It gives us great satisfaction to record that Mr. THEODORE H. BRYANT, of the firm of BRYANT AND MAY, has munificently offered to the Tower Hamlets a statue of Mr. GLADSTONE as a birthday tribute. The statue will, we believe, cost at least a thousand guineas. The sculptor who has been commissioned to execute the work is Mr. ALBERT BRUCE JOY, of Pembridge Gardens. Mr. JOY was a pupil of the late Mr. FOLLY, and has already established a reputation by his successful treatment of the LAIRD Memorial at Liverpool and Chief-Justice WHITESIDE Memorial in Dublin."—*Echo*.

"WARRANTED to light only on the Box"—
BRYANT AND MAY
Are Later Lucifers—a Box and Cox,
Twin match for day!

Why then hath MAY thus BRYANT left alone,
In his bright thought,
To set on high a marble-carv'd GLADSTONE,
By JOY ywrought?

Young Sculptor JOY into Art's seventh heaven
So to uplift,
And dull Tower Hamlets' frowny lump to leaven
With the rare gift?

Nay, like the year, the firm but for delight
MAY's name employ;
There's no MAY now, with BRYANT to unite
GLADSTONE, and JOY!

Cargoes and Quicksands.

MR. PLIMSOLL has announced to his constituents that he meditates an effort in the approaching Session to put an end to the loading of grain in bulk on board ship. From this practice results the shifting of cargoes, and often the loss of ships. It is, no doubt, somewhat cheaper to ship grain in bulk than in bags, so as to prevent its shifting. Possibly, that consideration may be some reason why shipowners persist in loading vessels with shifting cargoes. If the vessels so laden are sufficiently well insured, it is no loss to those gentlemen when they go to the bottom, crews and all. Shifting cargoes appear to be no less destructive than shifting sands. The Goodwin Sands cannot be helped; but there is some hope that Mr. PLIMSOLL may accomplish his design of doing away with shifting cargoes and the evil winnings of their over-insured shipper.

A REASONABLE MISTAKE.

OUR Oxford Correspondent telegraphs to us to contradict the report that at the dinner of the Druids, on New Year's Day, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT wore a wreath of mistletoe, and was, on the plea of it, repeatedly kissed by the wives and daughters of leading Druids during the evening.

VERSES BY ALEXANDER
SELKIRK, ESQ., D.L.,
J.P., BALLY-MA-CRUSOE.
(From his Abode in the Island of
Ireland.)

I AM owner of all I survey,
I can hunt, I can fish, I can shoot,
But I cannot my mortgagees pay,
And their claims don't admit of
dispute.

Oh, property! where are the charms,
So many have found in thy face?
Here I live in the midst of alarms,
Yet with fourteen Police in my
place!

I am out of humanity's reach,
If not, I'd best out of it run—
While Anti-rent orators teach
That the tenant's best friend is a
gun.

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
Not so the bold tenants too fain
To take a pot-shot at poor me!

Law or justice, hard bargain, or fact,
Religion, morality, fear,—
We haven't a Landlord-Right Act,
So it's useless to talk of them here:
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
Or the money to take me away,
I'd flee from the place that I love,
And let who will my mortgagees pay!

But I cannot. I'm tied to a land
Where the tenants refuse to pay
rent,
And the natives have taken a stand
For "free soil," and "a Home
Parliament."

It's no use for the Saxon to try
To these people the truth to unfold,
That the first they're unable to buy,
And the second they cheerfully
sold.

In America, England, and France,
As in Canada, Russia, and Spain,
I have friends, but I see little chance
That I ever shall see them again.
The land that they own is their
own—

They haven't a Tenant-Right Act—
Agitators must let them alone,
And the law says they shan't be
attacked.

It is useless to envy their lot;—
But I hear my brave peasantry's
roars,
So, as I don't want to be shot,
I had better be getting indoors.
My grandfather was not content
In his island of Law and of Peace,
How would he have enjoyed a life
spent
Where troubles seem never to
cease?

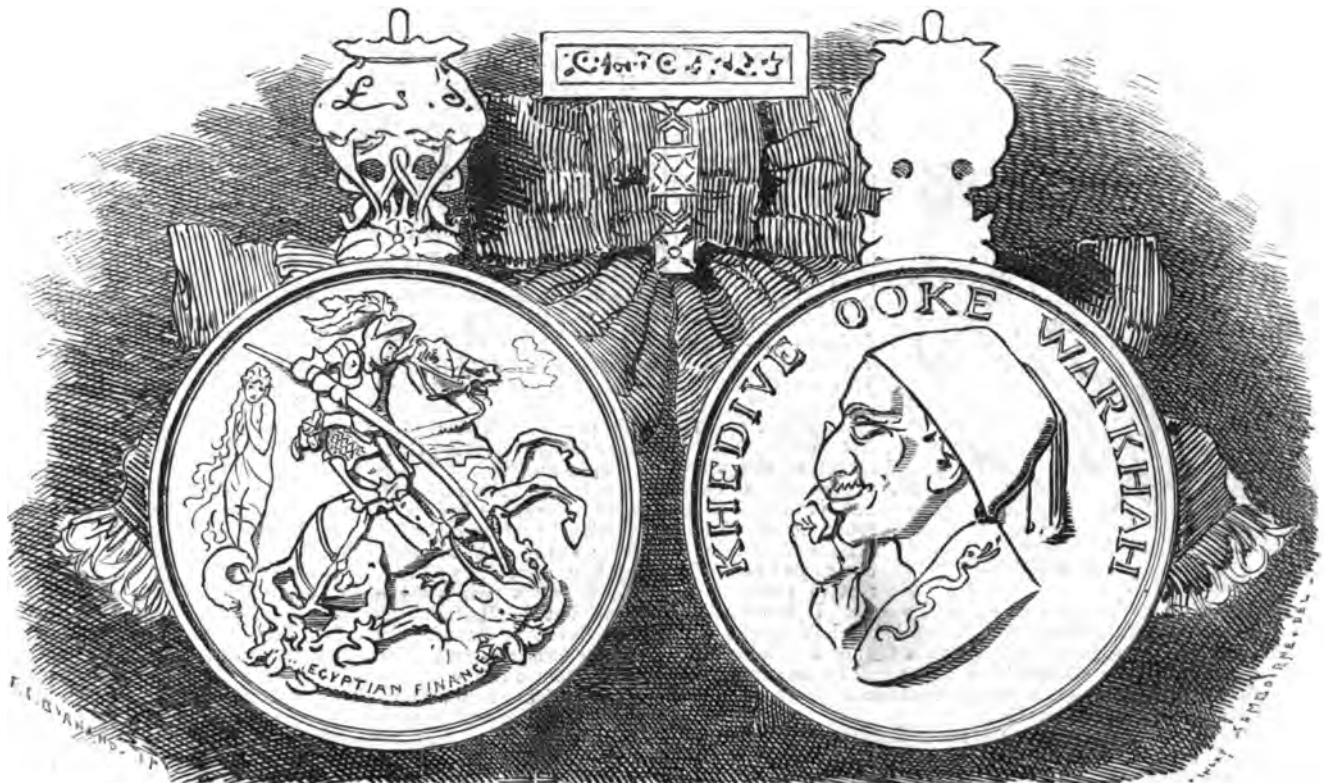
How'd have he liked to wake in a
fright,
In doubt if his doors were secured?
I ask myself, "Can it be right
That this state of things is not
cured?
That my capital, land-locked, is gone,
And my land safe to pay but its
shot,
Bring no profit, when profit is won,
And bear all the loss, when it's
not?"

CONSOLATION FOR THE CZAR.—
What is Nihilism? Nothing, when
you are used to it.

THE NEW KNIGHT.

THE design for a Medal to be struck in honour of the new Knight, Sir CHARLES RIVERS WILSON, G.C., of the Order of SS. Michael and George, must represent Sir RIVERS mounted, and in full armour,

slaying the Dragon of Egyptian Finance, and rescuing the fair Princess Londonina-Parisina from her Egyptian Bondage. What's on the Reverse of the Medal?



We hope not; but if this is struck for the Egyptian Mint, it will be like the KHEDIVE's Egyptian Mint Saucy, that's all.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

(From a Romance of the Scientific Stone Age.)

"Some day, as Professor MASKELYN leads us to expect, we shall probably turn carbon into diamonds as readily as we now turn iron into steel, . . . and the diamond, like many of its predecessors, may be dethroned from its pre-eminence among precious stones."—*Daily Paper*.

"VERY well, Madam," said the Duke, his voice trembling with high-bred emotion, "the bill for this last batch of old China shall be paid—no matter at what sacrifice!"

The Duchess laughed a silvery little laugh, as she daintily dusted a choice Kylin of old Nankin—with the classic four marks!

Already the Duke was whirling in the family barouche towards a back street in Piccadilly.

He carried a large brown-paper parcel on his lap. Heavy beads of perspiration rolled down his wrinkled but still noble brow. His one thought was that the bill for the China must be met, and, like his great ancestor at Agincourt, though his nerves might tremble, his soul was calm.

The carriage drew up at the entrance to a side alley. A few doors down it was a secluded entrance, surmounted by the familiar arms of Lombardic device, if they be not, indeed, the *palle* of the Florentine merchant adventurer. Within the passage opened a row of dark and ominous-looking doors. The Duke dashed desperately at the first. It yielded, and gave him access to a boarded compartment like the dock of a criminal court. Flinging his brown-paper parcel with *hauteur* on the section of counter that stretched before him, "I shall want £3,000," he said. "Let the duplicate be made out in the name of WILSON—Bayswater."

The Clerk eyed him narrowly. Then he undid the parcel slowly. It contained all the family jewels of a great Dukedom. The dingy counter scintillated under their sparkling splendour. A gleam of pride shot from the haughty old noble's eye.

"Come," he said, persuasively, as he surveyed the glittering trinkets with a regretful gaze, "you can make it £500 more. There's not a set to match them in the Peerage!"

It was the Clerk's turn to speak now.

"Five hundred more!" he repeated, with semi-sarcastic, semi-serious surprise, "why the whole lot wouldn't be worth five bob to us now."

He pushed back the brown-paper parcel as he spoke, and turned to glance indifferently through the window at a passing cab.

The Duke was breathing heavily. It was clear that the shock had gone deep and gone home. He could hardly master his feelings.

"Five shillings!" he muttered hysterically. "Not worth five shillings? What do you mean?"

The man looked sadly at the tottering aristocrat, as half contemptuously, half compassionately, he broke to him the terrible truth.

"This lot, your Grace, is all old-fashioned Brazil and Indian stuff. We only do business in the St. Rollox Stones—the scientific article!"

Cool Hands.

To Exeter's Licensed Victuallers,
When NORTHCOTE temperance preaches,
One asks, admiringly, how far
Official cheek now reaches.

Sole parallel to NORTHCOTE's work,
Is when, through Europe's storm,
SALISBURY and LAYARD to the Turk
Find cheek to preach Reform!

"ON, STANLEY—"

CLERGYMEN in the Church of England work for their bread and butter. After his sermon in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, Dean STANLEY may be said to be working in the Establishment for his bread and *Buddha*.

FEMALE CANDIDATES FOR SEATS.—The poor girls behind the Linendrapers' counters.

TRANSATLANTIC MARVELS.



AKEN all aback by the last extraordinary Edison electric light invention, *Mr. Punch* would be glad if he could announce as confidently as he is assured by knowing parties in the Share Market that he ought to do, that he has satisfied himself as to the merits of the following wonderful inventions, to be shortly launched from America:—

The Two-hundred-Miles-an-Hour Travelling Car.—This marvellous vehicle is in part explained by its name. Not only will it travel at the above tremendous rate, but it will also be found one of the most comfortable of conveyances. The motive power is ob-

tained from an entirely new and original source. It is calculated that the cost of manufacture for a car capable of holding one hundred people, will be considerably less than that of a London four-wheeled cab. As it is self-working, there will be no expenditure needed for fuel, &c. (This great and glorious invention ought to send down Railway Shares considerably.)

The Anti-Aquatic Ship.—As its name implies, this extraordinary vessel will be perfectly independent of water. It is built on a new principle. By an invention (which will be explained so soon as it shall have been patented), it is able to dispense with sails, engines, or crew. It can easily be worked by a child of six years old, and needs no steering. As it is made of a material considerably cheaper than paper, the cost of manufacture will be unimportant. (It may naturally be expected that this great and glorious invention will seriously depreciate Steamboat Shares.)

Staff of Life Essence.—This wonderful drink is warranted to supply sufficient nourishment for man and beast from year's end to year's end. The marvellous liquid was discovered by accident. It is not intoxicating, and has all the properties of bread and water combined. It occurs in nature in even greater abundance than the latter all-pervading fluid. It can be made out of anything for absolutely nothing. This great and glorious invention may be expected materially to affect Water-work Shares.)

The Coming Secret.—This crowning wonder in the way of invention is so marvellous that it is impossible to describe it. Suffice it to say that it will do away with the British Constitution, Free Trade, the National Debt, Joint Stock Banks, Foreign Bonds, and Commerce generally. (This great and glorious invention may be fairly expected to send down everything and everybody.)

Two Notable Advertisements.

TAFFY in orders evidently bears in mind the old rhyme, and thinks that other clerical TAFFIES, especially of the inferior orders, require a sharp eye kept on them. Thus we find in the *Guardian*, December 24, this significant demand from Monmouth:—

WANTED, a WOMAN and her DAUGHTER, to live in the Vicarage, wash for the family who reside elsewhere, and look after the Curate. Address, &c.

It is not generally the old women who look after the Curate. So, perhaps, it was as well to couple, as is done in this advertisement, an elder woman and her daughter for this eminently feminine occupation.

Here is a good opportunity for anyone wishing to commence as a Lady Help:—

WANTED, a useful, decided Christian HELPER, in an institution near London, to ground the Girls in English and help domestically. Salary £10 per annum to begin.

A Governess and a Housemaid in one for £10 a year! The Christian Principal of the Institution is evidently up to strictly Commercial principles as well!

EDUCATION AND AERATION.

A "DISAPPOINTED MOTHER," through the *Times*, tells us that, under the will of her late husband, her two sons were to be sent to a public school. Meanwhile —

"For several years they were in a Private Boarding School, and both passed at an early age the Junior Oxford Local Examination."

Her boys were then examined for entrance to "one of the so-called great schools," and passed, but, there being no immediate vacancy in the school, she placed them for one year with a clergyman, to have them coached. The year of private coaching cost her three times the money she had previously paid for their schooling, whereas, had their coach been paid for results, it would have cost her nil, for her "boys had not added one particle to their stock of knowledge." However, at length they passed into the public school.

"With what result? The elder left two years ago, and is now entering into his twenty-second year; the younger left last July, and is now nineteen and a half. Their present condition is such that ever since they have left school, they have been under a gentleman, who is teaching them what they well knew when they passed the Oxford Local Examination."

Hence a justly "DISAPPOINTED MOTHER" naturally enough concludes that "Our great schools want inspection sadly." Experience has certainly given her some cause to compare them unfavourably with private schools: although as to the latter she generalises rather widely in saying that they "must teach, or close." Too many of them do neither.

Her boys, at any rate, both of them learned at a Private Boarding School enough to enable them to pass the Junior Oxford Local Examination at an early age. Unquestionably they were taught so much; but then how were they taught it? In such a style that they have now, at an adult age, to be taught it over again.

So it seems that a "DISAPPOINTED MOTHER's" two sons were educated at the Private Boarding School as the bottles are aerated in a soda-water manufactory. Information must have been forced into the former as carbonic acid gas is pumped into the latter. The gas is retained in the bottles whilst corked down, but escapes on the removal of pressure; so, if the boyish minds are left open, their school-learning, set free from forcible compression, goes off in youthful effervescence. Admirable system, by which our youth at an early age are enabled to pass the examinations, for which at maturer years they have to be crammed all over again!

A QUESTION.

If the Parnellites insist on shooting all rent-payers, what is to become of the Pig, who has always been known in Ireland as "the Gentleman who pays the rent?" Is it to be a case of pig-shooting, or pig-sticking, all over the country?

TARGETS AND TRAITORS.

Who are the principal men of mark in Europe? BISMARCK, of course, for one. Amongst others might be mentioned Continental Sovereigns, the mark of bad subjects who, happily, miss the mark they shoot at, as well as their aim at notoriety.

A CHIEF AND A CHIEF.

THE Ute Indians in Colorado are reported to have been giving trouble to their civilised neighbours. The Head Chief of these aboriginals bears the name of OURAY. Their war-cry is naturally, "OURAY for our Leader!"

PRACTISING WHAT YOU PREACH.

SIR WALTER TREVELYAN's cellar appears to be rather an embarrassing bequest to Dr. RICHARDSON. Why did he not have recourse to "local option," and decline it?

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (*altered to suit the Times*).—"A Muddy Christmas and a Sloppy New Year!"

AFTER MATRIMONY.—A couple in a United State can always sign themselves U S.

A WINDFALL TO THE CALEDONIAN.—The Tay Bridge Disaster.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTY.—Dyspepsia.

NEW LEAVES.



THE annual ceremony of Turning Over a New Leaf on the commencement of a new year took place on Twelfth Night, with the customary solemnities.

The scene was simple, but impressive. The Great Book of 1880, sumptuously bound and emblazoned, was borne in on the shoulders of the oldest inhabitants, and its pages, vast, white, and immaculate, opened on the outstretched wings of a resplendent golden eagle, supported on either side by BRITANNIA and a Yeoman of the Guard.

A flourish of trumpets sounded as each member of the noble company rose from his seat, advanced to the Eagles, and, with grave deliberation, turned over a leaf, and inscribed thereon, one, two, or three promises and engagements for the current year. The number is thus limited that the burden of responsibility may not be insupportable. We can only select a few examples of the new leaves turned over in the Book of 1880.

The Sultan.—"I will reform, and be a better Sovereign. 'I will do all Sir HENRY LAYARD tells me. I will never again put the British Fleet to the inconvenience of steaming up the Dardanelles."

Emperor of Russia.—"I will not be embarrassed and impoverished by more wars, conquests, or armed expeditions. I will try the experiment of a Representative Government. I will shut up Siberia."

The Three Emperors.—"We will keep up very small armies, just sufficient for garrison duties. We will form a Holy Alliance of Peace with one another, and of good-will towards all Sovereigns and peoples."

France.—"We will be a moderate, patient, and, in fact, model Republic."

Egypt.—"We will pay our debts. If our new KHEDEVE is not strong enough, we will put GORDON PASHA in his place."

United States.—"We will go for Free Trade. We will send Mr. PARNELL about his business. We will be better friends with John Bull than ever."

South African Colonists.—"We will pay the Zulu bill."

Earl of Beaconsfield.—"I will not devise so much employment for Her Imperial Majesty's land forces. As an agreeable variation, I will attend to domestic legislation—though, as one seriously meditating speedy dissolution, I can't be expected to attend much to such a trifling matter."

Chancellor of the Exchequer.—"I will bring forward an early Budget. I will not leave heavy bills for my successor to pay. I will do my best not to increase the Income-tax."

Mr. Gladstone.—"I will contract my correspondence. I will shorten my speeches. I will take office with Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON, if needful."

Mr. Mackonochie and other Ritualists.—"We will remember that we are Ministers of the Reformed Church of England. We will obey the law. We will not tout for Popery."

Home-Rule M.P.'s.—"We will do all we can to stop agitation, and prevent lawlessness in Ireland. We will be good boys next Session."

The City Companies.—"We will not have more than four great dinners a year. We will spend a million of money on Technical Education. We will unite with the Corporation of London in soliciting a Royal Commission of Inquiry."

Proctors for Convocation.—"We will talk less. We will do more. Better, perhaps, than either—we will not meet at all."

George Eliot.—"I will write another novel like *The Mill on the Floss*."

Mr. Punch (doubtful whether it is not all a dream).—"I can't be better, but I'll try to be as good as ever."

ODE TO A SKYLARK.

(From a Modern Point of View.)

"As for larks, they are evidently a doomed race. There are, it appears, some thousands of people in this Metropolis, who, when other birds fail, or simply as a change, think nothing of putting a dozen larks in a dish. It is almost as bad as the five thousand nightingales' tongues served up on the table of the Roman Emperor."—*Times*.

HAIL to thee, plump beauty!

Meant thou never wert

Just to sing; thy duty

Is to glad the heart

Of gourmand and gourmet, and well thou play'st thy part.

Higher still, and higher

Taste thy value raiseth;

Bon vivant high-flyer

Nought thy price amazeth;

Praising he pays for thee, and paying for thee praiseth.

What thou art who knows not?

What is like to thee?

From ruff and ree there flows not

Gout more sweet to me.

Snipe, ortolan? Pooh-pooh! Woodcock? Oh! fiddle-de-dee!

Like ambrosial viand,

For immortals fit!

Thee 'tis sweet to buy and

O'er thee gloating sit,

With keenest yearning faint for thee, thou sweet tit-bit!

Sound of knife and fork,

Or the chinking glass,

Molars hard at work,

All that ever was

Melodious to mine ears, thy singing doth surpass.

Not for that it tells

Of the standing corn,

Or the hyacinth bells;

But on it are borne

Delights of toothsome bards only hold in scorn.

Bards are most absurd,

Though esteemed divine;

I have never heard

Praise of love or wine

So rapturous one-half as this my song on *thine*!

Chorus hymeneal

Or erotic chaunt

Matched with mine would be all

Humbug, empty vaunt—

Mere words in which the gourmet feels an aching want.

What objects are the theme

Of the delicious strain?

What dishes seen in dream

Of thee, or spiced or plain!

What savoury succulence! what yearning faint and fain!

Done o'er charcoal fire,

What more sweet can be?

Art, Song, Love may tire,

But my taste for thee,

Roast, or in crisp *crousture*, knows no satiety.

As to discontent

At thy being slain,—

'Tis sick sentiment

In fool's feeble brain.

Dying to be well dressed, who says thou diest in vain?

Bards know not what they're after;

They sing a deal of rot,

Theme for a gourmet's laughter,—

Hang the wrangling lot!

The sweetest songs are those that speak of *plat* or *pot*!

Better than all measures

Of mere tinkling sound,

Are the toothsome treasures

In thy substance found,

Thou bird of *fumet* fine, of body plump and round!

Sang I half the gladness

That thou mak'st me know,

Such gastronomic madness

From my lips should flow,

All mouths would water then as mine is watering now!



LORD DERBY ON "BRITISH COMMERCE."

PERFECTLY SOUND, BUT A LITTLE BIT OUT OF CONDITION.

A LESSON OUT OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

WE often hear the Manchester School decried nowadays; but still it may sometimes read London a lesson.

Such a lesson Manchester has been reading London in the matter of the opening on Sundays of more innocent and profitable resorts, outside the pale of the Church, than the public-house.

Manchester has always shown the courage of her convictions. If some of them have been fairly chargeable with narrowness, others may, with at least equal reason, be praised for breadth.

To this latter class belongs the conviction of some of the Committee of the Royal Manchester Institution, that the best way of tapping the Public-house, would be to open the Picture Exhibition of the Institution on Sunday.

The point was mooted, contested—sharply and bitterly, probably, as such points are wont to be—but the Sunday-openers carried it, and proceeded forthwith to "draw off," not the Sunday beer-barrels, but their customers.

Punch is glad to note the result.

In the eleven Sundays on which the Gallery of the Institution has been open, 51,678 persons have visited it, most of them of the class

to whom the Public is the only available Sunday recreation between two and five, hours during which Public-houses are open, and Churches closed.

The Institution was careful, by its choice of hours, to proclaim itself the rival of the places of tipple, not the places of worship.

This great crowd has poured into and through the Institution Galleries, without let or hindrance. A few volunteers have attended to assist in marshalling the multitude, and showing them the order of their going from room to room. But there has been no erection of barriers or reeving of ropes for the protection of the pictures. The marshals have encountered no incivility; the pictures and frames have sustained no damage. Two enthusiasts have paid for the printing of some thousand extra catalogues, to be lent to these Sunday-Gallery visitors, and returned by them on leaving the Institution. Scarcely a catalogue has been lost or detained.

In a word, the experiment has been a conspicuous success. For the first time, we believe, a Picture-Gallery in a great densely-peopled manufacturing borough has been opened to "the masses" without payment, tickets, or any other restriction or condition, more freely, in short, than the Public-house, into which none may enter impecunious.



“DE PROFUNDIS.”

Pat (after a sip). “AN’ WHICH DID YE PUT IN FIRST—THE WHISKY OR THE WATER?”

Domestic. “THE WHISKY, AV COORSE.”

Pat. “AH THIN MAYBE I’LL BE COMING TO’T BYE-N-BYE!”

Those who opposed the experiment have been, if not silenced, confuted. Those who proposed and advocated it have been borne out by the event. Many thousands from whom nature is shut out by their conditions of life and labour for all but an infinitesimal portion of their existence—against whom the picture-gallery is barred on week days by payment, or more formidable still, by the thin and chilling presence of the highly-select, well-dressed, but not dense respectability that pays—have had, at least, the opportunity of catching some glimpse of the beautiful, real or ideal—of being stirred and cheered a moment by visions of bright sunlight and blue skies, of growing trees and grassy meadows, of golden corn-fields and rolling seas, if only on canvas—of being admitted to momentary communion with some life other than their own toil-some and unlovely one, some brief glance into the historic past, or interesting or touching present reflected in the magic mirror of the Artist’s imagination.

Who can say what seed may thus be sown? At least, and lowest, there has been some momentary glamour thrown over surrounding ugliness and griminess. It may well be called a Sunday opening—an opening upon a lovelier and brighter world than that of Manchester streets and mills. If this Sunday opening had done no more, it would deserve to be blessed instead of banned.

But we are bound to take into account not only the good the experiment may have brought about, but the mischief it may have prevented in the way of drinking and waste, of idle or foul gossip and profitless or degrading gregariousness.

Fastidious folk may well have found this Sunday public little to their taste. New “*couches sociales*” are not always pleasant to over-fine fingers and over-nice senses. The highly proper and highly cultivated may even have nosed in this Sunday “herd” something metaphorically, or even sensibly, disagreeable “between the wind and their nobility.” But it was to catch the coming fish that the proposers and promoters of this experiment cast their net. They at least, do not quarrel with their take.

When will London go a fishing of a Sunday with the same net in the same waters?

Does the Great Metropolis mean to wait till Liverpool and Birmingham, Leeds and Bradford, Burslem and Nottingham, Sheffield and Bristol, Kingston-on-Hull and Newcastle-upon-Tyne have followed the lead of Manchester, and so to land last instead of first, in the Sunday race between Public-house and Picture-gallery?

A JOB LOT.

Jobs are always ugly—but not always—injurious, except indirectly, to the public service. But this cannot be said of the job just perpetrated in filling up the office of Registrar-General. The post has been given to a person who happens to be private secretary of one Member of the Government and brother-in-law, as we are told, of another, but who is perfectly innocent of all practical knowledge of the very peculiar skilled work of the office he has been pitchforked into. A valuable servant of long standing, who has borne for many years the responsibility and principal labour in connection with that office’s most useful functions—those relating to the public health—and whose reputation in Hygiene and vital statistics is European—has been passed over for the well-connected private secretary with the silver spoon in his mouth.

The Government, having the right man under their hand in Dr. FARR, has gone farther and fared worse.

The public has been wronged in the wrong done to Dr. FARR, as well as the profession to which he belongs.

We are glad to see that the Council of the Poor Law Medical Officers’ Association have spoken out. *Punch* echoes their remonstrance.

ARTHUR HELPS used to say he had never come across a job in all his long public service. What a pity he did not survive to these days. He might have come across not only the jobs, but their makers, and watched them at the process.

Why not write up “Job-Master,” in plain characters, in large letters, along the front of the Treasury Buildings, or over the official head-quarters in Downing Street?

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

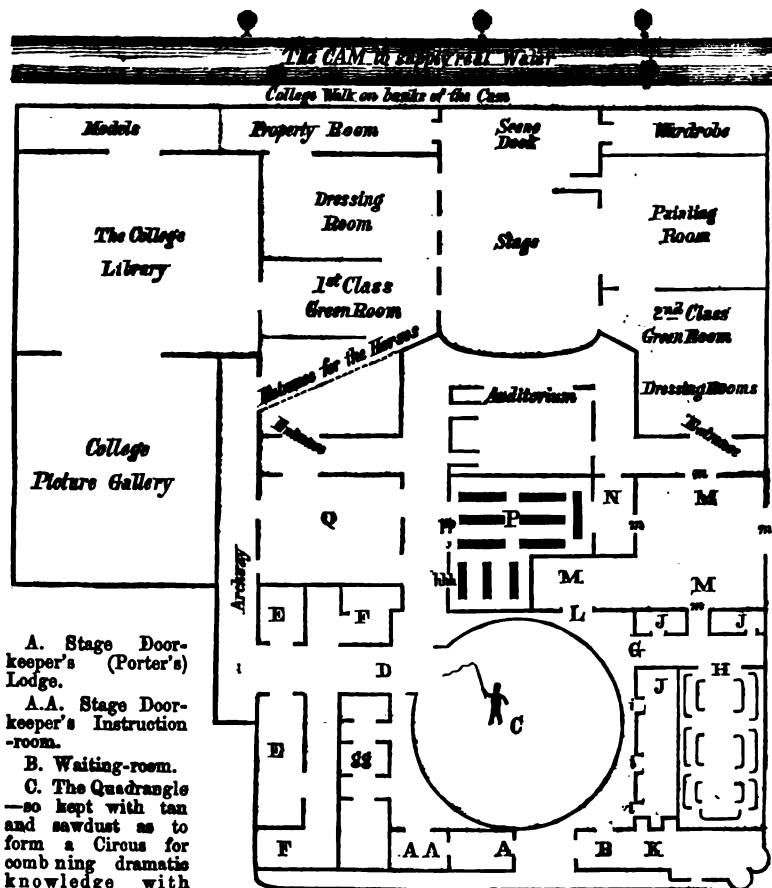
CHAPTER III.

A Plan—A Note—Residence—Supers—Accommodation—A Master—Question—No Answer—Suggestion—Portrait—Officers—Staff—Illustrations—Curriculum—Note—Lectures—Divisions—Hours—Further Suggestions.

HAVING considered some of the benefits which would most possibly accrue to the University from the introduction into its midst of a Genuine Dramatic College, it will be advisable to devote our entire attention to the component parts of the College itself, understanding at the same time that some such establishment as Girton College is annexed to this new Academical body.*

First, the plan of the buildings.

GROUND PLAN SUGGESTED FOR THE GENUINE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.



A. Stage Door-keeper's (Porter's) Lodge.

A.A. Stage Door-keeper's Instruction-room.

B. Waiting-room.

C. The Quadrangle—so kept with tan and sawdust as to form a Circus for combining dramatic knowledge with equestrian exercise, as every branch of the profession should be taught within the walls of the Genuine Dramatic College.

D. Archway and Entrance into the Stables.

E. Stables.

F. Chariot-houses for antique vehicles, such as triumphal cars, &c.

G. Archway leading to Chapel Entrance.

gg. Lecture-rooms.

H. Chapel.

i.i.i. Entrance to College staircases.

J. College rooms. Each window being well in a recess and curtained, can be used as a private box front, on the occasion of any College festivity, when Scenes in the Circus would take place out of doors.

K. Senior Tutor's rooms with bay windows. First Floor.

L. Entrance to the Master of Thespian's Lodge.

M.M.M. The Master's Residence.

m.m.m.m. Private doors. The Master's house occupies three floors: no other residents.

N. Staircase up to common room. O. Fellows' Entrance into Hall.

P. The College Hall. pp. Entrance into Hall.

ppp. Second Entrance to Supers' Table. Q. Kitchens, butteries, cellars, &c.

This is, of course, merely a ground-plan.

All the basements would be used for ordinary lectures, and special lectures would be given in the Model School, Property and Painting Rooms, Library, Picture Gallery (under the superintendence of Mr. GERMAN REED, as a Gallery of Illustration), Machinery (below), and Wardrobe departments.

The upper floors in the Quadrangle, the rooms beneath the Library, and in various other parts of the building, would afford accommodation for five hundred residents, including Master, Fellows, Students, Supers, and College servants.

* Professor MORLEY's scheme, I see, commences with an idea of a building for his National Dramatic School. If there is any castle in the air at present vacant, the Professor may as well take it and furnish it himself. In the meantime, the amiable Professor will do well to consider the plan put forward in these few chapters.

The "Supers" would have comfortable rooms over and about the stable portion of the building, their education and board being given them gratis, on condition of their serving in hall, assisting in all circus and stage work, and signing a contract to send a certain per-centage of their annual earnings, in whatever engagements the Master of Thespian might make for them, during the first three years after their quitting the College.

The great difficulty will be to name the first Master of Thespian. To start with, for the benefit of Art, and without obtrusive self-assertion, I should certainly propose—But no; on second thoughts, I will allow my readers to guess who it could possibly be.

Shall it be a Crown appointment?

However, a Master there must be of Thespian College, and, mind you, the Master of Thespian is a fine sounding title. Here is the portrait as intended for the Hall of the future College.



THE FIRST MASTER OF THESPIAN.*

Presented to the College by the Fellows and Students.

Now for the Officers of the College and the Tutorial staff. There must be two Tragedy Tutors, senior and junior. Also two Comedy Tutors. The senior Tragedy



THE HIGH TRAGEDY TUTOR
Instructing in "Hamlet."

* * This is not a likeness of Professor MORLEY. If the Professor started a building, would he call it Morley's Hotel for Dramatic Purposes? I confess that I am at present antagonistic

Tutor will take High Tragedy for his department; the junior will take Low Tragedy. The first begins with Shakspeare, and stops at Melodrama; the second takes Melodrama, and the tragedy of the Domestic Drama.



THE LOW TRAGEDY TUTOR

In his Lecture Room, giving illustrations of what he means.

Each Lecture Room will be supplied with a small platform, a proscenium, with practicable curtain, a table, a chair, a piano, some lay-figures, a dressing-closet, and the "super" in attendance will see that all the properties necessary for the Lecture, whatever it may be, are there to the moment.

Every Lecture will be thus announced:—

Lecture-room door open at 10. Lecture to commence at 10:30 precisely. No half-price. The Lecturer particularly requests that you will be seated before he begins, and not leave until he has quite finished, as the interest of the Lecture commences with the first words, and lasts right up to the end. No fees.



Private View of High-Tragedy Lecturer Preparing to give Instruction to the Students.

In the course of an hour's lecture, taking into consideration the incidental music on a mechanical piano fitted for the purpose [unless a player of the instrument be present], and whatever change of scene may be requisite, there would be only time for a lecturer to

to what seems to be Professor MORLEY's opposition scheme, but, at the same time, I say to the Professor, as the "pugs" used to say to one another, just to show there was no ill-will, before they squared up for fighting, "Tip us your mawley."

give three or four illustrations at most in character, besides calling upon some of his class for a recitation.

The curriculum* would take something of this form:—

Lectures to commence at 10 punctually. Doors open 9:30.

Lectures to continue at the convenience of the Professors until 1 P.M., when three hours' relaxation will be allowed till dinner at 4 P.M. precisely.

This hour for dining is to engender in the future professionals a habit of dining punctually at a convenient hour so as to enable them to feed well and rest well before entering on their labours. At 6:30, in accordance with this object, the evening classes will assemble, and what has been taught in the day will be practised.

From 6:30 to 7:30. Lectures in making-up. For example:—

In Lecture Room A. The students will make up for *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, *Lear*, &c.

In Lecture Room B. They will make up for *Sir Edward Mortimer* in *The Iron Chest*, for *Grindaff* in *The Miller and His Men*, for *Black Will* in *The Smuggler*, &c., &c.

In Lecture Room C. The make-up will be for *Romeo*, *Hotspur*, *Ferdinand*, and *jeunes premiers* generally.

Thus, as will be seen at a glance, there are perpetually wheels within wheels, and each Lecture Room is a Theatre within a Theatre—a perfect little Gallery of Illustration within itself.

The Lecturers' costumes must be what are called "trick dresses," which means that by pulling a string, or undoing a hook in one place and a button in another, taking care that both are in the right place, the dress of the High Tragedy Tutor can be immediately changed from, say, *Macbeth* to *Hamlet*, or *Hamlet* to the *King*, or the *King* to *Horatio*, or *Horatio* to *Lear*, or any of them to *Shylock*, as necessity may require.†

In Lecture Room D. For Shakspearian and other Comedy characters; and

In Lecture Room E. For Modern Comedy.

Lecture Room F. For Farce only. Here the Professor will watch the youthful aspirants for cosmic laurels making up for *Box* or *Cox*, and for *Spriggins* in *Ici on parle Français*. He will instruct them in their various lines.

Lecture Room G. For Burlesque making up, and Caricature.

From 7:30 to 9. Performances by the Students in the Lecture Rooms. At the end of this, the Professors will give out what has to be specially prepared for the next morning's class, and the College gates will be closed at 10 P.M. to a minute.

In my next I will attempt to show how some model Lectures would probably be conducted.

In the meantime, some reverend member of the Church and Stage Guild—so many of whom appear, by their own account, to be so enchanted with ballet dancing, and to feel themselves so morally improved by assisting at a Terpsichorean show—may be employed in teaching the *Coryphées* at Curtain College.

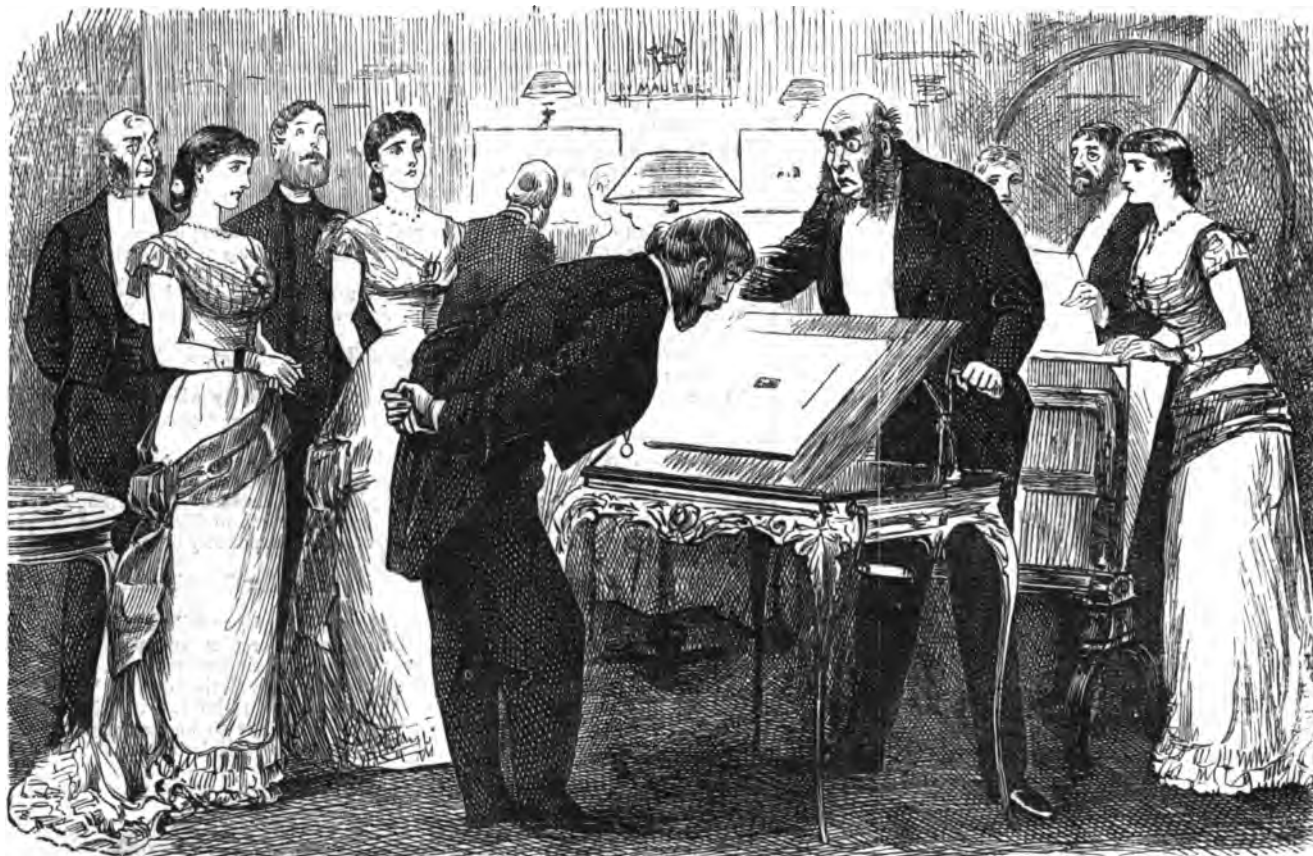


THE BISHOP AND THE BALLET.

An Evening at Home at Curtain College.

* In anticipation of inquiries from Messrs. SANGER and HENGLER, "curriculum" does include Circus business.

† Really good Dramatic "Entertainers," with a thorough knowledge of the stage, and an extensive acquaintance with costume, would be invaluable as Lecturers. A Ventriloquist should be a permanent appointment, as evidently he could give a better idea of a Scene played by half a dozen characters, on at the same moment, than any ordinary or even extraordinary actor. Of course the Ventriloquist Professor would have to take a solemn oath to the highest authorities, and in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, not to play any practical jokes.



"DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS."—1. THE ETCHER.

(Who thinks the Royal Academy ought to let him have a Room all to himself.)

Distinguished Amateur (commendable for his Dinners, his Pretty Daughters, and his exquisitely-appointed Studio). "THERE! IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO DRAW, MY FRIEND! I ETCHED THAT STUDY IN FIVE MINUTES!—BUT THE 'BITING-IN' HAS TAKEN ME TWO YEARS! THAT'S THE SEVENTEENTH STATE OF THE PLATE!"

Our Artist (naturally anxious to make himself agreeable). "EXCELLENT! AWFULLY GOOD! THAT BLACK KITTEN PAWING THE AIR IN FRONT OF THE PARLOUR GRATE IS MOST LIFE-LIKE, AND THE TEXTURE OF YOUR PERSIAN HEARTHUG IS SIMPLY ADMIRABLE!—I SHOULD KNOW IT ANYWHERE!"

Distinguished Amateur. "HEARTHUG! GRATE!! KITTEN!!! WHY, THAT'S A WINDMILL ON A HEATH, MAN—AGAINST AN EVENING SKY!"

[Collapse of Our Artist; collapse of Pretty Daughters; collapse of everybody except Distinguished Amateur.]

JUSTICE TO IRELAND!

STILL Sisters—though one rich, one poor;
One warmly-housed, one at the door;
Hostile in seeming, at the core
Sisters still!

Let agitation, for its needs,
Feed fat the hate on which it feeds;
It leaves us, spite of clashing creeds,
Sisters still!

Let demagogues, secure from harm,
Urge with their trumpets fools to arm,
We'll rest, through lie and false alarm,
Sisters still!

We hear no lawless clamourers loud,
But Famine's victims, pale and bowed,
Crying, from 'neath the Western cloud,
"Sisters still!"

We from our poor will spare for thine,
Nor sift desert through sieve too fine;
Let haters howl and bigots whine—
Sisters still!

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW (by a Newly-married Man).—An Englishman's house is his wife's castle!

TERRORS OF THE THAMES.

The Wash, Long Reach.

Look here, Mr. Punch, I am only a plain rowing-man myself, and I don't know anything about the "Man of the Caverns" or the other chap of the "river drift" that Professor DAWKINS has been lecturing about at the London Institution; but I'll tell you what I do know, and that's this—"Countless ages" or not, the Thames isn't changed. Not a bit, Sir. Look here. This is what the Professor says:—

"In the rivers were otters and beavers; and the explorer would be startled by the snort of the hippopotamus in the reaches of the Thames near Brentford."

The snort of the hippopotamus, indeed, in the reaches near Brentford! I should like to know whether that can touch another snort—one that's to be heard not only at Brentford, but wherever a blessed reach of any kind is to be found on the river! What I mean, Mr. Punch, is the snort of those beastly steam-launches. And as soon as the boating begins, they'll begin too.

Talk to me of the "Cave Man" and the primeval snorters! What are they to the modern ones that worry and swamp the man who may swear, but

HAS TO CAYE IN.

English Opera and Opera in English.

THE one thing we shall not see at Mr. CARL ROSA's English Opera House is English Opera. The enterprise, like its *Rosa*, by any other name would smell as sweet. At the same time, Punch wishes all success to Mr. ROSA's Operas in English. May our ROSA know no thorns the whole season through.



JUSTICE TO IRELAND!

BRITANNIA (to HIBERNIA). "YOU'VE TROUBLES ENOUGH, MY POOR SISTER, WITHOUT STARVATION. THAT I CAN, AND WILL, HELP."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On Covent Garden Pantomime—The Grecian—Sadler's Wells—
And the Prince of Wales's.



FOR good old-fashioned Pantomime masks, for effective and brilliant costumes, for gorgeous spectacle, for rapidly varying Transformations, graceful forms, pretty faces, and well-arranged music, commend me to the Covent Garden Pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor*. Thank goodness, it commences with a Dark Scene. Here are spiders, and beetles, and crawling things, governed by some Spirit of Evil. The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman; but this one is a Lady, Miss ANNIE STUART, and a decidedly handsome Lady, too, who for some reason has a spite against *Sindbad*, and gives her orders for his destruction—at least, so I believe, from what I could gather of her imperiously quick delivery; and, if I am mistaken, I humbly beg that Spirit of Evil's pardon. *Sindbad*, however, finds a protector—at least I think so—but again I may be wrong; for it doesn't seem a bit like the story of *Sindbad*, with which I was familiar long, long ago—*mais nous avons changé tout cela*—in the person of *Cupid*, the God of Love, who suddenly appears out of a most ingeniously-contrived bed of roses. Now if *Cupid*, or any other heathen deity, ever had anything whatever to do with the *Sindbad* of our childhood, may I be ridden to the death by Old Men of the Sea, and taken up in the air by the Great Roc! Miss MARIE WILLIAMS, whose destiny at present seems to be to play *Cupid*—for she commenced in this character at the Royalty—sings, and sings as the God of Love, with any amount of life and “go.” *Sindbad* and others start off by boat, which being struck by lightning, goes to the bottom.

En passant, the masks made by, I suppose, Messrs. LABHART and BURDETT, for Wind, Thunder, and Lightning, are capital,—and indeed this remark applies to all the masks in the Pantomime. And what is a Pantomime without masks, and the good old stolid, goggle-eye'd big heads? so patient, so philosophic, so uncomplaining in the most trying circumstances! We can better spare slim legs than big heads in a Pantomime. *A bas les Lions Comiques! A bas les Chansons des Salles Musicales! Mais vivent les Têtes gigantesques et grotesques!* This should be the cry of the Salvation Pantomime Army—that is, if Pantomime is to be saved:—

And shall old Pant'mime die?
And shall old Pant'mime die?
Then fifteen thousand Big Head Men
Will know the reason why!

What an awful force for the storming of Drury Lane and Covent Garden! What a sight from the *Era* office at the corner of Wellington Street! How telegrams would be despatched from the scene of war to the Garrick Club every two minutes! and with what nervous anxiety would the members of that establishment await the arrival of the messengers!

Where are we now? At the bottom of the sea, where the fish are beautiful, specially the starfish. Here, the victims are brought to life again by *Cupid*—(hang *Cupid* as having anything to do with *Sindbad*!)—and, to the disgust of the Wicked Spirit, are all sent up again in a diving-bell. In this Scene the ballet is very pretty. Then there is a fair comic business scene between two of the comic singers, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, and a first-rate monkey, convulsively played by Master C. LAURI. Mr. MACDERMOTT, the well-known music-hall comic vocalist, sang “a new patriotic song,” but his one catch line, “Do you know I could summons you for that?” rather palled on me after the fifteenth repetition.

Miss ANNIE ROSE, as *Zohka*, does very little, but does it remarkably well, and has the cleverness to look as though she could do a great deal more. Miss FANNIE LESLIE as *Sindbad* is to be congratulated on the marvellous ability she possesses of stamping out, or dancing down, the depressing effect of a song with the burden—and a heavy burden too—of “*My Lady Fair*.” By the way, the boys' chorus (words by CLEMENT SCOTT, music by W. C. LEVET), “*Golden Corn*,” goes capitally, as does also “*Love's Garden*,” by the same librettist and composer.

As *Hafiz*, Miss EMILY DUNCAN—“Hear it not, DUNCAN, for 'tis—” no compliment, but the truth—looked as handsome as—as usual, and *Ali* and *Abed* (good names these) looked and danced charmingly. But O Mr. HARRIS (CHARLES of that family)! O Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON! O AUGUSTE & Co.! O MESSRS. GATTI! O ye Illuminators, DEFRIES & Co., of Houndsditch! O ye Jewellers of Paris, LEBLANC and GRANGER, and CHARLES PHILLIPS, Jeweller of England!—what shall I say of the Diamond Valley? Bring me my dictionaries, bring me epithets of praise, bring me descriptions of the most brilliant spectacles, bring me several gross of superlative superlatives, and then, if I pile 'em all up, amid a trumpet-flourish of the loudest notes of admiration, I cannot do more than crown the edifice of Scene 8 with a banner bearing the words *Succès Magnifique, Colossal, Pyramidal!*

And now for the Comic Scenes. Mr. HARRY PAYNE is, as far as I have yet seen, the only Clown we've got with real fun in him. And however realistic we may become on the stage, there is one real thing wanting in all our Pantomimes, and that is real fun. Mr. PAYNE has used his intelligence, and the result is some genuine clowning,—some hearty, sly, wicked, humorous, sausage-floching, authority-defying, pantaloons-deceiving clowning. And there are tricks; not stupid, dull, meaningless affairs that never come to anything, except as advertisements, and induce yawning, but tricks which are in themselves examples of simple mechanism applied to practical jokes.

Willingly would most of us spare some of the earlier portion of our now tediously spun-out Pantomimes for the sake of a few really good, genuinely funny and novel scenes between *Clown*, *Pantaloons*, *Harlequin*, and *Columbine*, and such necessary extras as the Policeman, the Swell, and the Little Boy (he's a good little chap, at Covent Garden), who takes in *Mr. Clown*. Surely, surely during the year before the end of August Mr. PAYNE can have strung together a series of Scenes, not lasting more than a quarter of an hour, each full of practical jokes, and mechanical tricks, always performed (as he contrives now) by the aid of *Harlequin's* wand, all done in the course of the legitimate story of the Loves of *Harlequin* and *Columbine* during the time of probation on this wicked Pantomime Earth.

If the opening be some old familiar fairy tale, let it be clearly told. Then, after a brilliant Transformation Scene, let the characters of the opening change their costumes, as they used to do, and actually become the four principals of the Harlequinade. By the way, at Covent Garden, thank goodness, there is not a double set of Pantomimists, but, for all that, *Harlequin* is represented as an unprincipled bigamist, with two *Columbines*.

The most grotesque and amusing of all the Pantomimes I have yet seen is *Rokoko*, at the Royal Grecian. Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST is marvellous as the *Rock Fiend*, funny as *King Turnip*, and more marvellous than ever as the weird and gnarled old Tree. The scene where he and his son pursue the flying Fairy is watched with breathless interest, and the trio are recalled by the heartiest applause, and greeted with cheers when they reappear, fagged and tired by their work but none the worse for wear. So much for the wonders of *Rokoko*. The dramatic interest is kept up by Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST as the Magician, in a thoroughly Robsonian-Yellow-Dwarfish spirit, while the burlesque acting of Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE, and Mr. HENRY PARKER, is, in a broadly humorous way, as good as anything I've seen in this particular line for some considerable time. The topical duet between Messrs. NICHOLLS and MONKHOUSE tells immensely, and their scene where they burlesque the “D. T.” situation in *Drink* is first-rate. Miss MARIE LOFTUS is a showy *Princess*, Miss LILLIAN ADAIR a nice little *Princess*, and Miss MINNIE SUCH a sprightly *King Moth*. Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST is to be congratulated on his Pantomime,—or, rather, on his Burlesque-Extravaganza, and its admirable exponents.

At Sadler's Wells Mrs. BATEMAN gives us *The Forty Thieves*, and the Harlequinade having received the attention of Mr. GEORGE BENHAM—styled in the bill “The Modern Grimaldi”—is exceptionally amusing, particularly the third scene, “The Shadow Pantomime,” which will delight crowds of youngsters, for whose special behoof there is a morning performance every Wednesday and Saturday until further notice.

I cannot well imagine a better performance on any stage than that of the Second Act of *Ours* at the Prince of Wales's. I cannot see a fault in it as far as the actors are concerned, though how such a forced and awkward contrivance as that of making *Hugh Chalcot* throw open the folding-doors for no ostensible pur-



THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Young Farmer. "NICE WARM RAIN—BRING THINGS OUT O' THE GROUND, WON'T IT?"

Reprehensible Old Widower. "DON'T MENTION IT! I'VE GOT TWO WIVES THERE ALREADY!"

pose except to show a sort of theatrical wax-work *tableau* of *Angus MacAlister* listening to *Blanche Haye's* performance on the piano—to which she must literally have rushed after her farewell with *Sir Alexander* on the landing—could have been allowed to stand the test of Bancroftian rehearsals, surpasses my generally gigantic comprehension. But *Ours* was produced before the days of scientific rehearsal, and *TOM ROBERTSON* was bold in actors' expedients, and knew how to carry his audience with a *coup de théâtre*, which would serve the purpose for the moment, but would not bear reflection. However, he gained his effect, and this is all he wanted.

Excepting this Second Act, which is admirably dramatic—though so much being left to the Actors, what would be its fate in second-rate hands?—the piece, as a whole, is ill-constructed, the situations forced and unnatural, the quartettes of dialogue strained, and much that with further consideration might have been elevated into the region of pure comedy, has been brought down to the level of mere farce.

On retiring from the Prince of Wales's, and becoming lessees of the Haymarket, it is proposed to present the BANCROFTS with a public testimonial.

The best public testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, on becoming lessees of the Haymarket, will be a continuation, in their new establishment, of the appreciative patronage bestowed upon them in their old one. Testimonials in this electro-plated and gushing age are too common to be of much value. The proceeds of the first night's performance at the Haymarket are to be given to the widow of the late Mr. BUCKERIDGE. That the name of the Bulwer-Lyttonian Comedy *Money*, which inaugurates their new management may be a fair omen of future prosperity is the honest wish of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—In my notice of the Alhambra last week I find I attributed to Signor BUCALOSI much that should have been set down to M. JACOBI, who has composed the music of the three ballets for *Rothomago*.

ONLY A PENNY A-PIECE!

Mr. PUNCH is writing on the Fortieth Anniversary of the introduction of Penny Postage.

"In the year which immediately preceded its introduction, the total number of postal deliveries in the United Kingdom was 82,563,000. Last year the number reached the vast total of 1,636,790,000, or an increase of about eighteenfold."

Let our readers consider all that this implies—of transactions facilitated, business quickened, anxieties lightened, ideas exchanged, cords of love drawn closer, all over the world.

ROWLAND HILL never had his official due, though the respect and reverence of his countrymen shed on his latter days the light which official prejudice and narrowness did all they could to exclude from his earlier years.

Subscriptions are now being raised for a Memorial to the man to whom England owes this great boon.

Sir F. W. TRUSCOTT, Lord Mayor, as active promoter of this Memorial, writes to urge the appeal, and *Punch* is glad to echo his urging,—

"Sir ROWLAND HILL has recently died, and a grateful nation has accorded him burial in its greatest historical shrine—Westminster Abbey. But such gratitude, it has been thought, should not stop here, and some lasting Memorial in a beneficent shape should, it is considered, mark the public sense of Sir ROWLAND's vast work. The Mansion House Committee, in whose name and at whose request I am writing, feel that this object can most usefully be achieved by the foundation of a Benevolent Fund for the succour of aged and distressed Post Office *employees* throughout the Kingdom and their widows and orphans. In proof of the necessity of such a fund, I may mention a few facts which may not be generally known."

Only let the recognition of ROWLAND HILL's good work be as wide as its benefit; only let everyone in the kingdom lay his one stamp on the grave of him to whom they owe that stamp and all its conveniences, and the LORD MAYOR tells us £130,000 would be realised for an object, good in itself, and a tribute to the good work of a good man.

It will be sad, as strange, if such an appeal do not receive an answer as world-wide as the blessing of ROWLAND HILL's own fruitful and beneficent reform.

THE FUTURE OF ITALY.—In assuming the denomination of *Italia Irredenta*, the Italian Nationalists enable their clerical adversaries to ask:—Where does unredeemed Italy expect to go to?

SABBATARIAN SAVAGES AT "THEIR CUSTOMS."

A DEPLORABLE want of breadth and strength in the construction of Tay Bridge seems, in the best of judgments yet expressed, likely to be found at the bottom of the terrible calamity that has so lately turned all English eyes and hearts sadly and sympathetically towards Dundee and its shattered viaduct. But of the material aspect of the disaster Mr. Punch has nothing to say. That is for scientific and practical experts, official or non-official.

What Mr. Punch has to say concerns not the want of breadth or solidity in the piers of the Tay Bridge, but the narrowness and weakness of the bigotry with which the disaster has been "improved," on the ground that the train it befel was travelling on a Sunday. Such comments, happily, have been confined, it is to be hoped, to a very small section of the Kirk, Established or Free. One of these self-sufficient judges of judgments, and complacent dealers out of denunciations, converting the awful catastrophe triumphantly to the account of his own black and bitter creed—in which the Almighty figures as a sort of Ashantee Fetish, to be propitiated by death and destruction—has no hesitation in putting his finger on its immediate cause. Referring to the imprisoned passengers—men, women, and little children—many of them known to have been on their way to or from errands of friendship, mercy, and family affection—he asks whether it was not "awful to think" that—

"They had been carried away when many of them must have known that they were transgressing the law of God."

It might do this gentleman some good to reflect that it is possible to be "carried away" in another fashion, and to transgress a great law of God—"Judge not that ye be not judged" in a more questionable manner. To see the professing minister of a religion, of whose virtues one of its leading Apostles has declared charity the greatest, swept off his narrow line of literal sectarianism in a hurricane of bitter bigotry, is suggestive of reflections which, if not exactly "awful," are neither agreeable nor edifying.



THE SNUB LEONINE.

(At Mrs. Lyon Hunter's.)

Lion No. 1 (timidly). "I—A—THINK I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU AT SIR GORGIVUS MIDAS'S, AT DINNER, LAST WEEK!"

Lion No. 2. "AH—I DESSAY. I'M VERY BAD AT RECOLLECTING FACES."

Lion No. 1 (with pardonable pride). "MY NAME IS RANDOLPH BONAMY WILKINS!"

Lion No. 2. "AH—INDEED! I'VE A WRETHOENED MEMORY FOR NAMES!"

[N.B.—Lion No. 2 is no less a person than J. Robinson, who is said to have penetrated twenty-three miles further into the interior of Australia than any other man, and has got to believe that he is the Original Discoverer of that Continent.

Disgust and lack of space combine to cut short *Punch's* comment on this, the saddest sequel of a most sad catastrophe. He will only quote one last lurid flash of presumption from a Dundee pulpit:—

"If there was one voice louder than others in this terrible event it was that of God, determined to guard his Sabbath with jealous care."

Mr. Punch can scarcely call attention with patience to profanity like this.

To say nothing of the fact that the Sabbath is an exclusively Jewish institution, as different in date as in spirit from the Christian's first day of the week, the spirit of this sentence is as savagely Jewish as the name it misapplies.

When Scotch or English begin to take in the fact, that the stern and sour sanctity of the day they have been wont to hear so mis-called by the free school of denunciatory divines, needs a "jealous guardianship" by such means as this, its days are surely numbered. *Mr. Punch* need hardly say that he, for one, will be happy to count them; feeling convinced that the time when such a "Sabbath" as this is known no more among men will be a good time for Christian charity as for the happiness of human-kind.

Martyrs and Others.

A PETITION is said to have been lately presented to the POPE by the "Catholic Union of Great Britain," praying for the "canonisation of the English Martyrs," in the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH and one hundred and fifty years after. What will His Holiness say to this? *Lumen in Cælo*, as an enlightened Pontiff, could of course distinguish Sir THOMAS MORE from GUY FAWKES, but might hesitate in some less well-marked cases to draw the line between sufferers for conscience sake, and for politics. Perhaps, therefore, the best reply of His Holiness to the request of his petitioners will be *Non possumus*.

THE PLAGUE OF PARROTS.

(Being a Protest from a Plain Person against the Abuse of Epigram.)

YOUR epigram, doubtless, is all very fine,
But I fancy 'tis often more dazzle than shine;
And to boobies who flounder in Sophistry's bog,
A Will o' the Wisp may prove worse than a fog.
Yet let Wit have its due; close-packed truth plus a point

Makes a finger-post fair for a world out of joint;
And portable wisdom like pemmican food
Is remarkably handy—so long as it's good.
But, alas! for Wit's work, when its cunningest phrases
Are caught by the Parrots! Of all modern crazes
The craze for mere catchwords is sure the most teasing;
When, din'd in our ears with persistence unpleasing,
They fall on the soul with as ghastly a shock,
As the ten-thousandth grinding of "Grandfather's Clock."

A plague on all Parrots! With DICKENS I'd say,
They're more mischievous fowls than your right birds of prey;

The latter, perhaps, one may hope to escape,
But your genuine Parrot wears Protean shape,
Whose ubiquitous presence no man may avoid.
Mr. Punch, for long months I've been irked and annoyed

By a vile piece of parrotry, scarce food for laughter—
"An Englishman first, and a Party-man after!"
I declare, Sir, that phrase, none too sage at the best,
Has ruffled my temper and broken my rest,
Till, like some absurd piece of *Pinafore* patter,
The sound of it drives me as mad as a hatter.
'Tis a vile phrase-of-all-work to cover gross greeds,
To excuse sheer assumptions and mask dirty deeds—
'Tis a jibe ever handy to hurl at the wretch
Who's unable the big name of "Briton" to stretch
Till it's found co-extensive with ethics' whole code—
Which, if I can manage, dear *Punch*, I'll be blowed.
An Englishman first,—that's the *sine quâ non*
That the Parrots ne'er tire of insisting upon.
An Englishman first,—when the name, in their mouth,
Means as selfish a dog as east, west, north, or south,
You are likely to find—which, 'tis bluntly avowed
Is a thought to make all true-blue patriots proud.
An Englishman first,—after which,—if you can,—
You may be just and honest—in fact be a man;
Nay, you're free e'en to yield an allegiance hearty
To conscience-held claims though they're ticketed "party."

Now I'm blunt, my dear *Punch*, and make bold to proclaim,
That I don't care one snap for "An Englishman's" name,—

Nay, hold it the veriest badge of disgrace,—
When it covers injustice and false pride of race.
I will also avow, though wild patriots shriek,
That the ends which by means of my "party" I seek,
Are the ends I hold English and honest, and therefore
Those alone I—as Briton or party-man—care for.
For me, who'd stand square, fair, to neither term leaning,

The hackneyed antithesis scarce has a meaning:
The phrase has its uses, but parrotdom's glosses
Have made it a pest. Wit an epigram tosses
From the tongue, which the sinister sophist will snap,
And use as his cunningest species of trap.
For me, if the formula must be maintained,
And if aught by its shape antithetical's gained,
I would boldly proclaim—spite of lash or of laughter,—
I'm honest man first and an Englishman after!

Making One's Mouth Water.

THE *Times* has been publishing some interesting statistics by Dr. REYER, in an Australian mining journal, on the subject of "Straits tin," which has its deposit in the Banca Islands. All this is very interesting. JOHN BULL knows little of tin in the Straits, but he knows a great deal too much of straits in the Tin. If he could have information how to get out of the Straits and into the Tin he would be much obliged to Dr. REYER. How he would enjoy a run on the Banca Islands, with liberty unlimited to draw on their deposits!

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.



A NARROW, red-covered dispatch-box, lettered "*H. M. Treasury—Confidential*," has lately been left at 85, Fleet Street, Mr. *Punch* presumes, by mistake, containing the following correspondence, which he publishes. Names and addresses are suppressed, for obvious reasons, as the writers may wish to reclaim their letters; and this is his only way of communication with them:—

I.

MY DEAR EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,

You may remember that at our last meeting, when you were kind enough to address us collectively and separately, you said you would be happy to receive our suggestions for the Royal speech. It may be that you did not address your remarks personally to me; but that there may not be the shadow of an excuse for a mistake, allow me to remind you of the agreement made

between us upon my accepting the F. O. You have, I presume, requested Lord CRANBROOK to submit any Indian paragraphs he may think of suggesting to me for revision, as per agreement.

With kind regards to Mr. CORRY, I remain,

Yours, most sincerely,
(Signed)

II.

DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

Of course I would only be too happy to obey a Chief to whom owe so much. As I have already told you, I like the House of Lords very much. The occasions for effective speaking are not frequent, it is true; but the position is dignified, and its repose agreeable. I wish I could say as much of the Office. But really the Marquis is a very arbitrary. Besides, I cannot sit down for five minutes of quiet work, but I am sure to be interrupted by some suggestion, astily knocked off, and telegraphed to me by that self-satisfied bore, J. STON. Excuse me if the word is not Parliamentary. I have always felt that poets are not the stuff out of which to make Viceoys. However, I wish to do my best.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed)

P.S.—The Marquis has just sent round to say that it is your wish that I should submit to him any Indian paragraph I may suggest! I should be glad to know in plain terms—have I succeeded that noble Lord at the India Office or have I not? Extremely sorry to have to put such a question to one to whom I owe so much, but there are cases in which even a worm will turn.

III.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHALL be most happy to attend to your esteemed favour. I think my paragraph will be something about the Royal Marine Artillery, and the new breach-loading arrangements. I have given my undivided attention to this important subject for the last six months.

I really don't think the *Pall Mall* articles worth answering. They are always grumbling at something, and I fancy they have been suffering in their circulation. If so, it may account for their bad temper.

With the kindest remembrances from all the other Lords, Believe me dear Lord, yours most respectfully,
(Signed)

P.S.—I should like to have made a sarcastic allusion to Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Sir JOSEPH PORTER, and *H. M. S. Pinafore*; but some of the sea Lords think that such a course would be undignified. As they know a great deal more about the feeling of the Service than I can be expected to do, I have no doubt they are right, and so have avoided any such reference of the kind, though I think I could have given it to those impertinent Gaiety fellows hot and strong.

IV.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

I AM doing my utmost to carry out your suggestion. I imagine my paragraph will have the effect of a complimentary allusion to the London School Board. I am afraid DILLWYN has spoiled that notion about the Lunacy Laws. *Ridiculum acri Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res!* Yours most truly,
(Signed)

P.S.—I have sent to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, but in a letter signed "JACK," he tells me "he has no time to attend to private business!" So like him!

V.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

I HAVE spoken to the Duke, and he is under the impression that a neatly-turned paragraph, to the effect that "The British Army can, might, would, should, and ought to go anywhere and to do everything," is the sort of article you want from Pall Mall.

Cedant arma togæ! As I am more up *Marti quam Mercurio*, pray put it in your own words. If my brother were here, I have no doubt he would wish to be remembered to you.

Yours truly,
(Signed)

P.S.—I did think of saying something about "the Army Reserve Officers," but since the scheme has been pigeonholed most of the candidates for commissions have grown too old to qualify. By the way, must Sir GARNET be sent to India? Our fellows don't like it a bit! These "bucksticks" are really coming it too strong!

VI.

MY VERY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,

Ever since my little speech about the Licensed Victuallers at Exeter, and my Penny Readings at Pynes, I have been hard at work upon the Budget. It is really no joke this time. I am afraid, unless I stick to it night and day, and allow nothing to distract me, I shall not be able to make even a decent job of it by Easter.

On the whole, I think the less said in the Speech about Finance the better.

Yours, in great haste,
(Signed)

P.S.—We really can't go on letting deficits accumulate *ad infinitum*; and I am afraid the people out-of-doors are getting tired of the "dot and carry one" system.

By the way, don't you think it might be well to have, say, half a million copies of my refutation of GLADSTONE's figures printed by the Queen's Printers, and circulated gratis among our own people? Would this be a fair appropriation of the S. S. M.?

Schools and School-Masters.

"Professor MORLEY and his friends have determined to make a practical start of a Dramatic School. Premises have been engaged in Regent Street, and Mr. CHARLES HARCOURT appointed Secretary."—*News of the Day*.

START a Dramatic School? 'Tis well.

We've waited for it a long spell—

Feros mollire mores.

Then, MORLEY, think not *Punch* is rude,

If one grave question he intrude,—

"Docebit quis Doctores?"

Following Suit.

It is announced that "the Bishop of LONDON has signed letters of request to the Dean of Arches Court of Canterbury, in a fresh suit against the Rev. A. H. MACKONCHIE, Incumbent of St. Alban's, Holborn." Mr. MACKONCHIE, on the one hand, persists in the wearing forbidden vestments, and the Bishop of LONDON, on the other, orders another suit. When will the suits finally prevail over the vestments?

Malleus Malefactorum.

(On the appointment of J. S. MAULE, Q.C., as Director of Public Prosecutions.)

LORD CAIRNS decrees that Q.C. MAULE,

Our crime to Themis' Bar shall haul,

And smite it hip and thigh;

Go on, my MAULE, deserve thy name,

"Hammer and tongs" on felons' game

Come down, till crushed it lie!

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in his speech at Birmingham the other day, compared the Ministerial misfortunes to the numbers of serial stories, each of which ends always—"to be continued in our next." Let us hope the Ministry may not be like its misfortunes—"continued in our next"—i.e., in 1881.



AN AGGRAVATING TEUTON.

O'Reilly (in the heat of a political discussion). "THE FACT IS, SORR, ALL YOU GERMANS ARE PRIGS, REGULAR PRIGS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WOHL! ALL YE CHERMANS ARE BRICKS, REGULAR BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "I SAID PRIGS, SORR—NOT BRICKS!"

Herr Müller. "I HAF EARS, MY VRIENT! YOU SAID BRICKS, OF COURSE—NOT PRIGS."

O'Reilly. "PRIGS, SORR! PIG-HEADED, COULD-HEARTED PRIGS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WOHL! BIG-HEADED, GOLD-HEARTED BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "AH! GET OUT WID YE! YE'RE FAST PRAYING FOR!"

Herr Müller. "ZEN VY DO YOU GO ON BRAYING, MY VRIENT!"

[Exit O'Reilly foaming at the mouth. Herr Müller chuckles for the rest of the day.]

OUT OF THE LION'S MOUTH.

FRIEND PUNCH,

WE are told about three hundred times a year that we occupy the centre of the finest site in Europe. This may or may not be. As our look-out is bounded by the National Gallery on the north, Northumberland Avenue on the south, MORLEY'S Hotel on the east, and the Union Club on the west, and we cannot change our point of view, we have no sufficient means of verifying this very current, but not self-evident, statement. But one thing we *do* know. The finest site in Europe, as far as we can see it, is one of the dirtiest and dreariest sights in London. Strings of omnibuses, east and west, north and south, halt within earshot of us, to take up and set down. I wish you could only hear them taking up the subject and setting down Trafalgar Square!

Please, *Punch*, do us poor Lions one more good turn. You have got us a few trees planted, though, it must be owned, that like the workhouse girl's baby, "they are very little ones." Some day you may get our street-names painted on the street-lamps. But as *we* don't go out to dinner, that won't be so much a comfort to us as to more moveable feasters. But we Lions have big appetites; acknowledging all we owe you, like *Oliver Twist*, we venture to ask for more.

Can't you do anything for our fountains? You used to peg away at them in the old days, and I daresay flattered yourself you had purified as well as increased their water supply, while blackening their jets week after week. Not a bit of it. There may be an Artesian well still in tap, but I believe the underground connection with the Saint Martin's wash-houses is as active as ever. Analyse our waters—for quantity and quality—by your own observation, Sir—; more trustworthy than any chemical analysis by a long chalk. What do you find? First—for colour. How do you account for the bilious greenish hue

observable in the water, except on the theory of too close a connection with the yellow soap of Saint Martin's?

Then look at the steam that hangs over those basins in wet weather. What does that suggest so obviously as the laundry?

Again, there are the statues—our noble selves always excepted—including the Admiral, whom we can still look up to, because the more we look up the more we can't see him. You may say the statues are an old story. So they are, Sir, but are they any the better for that? Look at George the Third's wig, by way of a sop to the realists; and of George the Fourth's toga, by way of a concession to the idealists, and who shall decide which is the ugliest? As absurdity is worse than ugliness, we strike the balance against George the Fourth—that balance which he looks as if he could not strike for himself in stone after death, any more than he could in flesh and blood during life. There he stands, lopsided, in one corner of the finest site, calling in vain on St. Martin to divide his cloak with him—poor beggar! and so hide the nakedness of his legs.

Then there are Havelock and Napier, two British Lions on two legs, as dark and dingy as we twice as many British Lions recumbent on four. And there's Charles the First, with the sparrows taking cavalier liberties with his love-locks, calling in vain for that cleaning up which has been lately vouchsafed to much blacker sovereigns. Why isn't Mr. FROUDE set to work on *him*, instead of the Cape Colonies. We'll be bound he would make a better job of it. Perhaps, in spite of his native brass, the martyr-monarch is afraid of attracting to himself more of the flattering attention of that great dramatic re-writer of history, W. G. WILLS.

Then look at the pavement! It is simply disgraceful. In wet weather we sit in a sea of slop, altogether out of keeping with leonine constitutions; in dry, we are smothered in a mixture of granite and coal-dust, blacker and more biting than that of the Sahara. Why should we not be blessed with flower-beds under our noses, like our living congeners at the Zoo? Why not get the Office of Works to adopt our Places, as we do our Plays, from the French, and make the stony squares of London—not the West-End oases—as bright and blooming as the open spaces of Paris, East and West?

Nelson, I am sure, would be as ready to take French hints on this point from his present elevation at the mast-head, as to take French ships from his life's post on the quarter-deck.

But I must bring my growl to a halt, for here comes a foul and frowzy mob of ragamuffins, headed by its cracked orators, and preceded by its equally cracked brass band, to spout about us, and, worse indignity still, to sit upon our backs, and dishonour our bronze with expectoration and orange-peel. It's too bad that Nelson should be forced to look down on such desecration of the flags of Trafalgar (Square).

While you are putting down nuisances, suppose you put down that!

With best wishes for the New Year, Believe me, dear *Punch*, always yours (whatever the *Pall Mall* may say),

THE BRITISH LION.
(For self and partners.)

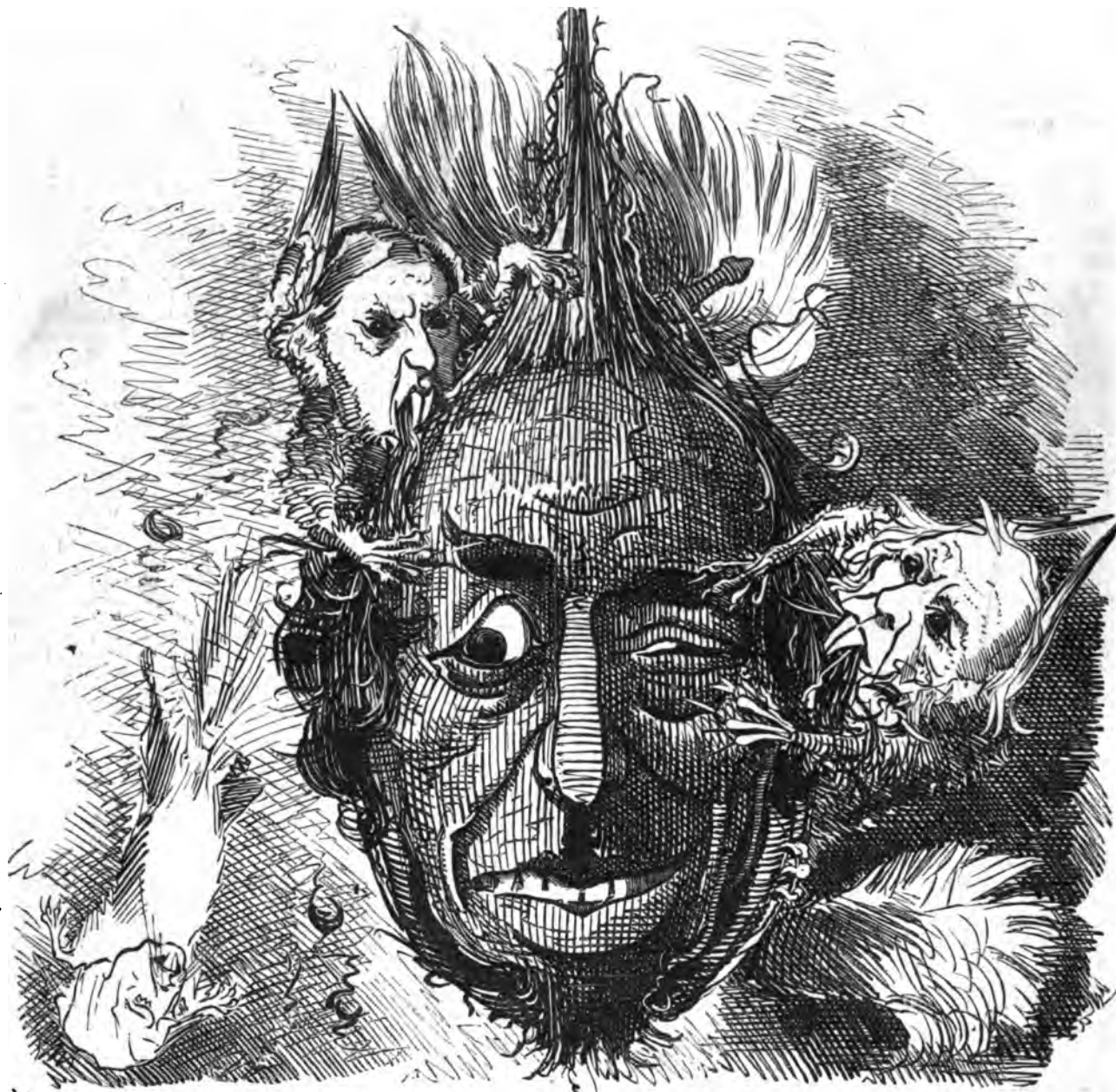
From our pedestals round the Nelson Column,
Jan., 1880.

A Civic Curiosity.

WE extract this remarkable advertisement from that respectable local print the *Hackney and Kingsland Gazette* :—

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.—Suitable for a City Gentleman with folding doors.—Address, &c.

WE have many of us seen or read of the Siamese Twins, and the Two-headed Nightingale, and heard of, if not seen, the still earlier and more interesting case of the Canadian with a hole in his stomach, through which the processes of digestion could be observed and experimented on; we all of us probably have heard portly persons described as Gents with "Bow Windows"—but "a City Gent with folding doors" is a phenomenon as yet unrecorded. One finds oneself wondering how the apartments can be furnished so as to be suitable to such a *usus natura*.



LINLEY SAMBOURNE INV. DEL.

"PEGGING AWAY."

BUT A HARD HUSB TO GET THROUGH.

SIR ROWLAND HILL AND HIS MEMORIAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM so fond of opening an envelope that I hail a receipt with joy, and almost prefer a bill to the absence of the postman's knock. Under these circumstances what do I not owe to the great Sir ROWLAND! But I am waiting to lay my postage-stamp on his grave, till I hear what is to be done with the Fund. If it is to be spent according to time-honoured British custom, nearly 40 per cent. will be taken up with managing the remainder. The residue will be spent partly on a big house wherein the widows of post-office officials shall lead weary, if genteel, lives apart from their relations, and under sundry restrictions, probably rather trying to those who have been used to their own way; and the rest of the money will go to support another big establishment to which orphan children will be sent.

Now, dear Mr. Punch, I cannot feel certain that it is *always* a

comfort to a woman who has lost her husband to part with her children also, and if you could persuade the official managers of the fund to avoid bricks and mortar, and to spend it on pensions; to widows, allowing them to keep their children at home and educate them as they like, it would, I think, commend itself to more givers.

Yours, dear Mr. Punch, most respectfully,

AN ADMIRER OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.

[Punch quite agrees with his correspondent. He has received several letters asking how the payment of a stamp-a-piece is to be made. At every Post-office let a box be put up for the purpose, into which stamps may be paid; let the box be cleared once a week, and the amount remitted to the LORD MAYOR.]

FROM THE GAZETTE (*New Appointment*).—Common Sense v. War Correspondents' Rules superseded.



GRAMMAR!

Invalid. "I 'VE HAD A WRETCHED NIGHT, MRS. WOBBLES."

Nurse. "DEAR, DEAR ME, SIR! I THOUGHT YOU SLEP' MOST COMFORTABLE!"

Invalid (with a groan). "OH, MRS. WOBBLES, DO USE THE ADVERBS!"

Nurse. "YES, SIR, I'LL SEE ABOUT IT DIRECTLY, SIR,—BUT"—(*puzzled*)—"I REEPLY DON'T THINK THERE'S ONE IN THE 'OUSE, SIR!!"

A BISHOP FORGETTING HIMSELF.

TO MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HAVE long felt that Dr. FRASER, the Bishop of Manchester, was a highly dangerous person. He is always forgetting his position, and doing or saying something of a levelling and eccentric, if not an indecorous and even dangerous kind. One is constantly reading in the papers of his attending meetings at theatres, and club-rooms, and Mechanics' Institutes, and other haunts of the lower orders of an equally unconsecrated character, and making himself hail-fellow-well-met with the working men and other low persons whom he encounters at such places.

Of course, one understands at once that a Bishop of Manchester is in a difficult position. He *must* associate with manufacturers and mill-owners, and even tradesmen, and can hardly be expected in such company to keep up a proper sense of what belongs to his position.

Still, I did not think that this degradation would have reached Dr. FRASER's domestic and family arrangements. I supposed that the man *must* behave like a Bishop at home, however he might comport himself in public. I grieve to find that I have been mistaken. Anything more indecent, for a Bishop, than his marriage as described in the papers I never heard of.

In the first place, instead of Westminster Abbey, or St. Martin's, or St. George's, Hanover Square, at least—or some other of what may be called the *comme-il-faut* marriage-churches, his marriage came off at a common-place little district church in Onslow Gardens, that nobody ever heard of. The ceremony seems to have been sneaked through, as if everybody was ashamed of what was going on, or rather, coming off.

"The church at which the ceremony was to take place was unknown to all but the Bishop's most intimate friends until a few hours before the time for which it was fixed, and the friends of the bride and bridegroom who were present numbered not more than a dozen."

Did you ever hear of such doings? It is true there *was* a Dean to read the marriage-service, but then it was Dean STANLEY—so Broad and Low Church that it might almost as well have been Mr. SPURGEON, or Dr. JABEZ INWARDS. The clergy who assisted him were worthy of such a principal. They were actually a couple of Curates! I must say I call such behaviour in a Bishop absolutely indecent! And the rest was of a piece.

There was no musical service. The Bride was in plain silver-grey satin—just like a Quakeress—and seems to have had only one Bridesmaid, if any.

After the "ceremony"—ceremony, indeed!—the Dean "substituted for the exhortation a private address to the Bishop and his Bride" of the most latitudinarian character.

"He felicitated them on their position as parties to a happy Christian marriage, spoke of the day as a long-expected one which had come at last, and congratulated them on the fact that from many hearts of absent friends prayers were being offered for their future happiness."

Did you ever read anything so loose and broad? And from a Dean to a Bishop! It more than makes one blush. It is enough to make one shudder.

And this precious wedding-party seem to have ended the ceremony as they began it—going back to a plain breakfast at the house of some nobody or other, and starting for Torquay by the afternoon train. I shouldn't wonder if they took a cab from where they breakfasted to the railway.

In fact, there does not seem to have been a person of family or position mixed up in the affair from first to last. Of course we can't so much wonder at that, considering the sad way the Bishop has mixed himself up with the lower orders. But still he is a Bishop, and one must grieve when a person of his class and calling, though only in a manufacturing district, can so lamentably forget himself.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

ONE WHO NEVER FORGETS HIMSELF.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER IV.

Further Suggestions—Lay Figures—Characters—Expression—Explanation—Lecturer—Illustrator—Scene—Question—Reply—Example—Theory—Practice—Barnesian Lecture—General Notes—Position—Study—Small Part—Importance—Conscientiousness—Considerations—Model Examination Paper.

THERE are various ways of giving a Dramatic Lecture. The following illustrations will save detailed description.



The Shakespearean Lecturer addressing his Class:—"I will now appear before you as Hamlet."

The Lecturer disappearing as himself, previous to reappearing as Hamlet. Plan showing elevation of Platform, steps of descent, dressing-table, &c.

The Lecture-Room is supplied with platform, table, and dressing-table as seen in sectional drawing No. 2.

The Lecturer disappearing (to music), and reappearing in character would be limited to soliloquies.

The subject should be "Hamlet as a soliloquiser." Another, "Falstaff as a soliloquiser."

And here will be obvious, at once, the immense advantages of a resident Ventrilo-

quist Professor, who could give scenes between three or more characters, whose costume and action could be shown by "practicable" lay-figures. The only objection to a "Lay-figure" would come from some clerical member of the Church and Stage Guild.



Lectures illustrated by Working Models (or Lay Figures)—Lady Macbeth and Macbeth.

This is simply an adaptation of the plan pursued in our Art schools before the pupils are sufficiently advanced to be permitted to study from the Living Model.

A Lecture on the Living Model would, of course, be highly interesting.

Take, for example, Mr. IRVING as *Mathias* in the *Bells*, or as *Duboscq* in the *Courier of Lyons*.

This eminent actor would go through an entire scene in company with other less eminent actors.

Then one method would be, for any student, at any part of the performance, to jump up, stop the tragedian, and referring to some particular action, ask—"Please, Sir, why did you do that?"

Say, for example, that it is when *Duboscq* is on the ground, in the

last act, kicking up his heels in the air. The student would inquire the meaning of such an action, and then Mr. IRVING, as practical lecturer, would give him a careful analysis of *Duboscq's* character, showing how, for such a person in such a situation, kicking up behind and before would be the most natural thing in the world.

Or, for example, when as *Louis XI.*, he makes hideous grimaces at the little figures in his hat, a student would naturally stop him to inquire the exact meaning of each of these facial contortions, and the explanation of them all collectively. This would draw from the eminent artist a clear, concise, yet eloquent statement concerning the kind of facial contortions, physiognomical expressions, as distinct from what is technically termed "mugging," which would come natural to such a character as *Louis XI.*, in such a situation, with such a hat.

Another mode of lecturing would be for a Heaven-born lecturer like Mr. PAULTON to stand at the side, while Mr. IRVING, as illustrator, was performing, and answer all inquiries. In such a case no appeal would be allowed from the lecturer to the illustrator.

For instance, in the scene with his mother, when the Lyceum *Hamlet* used to point at nothing in the air and say, "Look at this picture and on this." An interruption could naturally occur, thus:—

Student (in the body of the room seated on the fifth form, suddenly rising and extending his hand). Please, Sir— (To Mr. PAULTON, the Lecturer). Please, Sir—

Mr. Paulton (to Mr. IRVING). Have the goodness to stop one minute, a student wishes to ask a question. (To student.) Now, Sir!

Student. Please, Sir, why does Hamlet stretch out his arms like that, Sir, and point to nothing.

Mr. Paulton. Your question is a very natural one, and I had anticipated this inquiry. You must understand that every room has at least four walls. Now three walls being represented by the "flats" and the "wings," the third is supposed to be down, or else how could the audience see what is going on in the palace? (Applause. Hamlet is about to resume, but is stopped by Lecturer.) One moment. Now on this other wall may well be supposed to hang the two portraits to which the Prince wishes to direct his mother's attention.

Thoughtful Student. But Sir—

Mr. Paulton. Yes, Sir.

Thoughtful Student. If the wall is down, and if the pictures are on it, then the pictures are down too, and neither Hamlet nor his mother could see them.

Mr. Paulton. Your objection, Sir, is a very natural one. You must further suppose that these pictures hang one on each side of a window in the wall, a large open window with the blind up, through which the audience are able to see what is going on within the palace. The Dramatic Student must always remember that, as an actor, he is "observed" but at the same time he must play as our eminent illustrator is now doing, just as though the wall were there and not the audience. (Great applause. To Mr. IRVING.) You may now, Sir, continue your illustration.

In another room I will suppose that a Lecture on General Dramatic Study is being delivered. It would be invidious, perhaps, to say by whom, as all the Professors will have their turn. It might be Professor TERRY's turn, or Professor WARNER's, or Dr. ROYCE's, or the Rev. Mr. MACLEAN's, or the Right Honourable DAVID JAMES's, or Dean THORNE's. Though, perhaps, to each of these would probably be allotted special subjects.

We will suppose the platform occupied by the learned Professor BARNES, now playing *Barnesian* at the Lyceum, who has to deliver a lecture on the General Study of the Drama. After bowing to the reception, which he will receive from the students, he may be supposed to address them thus:—

GENTLEMEN,—The Stage requires men of commanding presence.

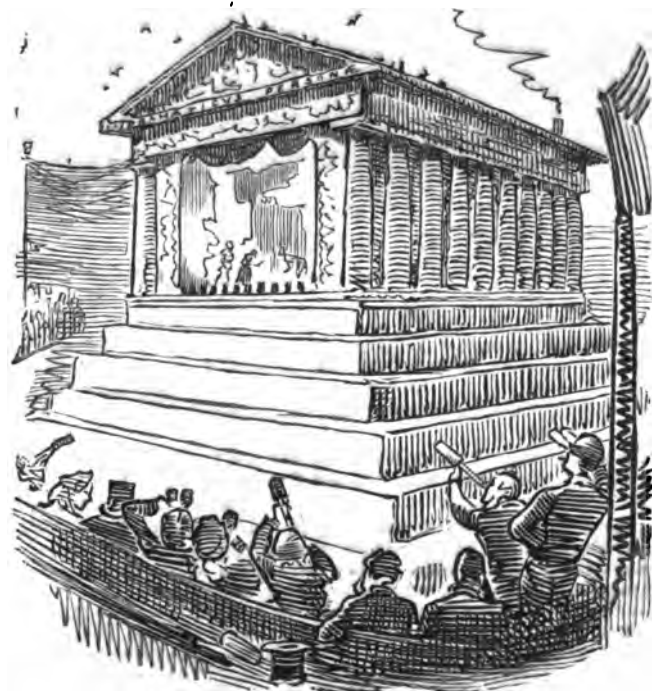


Professor Barnes on the Platform.

The man who can look well, speak well, and measure fifty-eight inches round—the chest—is one who has been qualified by nature for “the Lead” in every line of the Drama. In fact he can have every line to himself, and no line without a palpable point in it.

SHAKESPEARE, the inspired WILLIAM, who was not for an age, but for every evening till further notice from eight till eleven, and doors open at seven—SHAKESPEARE, I say, set his face against a lean man. His heroes were stout, that is, I mean were fine men, men in proportion to the plays they appeared in, which were eminently big. I will not now detain you on this subject, for that all the SHAKESPEAREAN heroes were physically fine men is now pretty generally admitted—and that *Hamlet* was even a trifle inclined to obesity only elevates his poetic temperament in our eyes—but I will simply point out to you that it is your duty to cultivate appearance for the sake of appearances, and to compel admiration even before you gain your applause. *The less you have to say, the bigger you must look*, and the true art of the actor is shown more in doing *something* when he has to do *nothing*, than in doing something when everything has been given him to do. Some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths. But an actor should not envy such a man unless there were a “bit of fat” in the spoon; for in that case the infant actor could have swallowed it, while in any other case his nurse or his parents would have collared the spoon.

Such might be the commencement of the *Barnesian* Professor's lecture. The remarks which follow, on account of their wisdom and their general application, it would be invidious to place in the mouth of any one individual Dramatic Professor. The subject selected is one very dear to theorists who wish to “elevate the stage,” viz., “the position of the actor.”



HOW TO ELEVATE THE STAGE.

Round About Collars.

SIR HENRY *he* collared HAFIZ PASHA for having collared KOELLER: And on the SULTAN's dismissing him insisted in his oholer. The SULTAN *he* collared HAFIZ PASHA, when not following LAYARD's lead *he* Bestowed on HAFIZ the cordon of the Order of Mejdide!

AN ITEM FROM THE WEAT OF WAR.

In charge of the Indo-Afghan Transport arrangements—General Block.

A COMMON LESSON (to Actors and War-Administrators & propos of the cancelled Rules and Regulations for War-Correspondents).—No good was ever got by “gagging.”

A WORD WITH A FOOLISH OLD WOMAN;

OR, A SHORT WAY WITH INTERNATIONAL MORALITY.

*The theory of international relations which has been adopted by the leaders of the Radical Party was expressly stated by Mr. GLADSTONE on his journey homewards, and amounts to the old doctrine of the scarcely surviving Peace Party, that Governments are bound to follow among themselves the rules of morality. This is just one of those propositions which cannot be absolutely denied without incurring discredit, but which, on the other hand, cannot be accepted by anybody who lays claim to the smallest accuracy of ideas. . . . There is overwhelming evidence that the moral code which Radical orators declare to have been shamefully violated, has collapsed in all the greatest States of the civilised world.”—*The Pall Mall Gazette* on “International Morality, Old and New.”

No—Morality, Ma'am, you're a worthy old soul,
But your sphere is the home where your welcome is hearty;
Like a youth, rather soft, though correct on the whole,
You're a very nice guest for a very small party.
But poking your nose in Imperial affairs,
And laying down hard-and-fast rules international!
In statecraft assuming *de-haut-en-bas* airs!
Pooh! it really *won't* do; it's profoundly irrational!
You're a failure, dear Goody; your fine golden rule
Is as useless as poor Mother Partington's mop.
You're like some ancient female,—kind, fussy old fool,—
Who, beholding boys fighting, conjures them to stop.
You think to rule Nations by Nursery laws,
With a sweet baby-savour of pap, bibe, and corals?
In the race for first place we ignore holy saws,
And cannot afford to be hampered with morals.

You've been prying and glosing absurdly of late;
It is time that cool sense just arose and demolished you.
In practice you know that each civilised State
Has pooh-poohed your pet code, and as good as abolished you.
True GLADSTONE still backs you, but *he* doesn't count;
He's a frump like yourself, and as mad as a hatter.
Could a BISMARCK make way, or a BEACONSFIELD mount,
Did he take, dear Dame Durden, *your* view of the matter?

No, Pike Country choice—that's to shoot or be shot—
Is the only alternative now between Nations;
And getting first fire, whether fairly or not,
Is the aim of each Statesman's profound cogitations.
Telling lies may look wrong, but 'tis venial quite;
If a country has foes it must *be done* or do 'em,
A necessity quite beyond strict rules of right,
And punctilious notions of *meum* and *tuum*.

Since Empire's a huge game of grab, he must win
Who can snatch most adroitly, bamboozle and blind most;
Proceedings that doubtless to you appear sin
Are laws of the game, which is “*deuce take the hindmost*,”
In sermons and speeches they sound vastly fine,
Your doctrinaire maxims and dim generalities,
But England would soon see her Empire decline
If restrained in her ways by such baby banalities.

Strong enough to be just? Safe enough to be ruled
By an earnest desire, at the least, to act rightly?
Pure boah! We should simply be hoodwinked and fooled,
Bowed out of our hard-won possessions politely;
Other nations are all such dashed robbers—at least,
If where morals don't hold one may talk about robbery—
Just apply your fine rule to affairs in the East,
And imagine the end of that blessed old bobbery!

On the old Savage law as between man and man,
We've improved; but as Nations we still are barbarians,
Rob Roy our exemplar whose excellent plan
Holds good, in despite of the humanitarians:
High Culture confirms it, the *Pall Mall* poop-poohs
The attempt by religion or justice to better it;
Holding e'en British Strength in the end sure to lose,
If we let mere morality hamper and fetter it.

So, Madam, pray have the good sense to get out,
The kindness to hold yourself silenced and sat on;
There's a limited realm you may rule in, no doubt;
But your regimen's not one that *nations* grow fat on.
“Do as we'd be done by,” means really, “Be *done*”
By those we won't do,” out of poor Sorapunctivity;
Of such one-sided virtue BULL can't see the fun:
When the game's grab all round, he prefers reciprocity!

SUGGESTED NEW NAME FOR A DESTRUCTIVE SEDATIVE.—More fear!



MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKINS'S "DAY AT HOME."

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins. "SO GOOD OF YOU TO TAKE PITY ON US, DUCHESS! AND YOU TOO, DEAR LADY ADELINÉ! WE WERE REALLY FEELING QUITE DESERTED, AND——"

Footman. "MRS. MACALLISTER!"

Mrs. MacAlister (an Aunt of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins's—quite unexpected, and by no means a person of fashion). "HEOH! YE DIDNA THINK TO SET EYES ON ME THE DAY, MY BONNIE BAIRNIE! AND HOO'S A' W! YE AND THE GUIDMAN, LASSIE!"

[Sits down, and makes herself quite at home.]

Stunned by the awful apparition, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins mentally ejaculates, "OH HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THE DUCHESS THINK!" and loses all presence of mind.

What the Duchess said to Lady Adeline, driving home:—"NICE MOTHERLY PERSON THAT MRS. MACALLISTER! SHE'S THE WIFE OF LORD FINSBURY'S SCOTCH BAILIFF, IT SEEMS. I'D NO IDEA MRS. TOMKINS HAD SUCH RESPECTABLE CONNECTIONS!"

WOMAN'S NEW WALK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR sympathetic imagination may possibly enable you to conceive the intense pain I experienced on perusing those exposures which lately appeared in the *Times* of the imposture unmasked by T. SITWELL and HERR VON BUSCH, at the National Association Spiritualists, in "Catching a Spirit"—"materialised" in a fraudulent Medium.

Oh, how distressing and humiliating it is to think that one belongs the same sex with such a person!

Oh, to think that she should have palmed herself off as a being of the Spirit World on a professor of no less eminence in the world of science than Mr. CROOKES, the distinguished Chemist!

But only consider, to have succeeded in taking in an experimentalist so careful, so sharp, and so practised, as Mr. CROOKES is known to be, what an extremely clever as well as deceitful a thing that dishonest Medium must have been!

It seems that she is not the only one so clever and so deceitful. Several others have been likewise found out, but they had gone on a long time first. And, it seems, from what a member of the Spiritual Association says, that there are Mediums who, though to all appearances inextricably tied, contrive to undo the most intricate fastenings in the dark, nobody knows how.

If the abilities they thus abuse had been applied to the acquirement of dexterity in legerdemain, these Mediums might now be getting an honest living by sleight of hand.

Isn't it remarkable that although many, if not most, Mediums are women, never—or hardly ever—has any member of our sex yet

appeared in public as a performer in the conjuring line? Why should men continue to monopolise that employment, when our erring sisters, the Mediums, able, as they have often shown themselves, to impose on philosophers, must be so highly qualified for it?

A female conjuror would certainly be a novelty, and ought to be sure, with the abilities of a Medium, to command success. There, now, is a capacity in which Woman is both adapted and at liberty to compete with Man. Why shouldn't there be "Witches" as well as "Wizards" of the North, South, East, or West? If the Medium who has so cleverly hoaxed the Association of Spiritualists and Mr. CROOKES, seeing the errors of her ways, would only come out as a rival to Dr. LYNN, she might yet redeem her reputation, and refute the cynical saying of satirical men that Women are no Conjurors. Why not feminine, equal to MASKELYNE and COOKE?

Believe me ever, dear Mr. Punch, your affectionate

SOROR.

P.S.—Or, perhaps, the Medium who has been detected would, for a reasonable remuneration, be willing to explain the way she unties herself. Society, I dare say, would give something to know "how it is done."

A New Year's Cracker.

SIR VERNON HARCOURT speaking, at Oxford, on the Turkish policy, protested he was "no friend to Islam." Naturally not. Two of a trade never agree, and Sir VERNON has occasionally shown himself a False Prophet. How about his latest "tip" for the "first day of next Session being the last of the BEACONSFIELD Administration"? *Nous verrons.*



UNEASY BEDFELLOWS.

(SCENE FROM THE GREAT EUROPEAN PANTOMIME.)

DRAMATIC INFANT-SCHOOLS.



THERE is much talking and writing about Dramatic Schools just now; but Professors, if not Professionals, seem to forget the admirable Infant-Schools already open in the Christmas Theatres.

Punch knows no prettier or more pathetic sight than that presented by most of our Pantomime stages, when filled, like the boxes, with little ones. Gardens—true Kindergarten—all blossoming with flowers of childhood—babyhood almost—real and sweet flowers, though often grown among the soot and smoke of the slums, and the filth and foulness of the gutter. The magic of the flowers transmutes foulness to fragrance. At these times, Panto-

mime is not only the scene of Big-heads, but the school of Big-hearts, for they must be big, to take in all these little ones as they do; everyone in the theatre, from Stage-manager and Ballet-master downwards, having a kind way and a kind word in dealing with these mites.

Punch has produced his Pantomime, and he knows there is no happier season than Pantomime time for the children lucky enough to be engaged for Birds or Bees, Spiders or Sprites, Fiends or Fairies, Farm Labourers or Small Soldiers. The run of the Pantomime means the grandest holiday entertainment for them, something beyond all conceivable feasts and summer outings; warmth and brightness, splendour and sparkle, frolic and fun, dressing up and dancing, romping and making a row for two or three hours in the afternoon or at night, and five, or even seven, shillings to carry home to mother at the week's end!

And if this Child's Paradise has to be reached through a few weeks' drilling and dressing, shouting and scolding, what's that to the restraint and stern discipline of the Board-School, or the ups and downs of the battle of life in court or gutter?

And even for teaching, *Punch* is open to back the Theatre, while it lasts, against the Board-School any day. Its teaching is pre-eminently proved by results. Everything taught is tested by public examination. If we don't hear quite so much of the Three R.'s or the Standards, cleanliness, attention, punctuality, and prompt obedience are not bad practical lessons, any more than dancing and deportment, and the conveying of a meaning by look or gesture. What the children get in the theatre, in fact, is school, drill, and dancing-lesson rolled into one.

If *Punch's* readers want to see this Dramatic Infant-School in full swing, let them go to the Opéra Comique, and enjoy *The Children's Pinafore*. They will find the music, duly transposed to the small pipes, as well given in most cases, and the parts as well played, by the children, as by their big brothers and sisters, their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, in the evening.

There is a *Sir Joseph Porter*, whose official solemnity is in the inverse ratio of his size, and who comports himself with as portentous a gravity as if he carried not only the "Queen's Navée," but the Queen's Army, and Civil Service, and the Bench of Bishops, and the Judges of all the Law Courts—nay, the whole weight of Church and State on his small shoulders. There is a *Captain Corcoran*, at once a pink of politeness and a Tartar of tautness, who never "forgets himself," his note, or his word, and looks like a model Captain seen through the small end of a telescope. There is a midshipmite of the mite-iest dimensions, and most deedly determination. There is a bluff Boatswain, a tender and touching *Ralph Rackstraw*, with a sweet, mellow, and well-trained pipe, a pretty and graceful *Josephine*, an ideal and idyllic *Little Buttercup* and a blithe and buxom *coryphée* of the "cousins and the aunts," and, above all, there is a *Dick Deadeye* who is a *Robson* in miniature. *Punch* does not remember to have seen any actor since that genius in the *Yellow Dwarf* at once so weird and so funny.

In short, every part is capitally filled, and the *Children's Pinafore* must be pronounced a model piece of as clean, neat, and tasteful getting up, as *Punch* would wish to see in his own laundry.

In *Little Boy Blue*, at the Aquarium, besides a smart and

sprightly *Blue Boy*, and a pretty *Red Riding Hood*, a real cow, and turkeys, and pigeons, and cocks and hens, there are the humours of Master LIONEL BROUGH as a big little-boy, and a Board-School, conducted on strictly Pantomime principles, with Mr. BANNISTER for Mistress, and Mr. PAULO for Inspector. The teaching and its results, in these competent hands, may be imagined. Lord SANDON and Sir FRANCIS SANDFORD should visit this model school, so conveniently near Whitehall.

But what *Punch* wants to talk about just now, is a trio of the sweetest little tots who sing nursery songs in chorus, with a glee and gusto that seems to shine out of their bright black eyes and to break in smiles on their rosy lips, particularly those of a small person of three or four, who, in smock-frock and leggings, and carter's-whip in hand, sings the praises of John Barleycorn behind a brown jug almost as big as herself.

A prettier and more pleasing sight than this childiah glee-party *Punch* has not found in the whole realm of Pantomime this year. And why, though she has grown from pretty child to graceful girl, should he not make his old-fashioned *congé* to Miss HARRIET LAURIE, the *Columbine* in *Little Boy Blue*, who—but he despairs of doing her justice in prose—"Facit admiratio versum."

Who, for archest expression and daintiest grace,
Sports a linked chain of charms from her foot to her face;
Who keeps up her *entrechats*, *battues*, *poussettes*,
Her languishing poses and her light pirouettes,
And trips it from opening to close of the sets,
And her *Columbine-rôle* ne'er forsakes nor forgets,
And is, altogether, the prettiest of pets!
And in her black tarlatane more heart-hauls gets
Than were e'er caught in thinnest and whitest *tulle* nets,
Worn by less winning fishers, less charming coquettes.

Punch, you see, can't pass over her charmingly eccentric dress. She is the only *Columbine* he ever saw in black, and she makes it look the prettiest and most becoming costume for the part—which it isn't.

This *Columbine* of *Columbines*, *Punch* is glad to say, pervades the Comic Scenes of the Aquarium Pantomime in company with Mr. D. KITCHEN—an Artist far more suggestive of drawing-room than kitchen—a *Harlequin* for sprightliness and agility not unworthy of such a *Columbine*.

It is the first time, for long, that *Punch* has seen a *Harlequin* and *Columbine* able, as well as willing, to get out of their spangles and stripes all that feminine grace and masculine activity can find in them. Then Miss ALICE HOLT and Miss PERCIVAL—*blondine* and *brunette*—are two charming *premières danseuses*. Mr. PAULO is a very good *Cloven* indeed, and has true humour, though, like most clever *Clovens* nowadays, he takes out in talk what he should put into Pantomime.

Passing from Stage to Platform, but still keeping to Children, *Punch* must say a word on the performance of the Sisters WEBBLING. He loves young ability and its natural flowers as much as he hates precocity and its forced fruits. These three sisters, the eldest (JOSEPHINE) not yet out of her teens, the youngest (PEGGY) not yet into them, have none of the objectionable quality of the Juvenile Prodigy or the repulsiveness of the Infant Phenomenon.

Touching and true as may be the pathos of JOSEPHINE, *Punch*, as is natural, warms more to the fun of PEGGY, which is quite out of the common, and seems to give promise of a future. Only don't let those who have charge of these clever children spoil them with stove-heat and *soirée*-forcing. Let their intelligence be carefully developed and trained, and leave their cleverness to look after itself. *Punch* could not help thinking as he watched their performance, "What a trio of foundation-scholars for his own Dramatic College, or Professor MORLEY'S Dramatic School—whichever of them is first opened!"

"Your Surplus to its Right Use."

MINOR Irish ex-incumbents want the Irish Church Surplus employed to eke out the scanty ex-Irish-Church surplice, and fit it better to cover their nakedness. But, ill-fed and ill-clad as the poorer among the Irish Protestant Clergy may be, Government seems disposed to think that the Church Surplus may be better employed in feeding the still hungrier, and clothing the still nakeder, surplus population. At any rate, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed their popularity, at this moment rather in a state of inanition.

Tight v. Loose.

THE quarrel between the *Tight Habit-ans* and *Loose Habit-ans* promises to become as fierce and as prolific of paper, if not party, warfare, as that of the Big Endians and Little Endians in Lilliput.

Without stepping, where all but angels should fear to tread, on the Ladies' riding skirts, *Punch* may venture one remark, that Ladies who are inclined to be fast goers, are likelier to be safe with tight habits than loose ones.



SUPPORT.

Vicar. "SORRY I NEVER SEE YOU AT CHURCH, SQUIRE. AS A LEADING MAN IN THE PARISH, YOU OUGHT TO BE ONE OF THE PILLARS—"

Squire. "WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IF I'M NOT A PILLAR, I'M ONE O' THE BUTTRESSES—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND OUTSIDE, YOU KNOW!!"

HIS BEST FRIENDS.

"MR. GLADSTONE'S best friends must regret that he should—(do or say anything he may happen to have said or done)."—*Parrot Phrase of the Period.*

- Best Friend No. 1.* Now really, you know, this is getting *too* dreadful!
Great genius, of course; but I *fear* he's gone mad.
- Ditto No. 2.* Of what trait'rous trash is his foolish old head full?
I'm quite of your mind; and it's shockingly sad!
- Ditto No. 3.* He *was* a great Statesman; but e'en in the City
We fear all his gumption has gone by the board.
- Ditto No. 4.* Ah! if only to figures he'd stick! What a pity!
No chance, I suppose, of his being restored?
- Ditto No. 5.* At seventy? No! Since those wretched atrocities,
He hasn't been sane for an hour, so I hear.
- Ditto No. 6.* Ah! you see he's a slave to such vile animosities,
Much as I still admire him, I think *that* is clear.
- Ditto No. 7.* Yes, wholly unscrupulous. Splendid old fellow,
Of course! But he *does* make himself such an ass!
- Ditto No. 8.* As jealous of rivals as any *Othello*,
Although at finance he, of course, is first class!
- Ditto No. 9.* Humph! Y—e—s; though in matters of simple addition
He makes most preposterous blunders, you know.
- Ditto No. 10.* Oh! that's simply done to drive BEN to perdition,
By bursting up NORTHGORE'S finance at a blow.
- Ditto No. 11.* Now if I had his ear, I should just recommend him
In friendship's pure spirit to—hold his dashed row!
- Ditto No. 12.* Ah! If I had *my* way, I to Bedlam would send him,
In kindness—the only fit place for him now!
- Ditto No. 13.* The *Pall Mall* turns him up and has taken to slate him
In true cross-knee style, as you towel a child.
- Ditto No. 14.* Then the Moderate Liberals,—lord! how they hate him!
His power with the People does make them so wild.
- Ditto No. 15.* Ah! panders to popular feeling atrociously,
Although he *must* know the whole country's with BEN.
- Ditto No. 16.* Nine-tenths of the nation he hates most ferociously,
And savagely slangs them with tongue and with pen.

- Best Friend No. 17.* He has grown quite a demagogue,
—sorry to say so.
Respect him profoundly, of course,
and all that.
- Ditto No. 18.* Sentimental old donkey! why, why
will he bray so?
His dull pamphlets fail, his long
speeches fall flat.
- Ditto No. 19.* Yes, and stir up poor fanatic fools
into madness,
The mischief they cause there's
no mortal may sum.
- Ditto No. 20.* Alas! Such a spectacle fills one
with sadness.
Would merciful Heaven but
strike the man dumb!
- Ditto No. 21.* I'm sure enough mud is flung at
him to choke him,
The deuce of it is, though so little
will stick.
- Ditto No. 22.* Even BOURKE'S handful missed.
Could one only provoke him
To something,—well *dirty*, the
wind-bag 'twould prick.
- Ditto No. 23.* No such luck, I'm afraid, that is,
hum, ha—oh! *hang* him!
He'll come, I feel sure, to the
saddest of ends.
- Ditto No. 24.* Meanwhile 'tis our duty to pelt him
and slang him
To prove, don't you see, that 'tis
we're his best friends!

POISONING BY PATENT.

(*A Little Tragedy of the Statute Book.*)

SCENE.—*A Chemist's Shop—Legally Disposed Proprietor and three suffering Customers discovered discussing the "Sale of Poisonous Drugs Act."*

Legally Disposed Proprietor. Well, you can't have it. There!

First Suffering Customer. There—indeed! Why the child has kep me up, without a blessed wink of sleep, these five nights! You might make us up a 'aporth of laudanum? Come, now.

Legally Disposed Proprietor. Can't do it, my good Lady. Law is law.

Second Suffering Customer. Just so. But my case is very different. I want something just to quiet this neuralgia. Now, I'm told that a little opium—

Legally-disposed Proprietor. No use, Sir; we daren't let you have it. Get a Doctor's order.

Third Suffering Customer. But, really, it is preposterous. Here, I come for something to allay violent symptoms of incipient coma, and do you mean to tell me you can give me nothing calming of any kind?

Legally-disposed Proprietor. Oh, yes, I can do something for you in the patent way. Have you ever tried Deadman's Somnolent Elixir?

Suffering Customers (all together). No! Is it strong?

Legally-disposed Proprietor. Strong? Why, it would send an elephant off like a top (*produces it*), and it's only One-and-Three-ha'pence. We sell a good deal of it.

First Suffering Customer. Give me a bottle.

Second Suffering Customer. Here, I'll have one.

Third Suffering Customer. So will I.

Legally-disposed Proprietor. That is the article (*hands small packet bearing Government Label to each*). But mind the directions, because it is strong. (*Smiling.*) It is what we call a powerful narcotic.

[*Exeunt three Suffering Customers, with three bottles of powerful narcotic, to make arrangements for three Coroner's inquests, as Curtain falls.*]

SHADE OF SWIFT!

"AN OLD LAPUTAN" writes to express his surprise and disappointment at not finding, in some "Statistics of Sunshine" lately published, any mention of the sunbeams extracted out of cucumbers. Perhaps the Royal Society will answer him.



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE NEXT LONDON SEASON—FOOTWOMEN.

TWICE AS ORNAMENTAL AS MALE FLUNKYS, WITHOUT BEING A BIT MORE USELESS OR CONCRITED.

SACRIFICE TO MORPHEUS.

PUBLIC attention has been lately called to the abuse of opiates, alleged to have become prevalent. If this is so, it may be desirable to know whether the practice of taking narcotic medicines has not coincided, proportionally, with the spread of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

A man who, having been long in the habit of going to bed with a "nightcap" of whiskey-and-water, has discontinued it, and is therefore sleepless, may naturally enough endeavour to procure rest by means of morphia or chloral.

Instead, however, of resorting to soporific medicines, too often apt to prove more deleterious than even ardent spirits, would not the sufferer from sleeplessness for temperance sake do wisely to try the effect of somniferous literature? Let him court repose for example, by reading any speech of even moderate length—if he can find one—in "Parliament, Out of Session," the last thing before going to bed, or a typical leading article on the subject of Education and the School-Board. A dissertation upon Indian Finance would perhaps prove equally efficacious; much more so indeed than poppy or mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the East, with their vegetable alkaloids and active principles, and the whole of the stupefactive compounds of modern chemistry.

Diamonds in the Distance.

CARBON to crystallise in vain
Mactear has taxed his skill;
The Diamond he can't obtain,
So carat *carat* still.
But Chemio Art, he reckons, must
Breed brilliants by-and-by;
Meanwhile, he will make Diamond-dust,
So Mactear dries his eye.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.—Our Episcure thinks this is especially true of Turkey's.

SOME SIGNS OF THE REVIVAL OF THE DRAMA.

- Sign 1.—That Mr. HARE has a Picture Gallery in the St. James's.
Sign 2.—That Mr. BANCROFT is renovating the Haymarket.
Sign 3.—That Professor MORLEY has lectured.
Sign 4.—That Mr. H. J. BYRON has written to say how much he approves of the Professor's Lecture.

Sign 5.—That Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet and Politician, wrote a fortnight since to the *Standard*, informing us how in a "state of passive pessimism" (where had he been dining?) he visited a Theatre "punctually at eight" (notice "*punctually at eight*"—this sounds like an "order"—"not admitted after eight"—eh?), and was "distressed" to find the house comparatively empty. Of course had he announced his intention of honouring the Theatre with his distinguished presence, the management would have issued other orders accordingly, and would have received him with wax candles, and the red baize down. But that the eminent Poet-Politician should go to the Theatre at all, is really a matter of congratulation to those interested in the revival of the Drama, seeing that he takes the greatest care to disclaim, as a matter of course, all knowledge of persons so much beneath his own intellectual level, as "the Authors, Actors or Manager." "I need scarcely say," wrote this gifted Visitor, "that I know nothing whatever about the Authors, Actors, or Manager, concerned in the Court Theatre." Well, as to the Authors, Actors, and Manager, "their state is the more gracious."

Sign 6.—That the Acting Manager of the Court Theatre showed in his immediate reply to the Poet-Politician's letter how utterly ignorant he (the Acting Manager) was of the great importance to the Drama of the existence of the Gentleman whom he mentioned as "Your Correspondent, 'ALFRED AUSTIN.'" This is a sign of the elevation of the Drama. Bravo, Acting Manager of the Court!

Sign 7.—That ALFRED AUSTIN—ALFRED the Less—congratulates ALFRED TENNYSON—ALFRED the Great—on having "added his name to the list of British playwrights."

Sign 8.—That ALFRED the Less declares in this same letter that he is "not a Dramatic Critic." Whoever said, or thought, he was?

Sign 9.—That ALFRED the Less is well aware his opinion is not worth much, and so makes a handsome present of it to the *Standard*.

Sign 10.—That ALFRED the Less "will not dissemble."

Sign 11.—That he is pleased with the popularity of a little work, by one SHAKESPEARE, at the Lyceum.

Sign 12.—That he considers the appearance of Mr. BANCROFT, at the Haymarket Theatre, a sign that the English Stage is capable of something more than Farces, and indecent Burlesques.

Sign 13.—After this expression of opinion, it is highly probable that Mr. IRVING, Mr. BANCROFT, and Mr. HARE will receive MSS. of something more than Farces and indecent Burlesques—perhaps a dramatic version of that devout and chastened work *The Season*, a *Satire*, by ALFRED AUSTIN, specially dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, or an arrangement for the Stage of that exquisitely pure composition *The Human Tragedy*.

Sign 14.—That Mr. VAL PRINSEP has been implored by several admiring friends to write another little "trifle light as HARE," for the St. James's.

Sign 15.—That a Magic Lantern is used at the Alhambra.

Sign 16.—That Mr. FRENCH, the American Publisher, and Mr. BANCROFT, have paid Mr. SARDOU £2,000 for a piece *before it is written*. From which it may be deduced that VICTORIEUX SARDOU knows a version of the "Confidence Trick."

Sign 17.—That the *Falcon*, at the St. James's, is a real live bird.

Sign 18.—That Mr. W. S. GILBERT meditates becoming an American Citizen, and stopping there.

Sign 19.—That Mr. CHARLES WARNER, after another success, will receive several testimonials, and retire.

Sign 20.—That Mr. RUSKIN lately appeared at the Lyceum, and that Mr. IRVING was intensely delighted.

Sign 21.—That several young Noblemen are engaged to "come on" in the Club Scene of *Money*, at the Haymarket. If this doesn't

do much for the principle, it at least adds to the interest—of *Money*.

But perhaps the best sign of all is that there are more Theatres open now than ever there were, receiving better support than ever they did—more careful performance all round than ever there was; and, with all these advantages, that the state of the Drama is much about the same as ever it was, while there are just about the same number of folks to thrust themselves forward, and talk loudly about what they don't understand, the real practical professional men remaining silent, as deeming it a wiser course to let well alone, and allow the Stage, which is "a self-educating profession," to educate itself. *Eccæ Signa!*

ARCTIO AËRONAUTICS.



"THE PROPOSED NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A Deputation from the London Central Arctic Committee has had an interview with the LORD MAYOR, with the view of laying before him the scheme of a proposed new Expedition to the North Pole. Mr. PULSTON, M.P., introduced the Deputation; and amongst the other members of it were Captain BEDFORD, R.N., Commander CHEYNE, R.N., Mr. CHARLEY, M.P., Mr. H. COXWELL, the aeronaut, and Mr. ANNAND, the Canadian Government Agent."—*Daily News*.

"It must be done; and England shall do it," says the old Pilot in Mr. MILLAIS'S Picture—meaning that the Union Jack must be hoisted on the North Pole, and that JACK is the lad to hoist it, according to the new scheme, the speech should have come, not from a Pilot, but a Pilot Balloon. Mr. MILLAIS'S Picture was painted before the failure of the last Arctic attempt of the *Alert* and *Discovery*. JACK BULL may be the lad to do it, but hardly the LORD MAYOR, even with the aid of Mr. COXWELL, Commander CHEYNE, Captain BEDFORD PIM, and Dr. KINNS, particularly when their plan of Polar attack is literally *en l'air*, being principally based on ballooning, while their sinews of war are to be contributions to be raised throughout the English Counties by Local Arctic Committees. If these Polar promoters succeed in raising the wind by such means, *Punch* is prepared to allow that they may not only reach, but carry off, the North Pole in a Balloon.

Punch hates to throw cold water on anything that aims at serving

science, and finds a field for pluck, and cold water seems the last thing to fling on a North Polar adventure; but the line must be drawn somewhere. There are limits to Quixotism, even of the scientific or heroic kind; and if they are fixed at latitude 82° north, *Punch* does not see who would be the worse for such fixing.

A chain is only as strong as its weakest point, and a Cheyne is no stronger.

The employment of balloons to give the discoverers a bird's-eye view of the Pole deserves at least the credit of originality. But will it wash? Though Mr. COXWELL is, naturally, most at home in the air, and thinks that as he has gone up at 48° below freezing-point here there can't be much difficulty in starting at the same temperature in the Arctic, *Punch* must protest against these preparations for a costly performance of Balloony in the theatre of everlasting ice and eternal snow.

Considering that balloons defy steersage, and that every hundred yards they go up the temperature goes down, while there will be no hard hauling and continuous movement, as with sledging-parties, to keep the blood in circulation, we don't envy the Arctic aeronauts. Mr. COXWELL thinks a Captive Balloon had better be tried first, "to get a view of the icebergs ahead." *Punch* entirely agrees with him, though he can see icebergs enough ahead without any balloons. At any rate, if a Captive Balloon is to be used, don't let it be anchored by a Cheyne. Iron, we know, is apt to snap under sudden changes of temperature, and is always dangerous to handle in high latitudes.

The LORD MAYOR was very polite, and full of good wishes. Of course he knew nothing about the Arctic, and nothing about ballooning, but he was always glad to receive deputations of eminent and scientific men, and he would be delighted to lend the Mansion House for a public meeting. "No one could object to the project being thoroughly thrashed out." No one—except Captain CHEYNE, who wants the project "warmly taken up"—not thoroughly "thrashed out," as we fancy it is pretty certain to be by any jury of scientific citizens.

"No doubt," added the LORD MAYOR, "if Commander CHEYNE'S plans met with approval, he would soon receive the means of carrying them out." "Great virtue in an 'if,'" says *Touchstone*. The only way in which *Punch* could wish to see this wild scheme "carried out," for the sake of Commander CHEYNE himself, and all who may be supposed capable of linking on to him, would be by its being, once for all, carried out of the pale of serious discussion, and decently buried among other fantastic projects, in the Limbo-land of Laputa.

That is its ultimate destiny. Better it should be reached without previous loss of valuable life and waste of valuable money.

Learning and Letters.

"X. Y. Z." tells the *Times*, in a letter,
How spelling might simplified be:
Very good, but perhaps it were better
On that point to consult A. B. C.

Turned t'other Way (by a Tory).

"Great and sacred words that symbolise noble and illustrious thoughts, but no man living has done so much as the Author of the quotation to turn them both topsy-turvy."—*Sir W. Harcourt at Oxford*.

IMPERIUM et Libertas.—"Office and the Liberal Party."

Ejaculation of an Old Toper.

(In one of Dr. Cameron's Retreats.)

"WATER, water everywhere,
But not 'a drop to drink.'"

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

(On the recent appointment of Lord J. M.'s Brother-in-Law to the Registrar Generalship.)

"LET Hygiène, Vital Statistics die,
But leave us still our old job-o-cragy!"

A BASE, BRUTAL, AND BLOODY-MINDED SAXON'S REASON.

WHY are outside Jaunting Cars peculiar to the Irish?
Because you cannot put the members of a family face to face, even going to Church, without a Row.

THE PRESS AND THE "PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY."

FOR libel when a Blackguard's action's tried,
Juries lean mostly to the Plaintiff's side.



OUT OF SIGHT, NOT OUT OF MIND.

Stout Gentleman (whistling). "PHEW—PHEW—LION!—LION!—WHERE THE DEVIL HAS THAT LITTLE BEAST GOT TO? PHEW!—PHEW!"

JEMIMER JANE ON JIMCRACKS.

DEAR 'LIZER,

Yes, it's all too true; I've bin and lost my stivation, Wus luck, in winter time and all! Life's jest a round of botheration. The nob's 'as all the plums, my dear, they leaves us 'ardly a Sultaney. I left quite sudden, all along o'—what d'yer think?—a bit o' chaney.

Drat crockery, I sez, and most pertikler drat them there blue-and-white Chineses. Why did they go inwenting stuff as is the 'ousemaid's wust o' teases? 'Twas bad enough when crockery's right place was the kitchen dresser; But now it's all the go upstairs it's wus. I pities my successor!

I saw her 'LIZER, sech red hands, and nubby-like about the knuckles, Same as my own. I know the sort, and—praps 'twas wicked, dear—I chuckles; Thinks I, "them fingers will go blue and slippy, 'tain't no use *their* trying To holt on jimcracks, when they're cold, and won't there soon be Bob's-a-dying?"

Fingers is curious; mine 'll holt a broom with any gal in Brixton, But when it comes to knicknaoks, lor! you think yer grip is firmly fixed on, When slips they goes, and there you are, athout the least o' warnings, Which fingers will go perished in cold water o' winter mornings.

In course, there's no allowance made, and wot's the use o' glycerining, Or warming o' 'em at the gas? Corns, and the cold and constant cleaning, Would spile the lily 'ands o' them as treats thein in a different manner, With fluff-lined gloves and Kallydore, and twiddling on a grand peyanner.

It's chaney, chaney, everywhere, a source o' constant shines and rackets, They 'angs it all about the walls, and perches of it up on brackets, Till if you moves your elber sharp, or whisks your skirt, down flops a something, Which this new fad for crockery is what I calls a downright rum thing.

Nasty ill-shapen smudged old pots, cracked sarcoers, cups athout no 'andles, Jugs as won't hold, and candlesticks in which they never sticks no candles, Goggle-eyed Hidols, ogious things, as seems to me a sin to store 'em, But bless yer! toffs bid 'igh for 'em, and swell young ladies jest adore 'em.

To see 'em patting of 'em soft like baby's cheeks, is quite disgusting,— Why that there hidjus little god I went and smashed as I was dusting

They reglar *kissed*; and when I told Miss CYNTHY as I'd gone and dropped it, The scolding, blubbering scene there was! I thought they never would a stopped it.

They called me, oh! the frightful names, 'a Bohea-Moth, and a Philistian! At last I ups, and sez, sez I, "This ain't no way to treat a Christian."

It may have b'longed to POMPEY DOOR, and bin uneek, soopreme, and so on: Yet 'tis but clay, which flesh and blood can't stand the way you Ladies go on.

"Orkurd," sez I, "I may be, which I'm sorry for, but more by token, If folks with jimcracks go and stuff the blessed place, some must get broken: 'Ousemaids ain't got no call in a curoacity shop jammed hup with crockery. Dustpan and broom in this 'ere room, I sez, is reglar right down mockery!"

That settled me; but there, I couldn't a 'elped it if they'd 'ung me for it; And so you see poor 'ousemaids now is wictimised by one more worrit, Just as if 'caps, no followers, and beetles wot you squosh in vain, Wosn't enough! Well, sech is life!

Yours, out of place,
JEMIMER JANE.

A WORD FOR THE WIVES.

MR. JUSTICE BRETT has been speaking his mind from the Bench on the decay of the rude chivalry of fair-play in England since fighting with fists went out, and kicking and knifing came in.

The learned, and athletic judge—in his time, like *Punch's* excellent friend, Mr. Justice DENMAN, he pulled a good oar at his 'Varsity—declared his intention of dealing mercifully with death or damage brought about in fair fight.

This seems to indicate that he holds in some degree with the opinion that the Prize-Ring tended to inculcate the unmanliness of hitting below the belt, or striking a man when he was down. Perhaps these rules came less from the Prize-Ring than from the Saxon blood, in which the spirit of such rules, as well as the noble art of self-defence, was bred.

At all events, Englishmen both practised and insisted on the laws of fair fighting before there was a P. R., and when oudgel play and quarter-staff were the rustic forms of the *duello* instead of fisticuffs. The P. R., it is to be feared, was the growth of a brutal time, and the concomitant of coarse and dissolute manners, as its decline and fall have kept pace with an improvement in general decency, education, and refinement.

All the same, whether fisticuffs brought the love of fair play, or faith in fair play engendered fisticuffs, Justice BRETT is right in denouncing the brutality of foul hitting, and, above all, of kicking. Fists are—if not refined—at least manly weapons. Not so feet—especially feet with boots on. But most brutal of booted feet are those used to kick not only men but women, and not women only, but wives!

When are we to see our Judges making up a common mind to punish wife-kicking as it deserves, and no longer to allow the murder of a wife by sheer brutality to be the form of homicide which a man may commit with the surest prospect of a light punishment?

Not Quite Such A False Prophet, Perhaps.

WHAT Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did prophesy—and whether the prediction prove false or true, he finds a great many ready to back it—was that the first day, not of the next *Session*, but of the next *Parliament*, would be the last of the present Government. May that last arrive, and may *Punch* be there to see it.

SUMMARY OF PRESENT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—*Righton and Brighton.*

THE HIGH-CHURCH JACKDAW.



GOOD VINCENT BOURNE'S audacious Daw,
Perched high upon a steeple,
With constant note would caw and caw,
In cool contempt of Church and Law,
And peaceful people.

Like, yet unlike, that cynic bird,
This pest of peaceful Churches
With borrowed plumes that look absurd,
And mimic croak too loudly heard,
Stubbornly perches.

A Jackdaw pert that none may scare,
A foolish fowl but noisy,
That sticks to his Established perch,
Nor seeks a nest outside the Church,
Like honest VOYSEY.

Mid stranger rites and strange clothes at home,
And self-reliant,
This Daw, in feathers filched from Rome,
Flaunts underneath St. Alban's dome,
Of Law defiant.

Sense sickens of his unctuous caw,
To Judge and Bishop hateful;
Could scare-crow, or of Church or Law,
But put to flight this daring Daw,
The world were grateful!

YOUTH has to learn the three R's. Old
Age has learned the three V's—Vanity!
Vanity! Vanity!

"Chitty! Chitty! Piano! Piano!"

MR. CHITTY, Q.C., who is going in as Sir VERNON HARCOURT's colleague at Oxford, is taking upon himself a weighty responsibility. Before he jogs on any further on the Parliamentary hobby, let him remember that

"Post Equit sedet atra cura."

A WORD ON THE WEATHER.

"ZERO" presents his compliments to the Geological Society, and begs to be informed whether they do not think it probable that this country has arrived at the commencement of another "Glacial Period."

MOTTO FOR EVERY WELL-ORDERED DINNER-TABLE.—"No Larks!"



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

HARD LINES!

HERE is a specimen of the truths which Mr. PARNELL is flinging broadcast in the States. The following gems are from his speech at Newark, a flourishing manufacturing town of New Jersey, a few miles from New York:—

"Last evening the cable told us that the British Government, unable to sweep back the movement, had resorted to massacre. In Galway County the police had fired upon the people. Such occurrences show us how terrible is the condition of things in Ireland. It is part of the policy of the landlords to use the armed force as part of their method of eviction, and picture if you can what an eviction is! The house is broken into, the furniture broken by sledge-hammers. No respect is paid to age or sex, or even to death. Although I am no advocate of force, yet, at the same time, such deeds as we have heard of are enough to stir the hearts of the most patient people to use force. (*Applause.*) The English Press tell you of cattle disabled and landlords shot, but they never specify any case, and now, after all the forbearance of the people, the Government were the first to shed blood. I say those people were murdered, and I say it fearlessly, and I shall repeat it in the House of Commons when I get there. (*Applause.*) That was noble conduct on the part of the people when they, with their brothers and sisters shot down beside them, still forebore from violence. It will hardly be believed, but it was a fact in our last famine, that when corn was seized by the landlords for rent it was burnt by them in the sight of the starving people. We desire to make the tenant-farmers the owners—that is our policy. (*Applause.*) We think the system which puts middlemen between those who own and those who work the land is an artificial system. You had landlords in this State once, but in your rough and ready method you abolished them. In France they had landlords, but in the Revolution they were hung to the lamp-posts. In Prussia they divided the land and gave the landlords a third in small fragments. I am afraid it will be with our efforts as it was with the books of the Sibyl. She offered all her books for a price, and on a refusal went off and burnt one and came back and offered the rest, and so on until the price was paid for the one book that was left. The Irish landlords will refuse our offer, and we shall offer less and less until we get what we want, and we shall surely get it."

And yet in answer to these heart-rending appeals, these revolting cases of tyranny, oppression and outrage, Uncle SAM cruelly and cold-heartedly buttons up his pockets. When in spite of PARNELL, he sends relief to the starving and suffering Irish in the South and West, left destitute by the cruelty of the season, not of their landlords, he prefers to do it through the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH,

or, if, Roman Catholic, the clergy of the party he desires to help, instead of Messrs. PARNELL and DILLON.

This is too cruel—neither trust their oratory for truth, nor their agency for relief! What does Uncle SAM take them for?

For firebrands, perhaps, bent on spreading hate and lawlessness, anarchy and ruin, in the hopes of picking popularity and influence out of the mess. Or, perhaps, for agitators blinded by prejudice, giddy with the fumes of mob incense, and drunk with the wine of hate for the Saxon and unreasoning plaudits of the Celt. For anything, in short, but for faithful describers of facts, or trustworthy channels of alms. Such is Uncle SAM's ridiculous prejudice—much as he knows from experience of Irish nature and Irish agitation.

COOL, IF NOT CHILLY.

THE following letter has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. From internal evidence Mr. Punch imagines it must have been intended for one of his daily contemporaries:—

SIR,

January 26, 1880.

I HAVE read with the greatest possible pleasure the communications evidently emanating from the purest of philanthropists which you have from time to time published in your valuable columns concerning the war between Chili and Peru. A great opportunity of practical benevolence offers itself at the present moment to the former country. Peru is beaten, hopelessly beaten; and now is the hour for Chili to set an example to the whole world moderation, kindness, and generosity. It is, indeed, a grand thought! The Chilians are a noble people, and they should be worthy of their reputation! But, after all, human nature is human nature; and should "the English of South America" show any hesitation in pursuing the path I am about to point out to them, it is my firm opinion that the Great Powers of Europe should employ their Moral Force in compelling them into it. If Moral Force fails, why then the most peaceable amongst us may discover the real use of those "bloated armaments" which have caused so much vague and wide-spread apprehension. In a word, a "Menace to the Peace of Europe," might be turned into a "Source of the Prosperity of South America." It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the horrors of war. To every

one with the least imagination the words call up visions of desolate homes, weeping widows, ruined industries, and starving orphans! So terrible a scourge is war, that although Chili may have been thoroughly in the right, although treaties may have been broken, and defiance hurled by Peru, still it is her duty to make peace on any terms—I repeat, on any terms.

At the same time, "any terms," is rather a large phrase, and so that there may be no mistake, I jot down the basis of an agreement which I would suggest should be signed immediately.

1. Peace to be made between Chili and Peru at once.
2. Chili being the conqueror, to consent to all the demands of Peru. *Noblesse oblige.*
3. Chili to undertake never to go to war again.
4. Chili to increase her taxes and reduce her expenditure.
5. Both countries to disarm, and the Chilean Fleet to be sold for the benefit of the world.
6. (And most important of all). Chili to become directly responsible for debts owing to foreigners by Peru.

This, Sir, I submit would be a satisfactory conclusion to the heart-rending war now ravaging the most productive portion of South America!

As an earnest of the thorough disinterestedness of my advice, I beg to sign myself,
Yours respectfully,

A PERUVIAN BONDHOLDER.

Reynard's Retreat, Slyfoxbury.

A SONG OF ST. ALBAN'S.



GOOD people, friends,
and fellows of sympathetic soul,
Take pity on the sorrows
of a Bishop in the hole.
A Schismatic to plighted
vows unfaithful and untrue
Defies and disobeys me—
and I know not what
to do.

A Clerk in Holy Orders,
with a craze for Romish
rites,
Persists in burning incense,
lighting up forbidden lights,
Striking attitudes illegal,
wearing vestments contraband,
Flying in Lord PENANCE'S
face, and the teeth of my
command.

The Arches' Court admonished him—he didn't care a straw,
And now he stands suspended, but he still contemns the law.
Continuing to play the Priest, in pseudo-popish trim.
Though he commit contempt of Court, the Court commits not him.

Because one fool makes many—fools are constituted so—
And of all fools, fools made martyrs in their wake make others go,
If I wished our mimic Mass-Priests with the Public to prevail,
I'd say—"Send yonder simious sacerdotalist to gaol."

To mandate of suspension I by force could make him bow.
But then, you see, I daren't do that for fear there'd be a row;
They want to start another suit; though, if condemned once more,
He'll treat Law's *brutum fulmen* as serenely as before.

The tinkle of that bell-wether misleading I must brook,
And let him with his errant flock elude the shepherd's crook;
Though a queer sheep's this, whose kicking against the pricks reveals
More of the long-eared animal that spurns rebuke with heels.

Or his emblem seeking rather in the sty than in the fold,
Best type of this obstructive in its pachyderm behold.
Pig-headed, he lacks logic, or persuasions pushing home,
He had gone the whole hog long ago from England's Church to Rome.

But now he is his private Pope; no Bishop he'll obey:
Non possumus he answers when bid put his pranks away;
No episcopal superior can make him turn a hair,
The more Law pegs away at him the more he doesn't care!

LATEST FROM BIRMINGHAM.—Our Reform Club has commenced.

MONOPOLY.

Government Drama, in Two Acts—not yet licensed.

ACT I.

"The telegraphs were given over to the Post-Office in February, 1870, not for the advantage of the department, but solely for the good of the community at large."—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*The neighbourhood of a Public Department in 1870.*

Enter Unprotected Briton, pursued by Demons of Private Enterprise.

Unprotected Briton (*flourishing a written dispatch*). I tell you I want to send it to Slocum-in-the-Slush.

First Demon. Do you? Then you may take it there yourself.

Second Demon. Rather! How do you think we can afford to lay lines wherever you like 'em, eh? [*They dance round him.*]

Unprotected Briton. Nay, harass me not! I only know this is preposterous, and that I shall write to the *Times*. But, will no one help me?

Gong. *The Spirit of Paternal Government appears in a blaze of limelight.*

Spirit of Paternal Government. I will! (*The Demons cower.*) There is no limit either to my benevolence or to my banking account. See, you can now send your message to Slocum-in-the-Slush for the charge of one shilling!

[*Waves his wand. New lines ramify in all directions. The Unprotected Briton kneels in grateful wonder.*]

Demons of Private Enterprise. Ha! ha! But a day will come! [*Exeunt down traps in red fire.*]

Spirit of Paternal Government. Possibly. But for the moment there do not exist two more blithe and contented individuals than the Spirit of Paternal Government—

Unprotected Briton. And his new protégé, the Protected Briton!

Tableau. Act-drop.

ACT II.

"The present claim of the Post-Office is nothing less than an attempt to stand between the public and the full utilisation and enjoyment of a great scientific improvement."—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*The Premises of a new Scientific Company, in 1880.*

Enter Protected Briton, pursued by the Demon of Paternal Government.

Protected Briton (*seizing mouthpiece of ingenious apparatus*). But I tell thee, persecuting Fiend, I will communicate with Wapping by this excellent arrangement! And not even thy grasping monopoly shall stay me. See, it leaves thy clumsy, old-fashioned, halting machinery nowhere!

[*Endeavours to conduct a conversation through it.*]

Demon of Paternal Government (*dragging him away*). Not a word, minion, shall you utter, except through me. Success has made me proud. Say that I take two hours to transmit your nine words to the other side of Billingsgate. What of that? You are my creature—my slave. Ha! ha! After Eight p.m., try to communicate with—even Chelsea, and see what comes of it!

Protected Briton. Mocking monster, thy rule is o'er! Behold,—these are my new friends; and they will help me!

The Scene opens and discloses the Angels of Private Enterprise descending in a silvery shower of Prospectuses.

First Angel of Private Enterprise. Certainly, and we hope to make a good thing of this. The divine light of science can never be quenched for mere fiscal considerations.

Second Angel of Private Enterprise. Never! especially when a great public interest is to be considered, and a handsome dividend expected.

Protected Briton. Benevolent beings, charge me, ultimately, what you will! To-day, at least, I am yours.

Demon of Paternal Government (*seizing him*). Never! Ten years ago you signed this irrefragable compact with me (*produces Act of Parliament*). Come. You are mine!

Angels of Private Enterprise. Walker! Compel him, if you can.

Demon of Paternal Government. I will, with this! (*Waves hand. An Attorney-General springs up through a Vampire-trap.*) See, my attendant spirit is about to wage an appeal for an interim injunction in the Exchequer Division. Ha! ha! And now,—do your worst!

[*Tableau. Angels of Private Enterprise consulting a Solicitor. Protected Briton writing to the Times. Curtain.*]

"HÆ NUGÆ SERIA DUCUNT IN MALA" (*freely translated by Our School-boy at home for the holidays.*)—"Castor oil follows Christmas trifle."

QUESTIONS TO BE ASKED.

(On the Frontier—between Science and Misgiving.)



PUNCH's function is to see and present the humorous side of things. But he is quite aware that most things have a serious side, besides, and that very often nothing suggests the serious side so strongly as the view of the humorous one. And growing out of the serious side of things, are questions so serious that even *Punch*, with all his propensity to laugh, can't make fun, or make light of them. Thus, *buffo* as he is, and with the wholesome fear of the *Pall Mall* before his eyes, and the knowledge that if he asks himself and other people disagreeable questions, or dares to feel, or say he feels, uncomfortable about our doings in Afghanistan, he must make up his mind to be called an unpatriotic and disaffected wretch who gloats over national difficulties—he cannot help asking, *à propos* of our latest intelligence from that troublesome and tumultuous Afghanistan, which we are making "friendly, united, and independent," in such an original fashion,—

IS IT TRUE, that 25,000 Ghazis have collected fifty miles from Cabul, and intend advancing on the Capital?

IS IT TRUE, that large quantities of supplies are being collected for them in the Logar Valley?

IS IT TRUE, that MAHOMED JAN has written to the Chief of the Lughmanis, who has 20,000 followers ready to co-operate with him in an attack on the British?

IS IT TRUE, that on all sides there is every indication of preparations for a serious and well-organised rising?

IS IT TRUE, that General ROBERTS, in the midst of all this, has with him at Shirpur a force of only 3,000 effective European troops, and 4,800 natives?

IS IT TRUE, that in spite of the undesirable gravity of the situation, the Viceroy, and those who direct him, either can't, or won't say whether the country is to be evacuated, or annexed, and knows absolutely nothing of what will be done with it, if it is to be permanently held?

IS IT TRUE, that the Cabinet know no more on the subject, nay, if possible, even less, than Lord LYTTON?

IS IT TRUE, that Russia has succeeded in trailing a gigantic and costly red-herring across the scent for us in Central Asia, and may congratulate herself on seeing both the Jingo and Alarmist packs in full cry after it?

IS IT TRUE, that the present aspect of Asian and African affairs warrants Ministerial crowing?

AND IS IT TRUE, that the country finding itself involved in grave anxiety, and saddled with heavy expenditure, owing to the fight over a north-eastern frontier, scientific or otherwise, and the tales that hang thereby, Lord BRACONSFIELD will require something stronger than a new phrase to satisfy us that a lime-light policy lends either dignity or security to a great Empire?

Phœbus and Cynthis.

A LECTURE is reported to have been lately delivered at the British Horological Institute, Northampton Square, by Mr. G. N. WHIPPLE, Chief of the Meteorological Department, Kew, "On Sunshine and the various modes of registering and observing it." For more than twelve months the opportunities presented for the investigation of sunshine have been exceedingly rare. But, in a world where deception and illusion ever abound, there are always abundant facilities for observing and registering moonshine.

CAB OWNERS ON CAB ACCIDENTS.

THIS island is one of the Society Islands—though a long way from the others. Great Britain is an island of societies, some reasonable, others ridiculous. Success to a Social Alliance with something like a sensible purpose—the Streets Accident Prevention Society. A meeting of the society above-named was waited upon a few days ago, at their offices in Bishopsgate, by a deputation representing the London Cab Proprietors. Precautions for the protection of life and limb must, of course, involve expense. For example, the compelling cabs to carry lights at night would cost something.

Of course it was not the mere cost of providing lamps that the cab proprietors objected to. "The cab-interest," said a Mr. MERRY, "objected to cabs being selected above all other vehicles for the invidious distinction of being obliged to carry lights." This, however, he was told the Society did not press for. It desired lights to be obligatory on all vehicles at nights, "down to a costermonger's barrow." But the cab interest had further arguments to urge against cab-lights.

"Mr. KING, another cab proprietor, said it was a question whether lights on cabs at night did not actually cause accidents, as the 'hansoms,' which carried lights, caused more accidents than the four-wheelers, which did not as a rule carry lights."

Mr. KING did not argue that cab-lights attract silly people as candle-lights do moths, or assist perverse simpletons to get into the way of cabs on purpose. Waiving the connection of cab-lights with cab accidents in the way of cause and effect, he went on to plead that those accidents occurred from various causes—most of them the fault of those whom they befall. This part of the argument was illustrated by one more speaker in the cab interest, a Mr. CASE, in particular, putting the cabmen's case thus:—

"The fact was the public stood on the kerb of a road, and, instead of looking to the right for the coming traffic, dashed towards the road with their faces to the left, where the traffic was going, and so themselves caused accidents."

This is something new. Most people imagine that street traffic runs to and fro, from right to left and *vice versa*. But, assuming that everybody well knew it ran all one way, Mr. CASE continued:—

"Newspapers and the Magistrates sometimes held that the public had a right to the road; but the Superior Courts had ruled that the public had a right only to the pathway, and that the roadway was to be used by passengers with care and judgment. If a person crossed the road where there was no crossing, he was bound to use special care, while a driver had to use care at crossings."

In saying this Mr. CASE probably meant to say no more than he said. But perhaps what too many a cabman may imagine him to have meant is, that the driver is bound to drive carefully over crossings only, and that everywhere else in the open street it is solely the concern of the foot-passenger to look out for himself, and mind not to get driven over, care not to drive over him not being the cab-driver's business at all. To disabuse both cabmen and cab proprietors of this impression will, of course, be one of the first businesses of the Street Accident Prevention Society.

In the meanwhile the ideas of cabmen with regard to crossings may be a matter for the attention of Mr. CROSS. The Right Hon. Gentleman will, perhaps, also consider what it is that renders it impossible to make cabs carry lights in the British Metropolis, while they are made to do so in other European Capitals.

ASSIZE ECONOMY.

A GENTLEMAN of the Bar on Circuit at Carnarvon informs a contemporary of the following facts:—

While Mr. Justice GROVE was trying prisoners in the Crown Court at that place, a single prisoner, awaiting his trial on the morrow at the Beaumaris Assizes for a trivial offence committed in the next County, Anglesey, lay confined a few yards off in Carnarvon Gaol.

This solitary captive would have to be conveyed to Beaumaris, there to take his trial before a Judge who, but for that single case on the Calendar, would have been entitled to a pair of white kid gloves. As neither was there any civil cause to be tried, High Sheriff, Grand Jurors, County officials, and Common Jurors would all have to attend and meet Her Majesty's Judge, with nothing more to do among them all than try this accused unit.

But for "the inflexibility of existing arrangements," the prisoner could have walked over the way and had his case disposed of at Carnarvon.

As it was, Judge and Prisoner, in order that the former might try the latter, were required to travel some sixteen miles into the next county, perhaps by the same train.

Charged with but a trivial offence, this solitary prisoner probably was not even handcuffed. If he was, would not the most appropriate material for his manacles have been red tape?



NATURE, LOVE, AND BILIOUSNESS.

MRS. FRANK JOLIBOIS, AS SHE APPEARS, MORE OR LESS, IN HER PHOTOGRAPHS AND TO THE WORLD IN GENERAL: AND A VERY CHARMING PERSON SHE IS WHEN ONCE YOU KNOW HER!

MRS. FRANK JOLIBOIS, AS SHE STILL APPEARS TO THAT BEST OF FELLOWS, HER HUSBAND, WHEN IN HIS NORMAL CONDITION; AND LONG MAY SHE CONTINUE TO DO SO!

MRS. FRANK JOLIBOIS, AS SHE APPEARS TO THE SAME, WHEN HE HAS BEEN SUPPING OVERNIGHT AT THE "GRIDIRON," WITH A LOT OF OTHER JOLLY BOYS, AS HE SOMETIMES WILL!

MORAL.—DON'T SUP AT THE GRIDIRON, OR ANY OTHER CLUB. IN POINT OF FACT, DON'T SUP AT ALL!

THE RISING BUFFO.

(Judged by the Setting One.)

Old Star loquitur—

"*Largo al Factotum!*" Ah!
Feels the character, no doubt.
"Hailed as leading buffo?" Bah!
Older hands could bowl him out.
Of my quality a touch
Might perhaps his pride diminish.
Lots of "go"—maybe too much—
But no finish!

Bellows plenty, acting fair,
Phrasing sometimes really neat,

But he overmarks the air—
Surest proof of green conosit.
Needs no end of tact to tell
How to manage *floritura*—
Deals too much in trill and swell,
Flash and fury.

Toujours perdrix—rather say,
Dish that is all *Sauce piquante*,
Falls on palate. 'Twill not pay—
This crude vigour that you vaunt.
Forte and *staccato* tire;
Dolce does it very often.
Florid force and firework fire
Art should soften.

Clear *cantabile*, with swell
And *crescendo* now and then—

That's the sort of thing to tell,
With the general run of men.
Public has a taste for throats
That can run the scale—it fires
them;
But a song that's all top-notes
Quickly tires them.

Much to learn, my Buffo bold!—
Though your "means" are fairly
good—
Ere the house you fix and hold
As a leading Singer should.
Mellowness, restraint, and tone,
Taste of point and flash less greedy:
These are things to make your own—
Experto crede!

Bark and Bite.

MR. SMELFUNGUS writes to suggest that as Quinine is the known specific for Ague, and as sufferers in the cold fits of the shakes are Chilly 'uns, *par excellence*, no doubt the Chilians owe their recovery from their cold fits to having taken the Peruvian Bark, not, however—under its usual name of *Chinchona*, but *Huascar*.

MOST WELCOME.

THE House of Representatives of the United States have voted Mr. PARNELL a reception in their Chamber. Suppose they kept him there till they see how they like him as a Representative Man.

ABOARD THE *BACCHANTE*.—A False Alarm—the Royal Tattoo.

Disorganisation of Charity.

A BENEVOLENT man, named GARDNER, has left a sum of no less than £300,000 for the benefit of the blind. Let us hope that most of this money is not destined in the long run to be expended on bricks-and-mortar, and so prove less beneficial to the Blind than the Builder.

THE GRANUM SALIS.

ONE true thing PARNELL said in his Newark speech the other day—

"We in Ireland are not listened to in England."

Would we could add, "Nor in Ireland either."

MESSMATES.—Waders in the mud of the London streets after a thaw.



THE RISING "BUFFO."

BENDIZZY (*the Old Professional*). "H'M! PLENTY OF 'GO'—BUT NO FINISH!"



THE MODERN MAZEPPA.

TOUCHING THRIFT.

"*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*," says the copyhead—which the LORD MAYOR, following Lord DERBY's lead, has been setting to his lieges of London, by presiding over a Conference of the Thrift Society, at the Mansion House, on the 27th ult.

What the Thrift Society may have done, or be doing, *Punch* is, he blushes to say, ignorant. All he knows is that like most societies, it has been asking for money—its list of Vice-Presidents being followed by a notice, to which he gladly gives his publicity:—

"That funds to carry on and develop the work of the National Thrift Society are much needed, and will be thankfully received by the Treasurer or Secretary, at the London Offices, 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C."

Any sowing of the seed of Thrift in the very nursery-ground of Mammon, which we take the City to be, ought to be of good omen. Thrift is an old-fashioned plant, which of late has not been supposed to flourish, as of old, along with London Pride.

Let us hope the two growths will henceforth blossom side by side. The Conference Programme included a paper, or speech—why not save pen and ink by the use of tongue?—by Professor LEONARD LEVI on, "the Margin for Saving." Suppose the Professor had followed it up by a song:—

AIR—"On the Margin of Zurich's fair waters."

On the margin for saving's my quarters,
In a garden with "thrift" planted gay,
Where my lectures will teach wives and daughters
To make their pounds go the most way.
The pence if they'll prudently spare,
The pounds of themselves will take care—
Oh, list to me, Ladies, I pray—
If a margin for saving you'd lay—
That's the way!

Then Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD discoursed on "Thrift amongst the French Peasantry." Among our own clodhoppers, with 14s. a week to find husband, wife, and family in clothes and shelter, food and fire, there does not seem to be a wide margin for the cultivation of thrift, but something, no doubt, could be done, above all by more knowledge how to make money go farthest in food, for which England looks to South Kensington and Mr. BUCKMASTER. Why did not he figure among the "Thrift" Lecturers as the representative of the thrift of good cookery, by the side of Dr. RICHARDSON, as the teacher of thrift in drink. What branch of thrift Cardinal MANNING represented we know not. At all events, thrift deserves to be, if it is not, a cardinal virtue.

Instead of a contribution in cash, *Punch* offers the Society a few of his own ideas on the subject of Thrift.

Cash is the good fairy of the story of life; credit the ogre, the wicked giant that swallows up everybody and everything.

The guinea is a stupid anachronism.

NEW TITLES FOR MR. PUNCH'S DUMMY BOOK-SHELF.

The True Function of the Dura Mater. By Mrs. BYRCHIE RODD.

Flora of the Islands. By CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

On the Incubation of Rabbits. By an Inhabitant of Co'ny Hatch.

On the Preservation of Unstable Equilibrium. By Professor BLONDIN.

New Ethnographical Studies from Zululand. By Sir THOMAS WHETHAM. With Illustrations by Alderman NOTTAGE.

A Run on the High Sea. By Signor MARIO.

Mountain Gorges; or, My Pic-nics among the Alps. By an Alderman.

Analysis of English Metres. By the Chairman of the Chartered Gas Company.

How I Came to be Landed on the Nasal Promontory. By Commander BENDIGO.

"Alone upon the Watch." Dedicated to My Uncle. By ORFLEY HARDUP.

M.S. Opera, "The Watering Pot of Cast Iron." A Companion to "The Rose of Castile." By YAKOOB KHAN.

In the Right Place.

WITH CHARLES in the Chamber of Horrors,
And TRACY's wreath upon show,
Who dares say Peace with Honour
Is not found *chez Madame TUSSAUD*?

Of all modern discoveries the most valuable is the florin: it defies arithmetic, both mental and physical, to calculate the immense saving that has accrued from the substitution of this coin for the half-crown. The superiority of the threepenny over the fourpenny-piece must be obvious to the meanest capacity.

A penny saved (in a Penny Bank) is a penny gained.

When you come home from your office or counting-house or chambers, put on an old coat, and so be at once comfortable and thrifty.

Never call a cab if you can catch an omnibus; never ride in either if you can walk.

Neglect not the diurnal pin.

Emulate "paper-sparing" POPE: turn used envelopes inside out; tear off and turn to account blank pages of notes received.

Never be idle; even when you sit over the fire, employ yourself usefully in picking up the cinders.

One of our old poets speaks, deprecatingly, of "wasting in despair;" do not you waste in any mood or state of mind.

Take care of the pence, and the halfpence too.

Homage to the family joint!

Sternly discountenance all jeers and jibes at that excellent dish—cold mutton.

Familiarise your children early with such terms as "ready money," "cash payments," "discount," "economy," "income," and "expenditure."

Read to them, as a great treat, narratives of poor boys coming to London with half-a-crown in their pocket and retiring from business worth half a million.

When you take your young folks out for a walk, let it have as its "objective," a Savings Bank, a Provident Institution, or a Self-Supporting Dispensary. Point these buildings out with the appropriate moral.

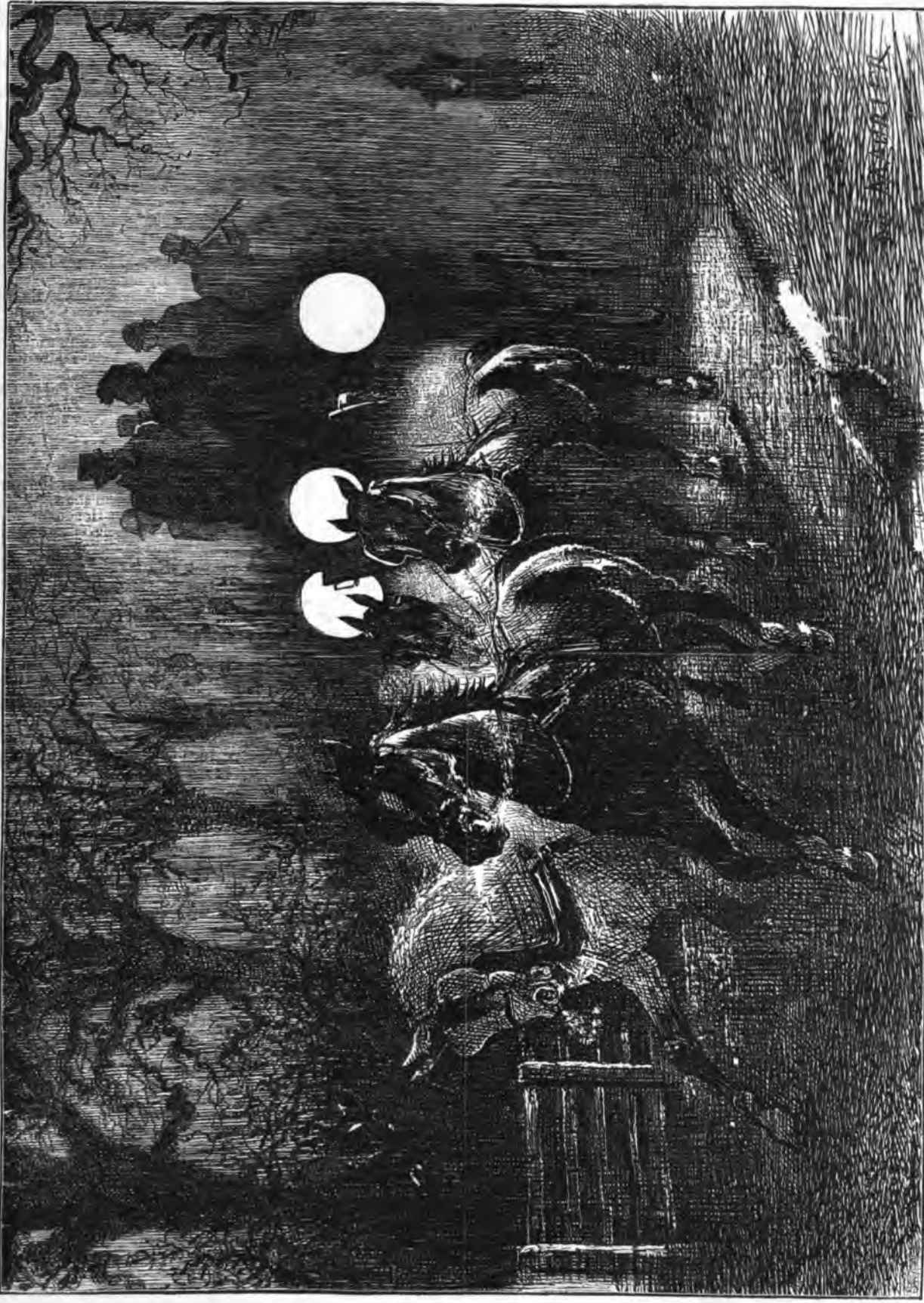
Think twice, nay thrice, before you change a sovereign.

Do you wash at home? If you can answer "Yes," you may with propriety attend a "Thrift Conference." Are you bright, cheerful, and good-tempered on each recurrence of this fixture in the domestic calendar? Are you more than resigned to cold meat—do you like it? If so, you are *ex-officio* entitled to move a resolution.

Do not deny yourself rational amusement. Resort to the national museums and galleries on those days when they are open free, enjoy the public parks and monuments, gaze into the shop windows, and increase your acquaintance with the drama and music whenever you can get admissions for nothing.

Whether you vegetate on a pound a week or are burdened with fifty thousand a year, whether your garden is the size of a billiard-table, or as roomy as a small park—let your borders be set thick with Thrift—Thrift—nothing but Thrift.

LORD BRACONSFIELD'S FANCY—"Peace with Honour." Mr. GLADSTONE'S—"Peace, with HOMER."



"OLD TIMES."

(To those who are Fond of them.)

NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO IN A BLACK FOG? WHY, TAKE A SEAT ON THE STAGE-COACH NOW RUNNING TO ST. ALBANS AND BACK, OF COURSE! THE STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE WILL PREVENT YOU FROM SEEING THE RAILWAYS AND THE TELEGRAPH-POLES, AND ENABLE YOU TO "FORGET THE SPREADING OF THE HIDEOUS TOWNS," AS MR. MORRIS HAS IT IN *THIS EARTHLY PARADISE*—AND YOU CAN PLAY AT BEING YOUR OWN GRANDFATHER (OR YOUR GRAND-MOTHER, IF YOU LIKE), JUST AS COMFORTABLY AS IF YOU WERE SITTING AT HOME IN YOUR BEST CHIPPENDALE ARM-CHAIR, WITH YOUR FEET ON THE BRASS PARLOUR, IN THE WAINSCOTED BOOK PARLOUR OF THAT DEAR LITTLE RED-BRICK HOUSE OF YOUTH, TAKING SNUFF, AND READING THE *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* FOR THE YEAR ONE BY THE LIGHT OF A TALLOW CANDLE! (N.B.—MR. PUNCH MEANT TO TRY IT HIMSELF.)



MATTER OF TASTE.

Conductor (putting his head inside). "ONLY ROOM FOR ONE, WHICH SHALL WE 'AVE!"

Stout Old Gentleman. "THE LITTLE ONE!"

Nice Young Gentleman. "THE PRETTY ONE!"

MORE CARDS ALREADY!

THE mighty MARCUS, scarcely breathed
From sleet of Christmas Card,
In card-house of St. Valentine
Holds us again at WARD!

With Hearts and Darts, and Loves and Doves,
And floating Fays and Flowers,
Weaving us, three weeks in advance,
The daintiest of bowers!

With too much of them thrust on us,
E'en soft sweet things seem hard.
Must *Punch*, must England, old and young,
Henceforth "live by the card"?

For ever on the watch for WARD,
Or rueing DE LA RUE,
Without whose cards in days of old
One wonders how time flew.

Those constant cards, that, weeks ahead,
Come knocking at our doors;
So pretty, we can't shut them out,
So thick, they pile our floors.

This card-play may be play to you,
In death to me may end,
Who have to fall in little loves
To whom *your* loves to send.

Forbear, O WARD, O DE LA RUE,
Draw your cards mild for me;
Sufficient, surely, for the day
The card thereof should be!

Spite of the food your card-play finds
For printers, artists, bards,
Would that the year, like Hymen's lists,
Could be inscribed "No Cards!"

"OUR OPENING DAY."

THAT Ministers may not be taken by surprise, *Mr. Punch* begs to publish a list of subjects, as to which information will probably have to be given before the close of the coming Session.

Lord Beaconsfield.—Exact definition required of a Scientific Frontier—(a) in North Western India; (b) in South Africa.

Lord Salisbury.—Further information desired relative to—(1) Asia Minor; (2) Cyprus; and (3) Egyptian Finance.

Lord Cranbrook.—Explanation expected with regard to "Rules to be observed by Special Correspondents attached to armies in the field." (1.) Why they were made. (2.) Why they were rescinded.

Lord John Manners.—More light to be thrown upon the relations of the Post-Office Authorities and the Telephone.

Mr. W. W. H. Smith.—Intelligence will oblige on the position of the Royal Marine Artillery, and the *Thunderer's* surviving gun.

Colonel Stanley.—Full explanation of the scheme for forming a corps of Army Reserve Officers, and an outline of the future of the Volunteers.

Mr. Cross.—Plea in confession and avoidance to charges of recent jobs, and observations invited on Railway negligence in general, and shunting accidents in particular.

First Commissioner of Public Works.—Production of any plans that the Office may be prepared to recommend or consider for the scavenging of streets, the planting and flowering of open spaces, and information as to any shove that can be given to the rather slow movement for the inscribing of street-names on street-lamps, for the convenience of night-walkers or night-riders in London.

Secretary for Ireland.—Statement of measures in contemplation for relief of distressed districts.

And Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Any scheme he may be prepared with for improving the condition of the Government Writers, and any standing order in contemplation for getting Irish Obstruction out of the way.

CHLORAL.

(In Two Lights—the Blue and the True.)



CHLORAL! of blue-blood the
bluest,
Alcohol's and Chlorine's daughter,
Youth and beauty that
renewest,
Night's long watches
making shorter.
Blithely raise a pæan
choral
Round thy fount of
blessings, Chloral!

Toss no more in vigils
lengthy,
Sigh no more for day-
light's peeping;
Sweet and soft falls thy
nepenthe,
In its calm worn spirits
steeping.
Truly "*Amor vincit omnia*,"
Chloral's love can cure
Insomnia!

(P.T.O.)

CHLORAL! spawn of depths abysmal,
Spring of restlessness and raving,
Fancies sick and visions dismal—
Source of still insatiate craving.
When the once-blest light auroral
Breaks thy feverish spell, oh Chloral,

Comes Reaction's Nemesis,
And the soul in Tophet sinking,
Woos again thy fatal kiss—
Woos, and ends in endless drinking,
Till to the unplumbed abyss
Sink thy victims, Chloralism!

MIND YOU DON'T BURN YOUR FINGERS.

As the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is a deserving body, and as any Charity using its name, whether colourably or honestly, is very likely to be met with open hand and purse, it may be well for *Punch* to give the benefit of his publicity to a cautionary paper which has been put into his hands, warning the public against applications in a name that may easily be mistaken for that of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. The circular is pithily couched, thus:—

"LONDON AND SUBURBAN FIRE BRIGADE AND DISABLED FIREMEN'S RELIEF AND PENSION ASSOCIATION. Office: East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars, E.C.—It is not necessary to caution the Public against subscribing to the above, when they see the Working Committee, Secretary, Treasurer, Captain, Collector, List of Pensioners, &c., &c.; but they can see for themselves whether it is worthy of support. I will give you a list of the above:—*Secretary*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Treasurer*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Sole Committee*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Sole Pensioner* (s)—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Captain of Brigade*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. *Collector*—SAMUEL SIMSON SECCOMBE. Private Address, 41, Hill Street, Peckham.—There is no such Fire Brigade in existence. There is no such Pension Association in existence. There is no such Committee, excepting S. S. SECCOMBE. There are no such Pensioners, excepting S. S. SECCOMBE. Two men have had three months' imprisonment for collecting for the above Shams.—For further particulars apply at any Metropolitan Fire Station, or any branch of the Charity Organisation Society."

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT OF SEEING HIM?

In the first rank of the Committee of Management of "The Householders' Pure Milk Supply" Association, stands the name of our old friend "SIMPSON!" SIMPSON, who has so often milked the cow with the iron tail, that in the language of the milk-walk he has become identified with the animal! SIMPSON = Pump!

A Householders' Pure Milk Supply Association, with "SIMPSON" in the forefront of it, reminds *Punch* of the old Scotch story—it is Scandinavian too—of the farmer and his family who were changing their abode to escape a "bogie"—"What, you're flitting?" asked a neighbour, meeting the cart, loaded with their "stooks." "Yes, we're flitting," answered the family ghost from inside the churn.

So "SIMPSON" seems to speak out of the pail of the "Householders' Pure Milk Supply Association." Let us hope the Association will not prove the old farce, "SIMPSON & Co." in another dress!

A NEW VIEW OF THE NEW REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

MR. PUNCH,

It has been said that the only qualification which Sir BRYDGES HENNIKER possesses for the post to which he has recently been appointed by the Prime Minister is that he is a well-connected baronet. This is one of those half truths which are often more misleading and more injurious to those whom they concern than deliberate misstatements. It is no doubt true—and you may make the most of it—that the Registrar-General comes of an old family, and that the Postmaster-General takes a fraternal interest in him. For the matter of that, you and I are of ancient lineage, and you, at any rate, excite more interest every week in the minds of Her Majesty's Ministers than any number of well-connected baronets can hope to do during their collective lifetimes. But Sir BRYDGES has claims on the Conservative Party such as you and I will never have.

Your memory is so retentive that it is hardly necessary that I should remind you of his connection with the Felstead affair. Mr. GRIGNON had for many years been notorious throughout the country, not merely as a Radical schoolmaster, but as what was far worse, a successful one. It is painful to think of the number of ingenious lads, many of them the sons of Conservative parents, whom he imbued in his time with revolutionary principles. You will remember the short work which was made of him by Sir BRYDGES sitting as Chairman with his compact little body of true-blue co-trustees. They did their duty thoroughly on that occasion; and no English Gentleman of proper feelings will grudge Sir BRYDGES his reward for the Spartan firmness with which then as now he disregarded the impotent outcry of his victim and his sympathisers, and the venomous abuse of the Radical Press. And do you think, Sir, that Lord BRACONSFIELD forgets these things?

Of all parts of the body-politic there is none in which the retention of a Conservative spirit is more absolutely necessary than in the Civil Service. Of late years, I regret to say, there have not been wanting symptoms that all is not as it should be in it. For some time past there have been mutterings, more or less indistinct, at the appointments more or less numerous of young gentlemen more or less well connected and deserving more or less light and lucrative non-competitive appointments in the majority of our public offices. This sort of thing, Sir, must be put down with a strong hand. Clerks must be taught to know their places, and to keep their mouths shut. And, trust me, the military training of Sir BRYDGES HENNIKER will stand him in good stead in dealing with this class of persons. I shall be much surprised if he does not very soon read one or two of them a lesson they will not readily forget, if they try to come any of Mr. GRIGNON's tricks over him.

You may depend upon it, that in putting him at the head of an important Government Department, those who are responsible for his appointment have for once got the right man in the right place. And so say his Sisters, and his Cousins, and his Aunts, as well as yours truly,

A THOROUGH-GOING AND WELL-CONNECTED TORY.

Extra-Parliamentary Utterances.

(William's Light on them.)

"To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!"

Twelfth Night, Act III. s. 1.

"A LESSON OUT OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL."

[PUNCH has much pleasure in publishing this fair and temperate correction of an error into which he unwittingly fell.]

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,—Although only a Publican, I feel certain that you will not refuse to read, if you do not insert, a word or two anent the above article. In it you say:—

"In the eleven Sundays on which the Gallery of the Institution has been open, 61,678 persons have visited it, most of them of the class to whom the Public is the only available Sunday recreation between two and five, hours during which Public-houses are open, and Churches closed."

Now, the latter part of this remark is not strictly correct. The Act obliges us to close at three o'clock, and re-open at six. There is but little difference in the Provinces in respect of these hours.

We are, Sir, a much-maligned class; but, at the same time, we know we have your countenance, if only we manage our houses in the way they should be managed.

To the movement for the opening of Picture-Galleries on Sunday I wish the utmost possible success.

Yours,
A MANCHESTER BUNG.



"TOO BAD!"

The New Cook. "WELL, I DECLARE! HERE I'VE BEEN AND GIVE' SIX GUINEAS FOR A NEW DRESS TO KEEP UP THE R'SPECTABILITY OF THE 'OUSE, AND HERE'S MISSIS, IN A DOWDY THIRTY SHILLIN' 'ULSTREE,' A-COMIN' FROM THAT THERE 'LADIES' CO-OPERATIVE ECONOMICAL MILLINGERY ASSOCIATION'!"

SAFEGUARDING THE EMPIRE.

(An Imperial Eclogue.)

INTERLOCUTORS—*Benjamin, an ancient Swain; Betsy Prig, an elderly Nymph.*

BETSY.

AH! go it, my BENJAMIN, go it! and don't you be dashed by them Reds, Which the old woman's reglar ashamed of, the paltry poor-speritted Cads! As would choke down Imperial Instinks, as Eying implants in our 'arts To teach us we're cocks of all walks, spite of 'umbugging low forera parts.

BENJAMIN.

Ah, BETSY, if all were like you, what a rare rosy time I should have In my efforts to counterwork GLADSTONE, and cheekmate the insolent Slav! But, alas! BULL seems shifting his blinkers—ahem!—I mean dropping his pecker, His conscience is apt to grow tender in sight of an empty Exchequer.

BETSY.

Pooh, pooh! Peg away, my dear BEN. Afghanistan is oorn every hinch. Can't we do what we like with our own? You've a trick or two left, at a pinch. There's them Ingryan Princes, you know, they're all game for a nice bit of prig! Which 'twould bustle them Rooshians delightful, the imperdent Waggabones! Twig?

BENJAMIN.

You were meant for a Ruler of Men, with "a hand full of sceptres," dear BETSY, In place of your gingham, though that has much helped me, my old Petsy-Wetsy.

Only one little hint I must give, don't get too sublimely ecstatic, Or speak out too plainly, my PRIG, for you see that is scarce diplomatic.

BETSY.

Dipplymattie be—well, there, I won't—but it do rouse me up, that it do: My buzzum's abile when I thinks of that bloodthirsty Muskywhite crew, A pickin' and stealin' all round amidst England's peecooliar perks. Rights? No one's no right to no rights, 'cept ourselves and our pardners the Turks.

BENJAMIN.

Humph! perfectly sound, my sweet BETSY, in principle, perfectly so, But a leetle too nakedly put; apt to startle the weak-knee'd, you know. Neat phrases that cover no end without scaring the pious or finical, Give Imperial principles play, and yet save them from being dubbed "cynical."

BETSY.

The frontier you called scientific, they say 's on the shift. Well, what then? 'Tisn't like the equator—a fixture. We'll shift it agen and agen. Like a pencil-line marked on a map, Ingy-rubber 'll soon wipe it out. Our frontier is jest where we want it, of that only fools 'ave a doubt.

BENJAMIN.

Good again, my dear BETSY! Our plan for safeguarding the Empire is plain: We will go wheresoever we wish, and wheresoever we choose will remain. But that's *entre nous*, my sweet PRIG, in acquainting JOHN BULL with our game, *Imperium atque libertas* sounds better—and means just the same! [Left chuckling.]

MILLENNIAL MAXIM.

Si vis pacem, para bellum. Is it a belief in this maxim that induces the Great Powers of Europe to go on arming each against each in a continually increasing ratio? If so, how extremely pacific their intentions must be!



"MALBROOK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE!"

(See the Prince Chancellor's scheme for increase of the German Army.)

FAVOURITE LITTLE GAMES.

(Of States and Statesmen and their Organs.)

"Tell me what you play at and I'll tell you what you are."

Prince Bismarck—Beggars my neighbour.*Lord Beaconsfield*—Hazard and Blind man's buff.*Prince Gortschakoff*—Brag.*M. Gambetta*—The waiting game.*The Pope*—Single wicket.*The Sultan*—Blind Hookey.*Russia*—Prisoners Base.*German Empire*—Tug of War.*The French Republic*—Outside Edge (I marked "Dangerous.")*Sir Henry Layard*—Bull in the China-shop.*Lord Salisbury*—Cross questions and Crooked answers.*Lord Lytton*—Follow my Leader.*The Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote*—Open your mouth and shut your eyes.*Mr. Parnell*—Bull-baiting.*Mr. Biggar and the Irish Obstructionists*—Bill-sticking.*Messrs. O'Connor Power, Davitt, Killen, Brennan & Co.*—Patriotism.*The Right Hon. W. H. Smith and Col. Stanley*—Ducks and Drakes.*Mr. Cross*—What is my thought like?*Mr. Gladstone*—Felling a tree and taking the stump afterwards.*Sir William Harcourt*—Vivisection, and sticking things in Cabinets on points.*Sir Wulfrid Lawson*—Bowls (flowing only with tea and coffee).*The Pall Mall Gazette*—Bait the Bear.*The Times*—Round about the gooseberry-bush.*The Daily Telegraph*—Montagnes Russes.*The British Matron*—Thimble-rig.*John Bull*—Fog-signalling.*The Civil Service Commissioners*—Paper Chace.*Mr. Punch*—Electric lighting.*Girl of the Period*—Heliography.

Irish Obstructives to Irish Aid.

UNCLE SAM is showing his sense by sending his liberal contributions in relief of Irish distress through all channels except the cruelly warped ones of Messrs. PARNELL and DILLON. The arch-agitator has the impudence to accuse the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH'S and all other relief agencies, except his own, of political bias. This is the Gracchi complaining of sedition with a vengeance! Pigs, we know, cut their own throats in trying to keep their heads above water. This Irish Mis-leader seems involuntarily to be imitating the short-sighted Irish animal. If any man could have frozen the current of charity—in New World and Old—it would be such a bitter and malignant advocate of mutual hate, cruel strife, insecurity of life, and property and anarchy, as CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

The Jolly Beggars!

In the Swiss Cantons, bordering on Germany, we are told, there is much complaint of the influx of German beggars, who, even when conducted across the frontier, speedily return. Happy beggars, who can get away from Vaterland just now! Under the additional weight of military service, lately laid on German backs by the Great and Busy B., it is the beggars who would seem only to be choosers—and to choose wisely—on the principle of rather any place than home, as BISMARCK and Militarism have made it.



IN POSSESSION.

Lady (who wants to sit down). "WILL YOU SIT IN MY LAP, DARLING!"
Darling. "SANK YOU—I'VE DOT A CHAIR!"

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER V.

Position—Society—One Remark—Rule—Example—Considerations—Conscientiousness—Theory—Lecture—Future—Examination.

POSITION, like possession, is nine points of the law.

The Position of the Actor depends upon character and situation. This is equally true whether on or off the stage. Every Actor resembles a servant out of place, inasmuch as he is always on the look-out for a first-rate situation. We will now consider his position on the stage—taking for granted that the stage is elevated to about its usual height above the level of the orchestra.

Now, Gentlemen, let us consider "position on the stage." Position on the stage is not a social question, it is simply artistic. What is to be his position off the stage depends entirely on himself. If he has had the advantages of a Public School and University Education, then he commences on an equal footing with most of the "aristocracy and gentry," and a considerable proportion of the so-called liberal professions. There are true Gentlemen in all grades of society, from the Courtier to the Costermonger; so the social question may be dismissed, once and for all, with this remark, that Actor or Artist, unless he has consorted as a boy on equal terms with the "Swells," who subsequently admit him within their charmed circle, is in danger of "kootooing" to such leaders of contemporary fashion as affect to patronise and charitably tolerate those, who, but for their success in their art, would be among the great unclassified; for though the Actor is a "Professional" Actor, and the Artist a "Professional" Artist, and the Author a "Professional Writer," yet neither Stage, nor Painting, nor Literature is ranked as a profession, to be recognised equally with the Church, the Law, the Army or Navy. So to resume.

The Actor is sufficiently accustomed to the inquiry, "What will he stand?" but he cannot always so readily reply to the question, "How he will stand, or where he will stand."

Let it be the purpose of this day's lecture to consider seriously the elementary rules of our noble dramatic art for the study of which this glorious College was founded.

Rule 1st.—Always take the centre of the stage. Should anybody else be there before you, get in front of him. Your object being to be heard and seen by the audience, it is your duty to place yourself in as prominent a position as possible.

This elementary principle is equally applicable to Supers who have a line to speak, as, for

instance—"My Lord, the carriage waits." Let us take this line as an example. What does the conscientious study of these words involve?

First—By whom are they uttered?

Secondly—To whom are they uttered?

Thirdly—The place where they are uttered.

Fourthly—The time when they are uttered.

Fifthly—The occasion of their utterance.

To begin with these considerations:—

First—They are uttered by a servant.

Secondly—To his master.

Thirdly—In the drawing-room.

Fourthly—Morning.

Fifthly—To lead to an effective exit.

Now observe, the Conscientious Artist, who happens to be cast for the part, will at once ask himself, "What sort of a servant am I to represent? Am I to be old or young, or middle-aged? Am I to increase my height? Am I to be an upright servant, or a humpbacked servant? Am I devoted to my master as my benefactor, or do I detest him as a purse-proud tyrant? or is his existence a matter of the most profound indifference to me?" All this is implied in the one word "study."

Supposing we adopt as a theory that this servant, whom our Conscientious Artist has to represent, is bound by ties of the strongest gratitude to his master. Then he will throw great

tenderness into his glance, and will deliver the line—"My Lord, the carriage waits,"—with such intensity, such evidently suppressed emotion, and such affectionate fervour, as to bring tears to the eyes of the audience.

On the other hand, suppose the servant to be nourishing a secret hate of the nobleman whose livery he wears, how different will be his reading of the line! He will enter the room oppressed by a sense of slavery, he will glower round on all the signs of wealth and luxury which only serve to remind him of his servitude, and, as he calls to mind that the very announcement he has come to make does but recall to him that he perforce must walk while others ride, he will convey to the audience by one aside scowl, one short sharp clenching of his fist on the side away from his master, by the dilated nostril, and by his cutting tone, the depth of hate that underlies the words—"My Liege, the carriage waits."

Yet again. The Conscientious Artist must inquire at head quarters, that is, of the author, for all particulars, and if the author be unable to convey his own meaning, or, if he have no meaning to convey, then the actor must do the best he can, and create a character for himself.

He can, for example, be a faithful old domestic who weeps whenever he sees any of the family in whose service he has spent the best years of his life, in which case he will struggle in a broken voice through the words—

"My Liege—the carriage—waits!"—as though this came welling up from an overcharged heart, and then, when unobserved—for he would not distress the family or their visitors—he will sob in corners, hit his chest, shake his head spasmodically, gulp down his emotion, and finally, when dismissed by his master with the words—

"Tell them I come,"—he will burst into tears, silent unobtrusive tears, and exit.

If the servant belongs to a gloomy household, let him be the only gay and cheerful being in it, and let him say, with a cheerful smile, and in a hearty voice,

"My Lord, the carriage waits!"—as though the vehicle were there to take his master out to a pic-nic, a dance, a dinner, a five o'clock tea, or a party of pleasure.

Such hints as the above will suggest many other questions, and go to show how much there is for "study," even in the very smallest, and apparently least important part.

The foregoing may be taken as a slight suggestion for the theme of an elementary lecture. We will return to the lectures in a future chapter.

At the Dramatic College there will be an examination for all the *dramatis personae* in every piece, involving a knowledge of History, Geography, Music, Grammar, &c. &c.

For instance, take the model farce, *Box and Cox*. There are only three characters in it. The Examination-paper for the three people playing this would be something of this sort:—

1. Who was *Box*? Who was *Cox*? What data have you for their ages?

2. What was *Mrs. Bouncer's* ostensible employment? Would *Mrs. Siddons*, at any time of her career, have been justified in refusing this part? If so, state when, and give your reasons.

3. Is there any ground for the supposition that *Mrs. Bouncer* was a widow? If not, who was *Mr. Bouncer*?

4. What was *Penelope Anne's* married name?

5. State the peculiar relations existing between *Box*, *Cox*, *Penelope Anne*, and point out their bearing on the situations.

6. Sketch *Box's* costume, giving your reasons for so dressing him. Do the same for *Cox*. What should be *Box's* "make-up"? What *Cox's*? State your reasons.

7. What were the sleeping arrangements for *Box* and *Cox*, about which *Mrs. Bouncer* had to be so peculiarly careful?

8. Give a list of the properties, stage and personal, required for this farce. Specify the *entrées*. Of what would they be composed?

9. Is "A Set" necessary? Or can *Box* and *Cox* be played with a "pair of flats"? If not, why not?

10. State what doors and windows are "practicable" in the scene. Give your reasons. Describe the position of the place where *Cox* kept his hats? From where did he fetch his tea-things?

11. Where was the other vacant room in *Mrs. Bouncer's* house?

12. Give *Box's* own account of how he became possessed of the tossing shilling, and state your moral deductions therefrom as affecting the representation of this character.

13. In your judgment, as influencing the reading of the character, could *Cox* really fight or not? What would be his attitude on either supposition?

14. Who was *Mr. Knox*? Is there any reason for supposing that either *Box*, or *Cox*, had any prior acquaintance with this gentleman?

15. What were the grounds of identification of *Cox* as *Box's* long-lost Brother? What dramatic action do you consider as absolutely necessary to this situation?

From this it will be evident how much there is to be learnt by the Dramatic Student, and taught by the Professor, who must himself possess a practical knowledge of what he is talking about.*



PROFESSOR MAWLEY HAND-IN-GLOVE WITH HENRY IRVING, Esq.

* The amiable and enthusiastic Professor MORLEY takes every opportunity he can get of lecturing on the Stage, but has he ever written a piece—stage-managed a piece—or even played any one of the three parts in *Box and Cox*, including *Mrs. Bouncer*? "No? then, come on!"

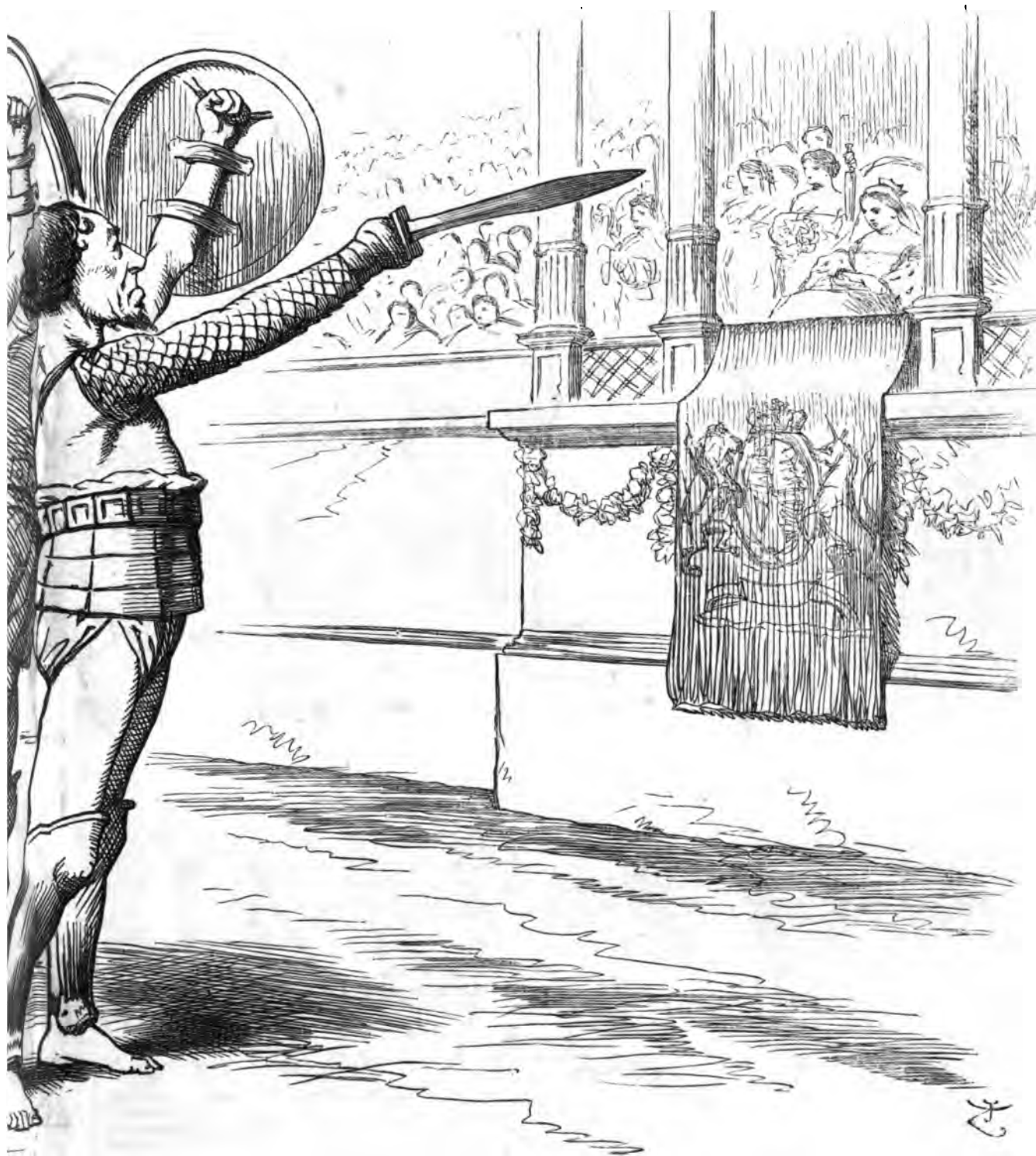
P.S.—Since writing this, I have read *The Theatre* (a Magazine chiefly for the Theatrical Profession) for this month, wherein I find that Professor MORLEY, having set the ball rolling, now modestly and wisely retires, leaving the game to be kept alive by the professional players. Good. I am appeased, I am mollified—I should say Morley-fied. Farewell, Professor!

IF WORDS WERE THINGS.—The new expedition to the Pole—a mere Cheyne Walk!



“MORITURI T

(THE LAST SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT



TE SALUTANT!”

NT OF 1874 OPENS FEBRUARY THE 5TH, 1880.)



MUSIC AT HOME.

ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE THAT PROFESSIONAL VOCALISTS (EVEN IF NOT FIRST-RATE) HAVE OVER AMATEURS, IS THAT THEY HAVE LEARNT AT LEAST HOW TO OPEN THEIR MOUTHS, AND SAY THEIR WORDS DISTINCTLY, AND USE THE APPROPRIATE DRAMATIC ACTION. BEHOLD, FOR INSTANCE, THE SIGNORA ROBINSONIO (NÉE JONES), AS SHE DECLAIMS THE OPENING BARS OF A PLAINTIVE LITTLE BALLAD ABOUT LOVE AND ESTRANGEMENT, BEGINNING "STRAANGERS YET"—(WHICH THE SIGNORA, BY THE BYE, PRONOUNCES "SUTTÄHRRRAINGEERS YETTÄ!") SO THAT, AT ALL EVENTS, THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE LANGUAGE, AS IS SO OFTEN THE CASE WITH AMATEURS).

"MORITURI TE SALUTANT!"

Opening of the Seventh and last Session of the Parliament of Seventy-Four.

'Tis come, the last fight of the Seven, and mustered for *mêlée* once more
Behold in the ancient arena the fighters parade as of yore;
Their weapons fresh furnished and sharpened, their armour tight buckled and trim,

The fire of desire for the fray flaming high in each firmly-braced limb.
Some old, but all bold and all brave, though the battle may well be their last;
Though no more the bright blade they may wield, swing the net, or the sharp trident cast.

Lo, where the Secutor stands firm, though the touch of stern Time's on his brow;
Retiarius alert and elastic beside him, with front like a prow,
And eyes like a gallant ship's bow-lights defiance that flash o'er the wave,
Both keen for the fight as of old, stout as skilful and wary as brave.
There is Lucidus, Saxon-faced master of tongue-fence, who never feared foe,
Abundant in praises of peace, yet not prompter at word than at blow.
And arrayed with them younger, less practised yet promising slips at the game,
All keen to flesh steel in live muscle, now wooden-sword-practice grows tame.
The Oxonian sworder, the point of whose blade is so bright and so keen,
And white-crested Humitis, trenchant of thrust, and in parrying clean,—
All ready and steady and fearless; and now, as the combat's at hand,
They parade and salute their crowned Empress. No more in such guise may this band
Of Gladiatorial champions assemble, for fight:—their array
We never shall look on again as the populace sees it to-day.

At length the septennial season of sinewy struggle must end;
And who knows to whose brow at its ending Success
shall its aureole lend?
Or who in the fight à outrance, or by strength or by skill
overborne,
Shall in vain hold the hand up for mercy amidst the
crowd's coldness or scorn?
Morituri! Too true! for the Session, now moribund, draws
to its close,
Which has shown us so many encounters of famous and
fairly-matched foes.
But still, even yet in the Ring shall the lovers of battle
behold
Brave flashing and slashing and feinting and fencing as
brilliant as bold.
Meanwhile, in the pause before conflict, the multitude
breathless and mute,
Look on as the fairly-matched champions, mustered,
parade, and salute!

LIGHT OR DARK?

WHAT is the value of historical testimony in the face of the directest collision of evidence on a fact of yesterday? Who shall decide when eyesights disagree? Here is *Times* Correspondent No. 1 writing to say that in the late fog the electric lights on Waterloo Bridge were all but invisible twenty yards off, and decidedly gave far less illumination than our old yellow-faced friends, the much maligned gas lamps.

Next day, we have Correspondents No. 2 and 3 writing to give No. 1 the lie direct.

On the same day, at the same hour, in the same place, and swathed in the same fog whence No. 1 uttered his experience, No. 2 "was astonished at the power and superiority of the electric light." Not only did it pierce the dense fog, but while immediately under it, he tested its power by reading the labels on his luggage with perfect ease, while under the gas-lamps it was comparatively dark.

The same day, to the same paper, No. 3 writes from the *Athenæum* to the same effect:—

"I was struck with the diffusion of the electric light as compared with the gas lamps, and though it is true that, as points of light, there did not appear to be any great difference in the distances at which they could be respectively seen, the moment an electric burner was approached the difference in light was very sensible, and appeared to be uniformly diffused. I was congratulating myself as I walked along that we had at last got something which could make an impression even on London fog."

Surely after this, *Punch* may safely say, "Two to one on the Electric Light."

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

(In the Haymarket.)

New face, indeed! In fog's spite looking sunny,
Your *Money* brings the crowd, the crowd its money;
Nor is the *Money* put upon the stage,
So much as that spent in the House, the rage.
All's clean: a dirt-speak seek and you'll not find it,
Before the "float," or, stranger still, behind it.
The Actors in their rooms—odd sight to see!—
Ladies and Gentlemen at home might be.
The Green Room—where, till now, was such thing seen,
Save at St. James's?—is as fresh as green.
With the Pit gone upstairs, all's upside down,
All pictures, Morris-green, and sagest brown:
The theatre, sans Pit, is now one Gallery;
Taste takes a rise—and so, let's hope, does salary.
The house no "papering" needs, whilst thus you paint it:
Serene Stall-air—no breath o' the Pit to taint it.
Style pure enough for o'en Burne-Jones ascetics—
Before, behind, all High Art and *Esthetics*!
Money at your bills' backs, as on the face of them;
Two BANCROFTS, with no Bankruptcy in chase of them;
If the old Haymarket is not renewed—
Punch never wrote, and new views ne'er were viewed!

A PLUCKY THING TO DO. Get up for an Exam. without cramming.



DISENCHANTMENT.

(All along of this awful Weather.)

The Captain (who had taken charge of blooming Beginner). "ONCE MORE ROUND!"

Fair Novice (they had been careering about, without a break, for twenty minutes). "OH, DO STOP NOW, CAPTAIN BOWLDRIDGE, AND LET GO MY HANDS! I MUST BLOW MY NOSE!"

GIRTON GIRLS AND LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

"THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, CAMBRIDGE.—There was considerable excitement at Girton College yesterday over the reported success of one of its young lady students in the Mathematical Tripos. The Moderators and Examiners have for years allowed their papers to be worked by the Girton students who have kept the proper number of terms simultaneously with the ordinary University students; and they have also looked over the answers, and indicated the places that would have been attained by the young ladies in the general competition. This year a Girton student was reported to have attained the position of eighth wrangler, and great was the pride at Girton. The fact seems to have become known in the University, as we are told that upon the reading of the list in the Senate-house some of those present shouted out the name of the Girton competitor when the eighth place was reached. It is not stated whether the young lady had the advantage of the private tuition of Mr. ROUTH, enjoyed by all high wranglers."

BRAVO the gallant Undergraduate who "bracketed" the "Girton Girl" with the eighth male wrangler!

And the honour falls pat as pleasant. A Girton Girl as good as Eighth Wrangler, just at the moment that the gates of the Royal Academy—so long closed against Mistresses of Arts—have once more opened to the sex, which Sir JOSHUA was too much of a gentleman not to honour in the fair persons of the accomplished artist he so prettily christened "Miss ANGEL," and MARY MOSER, great in flowers as the Mrs. ANGEL of our own time.

Mrs. BUTLER, *née* ELIZABETH THOMPSON, *Punch* takes off his hat to you as the first Lady-Associate. Your predecessors, ANGELICA and MARY, sprang into being, full-blown R.A.'s.

This is as it should be. At last *Punch* may say, and with pride he says it, the Ladies are looking up—looking up to the high places of Science and Art, which should never have been held beyond their reach, and which will be graced by their occupancy.

But when the Academy doors are reopened to the Ladies, let them be opened to their full width. Let us not hear of any petty restrictions or exclusions from this or that function or privilege of R.A. What these letters bring men, let them bring women. ¶ If

there be any phase of Academic work, or Academic play, in which the presence of Lady R.A.'s would make male R.A.'s uncomfortable, let them trust the Ladies' good taste to keep them away. But let the honour be given, unstinted and unconditioned.

And bravo again to the Butler who is the first to draw this "wine of honour" for her sisters!

In the face of these well-won concessions of "Women's Rights," the complaint of "A Lancashire Witch," who writes to *Punch* in protest against the persistent claims of Miss LYDIA BECKER and her noble army of Spinsters, for the admission of single womanhood to share the political burdens of mankind, as married, she shares his other troubles, falls somewhat flat. The Lancashire Witch writes from Manchester, where the shrill Sisterhood seem to have been shriller than usual of late. But no Lancashire Witch need fear to be mixed up with "The Representative Gathering" of vote-claiming Spinsters, which Miss LYDIA BECKER threatens to bring down on the Free Trade Hall. Witches who know whence comes the real potency of their charms will certainly not seek to mix voting-powder in the cauldron.

But let our Lancashire Witch speak for herself:—

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I appeal to you, as a Gentleman, to take up your pen in behalf of the Ladies of Lancashire.

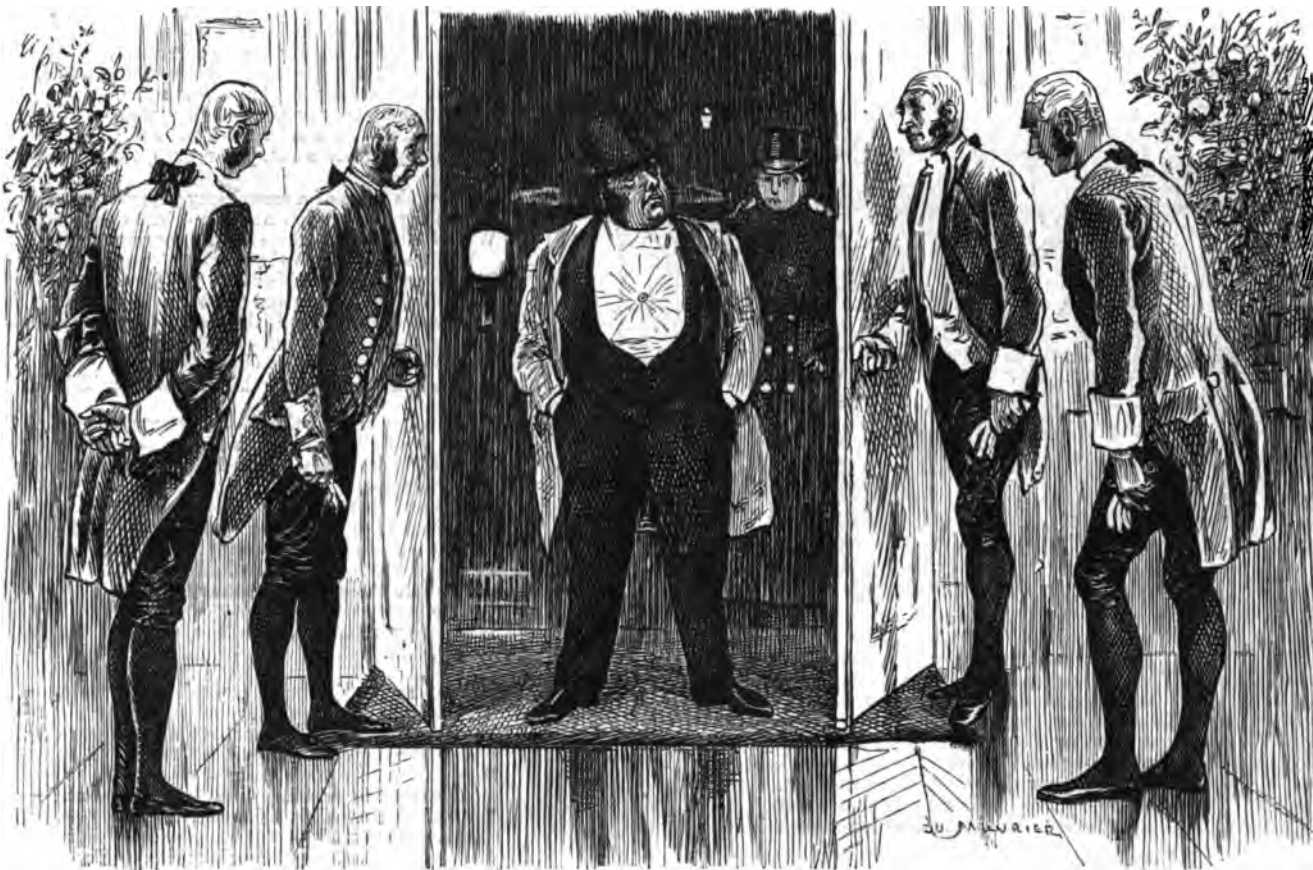
"Miss LYDIA BECKER has a number of Spinsters down here to make speeches on the Woman's Suffrage Question, and she pledges herself and them that the Free Trade Hall Meeting shall be a truly representative gathering of the women of this district. I assure you Miss BECKER's followers are chiefly Ladies of her own pronounced politics, or semi-foreigners, and not Englishwomen *pur et simple*.

"We are content to leave our rights to our Husbands and Brothers; and if you could find Miss BECKER and her compeers a husband each, through your advertising columns, you would confer a benefit on Society, and have the life-long gratitude of

Yours,

A LANCASHIRE WITCH."

THE WAY TO COOK VENISON.—Inquire of Mr. BUCKMASTER.



THE HEIGHT OF MAGNIFICENCE.

Sir Gorgius Midas. "HULLO! WHERE'S ALL THE REST OF YER GONE TO!"

Head Footman. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR GORGIUS, AS IT WAS PAST TWO O'CLOCK, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHETHER YOU WAS COMING BACK HERE, OR GOING TO SLEEP IN THE CITY, THE HOTHER FOOTMEN THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED——"

Sir Gorgius. "'THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED,' DID THEY! A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS, INDEED! SO THAT IF I'D A 'APPEENED TO BROUGHT 'OME A FRIEND, THERE'D A' ONLY BEEN YOU FOUR TO LET US BIN, HAY!"

HEADS OR TAILS?—A LEADING QUESTION.

"LORD HARTINGTON leader? Pooh, pooh! he is led By GLADSTONE, a man who is quite off his head; Mad GLADSTONE, that eloquent plague of these islands, Is led by Rad CHAMBERLAIN aided by RYLANDS; Whilst they, in their turn, find their leaders and foolsers In PARNELL and BIGGAR, the roaring Home Rulers. Thus bringing the lot of us under *their* yoke!" So SANDON—he swears it is *not* "a mere joke." One thing the sage Lord has omitted to tell, That is, who is leader of Mr. PARNELL! But, doubtless, to make this new bogey complete, From the crown of its head to the sole of its feet, He'd say the last link in this long chain of evil Must be the first Whig—who we know was the Devil; And then poor Old England all hope may abandon— At least that's the view of the sapient SANDON. Alas! 'tis no wonder stout Tories turn pale Thus to see those dashed Liberals "led by the tail." But in this *they* 'll ne'er follow the lead of their foes— They prefer—ask Lord S.—to be led—by the nose!

The Study for Foggy Weather.

If we wish to carry out the Socratic precept to know "Our-selves," the lesson is now read nightly at the Vaudeville Theatre. There, where the crowd of London once for thousands of nights sat to study *Our Boys*, we can now study that still more interesting book, in three Volumes, *Ourselves*. Happy thought happily embodied! They were in a bit of a fog the first night—on the stage as off it—all over the house. Since then there has been considerable clearing up, both in the weather and the performance.

MORE LAMP-LIGHT WANTED.

GLAD of all that throws light on the need of a cheap and easy bit of Ædific improvement, *Punch* reprints the experience of a correspondent of the *Times* in proof of the good of street-names on street-lamps in the late Cimmerian weather:—

"Sir,—I was obliged to drive from Sydenham to London two nights ago; the fog was very dense; the coachman lost his way twice; but when we got into the line of streets, such as Walworth Road and Newington Causeway, the names of which were painted on the lamps, we had no further difficulty; we, however, went wrong again as soon as we got into streets in which the lamps were without names.

It would be very inexpensive to paint the names of the streets on all lamps, and would be a boon to all who have to move about both in fogs and on ordinary dark nights.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, S. F. P.

Unseasonable Munificence.

WHAT! Subscribe to another proposed Arctic Expedition now that the Irish need every penny we can afford over and above what is wanted for a Testimonial to ROWLAND HILL? Think of promoting one more voyage to the North Pole—in such weather as this, too! No, indeed. We are too far North already. Yet Lord DERBY isn't, for Lancashire man as he is, he has put his name down for a hundred pounds to Commander CHEYNE's last act of Balloonacy.

SOMETHING LIKE A WARNER.—Good news for Sir WILFRID LAWSON (*vide* Sandwich-men *passim*)—"LAST NIGHTS OF DRINK!"

ERRATUM.—In *Whitaker's* (usually correct), *Ahnack* (p. 367), "Funerals are exempt from tolls."

FROST AND FOG.



QUOTE Frost to Fog, "As chill as a frog,
And as moist to boot, you're as dull and dumb;
You are limp and low. I'm all a-glow—
As gay and glad some as you are glum.
In my silver livery I clothe the trees,
And frame the streams in my sheets of glass,
And if old fogies' blood I freeze,
I quicken young pulses of lad and lass,
And from furry hood and soft cloud-rack
Bright faces to old Jack Frost laugh back!

"And what if I nip from their dried-up stalk
Of ancient and o'er-blown lives some score?"

Or into *décolleté* Beauties walk,
From the sill of the stifling ball-room door?
Or catch round the waist a buxom maid,
As o' mornings the doorstep she washes down,
With never a wrap but her cobweb cap,
And her flimsy rag of a cotton gown?
If you didn't relish old Jack Frost's nip,
Why lay yourselves out, you rogues, for his grip?

"'Tis with more of a scruple my nippers I close
On the pale and delicate shop-girl's chest,
Who the blast must bide by the carriage side,
While she waits on the lady-customers' hest.
The thinner they're skinned, I and friend East Wind,
The bigger our bag and the better our sport:
The more daintily bred, the sooner they're sped—
Your stove-heated pale-blooded shop-girl sort!
The only bore is that no choice is there,
If to me and East Wind their heads they'll bare.

"But, after all, 'tis the Skates are my pumps,
And my ball-room *par excellence* is the ice;
And if Ducks come by duckings, and Swells by
thumps,
Now and then, all own it's 'awfully nice.'
And cheeks laugh red and eyes laugh bright
Under old Jack Frost's stinging salute—
In the Arctic regions 'tis called a bite,
But here the old fellow is far too cute
To bite pretty noses and rosy ears
When they're bared to his kiss, without scruples or
fears.

"But for you, Master Fog, you're a sorry dog—
Whether black or whitey-brown's your wear—
When in soot-smelling mantle the earth you clog,
And bar the light and poison the air.
Bronchitis and Asthma your steps attend,
To arrest the wretches whom you may doom—
Your cloak over all is a funeral pall,
And your walk's pretty certain to end in a tomb;
And no mirth of mood or quickening of blood
Have you to reckon, like me, to the good."

THE BRITISH MODUS VIVENDI.

A DELIGHTFUL and, as usual, diaphanous address, delivered the other day by Cardinal NEWMAN at Birmingham, to an assembly of Roman Catholics, thus concludes:—

"I will only say, in conclusion, that, though Englishmen are much more friendly to us as individuals, I see nothing to make me think they are more friendly to our religion. They do not, indeed, believe as they once believed, that our religion is so irrational that a man who professes it must be wanting either in honesty or in wit; but this is not much to grant, for the great question remains to decide, whether it is possible for a country to continue any long time in the unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it. One would expect that either dislike of the religion would create an unfriendly feeling towards its followers, or friendship towards its followers would insure goodwill towards the religion. How this problem will be solved is one of the secrets of the future."

Does Cardinal NEWMAN think that Englishmen are very unfriendly towards his religion and that of his condisciples? Englishmen do not, perhaps, many if any of them, exactly know what that religion is. The majority may possibly, however, trust that they know what it is not. No doubt they are mostly assured it is not the same religion as that which inspired Queen MARY and actuated GUY FAWKES. They do not imagine its present professors with whom they are friendly, as Cardinal NEWMAN describes them, *solidaires* with TORQUEMADA. Even a typical British ultra-Protestant now perhaps hardly believes the actual faith of his existing Roman Catholic neighbours to be the same as that faith the highest act of which in Spain, and the New World, was avowedly an *auto-da-fé*.

A denomination is one thing, a persuasion another, in the sight of ordinary Protestant Britons—North Britons perhaps not excepted. Members of all denominations between whom and ourselves the difference mainly lies in theological metaphysics—the region of the unintelligible—agree to differ. They object little to a religion which now causes none of their fellow-countrymen to conspire against the Constitution, or render themselves otherwise offensive to those about them. They dislike it for themselves, but only in theory, just as they dislike any other religion besides their own; yet in some cases difference of opinion, with Quakers for example, never alters friendship; and if that is so with these Sectarians, the reason why it shouldn't be so with others, as Roman Catholics, is a problem whose solution is a secret of the present, and may be one of the secrets of the future.

An Englishman's national dwelling-place is Liberty Hall—especially Religious Liberty Hall. He is content to share it with everybody who will make himself at home and agreeable there; nay, even with Sabbatarians who would make themselves disagreeable if suffered to have their own way. It is only people who wish to do that from a fanatical motive, whom he dislikes, as well as their persuasion and way.

WOOD AND WATER.

THE Duke of BUCCLEUGH will bear comparison with Jupiter in one respect. Having constituted numerous faggot-voters in Mid-Lothian for electoral purposes, he may reasonably swear by the Styx.

SIGNS OF THE SKATING SEASON.—More Icicles than Bicycles.

"THAT'S HOW THE MONEY GOES!"

PUNCH is glad to set at rest the minds of his many Correspondents who want to subscribe to the Rowland Hill Fund, but either fear as to its appropriation, or do not know how to set about sending their contributions.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—Referring to the letter of your Correspondent signed "AN ADMIRER OF SIR ROWLAND HILL," and your own note appended thereto, I shall feel obliged if you will state in your next issue that it was early decided, and so reported in the public papers, that the Fund raised should be applied to the succour of aged and distressed Post-Office employees, their Widows and Orphans, and that no "*brick and mortar*" Institution should be erected.

This resolution, which means that Widows shall be allowed to "keep their children at home, and educate them as they like," has been adhered to throughout.

Will you also kindly let the world know that at every chief Post-Office (nearly 1000 in all) there are subscription lists and collecting books, and that every Postmaster in the United Kingdom is authorised to receive donations of *One Penny* and upwards on behalf of the Fund.

Numerous painful cases are brought to the knowledge of the Committee daily, to which the Benevolent Fund will be applicable, and for which no provision could possibly be made by a general measure such as the Superannuation Act.

I am, &c.,

JAMES WHITEHEAD,

The Hon. Secretary of the Mansion House
Rowland Hill Fund.

Mansion House, Jan. 26, 1880.



JUVENILE PARTIES.

(What they are getting to.)

Madeline (aged Four). "WHAT DO YOU THINK, GERALD! WE'RE TO BE FETCHED FROM THE BROWNS' AT HALF-PAST NINE! IT SAYS SO ON THE CARD!"

Gerald (aged Five). "No!—WHAT A SHAME! I VOTED WE DON'T GO!"
[Seconded and carried unanimously.]

AN "O. P." (OR OLD PIT) ROW AT THE HAYMARKET.

(By a be-fogged Old Fogey, perhaps.)

SIR.—Let me appear for the People—the people done out of their old Haymarket Pit.

At a time when Operatic Managers are reducing prices and abrogating restrictions, so as to bring their entertainment within reach of the million—when they are doing so much to popularise the Lyric Stage, and giving the best representation at the smallest possible prices, the Theatrical Managers who honestly desire the elevation of the Stage, and who, by the restoration of careful rehearsal and attention to details, have effected so much for the good of Dramatic Art, are doing their best to unpopularise the Theatre, and to give to one small select opulent class what was meant for the public at large.

Yes, Mr. BANCROFT, Sir, I respectfully address you in the name of the Theatre-going Public. I do not doubt your good intentions, with which the Haymarket is ornamented; but if you cannot afford to keep up the Haymarket Pit, you ought never to have taken the Haymarket Theatre.

Don't be under any mistake, my excellent Manager. Give us less *bric-à-brac*, give us less costly properties, sacrifice some of your ultra-devotion to realism, and give us instead reasonable prices all over the house, and restore that venerable institution, the Pit of the Haymarket.

If Paterfamilias wants to go to the theatre nowadays he has to consider the matter seriously. Young Masters CRUTCH and TOOTH-PRICK, with their sisters, the Misses ELSKIN, won't go anywhere else than in the Stalls. The Stalls are fashionable, and St. James's and the Haymarket (under Bancroftian management), are fashionable theatres. The young people like to visit the fashionable theatres; but if they do, they will go in the fashionable places, and

pay the fashionable prices. Do they go out of love of the Drama? Not a bit. They go to be seen, and to see, and to say they've been. They go the Stalls of the fashionable theatres as they will go to the Stalls at the Italian Opera in the season. Do they care one whit more for Music than they do for the Drama? No. Poor Paterfamilias with stalls at ten shillings a-piece, can't get through his one evening's entertainment much under a five-pound note, and though his family may have the exquisite pleasure of getting a glimpse of Royalty in a box, of nodding to a titled club acquaintance—whom young CRUTCH will proudly point out to his sisters,—of meeting the DR PONSOMBY SMITHS, of seeing the fashionable beauties, and hearing (probably in whispers during the performance) the fashionable scandals, yet poor Paterfamilias himself will not have experienced such intellectual pleasure as will recompense him in any degree for his outlay, nor will it strike him that his children have been morally improved by the visit.

The Manager will probably say that one success at these prices will recoup him for any previous losses, and that as long as the public will pay his charges, so long is he justified in making them.

The public, however, will not go on paying his charges. A portion of the public may do so, whose pockets are not inconvenienced by having to pay dearly for luxuries; but even these will find the prices high for *bric-à-brac* and realistic properties, and when they withdraw the attraction of their fashionable presence, then the snobs, who only went for the sake of the nobles, will go too, and your stalls, on which you depended, will be empty—empty, as the majority of their former occupants,—and then what have you to look to? A Pit? No. That you chased away. A Dress Circle? No. That you made expensive and unfashionable? A Gallery? Oh, dear, no, you never played to a Gallery. Private Boxes? Yes—for friends; and Upper Circle for "orders."

The Manager will reply, that a successful piece will bring them all back again. Not all. Your former patrons will be chary of returning; and that public, which you have disregarded and which you have driven away by your high prices, will have found some other amusement, will have lost what taste it had for the Drama, and, feeling no sort of interest in your success or failure, will leave you and your theatres to take care of themselves, to sink or swim, as best you can.

Mr. Manager BANCROFT, you were sufficiently sensible to refuse a public testimonial when you felt you had done nothing to deserve it. You have had your TURNERELLI, and you have wisely rejected, as did our PREMIER before you, and CÆSAR before him, a crown—now, take this opportunity of doing a gracious act, and, as you have "restored" the Haymarket Theatre, go a step farther, and restore the Pit. And, Messieurs Managers, lower your expenses and your prices all round. Give us less costly realism, and more real acting. Encourage the public to visit your theatres frequently at what may be called popular prices. Let each house have its speciality, giving the public the best of its kind. All houses have not Companies for Comedy, nor all for Tragedy, nor all for Drama, nor all for Burlesque, Pantomime, or Spectacles,—just as in the vast public, not everyone cares for Tragedy, not everyone for Comedy, and so on. There is a large class who would not thank you to be taken gratis to the best seat in the house to witness the best possible representation of any one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays. There is a large class which prefers Tragedy to Comedy, and is intolerant of Farce and Burlesque. There is again a large class which asks only to be made to laugh, and who, coming from their business, trade, or profession, and from their troubles and worries, prefer laughter, and sparkle, and nonsense, and music, and dances, to the greatest dramatic intellectual treat that could be provided for them. *Chacun d son goût*—but no one wishes to pay exorbitantly for what he would take as a frequent relaxation, and so Managers of all theatres, be their speciality what it may, will do well, in view of popular support, to reduce their prices all round.

I remain, Mr. BANCROFT and Gentlemen,

"THE PEOPLE'S BILL" OF THE PLAY.

[This is one view of the matter. It is obvious there is another.—Mr. P.'s Note.]

DISAGREEABLE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

"The SULTAN is suffering from indisposition, and the dinner which His Majesty intended giving in honour of Sir HENRY LAYARD is postponed until Sunday.

"The Ottoman Bank having declined to continue paying the salaries of the Turkish Ambassadors abroad, the Porte is making arrangements for the payments to be effected through other banks."—*Turkish News*.

LET us hope that the SULTAN'S indisposition is nothing worse than an indisposition to receive the British Ambassador. Or can it be that as the Ottoman Bank has stopped the Ambassadors' salaries, the Stamboul butchers have again stopped the supplies to the SULTAN'S purveyors, and that no dinner was forthcoming?



THURSDAY, Feb. 5.—Our Opening Day. The Fog, which had done its darkest on Wednesday, made way for HER MAJESTY'S progress, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, through loyal greetings from the Sun and the London Lieges.

Only one hitch occurred when a steed of the State team "got his head out of the collar." The Opposition complain that the Leader



THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE CHAIR.

Chairman of Home-Rule Meeting. "‘THE CHAIR’ WILL NOT DISPUTE THE POINT WITH MISTHER O’PUMMEL—"
The O’Pummel. "‘THE CHAIR’ HAD BETTER NOT, UNLESS HE LOIKES TO STIP OUT, AND TAKE HIS COAT OFF!!’"

[Confusion—Excuse fighting.]

of the State team HAS had his head out of the collar for some time past. And one reason for their anxiety for a change of whips is to prevent anything of the kind for the future.

But with the bright sunshine and loyal lieges, and the show of fair Ladies in the House of Lords, ended the brilliance of the day's work. The Speech—"one of the most solemn of public documents"—("we thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word") was one of the emptiest examples of its solemn order within *Punch's* memory—which embraces a goodly collection of the Queen's shillings; for if speech is silver, Queen's speeches are Queen's shillings.

The rules observed in its concoction seem to have been—as to words—"least said soonest mended;" and—as to acts—"least promised, easiest performed."

Considering the hot-pokerish nature of the subjects to be handled, as Turkish Reforms, Afghan Invasion, South-African Wars, and their upshots, what better rule could have been followed for words; and, considering what is likely to be the legislative strength of the moribund Commons, what wiser caution could have been observed as to acts?

It is no doubt pleasant to know—if anybody had yet to learn—

That HER MAJESTY's foreign relations are friendly. (*More shame to them if they were not.*)

That events—if not Sovereigns and Statesmen—tend to furnish additional security for the maintenance of European Peace, "on the Principles of the Treaty of Berlin." (*A ticklish feat of international balancing.*)

That much remains to be done in Turkey. (*We should have thought that little or nothing remained to be "done" there, every-one and everything that was to be done having been done already.*)

That we have concluded a Convention for the suppression of the slave trade in the Ottoman dominions. (*When the slave trade is suppressed, call Mr. Punch to congratulate HER MAJESTY and HER MAJESTY's Ambassador at Constantinople, and HER MAJESTY's Foreign Office.*)

That the Treaty of Gandamak has not, unhappily, terminated the war in Afghanistan. (*Who thought it had—except Ministers?*)

That our Envoy has been treacherously murdered, and bloodily avenged—(*Facta est Justitia!*)

That the conduct of the campaign reflects the highest credit upon British and Native Forces. (*Provided Gen. ROBERTS's explanations as to his use of the noose prove satisfactory.*)

That the unsettled state of the country renders the withdrawal of our troops impossible for the present (*No doubt about it!*), but

That our principle of action remains unchanged. (*JOHN BULL will be glad to hear we have one.*)

That while determined to make our Indian frontier strong (*when we have found out where it is*), HER MAJESTY desires to be in friendly relations with those who may rule in Afghanistan (*when we discover who they are*), and with the people of the country (*when we have done exterminating them with fire and sword*).

That HER MAJESTY's anticipations as to the early termination of the war in Zululand have been fulfilled. (*Thanks to Sir GAERNET.*)

And that HER MAJESTY has reason to hope that the time is now approaching when an advance may be made towards South-African Confederation for purposes of Self-Government. (*Approach, by all means, you Good Time, so long in coming!*)

So much for Foreign Affairs.

And as for Domestic—

That the Commission of Inquiry into Agricultural Depression in the United Kingdom is pursuing its labours (*and, let us hope, overtaking its results*).

That a serious deficiency in the crops in some parts of Ireland has rendered necessary certain precautions (*rather late in the day, perhaps*)—such as calling on the Relief Authorities to make preparations for the distribution of food and fuel, should such a step become necessary (*we thought it had*), and stimulating the employment of labour by advances on terms more liberal than those prescribed by law.

That my Lords and Gentlemen will, no doubt, sanction this disregard of law in the interests of life.

That luckily the Church Surplus Fund is there to supplement English charity.

Then, in three brief paragraphs, HER MAJESTY trusts my Lords and Gentlemen will be able to resume the consideration of the Criminal Code, and the Amendment of Bankruptcy Law (*but not to carry Bills for either*).

Bills will be laid before my Lords and Gentlemen for enlarging the powers of Owners of Settled Land; for consolidating and amending the Lunacy Laws; and for simplifying the Practice of Conveyancing. (*Quite enough work, we should say, for an active and opening Session, instead of a weak and distracted one, on the verge of dissolution.*)

And so ends the last dying Speech of the Parliament of 1874.

(*In the Lords.*)—After the Address had been moved at a family pace by



Lord ONSLOW (*would he could have got on quicker!*), and seconded by Lord ROSEN (*would his father's telescope could be adjusted for the discovery of the right remedies for Irish discontent!*) an unusually spiritless attack was opened by Lord GRANVILLE, only redeemed by a pointed summary of the Opposition indictment of Ministers, which is worth *Punch's* reprinting:—

"However, whether we are to have a struggle unto death depends much upon our own policy. If our foreign policy is to be one of jerks and surprises; if when we touch the Eastern Question we sanction the material advance of Russia, and at the same time make ourselves equally detested by Russians, by Slavs, by Turks, and by Greeks; if in another continent we carry on a bloody and inglorious war, which, Ministers tell you, they not only did not order, but actually prohibited, and which they openly deplore; if in that

continent you annex settlers of a European race—a race as obstinate as ourselves—and after promising them freedom, announce that you mean to govern them despotically and to govern them for ever; if in India you disregard all the lessons of experience and all the best recent advice, and pour out blood and treasure on a mountainous district, which you absolutely manure as a hotbed for hostile intrigues, and which it is equally difficult to remain in or to retire from; if you think to govern the whole world by phrases—defiant phrases periodically produced, now in a dead, now in a living language, and which daily collect around them an increasing flavour of ridicule,—I do not know that a struggle unto death may not be nearer than is supposed. But if, on the other hand, your policy is firm and conciliatory, not saying more than you mean to perform, and if you adhere to what you say; if you jealously protect yourself from real injury and insult; if, while requiring respect, you fully respect the rights of others; if you shew that you do not covet the lands of others, but throw all the weight of your influence in the European councils in favour of justice, of freedom, and of peace, I have such confidence in the geographical position, the maritime resources, the accumulated wealth, the free institutions, and the spirit of this people, that I do not believe that it will be the interest or the wish of our neighbours to engage us in a struggle, or that the struggle, if it came, would be a struggle unto death."

This ushered in an unusually pointless reply by Lord BRACONSFIELD—*sans phrase*, strange to say; but for a peroration gravely informing the world that the issue of the Liverpool election is nothing less than the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. (*Which will be news to most of us.*) A rattling rejoinder by the Duke of ARBUTHNOT turned mainly on the alleged hanging of Afghans by General ROBERTS for no other crime than defending their country (*as to which startling charge Punch and England suspend their judgment till they hear what General ROBERTS has to say to it*).

The Duke blew up Sir HENRY RAWLINSON—Chairman of Foreign Relations in the Council of India—for publishing a paper recommending, *inter alia*, the transfer of Herat to Persia, and the guaranteeing of Persia against Russia; and Lord LYTTON, or some one in his confidence, or some one in the confidence of the Home Government—(*rather vague this, your Grace*)—for communicating to the *Daily News* a secret telegram from the Government, directing another appeal to SHEER ALI before proceeding to war. This drew a sharp counter from Lord CRANBROOK, in the course of which he said the Duke had forfeited his title as a statesman by impugning the conduct of the Governor-General without having the facts before him. This second stage of the Lords debate was as lively as the first had been dull. The MACALLUM MORE and the CRANBROOK Pet are both sparring who hit as hard in their Peers' "mufflers" as cooler fighters with their naked "mauleys," and rarely fail to tap each other's claret.

(*In the Commons.*)—Business was preceded by the usual processional parade of the Hobbies (filling a close-printed column and a half of the *Times*), among which Mr. WHEELHOUSE figured, in great force, with his team of rather oddly matched Bills.

For the better Education of the Deaf and Dumb.

For a Criminal Code.

For the Election of Aldermen by a Cumulative Vote.

For a Select Committee to consider the Commercial Relations between England and Foreign Nations, &c., &c.

The Debate on the Address was very discreetly moved by Colonel MORAY (Perthshire), very indiscreetly seconded by Mr. CORRY (Belfast), discussed by Lord HARTINGTON in a more lengthy than lively *resumé* of the worst that has been said in extra-Parliamentary Opposition utterances of the Government's policy in Turkey, Afghanistan, and Zululand, and defended *tout bien que mal* by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Incidental criticisms from Sir CHARLES DILKE, Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. E. JENKINS, followed; then, by way of earnest of the woe to come, there was a squabble over the Adjournment of the Debate, moved by Mr. SHAW, supported by the Irish Members, and finally yielded by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at a Quarter to Twelve.

Friday (Lords).—The Employer and Workmen Bill promised for next Tuesday,—a note, not of war, let us hope, though reaching us by Lord DE LA WARR.

Medical Education (the Duke of RICHMOND told Lord RUPON) is to be taken up where it was left last Session.

Then their Lordships adjourned after the usual twenty minutes' chat.

(*Commons.*)—Sir H. D. WOLFF and Mr. STANHOPE got a great rise out of a find in the Indian archives—a

dispatch of 1869, in which the MACALLUM MORE had, with his own illustrious hand, tacked the title of "Empress of India" to that of Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. A capital illustration how "coming events cast their shadows before," and a fair crow for Ministers.

Correspondence with Russia *has* been found at Cabul—(the seeds of tempest in NEKT MAHOMED's tea-pot, we presume)—but will not be found in the Blue-Book just published. Government does not mean to give any information about it at present,—an announcement received with cheers and counter-cheers.

Dr. ANDERSON drew Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH in explanation of the non-appointment of Dr. FARR to the Registrar-Generalship. The Doctor's health was the sole and sufficient reason. Lord BEACONSFIELD has the appointment, and is quite satisfied. (The PREMIER never does these things without grounds that will bear the brunt of question. He may have been guilty of jobs. What Minister hasn't? But he has never been found out in one. Dr. FARR and his friends had better go no farther. He and they will only fare worse. Let him and them grin—or groan—and bear it.)

Then the adjourned debate on the Address plunged into that Slough of Despond, the Serbonian bog of Irish Distress, the Home-Rulers, by Messrs. REDMOND, SHAW, the O'DONOGHUE, JUSTIN MAC-CARTHY, O'CONNOR POWER, Major NOLAN, and lesser lights, contending that the Government had been supine and shortsighted, wrong in their choice of remedies and too late in applying them.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Mr. PLUNKET met the Home-Rulers' charge with a firm front, and a bristling array of points, in proof that Government had done their best—and that their best was as good as it could be.

As at present informed, *Punch* is bound to say they seem to make good their case.

Of course there were a few passages of shillelagh-logging between Messrs. LEWIS and O'CONNOR POWER, and PLUNKET and O'DONNELL, *à propos* of a very unworthy subject of quarrel, Mr. PARNELL, his denunciation of all channels for distribution of Irish relief but his own, and his exultation over a calamity that helped forward his agitation. Let Mr. O'DONNELL protest never so loudly, all Mr. PARNELL has done and is doing, since the Irish distress set in, only proves him capable of the worst that Mr. PLUNKET attributed to him.

If English hearts feel it hard not to be hard against Ireland, Ireland may thank CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

The debate was again adjourned, at half-past two.

Action and Reaction.

"First night Parliamentary utterances dull,
E'en for this extremely dull century."
But of extra liveliness think how full
The Extra-Parliamentary.

Archibald's Hot and Strong.

GENERAL CREALOCK—as we learn from ARCHIBALD FORBES's scathing article in *The Nineteenth Century* on Lord CHELMSFORD's conduct of the Zulu campaign—was always writing to the Commissariat for "pepper." He, like his Chief, Lord CHELMSFORD, has got it now from Our Own Correspondent, whatever he may have done from the Commissariat.

QUITE THE RIGHT THING.

How the United States Representatives "extended the courtesy of their House" to Mr. PARNELL.—By staying out of it.

Ah! if when they had got him in the House, they could have kept him there!

THE STAGE IN EXCELSIS; OR, WHAT WE MAY BE COMING TO.

(Small-talk Stall-snatched.)

"This house is quite too delightfully charming!"
"Ah! there is the dear Duchess in the Gallery."
"Has the Earl much to do in the First Act?"
"No, but the Cabinet Minister comes on with a banner."
"I cannot tell you who wrote this piece."
"Then, will you inform me who supplied these arm-chairs?"
"Why are you sitting with your back to the Stage?"
"Is that a Parmegiano topsy-turvy on the ceiling?"
"Let us spend a couple of Acts in the Lobby?"
"What do you think of the situation?"
"Don't mention it in the same breath with the refreshment-room."
"I wish the Actors would be quiet and let me hear what you say."
"What do you say to 'poker' in a private box?"
"Capital! Now this is what a theatre ought to be."
"Decidedly. Where did you say the Pit had gone to?"
"To the Upper Circle, with all else in this charming theatre."

THE LADIES' CLUB.—A French name for "the Russell"—*Le Cercle Frou-frou.*

THE TWO I.'s.—A brace of Incurables; India and Ireland.

THE "INS AND OUTS" OF IT. (BETWEEN HOME-RULERS AND ENGLISH PARTIES.) *Lord B. loquitur (after the Liverpool telegram)—*



though with Home-
Rulers we
coquetted
Ere I was at
the helm,
Todish the Whigs
'twas thus
permitted,
And so to save
the realm!

But 'twixt those times and these, I trow,
The difference is all;
Coquetting with Home-Rulers now
"Diamemberment" I call.

When 'tis not only fires to hatch
From their sparks 'neath the embers,
But from us, perhaps, one member snatch,
Nay, may be, several members.

There's the length 'twixt good deed and sin—
Beyond dispute or doubt—
In things we do with Liberals In,
And *they* to turn us Out.

So now that Naval RAMSAY's rams
Have missed their mark so wide,
On WHITLEY's back and Dicky Sams',
In triumph let us ride!

TRUTHS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THE *Saturday Review*, in an article entitled "What is a Jingo?" has answered that question in a manner which will considerably astonish Jingoists generally. A Jingo, it appears, is the most modest and peaceful of mankind. So far from being of a bellicose disposition, it is he alone who at the present moment preserves the peace of Europe. But for his well-known pacific aspirations, "a war vaster and more terrible than the world has ever seen would at once break out." He belongs to no party, but, at the same time, "whoever should convert the Liberal party to Jingoism, would confer as great a benefit on that party as he would on the country at large."

This portrait is so true to nature that it deserves a companion picture. "What is a *Saturday Reviewer*?—A *Saturday Reviewer* is the most benevolent of men. His life is spent in one constant endeavour to see the best side of everything. When compelled by his conscience to find fault, he suffers more acutely than his victim. In politics he is an advanced Liberal, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. GLADSTONE, especially on matters of foreign policy. His sympathies are with the people; and he has a strong bias towards Dissent. No catastrophe could occur more disastrous to the progress of mankind than a deviation, however slight, from the admirable lines on which the *Saturday Review* is at present conducted."

IDEA OF AN ADVANCED RITUALIST OF A SOCIAL TURN AND CONFIRMED SMOKING HABITS.—Cigar-ashes for Ash Wednesday.



NINCOMPOPIANA.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

Our Gallant Colonel (who is not a Member thereof, to Mrs. Cimabus Brown, who is). "AND WHO'S THIS YOUNG HERO THEY'RE ALL SWARMING OVER NOW?"

Mrs. Cimabus Brown. "JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE, THE GREAT POINT, YOU KNOW, WHO SAT FOR MAUDLE'S 'DEAD NARCISSUS'! HE HAS JUST DEDICATED HIS LATTER-DAY SAPPHICS TO ME. IS NOT HE BEAUTIFUL?"

Our Gallant Colonel. "WHY, WHAT'S THERE BEAUTIFUL ABOUT HIM?"

Mrs. Cimabus Brown. "OH, LOOK AT HIS GRAND HEAD AND POETIC FACE, WITH THOSE FLOWERLIKE EYES, AND THAT EXQUISITE SAD SMILE! LOOK AT HIS SLENDER WILLOWY FRAME, AS YIELDING AND FRAGILE AS A WOMAN'S! THAT'S YOUNG MAUDLE, STANDING JUST BEHIND HIM—THE GREAT PAINTER, YOU KNOW. HE HAS JUST PAINTED ME AS 'HÉLOÏSE,' AND MY HUSBAND AS 'ABÉLARD.' IS NOT HE DIVINE?"

N.B.—Postlethwaite and Maudle are quite unknown to fame.

[The Colonel hooks it.]

AN APPEAL TO JOHN BULL'S IMAGINATION.

"Mr. GLADSTONE has never addressed himself to the imagination of the British people, only to their interests."—*Débats.*

JOHN BULL, you are but a Boeotian chap,
Beery and bovine, bashful, blunt, bucolic;
Shackled by moral figments, and the map,
You scarce appreciate Fancy free and frolic.
Her rapt outpourings, which you call clap-trap,
Though couched in language high and hyperbolic,
You're apt to flout with foolish indignation;
In short, dear JOHN, you lack imagination.

But now 'tis time the little that you have
Should be stirred up—I'd rather not say tickled.
Too long you've funk'd the Conqueror's bloody glaive,
And for pretence of right and justice stickled:
Prosy punctilio by which the Slav
Will ne'er be, as he should be, soundly pickled.
Kick out your fogeyish monitor, Morality,
And try a little loose-laced Ideality!

Imagine, JOHN, your simple, solid self
A sort of Anglo-Saxon ALEXANDER,
Lord o' the world, supreme in power and pelf,
Of all good mundane markets sole commander!

"Imagination is a tricky elf,
And you mistrust her?"—Don't be such a gander!
If you don't shout your claims in language strident,
You might as well go pawn BRITANNIA'S trident.

There's hardly any station one can name,
In any latitude with shore or sea to it,
But is important to your world-wide game,
Forming, if not your gate, at least a key to it.

Each key's essential to your power and fame—
A plain truth, though the world may not agree to it—
Until of keys you're getting such a stock,
The world must dread a general dead-lock.

Take any given spot. You're planted there,
Or may, or can, or will be, some fine day;
In all roads leading thither you must share:
You might, could, should, would wish to pass that way.
For all contingencies you must prepare;
And so, should other peoples dare to stray
Across, or near, or round about such places,
Of course you must smash those intrusive races.

A glorious prospect, JOHN! Does it not fire
Your patriotic and imperial feelings?
What! "Seems to involve some things of which you tire,
Insolent snatchings and insidious stealings?"
Pooh-pooh! You're civilised, and don't require
High moral sanction for despotic dealings;
And if on other races you make ravages,
It matters little—they are mostly savages.

Don't grovel, JOHN, in sentimental slime,
Spread o'er low flats by those who fain would humble
Your proper pride. You are supreme, sublime,
And not a poor parochial village Bumble.



“WILL IT BURST?”

CAPTAIN OF GUN. “HAW ‘EM ALL DOWN, MY LADS! SHE’LL STAND IT SAFE ENOUGH!!!”

Appeal to conscience, charge of cheat or crime—
These are mere crafty traps to make you stumble.
If you to moral foes, like GLADSTONE, truckle,
Imagine how your many foes will chuckle!

Tancred's the man to teach you how to dream,
Referring you to Fanny's magic mirror,
Seen in whose many facets interests seem
Innumerable as the shapes of error.
Truth—GLADSTONE's favourite glass—with clear cold gleam,
Chills pride, and conscience strikes with thrills of terror.
To counteract which coward trepidation,
Cut Truth, dear JOHN, and try—Imagination!

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER VI.

Hints—Deans—Curtain—Lecturers—Professors—Who?—Which?—What?—Difficulties—Dangers—Sulks—Professor—Popular—First Lecture.

HAVING already hinted at the person whom the present writer would choose as the first Master of Thespian, it will be as well to suppose the staff of permanent resident officials appointed, including the two deans, who, instead of being called Senior and Junior Deans, might be called—out of compliment to Mr. BOUICAVULT's dramatised version of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and to secure Mr. GLADSTONE's vote and interest,—*Jennie and Effie Deans*, though this, on second thoughts, would be more appropriate to Curtain College, where our fair girl-students could receive their education in a series of Curtain Lectures.



JENNIE AND EFFIE DEANS OF CURTAIN COLLEGE.

The resident officials,—not of Curtain College, but of our Ideal Dramatic College,—if actors, would have to be actors out of an engagement, and undertaking to remain so during their year of office. The lecturers, not necessarily resident, would come down from town once or twice a week, and would not be expected to reside until their term of office should arrive, when they could accept or not, at their option; with a fine in case of refusal to go to the benefit of the College Funds.

Suppose the governing body had settled on a course of lectures, or suppose that some benefactor had bequeathed a large sum for the payment of so many lecturers on one subject, to be selected each term by the Master and Fellows, and further, let us suppose one of the subjects chosen for the Easter Term to be "Rehearsals," the lectures being divided between Mr. IRVING (his own Stage-Manager at the Lyceum), Mr. HORACE WIGAN (Stage-Manager at several theatres), Mr. BANCROFT (his own Stage-Manager at Prince of Wales's), Mr. HELLINGHEAD (his own Stage-Director at the Gaiety).

From any two of these eminent Professors, the students would probably hear as opposite views, on the same subject, as would theological students hear from the pulpit at St. Mary's, Oxford, were it

occupied at one time by Dr. PUSEY and at another by Dean STANLEY, both lecturing on the same fundamental dogma of Christianity.

Who shall decide when Professors disagree?

Who has practically decided during the last quarter of a century at Oxford? Who? Why every student for himself as he came to put into practice the principles laid down by the Professors.

The practice of the Dramatic Schools would soon prove to the Student which of his professors had given him the best advice.

But the responsibility would be taken off the Student's shoulders, to a considerable extent, by the Master of Thespian collating the lectures, carefully examining them, selecting the best from each, and then at the end of the course delivering his summing up.

Or each student could choose his own professor. SMITH, *e.g.*, elects to be taught by Professor ARTHUR CECIL, JONES by Professor JOHN HARE, BROWN by Professor THORNE, ROBINSON by Professor WARNER. What would be the result? SMITH, and all who agreed with SMITH, would end in being Cecilians; JONES and his co-scholars, all young HARES; BROWN and party all THORNES; and ROBINSON & Co. be WARNERS. Or, worse, suppose SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON united in selecting any one of these learned Professors, to the exclusion of the rest, would not the other Professors wrap their dramatic mantles round them, scowl in corners, and growl to themselves, "Ha! a time will come! No mat-tar!"? Of course they would.

I will now suppose the Students assembled, to hear Mr. BANCROFT on Rehearsals. He would probably say something of this sort:—

Aw—Gentlemen—the question of a rehearsal is of—a—some importance. Without rehearsal, what should we do? (Pause.) I don't know. (Pause.) With rehearsal, what do we do? Not

much. (Pause.) Without rehearsal, could any piece be produced? (Pause.) I don't think so. (Pause for further consideration.) Of course, I won't absolutely take my oath of it—but—I don't think so. It is not at all necessary to rehearse with all the scenes and properties every time. No. Not at all. Acting should be independent of such—aw—accessories. The best principle to go upon is, "That it will be all right at night;" and if it is all right at night, the end may be considered as gained. Whatever is right at night, is right. At least, I should say so, shouldn't you? (Applause, during which the Lecturer consults his manuscript through his eye-glass.) Gentlemen—aw—the less time spent over rehearsal, the better (for the Actors, and for the piece). To study elaborate details is to baulk inspiration. What should we do without inspiration? (Pause.) I don't know. What do we do with inspiration? (Pause.) I don't know. Not much. (Applause.) If at rehearsal it is fixed that the Actors are to stand in certain positions at certain times, are to cross from one side to the other, to enter and exit at certain "cues," where, I ask, is the chance for the development of genius, where, I inquire, is the opportunity for inspiration? (Applause.) Gentlemen, no one can deprecate—I say, no one can deprecate, more than I do, the habit of slavishly adhering to the Author's text—of servilely, I say servilely, carrying out instructions, which do not appeal to the head, or the—aw—heart. Give me a week, I may say a few days, for rehearsal, and give me the Theatre, well supplied with a stock of ordinary scenery and ordinary properties—a drawing-room interior, a poor chamber, a cottage exterior, a landscape-backing, a street-scene, and wings and sky-borders to match, and I will undertake to produce the finest Comedy or Tragedy in the world at the shortest possible notice. (Cheers from the Students.) You'd hardly think it is so, but—aw—so it is. What necessity is there for the Actor to do more than have a fair knowledge of his part by the night of performance? I say, "a fair knowledge," advisedly. For is there not an official called a Prompter in the Theatre? And I ask you, as men of sense, why should that official be paid for doing nothing? Why should he be in receipt of a salary for prompting, when there is no occasion for his services? I don't see why he should. Do you? (Applause.) No, you don't. No more do I. If every Actor came perfect on the first night, or indeed on any night, then—

The Prompter's occupation's gone.

And his existence would be worse than unnecessary, it would be a waste of money, a useless expensive luxury. Wouldn't it? For





BE-FOGGED.

Polite Old Gentleman (in the Fog). "PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU KINDLY TELL ME IF I'M GOING RIGHT FOR LONDON BRIDGE?"

Shadowy Stranger. "LUM BRI'GSH! GOO' JOKE! 'NOTHER MAN 'SHAME SETATE'S MYSELF! I WAN' T' FIN' LUM BRI'GSH, TOO! TA' MY ARM—"

[*Old Gent hurries off!*]

my part, I like to hear the Prompter. It is a sign of life; and I believe the audience like to hear the Prompter; for, if they do not hear him, how do they know he is there? And if he be not there, are not the audience deprived of a portion of what they have paid for? (*Applause.*) As to study apart from rehearsal, I say study a part at rehearsal. Bring your part in your pocket, and read it from time to time up to the very last moment. By so doing you will avoid becoming a mere machine capable of uttering only certain sounds and words, for, when your memory fails you, you will trust your ready wit, and thrill the house with one of those marvellous displays which we hear of in the performance of an EDMUND KEAN. At least that's what I've always heard about EDMUND KEAN. (*Applause.*) I suppose he really was a great man. I dare say he was. Let us hope so. (*Applause.*) If your acting depend on rehearsals, Gentlemen—I—well, all I can say is, I pity you. What can it matter to the excellence of a *Sir Peter Teazle* that the screen should be in a particular place, or that the screen should be "of the period," or, I will go so far as to say, that there should be any screen at all? If there be no screen, it is an opportunity for the representative of *Lady Teazle* to show her command of resources, as it will be also for *Joseph* and *Charles Surface*. Gentlemen, theatrical success is so entirely a matter of fluke,—we have every chance of making a fluke with so many cues—ha! ha!—(*laughter*)—that I really begin to question whether any rehearsal at all is absolutely necessary. Gentlemen, you may take my word for it—and note it down as an axiom—that "short rehearsals make long runs." (*Cheers from the Students.*)

Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention. I trust you all feel the better for the lecture. (*Pause. Applause.*) Thank you. We shall meet again on another occasion. At least I hope so. Don't you? (*Great applause.*) Bless you! and—aw—no more at present. Good day!

Such might be the views of rehearsal as expounded by Professor BANCROFT, Actor and Stage Manager. Next week we will assemble

A PRACTICAL MAN AND NO JOKER.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

As the practical man of the nineteenth century, I address myself to you. After two years' hard work the Committee sitting upon the surviving *Thunderer* gun have managed to burst it. The realisation of their plans has been a matter of the deepest congratulation to all concerned. I share in the feeling of general satisfaction. But, Sir, we surely ought not to stop here. Now that it has been proved that a double charge will burst the biggest of our naval ordnance, should we not test other things in a similar fashion? To explain what I mean, I give you a few suggestions out of my note-book.

LIST OF THINGS THAT WANT SETTLING.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—It has been asserted that the singing of the Charity Children in the Dome threatens to endanger the stability of that portion of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN's monument. Would it not be as well to get up a dozen of our Woolwich Infants into the Whispering Gallery, and fire them simultaneously to see the effect.

The Crystal Palace.—It has been rumoured, though the report has been denied, that the structure requires renewing in all its main lines. Under these circumstances would it not be as well to hold the Easter Volunteer Review on the roof to see how much of the glass and iron would be broken?

The British Museum.—For many years the Reading-Room has been closed at dusk for fear of fire. It is opened now in the evenings, thanks to the adoption of the electric light. Would it not be as well to test the indestructibility of the apartment by lighting a bonfire in the centre, of a pile of all the now useless duplicates in the Library, moistened with, say, two-hundred gallons of paraffine.

The Thames Tunnel.—It is asserted that if a hole were bored through the roof to the river the water would certainly enter and destroy the passage. Would it not be as well to test the assertion by making the necessary boring?

When these very interesting and useful experiments have been carried out, I will send you a score of others equally urgent and not less instructive. In the meanwhile I have the honour to describe myself,

Your obedient Servant,

Q. E. D.

STATISTICS OF SKATING.—Figures on the Ice.

in the lecture-room to hear a lecture on the same subject from Professor JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, of the Gaiety Theatre, who will doubtless be received by a very large audience of those earnest and intelligent Students, most of whom (we must suppose) have already imbibed the teaching of Professor S. BANCROFT, late of the Prince of Wales's, now of the Haymarket.

UNCLE SAM'S ORGANS—SET TO ONE TUNE.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Mr. Parnell.)

"The *New York Tribune* says that, as far as the Americans are concerned, Mr. PARNELL's visit has been a dead failure.

"The *New York World* calls his reference to the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH a violation of public decency, and his assaults on the Mansion House Committee unfounded and scandalous. It thinks that the purses of all persons who are not parted from their money with proverbial ease and promptness should henceforth be closed against him.

"The *New York Times* says that his conduct is not unlikely to send a number of his countrymen to an untimely grave.

"The *St. Louis Globe*, a Democratic paper, pronounces the attack on the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH a shameless abuse of free speech, and says that the only way to teach decency to such men is to pelt them with eggs.

"The *Boston Post* calls the attack an unworthy, unmanly act, and thinks that the sooner Mr. PARNELL returns home the better.

"The *Providence Press* says the attack shows Mr. PARNELL to be as ignorant of history as of good manners.

"The *Providence Journal* compares Mr. PARNELL to DENIS KEARNEY. And the *Newark Advertiser* calls him rabid and malevolent."—*Daily News.*

Of the American organs of opinion, as of *dramatis personæ*, it may be said, "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR IRISH ABSENTEES.—The Land we live out of.



QUITE UNIMPORTANT.

Thompson (interrogatively, to Beauteous but Haughty Damsel, whom he has just helped to alight). "I BEG YOUR PARDON!"

Haughty Damsel. "I DID NOT SPEAK!"

Thompson. "OH—I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'THANKS'!"

THE ONLY TRUE TORIES.

HERE we are again! The Houses of Parliament, as usual, have re-opened with the political pantomime. A plague of both their Houses! Confound their politics on either side! Mine may be the reverse of Liberal. But I am no Conservative. A Conservative is satisfied with things as they are. I am not. In my opinion, the best thing you could do would be to repeal every Act of Parliament of any consequence that has been passed since 1829 inclusive. Conservative! So called from conserving the legislation of the Liberal Party. Yah! I scorn the epithet.

As there seems to be nobody in Parliament who, whatever he may think, is ready to propose undoing all the work of so-called Reform for the last one-and-fifty years, of course, my views are unrepresented. Accordingly, I detest all Parties equally, with a certain reservation in favour of one which is in fact rather a set than a party. I mean that section of Home-Rulers invidiously nicknamed Obstructives. Their highly successful endeavours to impede legislation at any rate answer the purpose of arresting all change for the present, and in particular of defeating democratic measures proposed by a Conservative Government with a view to outbid a Liberal Opposition.

Now that Parliament has recommenced the task of talking, I trust the Obstructive Home-Rulers will attend every night in their places, and resume their useful occupation of trying to render it all *Vox et præterea nihil!* A safe and speedy return to Mr. PARNELL! In the meantime his excellent compatriots will, I hope, be able to work the block-system on the Parliamentary Line sufficiently well without him. There can be no further "progress" for the so-called Conservative Coach so long as the Irish Car continues to stop the

DEBASING THE VERBAL CURRENCY.

(A long way) after Theophrastus Such.

"On 2nd inst., at the — Street Police Office, a gentlemanly-looking young man, who refused his name, was fined ten shillings and costs for using bad language."

MORAL.

Now, all you nice young Ladies,
Be warned by this, I pray;
Whoso murders the Queen's English,
For it will have to pay.

Respect the words your mothers
Have watered with their tears,
And against your slangy brothers
Shut tight your rosy ears.

Go and win Wranglers' places,
Go up in, and for, degrees;
But no more slangy phrases,
Dear young Ladies! if you please.

ALL ABOUT IT.

BEFORE THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.

Liberal Organs.

"It will be at once test and contest—for, &c., &c."

Conservative Organs.

"A contest the Election is sure to be—but a test—no!—for, &c., &c."

AFTER THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.

Liberal Organs.

"The contest has been severe, but the test nil—for, &c."

Conservative Organs.

"Severe as the contest has been, it is as a test that the Election is so important—for, &c., &c."

A Question for Mr. Punch's Putting.

I FEAR that Peru will ne'er pay what is due,
If she's licked, it will surely o'ertaak her:
But as a poor Bondholder anxious to know,
I beg to suggest that 'Uascar.

SOUND ADVICE ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

—Don't ask it.

way. The occupants of that vehicle are, as they themselves might put it metaphorically, stopping the same road, with yours truly,

METHUSELAH MOULDWARP.

P.S.—There are yet left some genuine Liberals and Radicals who ought to be thankful to the worthy Irishmen permitted to pursue their useful game of Obstruction in the House of Commons. So long as they only persist in doing that, and do it thoroughly, our liberties, so many of which Liberals and Conservatives, between them, have latterly curtailed, cannot be made still less. Success to the policy of Obstruction, in so far as it tends, by stopping all restrictive measures, to preserve the small remainder of an Englishman's freedom. To that extent, the Irish Obstructives for ever, say I, and may Mr. BIGGAR never be less!

Guns and Governments.

"Mr. SULLIVAN said he was prepared to substantiate all these five charges against the Party now in power."—*Daily Paper.*

"Two charges burst an Eighty Ton,"

Shouts SULLIVAN, "then, look alive:

The Government's a bigger gun,—

Here goes to blow 'em up with *five!*"

Something like a Sensation-Heading.

"THE *New York Herald* announces in its impression of to-day that it has opened a subscription list for the relief of the distress in Ireland, itself heading it with a donation of one hundred thousand dollars."

SUCH a *Herald*, even if Ultra-Republican, deserves to be appointed Ulster King, if not at Arms, at Helping Hands.

REGULATIONS FOR VALENTINES.

(LEAP YEAR.)



ANY Lady sending a Gentleman a Valentine will be held *ipso facto* to have tendered that Gentleman an

offer of marriage, and be bound by the consequences.

The Valentine may be a work of Art of the usual character, or it may take the shape of a watch, a set of studs, a dressing-case, a writing-table, a jewelled meerschaum, an assortment of cigars of the choicest brands, or a riding-horse. (N.B.—There are no limits to generosity, but it should be borne in mind that there are limits to the dimensions of packets carried by the General Post-Office.)

In every case the Valentine should be accompanied by a photograph and a certified copy of the birth register.

The Valentine must be enclosed in a registered envelope, and to insure special attention being paid to it, should be bound round with white satin ribbon. It must be posted by the sender in person, but she is at liberty to wear a thick veil, and to wait, if preferred, until it is dusk.

The consent of parents or guardians need not be asked; but if the lady is a Ward of Chancery, the sanction of the Court must first be obtained.

Until the sender has a positive assurance that her Valentine has been accepted in the spirit in which it was offered, she is not to divulge the secret to more than three bosom friends.

Any matrimonial engagement which may be the result of a Valentine despatched under these regulations, will be deemed invalid and at an end unless it is followed by a marriage before the expiration of this present (Leap) year. The Postmaster-General will feel complimented by an invitation to the wedding-breakfast; and a liberal gratuity should be given to the postman by whose hands the Valentine was delivered which has brought about the happy event.

PROFESSOR READYSON'S
NEXT INVENTION.

(By Prophetic Cable.)

New York, Monday.

It is rumoured that our talented young inventor has discovered a wonderful liquid that will, without doubt, supersede wine, beer, and other now popular drinks. Until the patents have been secured in the four quarters of the globe the secret of the manufacture will not be divulged. It is whispered, however, that water will form one of the principal ingredients. A company has been formed, entitled "The Original Beverage Association," and the 100-dollar shares are already quoted at 50 premium.

Tuesday.

The new invention is progressing favourably. The Professor has discovered that sugar can be used with advantage. Several experts from New York have reported favourably, and the original 100-dollar shares of the "O. B. A." are already in great request at 2000 dollars.

Wednesday.

The Professor is baffled—of course, only for the moment. Perfect amalgamation of the elements of the new discovery has not been, as yet, thoroughly effected. The shares of the Association are now quoted at a considerable reduction—100-dollar shares might have been had this morning for 50.

Thursday.

Glorious news! Our young Professor is once more triumphant! He has discovered that a vegetable substance largely grown in Asia can be added to his mixture with great effect. The shares are once more at 2000 dollars.

Friday.

Everybody is talking of the new invention. Our citizens are perfectly wild about it. The process of manufacturing the beverage is as follows. Some water is heated to boiling-point (this was discovered by accident), the liquid is then poured into a receptacle containing two or three spoonfuls of the vegetable substance (which can be procured in large quantities from China); the whole is then sweetened with sugar. It is said that milk may be added without spoiling the drink, and with a view of testing this point, an enormous number of cows have been purchased and transported to Mr. READYSON'S workshop. The shares of the Company have risen to 4,500 dollars for a 100-dollar share.

Saturday.

It is now asserted that the new beverage is merely a drink known for some centuries in various parts of the world as "Tea." As Mr. READYSON'S inventions are always startling in their originality, this report must be taken for what it is worth. However, the shares have fallen considerably, a 100-dollar coupon having been purchased this morning for five cents by a collector of curiosities. I may add that several of our citizens have made large fortunes by timely realisations. I shall be able to report a new invention of our talented young scientist in the course of a few days. In the meanwhile I may hint that his latest great invention, his latest that is, since the Electric Light, is shelved for the present.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTICE OF MOTION (AS SOON AS POSSIBLE).—"To ask Mr. PARNELL how much he would take to stop where he is?"



LEX TALIONIS.

Philanthropic Old Lady. "BLESS ME, CHILD! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DREADFUL BLACK EYE!"

Street Arab. "MOTHER! BUT—(triumphantly)—AH GAT HER THREE MONTHS FOR 'T, AH CAN TELL YE!"

A LIFE'S WORK AND A LIFE'S WAGE.

"CAN IT BE TRUE?—A Correspondent asks this question in reference to the following report:—At the meeting of the Arminster Board of Guardians, on Monday, the Rev. R. MATSON, late Curate of Membury, Devon, applied for an order to enter the workhouse as a pauper. He had been Curate for thirty years, and had never been offered a living, and had nothing to depend upon. The Guardians thought it a very hard case; and, as there was no alternative, granted the order."

SHRUNK was his frame, and bowed his back,
His face pale, sad, and spare;
White-seamed his suit of rusty black,
And thin his silver hair.

With shaky hand and mien subdued,
His old hat he did dowse,
And of the Board of Guardians sued
An order for the House.

Thirty hard years of Curate's work—
'Twixt marriage, death, and birth—
'Twixt save and spare, patch, pinch, and pare—
None now left round his hearth.

More dull and dark Life's evening grown,
While no Church-living nears,
After Church-starving, too well known,
For all this length of years.

What rest for the old Curate's head
But the grave still and deep—
Wherein these years through he hath read
So many to their sleep?

Yes, one rest more!—to win that one
He craves the Board's consent—
The workhouse! Why its shelter shun?
For workers it was meant.

Who fairer tale of work can show,
From manhood's prime to age?—
Work like his Master's, crowned, we know,
With much his Master's wage!

The Board debates, regrets, demurs,
But grants the order due.
They print it in the newspapers,
Headed "Can it be true?"

THE RIGHT TITLE FOR THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—Lady Lift-tenant!

MR. PECKERDOWN'S LENTEN MEDITATIONS.

I AM a year older. The hair on my crown is less, the protuberance in my figure greater. I avoid hilly ground more and more. My digestion is a matter of history. I am farther away from a pillar-box.

I wish that article on "MITHRIDATES" for the *Encyclopædia Cosmopolitana* were begun. To-morrow morning, if possible, but certainly the morning after, I will get up at four, light my own fire, and bring all my powers to bear on MITHRIDATES.

I wonder what the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's morning musings are if he wakes as early as I do. Does he fall a-thinking of his great Bill, his Budget? Does he dream of a surplus, and awake to a deficit? Will he tax my cigar, or my grog, or my income?

Would that yonder file held nothing but receipted bills!

What did Dr. POBAGER say?—that there was undoubtedly a gouty tendency in my system.

PHYL is coming back from Colorado, not with a fortune, but with a wife and four children.

I could have overlooked it, if the postman had passed this morning without calling. RUPERT writes for a remittance; ERNESTINE is enamoured of a young gentleman who has his way to make in the world, but possesses a beautiful tenor voice; and Aunt FANNY is sure I shall be very pleased to hear that she is going, after Lent, to bestow herself (and her thirty-five thousand pounds) on her medical attendant—who will be the junior partner by at least fifteen years.

The boys are coming back from School! They have got the measles at Dr. PRYME's.

"Messrs. MANSFIELD AND WOODHOUSE present their compliments to Mr. PECKERDOWN, and regret extremely to say that there is not at present sufficient activity in the publishing department to warrant them in producing the *Byzantine History*, except at Mr. PECKERDOWN's own risk. They therefore return the MS. with many thanks for its perusal."

My tenant, CROPNILL, has just been here to pay his rent. I have been obliged to allow him an abatement of thirty per cent. I asked him to luncheon: perhaps it was as well he wished to get back by an early train.

My wife tells me Cook is going to leave to be married. She suits us admirably, being a rare conjunction of ability and economy. I can never hope to taste such outlets and tomato soup again. There will not be much scope for her acquisitions at the fireside of MILLHOUSE the gasfitter.

I was just a day too late for the allotment of the new shares in the Bank of the Tropics. I see that they are quoted at a high premium.

Very little progress seems to be making in my Chancery suit.

A first and final dividend of 6½d. is declared in SLOPE's bankruptcy. My claim was over £1500.

MARMADUKE has failed in the preliminary Examination for the Civil Service, his notions of orthography not being in unison with those of the Examiners. What do these high-priced schools teach?

I hear wonderful accounts of SYD's progress at Redshaw—in Athletics.

Seasonable Reading—the weak state of the Revenue, the analysis of the fluid supplied by the Metropolitan Water Companies, the proceedings of the Home-Rulers in Parliament, and the Assize Reports.

I have three distasteful things to do to-day—To give instructions for my will, to make a formal and long-postponed call, and to get my hair cut.

Another Jury Summons!

[Collapse.]

Fast Praying For.

THE new Bankruptcy Bill contains provision for punishing receivers who keep the proceeds of Bankrupts' estates in their hands for more than ten days.

Ah, Sir JOHN! do what you will, we doubt your power to upset the old saw, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."



PLEASURE AND BUSINESS.

Lady. "A PARTY SIGHT, ISN'T IT, DOCTOR! I DON'T SEE ANY OF YOUR LITTLE ONES HERE! I HOPE YOU DON'T DISAPPROVE OF JUVENILE PARTIES!"
Dr. Littlehums (famous for his *Diagnosis of Infertile Diseases*). "I, MY DEAR MADAM! ON THE CONTRARY—I LIVE BY THEM!"



"WHAT IN THE CAPTAIN'S BUT A CHOLERIC WORD."

The Laird (to his Gardener, who had caught somebody trespassing). "HUM! AND YOU SAY, SAUNDERS, THAT THE FELLOW WAS IMPUDENT!"

Gardener. "'IMPIDENT!' 'DEED, SIR, IF HE HAD BEEN THE LAIRD HIMSELF HE COULD NA HAE BEEN MAIR ILL-BRED!'"

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

(Sketch for a coming Tragedy.)

"As long as the Managers stop short of homicide, the HOME SECRETARY does not seem to care by how little they clear it."—*Saturday Review.*

ACT I.

SCENE—An Official Chamber—Discovered Imperturbable Home Secretary. Enter Excited Philanthropist.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Ah, here you are again! Take a chair.

Excited Philanthropist. A chair! You don't understand me. Listen! There's not a moment to lose. At the rehearsal yesterday of the "new feature" in the programme of the Royal Gladiatorium, the poor girl missed the wire with her little finger, and in the return spring was flung over the refreshment-counter. It's a monstrous cruelty. You must intervene! *[Bursts into tears.]*

Imperturbable Home Secretary. My dear Sir, do calm yourself. Intervene? You see I'm in a position of extreme difficulty. Besides, believe me, these things are far less dangerous than they look.

Excited Philanthropist (wildly). Dangerous! I tell you she lay there, quivering and insensible.

Imperturbable Home Secretary (slightly interested). Dear me! But—you see—ah! *(Considerate Recreator is announced, and enters.)* This gentleman, I am sure, will be able to give a satisfactory explanation of the contretemps.

Considerate Recreator. In two twos, Mr. Secretary. The thing's as simple as can be—a child could do it. Our little LARNE takes the bar, and is propelled. This carries her ninety feet horizontally, during which she revolves twice, catching the transverse flying swing, on its return, with her ankles. Then come the half circular swoop, the plunge backward through silver paper, and the final catch of the wire by her little finger. Then the head-foremost descent, and there you are.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. It seems very simple. Really, I should like to see—I mean—do you think it's quite safe?

Considerate Recreator. Safe! Why, you could do it in a week. The difficulty is to go wrong.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Ah! Well, I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it. *(Encouragingly to Excited Philanthropist.)* There, my good friend, don't alarm yourself; you hear what this gentleman says; there is no occasion for it. You know I told you these things are far less dangerous than they look.

[Relapses into imperturbability as Act-drop falls.]

ACT II.

SAME SCENE—Imperturbable Home Secretary discovered as before.

Enter More excited Philanthropist hurriedly.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Why, here you are again. What is it now? Take a chair.

More excited Philanthropist (hysterically). A chair! Come: there's not a moment to lose. It's the most revolting exhibition I've ever seen in my life. *(Seizes him.)* Come! Every one looks to you to stop it!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Stop it! You don't mean to say—*(rearranges his collar.)*

More excited Philanthropist. I do. The silver paper has given way. The crash was terrific! The poor girl—

Enter Considerate Recreator.

Considerate Recreator. Is going on capitally, Mr. Secretary. A mere slip. Look here. *(Flourishes a couple of medical certificates in his face.)* Mere concussion, temporary vertigo, partial paralysis, and compound fracture of a transient character. She's advertised for Thursday. Plucky little woman!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Dear me! Most remarkable! But wouldn't it be better now, if, as these little risks will occur, you could get a lay-figure, for instance?

Considerate Recreator. Saw-dust? No, Sir. The public, when they pay their money, like to have flesh.

Imperturbable Home Secretary (reflectively). Ah, yes! I dare say! I suppose—a dog, now—
Considerate Recreator. What?—and let us in for “Cruelty to Animals?” No; that would never do. [They both laugh.
More excited Philanthropist. This is inhuman! And do you mean to say, then, that you are not going to do anything?
Imperturbable Home Secretary. Well, you see, I don’t think so—at least, not at present. [Relapses once more, as Act-drop falls.

ACT III.

SAME SCENE—*Imperturbable Home Secretary, Indignant Philanthropist, and Considerate Recreator, discovered.*

Indignant Philanthropist. Well, was I right or not? Are you satisfied now? Here—here’s the report. [Reads harrowing details of a fatal accident from an Evening Paper.]

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Yes—dear me—a sad misfortune; and most annoying to me after the assurances I have received that there was no sort of danger. [Reproachfully to Considerate Recreator.] You know I quite trusted to you. Indeed, I may say I left myself entirely in your hands.

Considerate Recreator (touched). Well, I can’t say that you didn’t. You gave us every chance. But there—if you forget to hang the wire, where are you? It will be a dence of a drop to the business.

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Yes, no doubt, and I am sorry to hear it. But you see, I am afraid I must intervene. The young woman, I think I understood you to say, was—?

Indignant Philanthropist. Killed on the spot!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. Dear me—you don’t say so. A very sad accident (apologetically), and obliges me to at last—

Indignant Philanthropist. Ah! at last.

Considerate Recreator. You don’t mean it!

Imperturbable Home Secretary. I really do—To stop the Performance.

Slow Music. Curtain.

AN UGLY TALE FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL—the *doyen* of War-Correspondents, by virtue of service no less than seniority—has been publishing in the *Daily Telegraph* letters detailing instances of the most serious and repeated breaches of discipline among our troops in the Transvaal. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has branded these statements by telegraph as “gross exaggerations and transparent untruths.” The Doctor has since declared that he has stated nothing but what he saw himself or had at first hand from eye-witnesses; and we have no choice but to believe him.

Thus reiterated, the charges will have to be met by more than a telegraphic denial. They are serious enough to get up more than a rattle—a row. The sooner these allegations of insubordination are seriously looked into the better.

Can the late cutting of the Cat’s tails be at the bottom, or rather at the back, of it?

Are we to conclude that “when the Cat’s away the mice will play” in this very ugly fashion,—getting drunk, wrecking and looting under their officers’ noses? It is earnestly to be hoped not—or the “harmless, necessary Cat” will have to be brought back again, and we shall be driven to the conclusion that our soldiers are ruffians only to be kept in order by the means appropriate to ruffianism. *Absit omen!* Far be it from *Punch* to say or think so, but he hears it said, and he knows it is thought, by many wearers of Her Majesty’s uniform. He grieves that colour should be given to such words and thoughts by the reiterated statements of Dr. W. H. RUSSELL, an authority we still accept as unimpeachable, even after Sir GARNET’S sweeping telegraphic contradiction.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

Head of the Cabinet—Lord BEACONFIELD.

Tail of the Cabinet—Lord B. concealed.

SPEECHES AND SECURITIES.

In what do the wordy Debates in the House of Commons resemble Turkish Bonds? Absence of Interest.

ANGELICAN OBSCURANTISM.

’Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. The late fogs provided the Ritualist Clergy with an excuse for Candles.

VERY DIFFERENT.—There is no real Harmony between Conservatives and Home-Rulers, though there may be KING-HARMAN-Y.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL
DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER VII.

Another Lecture—Remarks—Casting Vote—Effect—Announcements—Next Subject.

LECTURE the Second at the Ideal Dramatic College on the subject of “Rehearsal” (which Mr. BANCROFT has already treated in the previous Chapter), will be given by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, who, before the same Students, would probably inculcate the following practical and most useful lesson:—

Gentlemen, for my part, and giving you the result of my lengthy and varied experience, no piece, however slight, should be attempted under, at least, *six months’ careful and laborious rehearsal.*

At the first rehearsal the Actors should all come perfect in their words—absolutely perfect—no nonsense about it, no gammon, no shirking, no bogus, absolutely perfect. (“*Hear, hear!*”)

The scenes and properties should be all there from the very first, just exactly as they are going to be at the very last. (*Applause from the Students.*) It is only in this way that success can be achieved. There is no royal road to success—and Rome was no more built in a day than can any one of the pieces you’ve ever seen at the Gaiety—take *Robbing Roy*, for example—be produced under, as I’ve said before, at least six months. Six months! ’pon my soul, now I come to think of it, I would far sooner say *six years.* Nothing on the stage must be left to chance. The doctrine of “Short rehearsals make long runs” is only true, if qualified by the amount rehearsed, and not as to the duration of each rehearsal itself, or to the whole series. “Short rehearsal” should be only a comparative term. I don’t believe in the parrot-cry of the British workman about “short hours.” I say, go in a buster for

it when you do go in, and keep the steam up for a whole year of rehearsals if necessary. (*Great cheering.*) Glad to see you like my plan. It’s the only genuine, practical one, I can tell you *that.* For example, say we are only going to devote our attention one morning to a portion of a Comedy—half a Scene of one Act—this, though it should occupy the Actors, the carpenters, the property-men, the orchestra, and all the *employés* for the best three hours of their lives, would be comparatively a short rehearsal.

Rehearse bit by bit, go over it again and again, and get each bit perfect. Don’t trust to the Prompter. He is only paid to prompt in case prompting should be necessary. The Prompter is, so to speak, the stage-doctor. He is called in when somebody goes a little wrong. But he should never be called in when everything is going like clockwork. (*Cheers from Students.*) Trust nothing to inspiration. In classical lingo, inspiration be blowed! (*Immense cheering.*) Know exactly what you are going to do, and what everybody else is going to do. You do yours, and they do theirs. Each Actor, from the principal to the super, should be possessed of a thorough knowledge of the entire story of the piece in which he is playing a part. What the French call the *ensemble* is the grand secret. Just see the French Company of the Théâtre Français at the Gaiety, that’ll give you some idea of my meaning. The scenery and properties, exactly as they will be for the public performance, must be used at every rehearsal. No matter how slight the mistake, or how important the Artist who makes it, let him go over and over that particular passage again and again, until the Stage Manager and the Author are both satisfied. No dillydallying, no sulkeness, no tantrums, but over and over again, round goes the wheel, till the machinery works without a hitch. (“*Hear, hear!*”) *Ruat cælum fiat justitia*—rather bad houses for a year, than that any piece should be produced with insufficient rehearsal. (*Loud cheers from Students.*) Gentlemen, you will oblige me by just tipping the Gyps in attendance to take your caps and gowns in the cloak-room, where you will see a board, requesting you to observe the vital principle of “Remember the Boxkeeper.”

Gentlemen, the lecture is over, and whether called to be Actors or Stage Managers, I am sure you will do wisely to lay these lessons well to heart. Gentlemen, you can skedaddle. *Au revoir.* Bless you!



The two foregoing Lectures from Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD will convey some slight idea of the difference of doctrine on the same subject. Who shall decide? The Master and Council, the Master having the casting vote, and the "casting" vote here will mean whether the Professor, whose teaching is reprobated, shall be included in the *Dramatis Personæ* in the bills of the Ideal Dramatic College.

At the end of every term a notice could be placed in Hall announcing the

SUBJECTS OF LECTURES FOR THE ENSUING TERM.



Subject.	Lecturer.
On the Delivery of Blank Verse.	MR. KENDAL.
On the Necessity of Clear and Distinct Articulation.	MR. H. IRVING.
On the Effective Expression of Emotion.	MR. J. HARR.
On the Duty of Speaking the Author's Text, and the Pernicious Effect of "Gagging."	MR. LIONEL BROUGH.
On the Necessity of Perfect Repose in Acting.	MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
On the Bad Effects of the Single Star System, and the Absolute Necessity of a First-rate All-round Company.	MR. J. L. TOOLE.
On the Dangers of Exaggeration in Character Acting.	MR. J. W. ANSON.
On the Ease and Elegance Essential to a Light Comedian.	MR. WALTER LACY.

NOTE.—Including special instructions on how to enter a room as if you were Somebody; how to remove the hat, and unbutton gloves, how to replace hat on head, how to re-adjust gloves, how to exit so as to convey the impression that you really are Somebody. The Lecturer will bring his own hat

and gloves, which will not be handed round to the Students for practice. Every Student required to provide himself with these accessories.

On Real and Personal Properties MR. ARTHUR CECIL.

NOTE.—This Lecture will include most wholesome advice as to the furnishing of the table on the Stage, whether for breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner, or supper. Further advice to Students on commencing their Dramatic Course as to what they are to eat, drink, or avoid, on the Stage. On the dangers of indigestion incurred by eating too much property-chicken, or drinking an extra glass of "some very good stuff" made by the property-man to represent wine, and highly recommended by the management. Hints as to extra salary if required to play eating parts, and a certain allowance made for bringing your own food and drink.



On the Avoidance of Anything like Monotony in Acting.	MR. HORACE WIGAN.
On the Stage as a School for Speaking Correct and Classic English.	MR. DAVID JAMES.
On the Bad Effects of "clowning" in Comedy.	MR. ODELL.
On Dignity of Deportment in the Highest Walks of Tragedy, on the Power of the Eye, and of General Breadth of Style.	MR. THOMAS THORNE.
On the Advantages of a Calm Manner, and a Slow and Impressive Delivery.	MR. EDWARD TERRY.
On the careful Use of the Right Hand, and the Absence of Anything approaching to Mannerism in Action.	MR. J. RYDER.
On Self-consciousness as Destructive of Dramatic Power.	MR. BARNESANTO.
On the Readiest Means of Acquiring an airy, tough-and-go, vivacious Style, with a rapid and articulate Delivery of Patter Speeches.	MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.

I shall now proceed to suggest a few Notes for the Professors' Lectures, previous to considering the constitution of Curtains College, with its Presidentess and fully certificated Lecturers.

UNPARASITIC TO OFFICIAL RAIL.

THE German Minister of Finance is HERR BITTER. Our Minister of Finance must understand the peculiar suggestiveness of such a name.

THE TRIUMPH OF COWEN.

(From the Jingo point of view.)

COWEN's praise demands my song—
COWEN wise and COWEN strong.
Favourite of the Radical,
Yet true Briton before all.
He mean spite's long-hoarded stores
Never on our PREMIER pours;
Prompt to play the patriot part,
Liberal hand, but Tory heart!
Hot to smirch his honoured name,
Caucus-cads against him came,
But he gave the brutes a hiding,
With Imperial Dizzy siding,
And, in spite of pelting Rad's stone,
Kicking up his heels at GLADSTONE.
Fiery words in fine array
Swept all factious fudge away;
Scheming theft and plotting war,
Perjured Russia paled afar,
All her hopes from GLADSTONE's crew
Dashed by COWEN staunch and true!
Though his voice be for Home Rule,
Sure that Tory is a fool
Who at this portentous crisis
On that ticklish point too nice is.
That's a stick may do to thrash
WADDY wild or RAMSAY rash,
But 'gainst COWEN, bold as clever,
Raise the awkward weapon? Never!
An Imperialistic Rad
Is not often to be had.
Who can deal such useful blows
As a friend amongst your foes?
On he goes, through logic crashing,
Premise with conclusion clashing,
On with helter-skelter vigour,
Scorning fact, and shirking figure;
Tory with Home-Rule mates curt as
His *Imperium et Libertas*.
Tyne's dusk flood and coaly shore
Echoing to the battle's roar!
Checked by torrent-tide of tropes
Anti-Jingoes give up hopes;
Winning at each trenchant thrust
Daunted Dilke-ites bite the dust;
While the glowing periods flow,
Hats in air wild Tories throw.
Mad with Russophobia glee,
E'en the cynical P. M. G.,
Stinting normal pish and tush,
Condescends to common gush.
COWEN back till all is blue!
For Newcastle's pride Hurree!!!

APPROPRIATE.

CHARACTERS in old farces and comedies, and in some modern novels, were often named "with a purpose;" as, for instance, *Quirk, Gammon & Snap*, the Solicitors' firm, in WARREN's *Ten Thousand a Year*, and the Rev. Mr. *Quiverful*, the Parson with a large family, in Mr. TROLLOPE's *Barchester Towers*.—but it is not often we meet with a thoroughly neat and appropriate name in real life. When found, it should be made a note of, and here it is noted accordingly,—vide Divorce Court report in *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, Feb. 13, when the following witness was examined:—

"WILLIAM SPYBY, a Private Detective, said that upon one occasion he was outside, &c. &c."

Could Mr. TROLLOPE himself have invented a better name for a Detective? And the next witness, according to the report, was a lesser SPYBY, son of SPYBY, Senior, who in the course of being brought up in the way he should go, found himself literally "up a tree." Beautiful name, SPYBY! When Mr. *Punch* wants to know how some of his young men spend their time, he will send to SPYBY; but, not till then!



THE LATE FOGS.

THE POOR FOGGED-OUT PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS PARADING THE STREETS OF KENSINGTON, AND SINGING IN CHORUS.

LENTEN PENANCES FOR THE CABINET.

Lord Beaconsfield.—To reconcile his Ministerial statements in the House of Lords with the official utterances of his subordinates in the House below. To condense the solid substance contained in "Peace with Honour," and to define the "Scientific frontier" of North-Western India as now secured.

Lord Salisbury.—To make the SULTAN hear reason, and reduce big and little maps of Central Asia to a common scale. To sift out the grains of salt from his own official utterances, Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary. To read his own and his chief's speeches of four years ago, especially those dealing with a certain "master of gibes and sneers."

Lord Cranbrook.—To peruse the Indian Press articles upon the aims and management of the campaign in Afghanistan.

Earl Cairns.—To analyse our failures in the shape of Bankruptcy, Real Property Registration, and Conveyancing Reform Bills, and to draw outlines of measures that will work in all three.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.—To come to an arrangement (through the telegraph) with Sir BARTLE FRERE upon the future of South Africa.

Colonel Stanley.—To repent (in sackcloth and ashes) of his treatment of the Military Medical Department.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—To add up the sums paid last year for repairs of Her Majesty's iron-clads.

Lord John Manners.—To write an essay upon the advantages of the telephone.

Viscount Sandon.—To enumerate the benefits to trade evidenced by the recent recovery in chemicals, and to draw up an essay on scientific agriculture for tenant-farmers in Asia Minor.

Mr. Cross.—To teach the Licensed Victuallers how to love him, and to arrange with the Metropolitan Board of Works a workable Bill for the purchase of sites for artisans' dwellings.

And, lastly—**Sir Stafford Northcote.**—But no—the preparation of the Budget will be penance enough for him!

THE LIVERPOOL MAJORITY (translated into a Trumpet-note of Triumph).—Too-too-too—Won!

AN INVITATION OF THE DAY

(To the Garden of Academe).

COME into the Tripos, MAUD,
For the dark old days have flown;
Come into the Tripos, MAUD—
Were schools made for men alone?—
Soon the Undergrads will be shouting abroad
Your name, love, as well as my own!

See! the slow old world moves on,
If the planet of love burns shy,
Beginning to wane, though not yet quite gone
Out of modern young peoples' sky.
Will it faint in the light of the lists outshone,
And girl Wranglers of "Spoons" fight shy?

There has fallen a splendid tear
From a Newnham girl at the gate—
For Newnham to Girton never came near,
And Girton was all *en fête*.
The Galleries cry, "She's Eighth Wrangler, the dear!"
And the Dons nod, "Bracketed eight!"
And Girton listens,—"We hear, we hear!"—
And Newnham whispers, "I wait!"

The Policy of Pit.

From the Shade of Charles Lamb ("Elia") to Mr. Bancroft:—"In those days were Pit orders. Beahrew the uncomfortable Manager who abolished them."

Notion for the St. James's Theatre Advertisement.—"Who was PITT? The Great Commoner. The Theatrical Pit should be a little commoner. Another row added to the Pit at this theatre! The most comfortable Pit in London! Reasonable Pit prices. Sixpence extra to the Picture Gallery between the Entr'actes. Pit! Pit!! Pit!!!"

The St. James's might then consider itself as successfully pitted against the Haymarket. Just now both are doing sufficiently well, and neither to be pitied.



THE (PERSIAN) "CAT'S-PAW."

(AFTER [AND BEFORE] LANDSEER.)

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NO PARTY AFFAIR.

MR. PUNCH!



PROPOSED as I am to all innovation, I much disliked the change of the Royal Title effected a wee bit syne, through a Parliamentary vote, by a so-called Conservative Government.

I held that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY could bear no prouder title than that of Queen of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

Nor, even supposing Empress a name more elevated than Queen, could I imagine any increase of dignity accruing to the Sovereign from a distinction conferred upon her by a Premier who is nothing but a mushroom Peer.

But now the important fact has unexpectedly transpired that the

title of EMPRESS of INDIA was originally given to the QUEEN by no less a man than His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL, I think that just alters the case altogether, considered as a question of honour.

Politics apart, *Mr. Punch*, I consider it one thing for the Prime Minister's Royal Mistress to have been constituted by her Parliament, on his recommendation, an Empress, and quite another to have had that highest gradation of earthly rank assigned to her by the MAC CALLUM MORE.

I have the honour to be, *Mr. Punch*, a Tory of the Tories, if you please, and whether you please or no, but first of all

A SCOTCHMAN.

A SUPERFLUOUS EFFIGY.

WILL you persist, friends, in the project of setting up a graven image to the late Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey? You will? Why?

Because he was a good young man who, from inherited attachment and personal gratitude to this country, took part with us against CHETWAYO in the Zulu War, and laid down his life whilst engaged in fighting our battle? Dear friends, this supposition is as generous as it is absurd, nearly; which is saying a great deal for you.

Everybody but a donkey—present company excepted—knows perfectly well that Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON interposed in our South African quarrel—with proverbial reward—in order to acquire a knowledge of warfare. He went, for practice in soldiering, to fight the Zulus, and kill, or assist in killing, if necessary, as many as came in his way. Is this the sort of proceeding to be glorified by a monument in any place of worship where it is customary to recite the Sixth Commandment?

Do you wish to make Frenchmen imagine that we look with dislike upon the Republic, and account the Empire France's only fit form of Government? Would you have Germany suppose that we desire the revival of a dynasty bent on avenging Sedan?

No, dear friends, if you must set up an image of that unfortunate young BONAPARTE, let it be not a graven, but a waxen one, and place it not in Westminster Abbey, but in that much more suitable repository, Madame Tussaud's, along with the other memorials of the BONAPARTES already on view there.

Scientific and Shifting.

Oh where and oh where is our Indian frontier gone?
It's dodging 'twixt Herat or Merv and—say the Arctic zone.
And it's oh how we wish that its wanderings were done!

Oh where and oh where did our Indian frontier dwell?
It dwelt among the Sulimans, and we fancied all was well.
But where it is now not Lord B. himself can tell.

Suppose and suppose that our Indian frontier's found!
If another Bogey rises it again may shift its ground.
And it's oh what a bore is this game of Brag all round!

A REAL PAGE FROM AN AUTOCRAT'S DIARY.

(By the Pall Mall's Own Correspondent.)

MORNING.—Awoke after disturbed night. Dreamt of yesterday evening's explosion. Breakfast. Picked men of the Royal Body-guard on sentry at all the doors. Battalion of the Preobrajensky Regiment and park of artillery in the corridor. Police corps three deep at each window, in order to intercept bullets, or to give warning if civilian seen within sight of the Palace. While at breakfast read my correspondence, DRENTELN kindly opening letters, in case they should contain dynamite, nitro-glycerine, or other explosive substance.

After Breakfast.—Infernal machine discovered inside my private cigar-box. German tobaccoist suspected, as his wife, mother, and brother have been banished to Siberia. Tobaccoist arrested—to follow wife, mother, and brother. (N.B. In future DRENTELN to inspect cigar-boxes before I open them.)

Luncheon.—Same arrangement of guards as at breakfast. Terrific explosion. Left wing of Palace, containing Imperial Library, totally destroyed. Supposed to have been undermined, and mine fired by electricity. DRENTELN thinks the perpetrators must have imagined that I was lunching in the Library as I did yesterday. I see how wise was DRENTELN's request that I would never take a meal in the same room for two days together. Decree published banishing electricians and manufacturers or importers of explosive materials to Siberia.

Afternoon.—Informed by Chief of Secret Police that during this morning's domiciliary visits a young man was discovered reading the History of England. This spread of pernicious foreign literature must be stopped. The Third Section has given orders for young man's confinement in a fortress. On further inquiry, he turns out to have been educated at the University of Kharkoff. Decree published dismissing present staff of professors at Kharkoff, and replacing them by non-commissioned officers of the Guard.

Took drive in close steel-plated carriage, escorted by drafts from different cavalry regiments. Thought safer than escort of one regiment. Carriage carefully examined before starting, also horses. Dynamite found concealed in their nosebags. During drive, great cheering from loyal inhabitants. Man observed looking out of window with a stick in his hand. Arrested, and ordered off to Siberia. As DRENTELN observes, it might have been a gun.

Offered thanksgivings for safe return. Loyal telegrams from chief towns and districts, congratulating me on my drive. Officer of Third Section opens all telegrams. Another terrific explosion: a hundred yards of the road I have just driven over, blown into the air. Lucky mistake as to my time of passing. Wires found connecting mine with house of eminent philanthropist, who has just returned from Siberia. On his way back, met the rest of his family going out. This appears to have irritated him. Order from Third Section for precautionary arrest of all his acquaintances and tradesmen.

Announce my departure for the South. Leave at midnight for Peterhoff, in a third-class carriage, disguised as a priest.

On arrival at Peterhoff, sixteen explosions reported on Southern line. Perfect success of ruse. Regrettable depreciation of Railway Shares. How can I help it?

NEW MOVES STILL OPEN.

(A Page from the Note Book of a Noble Statesman.)

Mem.—To look up a new phrase, *viz* Scientific Frontier, disappeared.

Mem.—To secure the safety of the Channel Islands, by inviting Belgium to occupy Cherbourg, and Spain to annex Monaco and Marseilles.

Mem.—To oppose the machinations of the Russians in Central Asia, by proclaiming Her Majesty VICTORIA Queen of Zululand.

Mem.—To appoint all the available Princes of the Blood Royal Governors of our Colonies and Dependencies.

Mem.—To bring Lord LYTTON back from India as a Marquis, and to replace him by His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL.

Mem.—To accept a Dukedom, and to retire from the present Ministry in favour of Lord SALISBURY.

Mem.—To support Home Rule, and English Manhood Suffrage.

Mem.—To gag Sir CHARLES DILKE with a Garter, and bring Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, if necessary, to anchor with a Gold Key, and to offer the pick of Cabinet Offices to Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT.

Mem.—To dedicate a New Edition of certain Standard Novels to Mr. GLADSTONE.

Mem.—And (in the event of the defeat of the Conservatives at the General Election) to return to Parliament as the acknowledged Leader of the Great Liberal, Constitutional, and Patriotic Party.

THE STORY OF THE SOUTHWARK ELECTION (IN BRIEF).—DUNN—and Done—between two Gentlemen.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, Feb. 9 (Lords).—The MACALLUM MORE confessed to having dubbed the QUEEN "the Empress of India," some ten years ago, in a telegram to SHIRAZ ALL. They wanted an equivalent to "Shah-in-Shah," and he hit on "Empress." The mistake was to suppose he had ever opposed the Bill conferring the title. If that Bill had been the "groundwork of the Imperial policy in the East," he was sorry he had not. So "let that fesc stick by the wa'."

The Basutos are being disarmed, Lord CADOGAN told Lord KIMBERLEY, "with due regard to the feelings of the inhabitants." That is the way we do everything—invasion and extermination included—under the present most considerate Administration.

The LORD CHANCELLOR tabled his Bill making employers liable for accidents to workmen caused by the wrongful act or negligence of servants in authority, though in "the same employment." The

THE WITTLER'S WOTE.

"Post 'em up, them Tory bills!
 Paper's plenty, paste is cheap.
 Wittlers work with 'arty wills,
 And unanimous as sheep.
 Heed that GLADSTONE's oily tongue?
 No, not me!" says Brother BUNG.

"'Ate him and his thieving gang;
 Rob the Church, the land degrade.
 Let the bloomin' lot go 'ang!
 Teach 'em to molest 'The Trade'!
 Spite o' mud by Mawworms flung,
 We wotes blue," says Brother BUNG.

"Beer and Bible? Right you are!
 Pooty pair! and, wot's more, winners!
 Them Dissenters ban the bar—
 Rank us Publicans as sinners.
 But the Church our praise has sung:
 They're my men!" says Brother BUNG.

"Princples? Well, these is mine:—
 England's—like us Wittlers—one!
 Pull together—that's the line—
 And yer enemies is done.
 Tread 'em 'neath yer feet like dung,
 Wittlers' way!" says Brother BUNG.

"Rooshian brutes, teatotal cads—
 Foes is foes, and must be crashed.
 BEN's the boy to dish the Radg;
 He's the party to be pushed
 Hoist him to the highest rung—
 Wittlers win!" says Brother BUNG.

For Lord Lawrence.

"A numerous-attended public meeting was held yesterday at the Mansion House, the LORD MAYOR presiding, with a view of considering what steps should be taken for the erection of a suitable monument to Lord LAWRENCE. The speakers included Lord DENBY, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., the Dean of WESTMINSTER, Mr. JUSTICE STEPHEN, Lord NORTH-BROOK, and Lord GRANVILLE."

If *Punch* might make a modest suggestion for such a tribute, it would be a representation of the Scientific Frontier, and for inscription—

"Si monumentum queris, circumspecte."

NEVER SATISFIED.

SOME people are always suspecting the foreign policy of the Government. Now they are beginning to smell a He-rat in Central Asia.



OIL AND WATER.

Smith is going in for High Art decoration, and wishes to combine the best of the French and English Schools. Having had his Walls Papered and Painted in the latest English style, he goes to France for his Hangings.

"ORANGE CURTAINS! BUT, MONSIEUR PAFELARD, WON'T ORANGE CURTAINS KILL MY HIGH BLUE DADO?"

"PARBLEU! HE IS A BEAST, YOUR 'IGH BLUE DADO! AND I WERE TO KILL HIM VERY MUCH INDEED!"

difficulty is to define "servants in authority;" which feat will be delegated to a Select Committee.

(Commons.)—MR. STANHOPE resolutely declined to let the Cabul-Cat (or "Knout" it should perhaps be called as being Russian) out of the bag.

Colonel STANLEY disclaims the Indian War Correspondents' Gag. This precious implement of coercion and restraint is like the Cat last Session—everybody seems ashamed to father it. India saddles it on the War Office, and the War Office tosses it back to India. No wonder, in this bandying process, if the Gag is dropped—as it seems to be.

Adjourned debate on the Irish Amendment to the Address.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY, one of the most reasonable of Home-Rulers, as well as most energetic, liberal, and improving of Irish landlords, after describing his own experience, both of the suffering and its remedies, declared that in the West famine had set in, and that Government were censurable for not having met it by reproductive works, as on railways.

MR. W. E. FORSTER thought that the Government had done their best to avert famine by accumulation of food and fuel, and relaxations of out-door relief.

But on further discussion it appeared that no such accumulations had been made, and no such relaxations sanctioned, and so the Irish Members pressed their charge of supineness against the Government, whose case was well stated by MR. W. H. SMITH.

LORD HARTINGTON could not support a Vote of Censure till he knew exactly what the Government had done. As yet the Irish Members had failed to make out their case. He then went on to the relations of the Opposition and the Home-Rulers, and pointed out

that voting for inquiry into Home-Rulers' demands was very different from supporting them, or even admitting a *prima facie* case for them. If LORD RAMSAY had promised his vote for inquiry, there was KING HARMAN, Home-Ruler, just made Lord-Lieutenant of Sligo. And there sat among the supporters of the Government and Home-Rule, or inquiry with a view to it, Sir G. BOWYER, MR. HAMOND, LORD CASTLEREAGH (and he might have added MR. COWEN). Why should the Opposition repudiate such allegiance when the Government accepted it?

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND denied the analogy.

MR. GABBETT—ominous name—*An Vocatus "Gabbett" Gab's-gift quia habet?*—moved further adjournment of the Debate, which, after a half-hour's fight, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, as usual, yielded.

It can't be said that the cloud of Famine does not loom large and black enough over Ireland to justify more than a night's talk—if only an "amendment" in more than words could come of it.

Tuesday (Lords.)—The Government (LORD BRACONSFIELD informed LORD GRANVILLE) has not released the Persian Cat's claws from the treaties that have kept the Afghan He-rat safe from her since 1857. There has been diplomatic talk, but nothing more as yet.

LORD DE LA WARR wants to have his little Bill settling Employer's liability for Servants' injuries shunted into the same Select Committee siding with LORD CAIRNS'. But LORD CAIRNS declines.

(Commons.)—LORD J. MANNERS doesn't see his way to a Copyright Bill this Session. "*Auctores Mores expectent.*" "Let Authors wait for MANNERS."

Sir STAFFORD spoke to the same effect as his Chief of the Persian

Cat and the He-rat, if rather less vaguely. (See *Punch's* Cartoon, in which the "coming event casts its shadow before." The Cat, it will be observed, has not yet burnt its paws.)

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN reopened the Irish Debate. He didn't believe in Home-Rule, but was ready to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas, and, as the first instalment, would support the Amendment. The Land Laws and Landlords wanted dealing with. The Government had done but little, nor done that little well.

So said Mr. MUNDELLA, Mr. RYLANDS, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY, and a phalanx of Home-Rulers.

Mr. CROSS answered for the Government. Not a workhouse was yet full. To have broken down Poor-Law restraints while they could be maintained, would have been a fatal mistake. The Government had its eyes open and its hands ready. Public works would have been mere masks for waste as in 1847. They would see that seed for next year's crops should be forthcoming.

On division, Mr. SHAW's Amendment was negatived by 216 to 66.

The talk has not been all idle, though often, literally, to empty benches—once to the Chair, the clerks at the table, and a single Member besides the one on his legs. Up to this time the more violent of the Home-Rulers have not rushed in to obstruct and exasperate. PARNELL is, happily, abroad. "For this relief much thanks." In his eclipse even the star of BIGGAR has loomed less, thus far. But now comes the turn of FINNIGAN and O'DONNELL! And, lo! on

Wednesday (Ash Wednesday; day of penance) the House—after a reasonable *quart d'heure* with Mr. FAWCETT on the incidence of the costs of hostilities in Afghanistan, wound up by Sir STAFFORD's promise that before the House was asked to vote any of the year's money it should have an opportunity of settling the distribution of their burden—bowed its head to the sackcloth and ashes of Mr. O'DONNELL's eloquence, while to an empty house he wasted his wind and the House's time for an hour and a half, till the hour of adjournment arriving "*diarrhoeam verborum diremit*."

Thursday (Lords).—Lord BRACONSFIELD gave an even more distinct disclaimer than before of the reported release of Persia from her engagement not to snap up Herat.

Lord CAIRNS who last night declined to give a hearing before the Select Committee to Lord DE LA WARRE's Bill on Compensation by Employers for Injuries to Servants, offered one to Lord DE LA WARRE, to represent his views on the Committee in person.

A sensible and cool talk, started by Lord EMLY, about the distresses in Ireland, and general agreement that the Government had dealt with it wisely if not too well, and had avoided some of the mistakes of 1847. Altogether it was evident that their Lordships were not in any danger of famine, or they would scarcely have been so cool and reasonable.

(Commons).—After questions and answers, Mr. O'DONNELL rose to resume his rhodomontade, in which he seemed determined to seize the opportunity of out-Parnelling PARNELL. Nobody stopped to hear him. BIGGAR appeared for the first time this Session, apologising most unnecessarily for a shorter speech than usual as he had an engagement to talk in Southwark. Rather anywhere than in the House!

Mr. FINNIGAN seconded Mr. O'DONNELL in a rhapsody worthy of his leaders, and the House, till then empty, filled for Division—128 to 12. Not one Englishman in the minority, of course, and only the Intransigentes among the Home-Rulers.

Over the Relief of Irish Distress Bill, the question whether the advances authorised by the Bill should be made out of the Church Surplus Fund, as proposed, or out of the Exchequer, was discussed in a business-like way, considering the Irish propensity to interpret the rule, "Help yourselves" in the sense of "Put your hand into somebody else's pocket," and with a refreshing absence of the rampant O'Donnelism and Finniganism to which the House—or rather its walls—had just been treated. In the end, the House accepted the Bill, without amendment.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL's Bankruptcy Law Amendment was referred to a Select Committee, Sir HENRY JAMES promising his valuable help in the shaping of the Bill. Time will show if Sir JOHN HOLKER's measure is to do anything more effectual for the cleansing of the Augean stable of Insolvency Law than its predecessors. With so many legal vultures waiting for the carcases of the insolvent estates, we doubt the likelihood of anything beyond the bare bones being in most cases saved for creditors.

Friday (Lords).—The He-rat has NOT been put at the mercy of the Persian Cat—not yet—so reiterates Lord B.

Dr. FARR is seventy-two, and not in strong health. The PREMIER gives these as his reasons for not making the Doctor Registrar-General, and they are unimpeachable ones. At the same time, it is rather odd that there was nobody so fit for the place as the ex-cavalry-officer, ex-private-secretary, and brother-in-law to a Cabinet Minister. We know now that it is Dr. FARR who has gone further in life than a scrupulous official sense of responsibility could allow in a Registrar-General, and has fared the worse for it. The public, it is to be assumed, has fared the better. One thing is to

be hoped: that the Government will mark their high sense of Dr. FARR's services in his superannuation allowance.

(Commons).—Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has given the lie to Dr. W. H. RUSSELL's statements of insubordination among our troops in the Transvaal as roundly as telegraph wires can give it. Between such a statement, and such a denial, further inquiry is inevitable.

Mr. STANHOPE read General ROBERTS's letter, denying, generally, the charge of having hung Afghans for resisting us in arms, and declaring that our conduct, on the whole, has been "extremely mild and lenient." This, as far as General ROBERTS is concerned, *Punch* is quite ready to believe—though, to be sure, the Ghoorkas do seem to have set fire to a few Afghans before "life was quite extinct." But then it was *all but*; and, like the Sailor, "they need not have been so nasty particular to a few minutes."

Mr. HARDCASTLE is much concerned about the sanitary risks from occupancy of the big barracks which are being run up outside Edinburgh in hot—or rather cold and damp—haste, to lodge voters for Mr. GLADSTONE by way of retort of flats on faggots. But the canny Scots of Midlothian may be trusted. They are not such flats as to go into houses unfit to live in.

Worthy champion of such a cause, WHEELHOUSE, Q.C., hoisted the banner of Protection, and did the good service of eliciting a disclaimer from the Government by Mr. BOURKE—fit agent in burking the old love of the Tory Benches—and of heading a Protectionist Forlorn Hope of Eight—with the tellers—faithful of the tribe of Abdiel!

Let *Punch* record the names of this immortal *ottet*,—WHEELHOUSE and EATON, tellers. Sir GEORGE BOWYER, Captain BEDFORD PIM, Mr. BENTINCK, Mr. Serjeant SPINKS, and Major O'GORMAN.

None but themselves could be their parallels—and if *Punch* had been asked to call the muster for such a last Protectionist parade, whom could he have placed in the van more valiant than BOWYER, whom to cover the retreat more stout and stalwart than the Major! In answer to Sir W. HARCOURT's direct interpellation, Sir STAFFORD accepted Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's conclusion that the treaty of Paris, and its Tripartite offspring, were both practically abrogated by the Treaty of Berlin, and that we were now bound to the defence of Turkey by less onerous obligations than our old diplomatic ties.



HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

THE RELIGION FOR RITUALIST CURATES.—Nincom-Popery.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Aunt Mary. "WELL, TOMMY, SHALL I CARRY YOUR BAT AND STUMPS FOR YOU?"
Tommy. "NO, AUNTIE, THANKS! ME TARRY BAT AND 'TUMPS. 'OO TARRY ME!"

A PATRIOT'S APPEAL;
 OR, A RADICAL CURE FOR THE RADICAL CANCER.
 (From the P. M. G.'s point of view.)

Ho! all ye rampant Radicals, who long have raved and roared,
 And on the brow of BEACONSFIELD your fierce invectives poured!
 Ho! hot and heady HARTINGTON! ho! traitorous ARGYLE!
 Ho! HARCOURT sour and saturnine, ho! GRANVILLE black with bile!
 Ho! GOSCHEN, red republican, subversive DERBY ho!
 Fierce FORSTER, furious demagogue, and democratic LOWE!
 Ho! frantic FROUDE, ho! weak CARLYLE, bland pander to the Mob,
 And ho!—and this most specially—thou sycophantic snob,
 Truth-hating, tyrant-flattering, and England-loathing cad,
 GLADSTONE, whose whole and sole excuse is that thou art half mad!
 Ho!—well, in short,—ho! everyone who won't with us agree,
 In magnifying SALISBURY, and buttering Lord B.,
 Who, whatever your Party badge, religion, rank, or place,
 Are all confounded Radicals, the scandal of your race,—
 Give ear! You are a scurvy lot, inspired by spite and hate,
 Who to your paltry private gains would sacrifice the State.
 The motive of your rant and cant is mere malicious rancour,
 Which gnaws your Party's vitals like a sort of chronic cancer.
 (At least, so says the P. M. G.,—that charitable print.)
 Draw near, lend ear, bend your stiff necks, and take a patriot's hint!
 You mustn't go and lift your voice against your native land,
 Or question the high policy you cannot understand;
 You must not cast doubts on her right to do the thing that's wrong,
 In taking part against the weak to shield her from the strong.
 You mustn't nourish yearnings keen to see her calm, and just,
 Honest, and true—and all that trash in which the snivellers trust;
 You mustn't go and hotly flush with mawkish maudlin shame
 To hear of tricks or meannesses committed in her name;
 You mustn't call attention, no, not even in advance,
 To wrongs she is about to do her power to enhance;
 Nor must you point out her mistakes in policy or war,
 Nor blush at sight of blood or mud upon her conquering car;
 Nor make the least inquiry in the mildest kind of manner
 Concerning aught that they may do who fight beneath her banner.

THE "CROON" OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

(On the Production of Artificial Diamonds
 by Mr. Hannay of Glasgow, attested by
 Mr. Maskelyne of the British Museum.)

I WAS the brightest jewel
 In Queen VICTORIA'S Crown;
 Now Chemistry, too cruel,
 My worth would topple down!

I defied the blow impending,
 Against MASKELYNE'S forecast,
 Hoped MACTEAR would be its ending,
 But his mark has now been past.

I ne'er thought "Crystallisation
 Of Carbon" I should see:
 That India's favoured nation,
 And Brazil's, bowled out should be!

'Tis a Glasgow chiel, one HANNAY,
 At length has done the trick.
 Deil fetch that Soot uncanny!
 Awa' wi' him, Auld Nick!

Shall his stones in Scotland's bonnet
 Shine out, and make me poor—
 Shall Scotch pebbles, plague upon it,
 Strike pale the Koh-i-Noor?

"SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS, CIRCUMSPICE."

THE LORD MAYOR announces that subscriptions for the Lord Lawrence Memorial Fund will be received at the Mansion House. Those who dissent from the policy now in the ascendant in Afghanistan cannot better show their disapproval than by paying their shot to the Lawrence Memorial Fund.

IN SOUTHWARK.—The "pint" in Mr. CLARKE'S favour—the Imperial.

For if you do these horrid things, although your numbers swell
 To half—the better half—of those who in these islands dwell,
 'Tis plain—unto our patriot eyes—you're but a faction base,
 Inspired by hate of England and a hungry greed for place.
 'Twill prove you'd lick the tyrant's hand, of honour nothing reek,
 That you would place the foreign yoke on England's prostrate neck,
 To save your carcasses from scathe, your coffers from assault,
 That curs like you rejoice to prove your countrymen in fault,
 That like base God-forsaken ghouls, blind to the brave and good,
 You'd grope for paltry party-gain midst British soldiers' blood.
 You don't quite see the Q. E. D.? Ah! that's because you're blind,
 Unnaturally cold of heart as impotent of mind.
 Take lesson from the Music Hall and from the pothouse bar,
 Where roaring Cads and blatant Bungles, more patriotic far
 Than statesmen and philosophers, than scholars, artists, thinkers,
 Prove that we have the true Britons,—the tap-talkers and bar-
 drinkers:
 And that the only recipe for curing your insanity,
 Is to cut out your vile cancer—care for justice and humanity!

A Heavy Blow and a Great Discouragement.

FARINI, we learn from the *Diritto*, has been elected President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. This may be a great thing for Italy, but it will be a sad blow to the Aquarium. Happily the Friendly Zukus and CERREWAYO'S Daughters will not accompany him—at least for the present. The former, it is thought, may be reserving themselves for the Irish, not the Italian, Parliament.

Fanatics and Fagots.

FAGOTING in Mid-Lothian or anywhere else can hardly be wondered at when practised by a magnate who has a stake in the country. On the other side it is naturally resorted to in return. In politics as well as theology there is bigotry on both sides; particularly when in resorting to the fagot, one against the other, parties assist on both sides at a political *auto-da-fé*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, Feb. 16 (Lords).—Since 1855, Lord BURY informed Lord MALMESBURY, the widows and orphans of Purchase Officers killed in action have been in a better position than before the Crimean War. Till then they lost everything; since then, when poor, they receive a certain proportion of the slain man's purchase-money in the shape of pension or payment. Abolition of purchase has wrought them no hardship.

It is interesting to know that Lord STRATHEDEN prefers Aldershot to Brighton, and Whitsuntide to Easter, for the Volunteer Review. The War Office sees no objection to the Volunteer Commanding Officers' choice of Brighton and Easter. This is unfortunate. But Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL is used to snubbing.

(*Commons.*)—The SPEAKER having succumbed at this early period of the Session to the protracted Irish debates, Mr. RAIKES took his place. RAIKES' progress was not more satisfactory than the SPEAKER'S; and the House had another Irish night's entertainment, over the Relief of Distress Bill, till nearly three in the morning.

Viscount CASTLEREAGH disclaimed the sympathy with Home-Rule imputed to him by Lord HARTINGTON. He would rather not sit for County Down, than sit as a Home-Ruler, representing upside-down.

The fight of the evening was over the question whence the three-quarters of a million of Government advances to meet the distress

is to come. From the Church Surplus Fund, says the Government. From the Treasury, say the Home-Rulers (by Mr. SYNAN'S Amendment, negatived by 136 to 34), anxious to keep the Church Surplus for establishing a peasant proprietary. The Government contend, and with unanswerable force, as it seems to *Punch* and the House, that the impending Irish distress answers better the description of a national calamity, to relief of which the Church Surplus Fund should by law be devoted, than the transformation of a certain number of Irish tenants into Irish landlords—though this might, according to some not extravagant contentions, turn out a national calamity, too.

There was a tough fight over Mr. O'DONNELL'S Amendment for giving Guardians power to relieve with money as well as food and fuel. This was negatived by 195 to 120, a division such as Mr. O'DONNELL has rarely been favoured with. A proper award for his comparative rationality through to-night's debate.

Tuesday (Lords).—Diplomatic Question raised—"Is the Tripartite Treaty dead?"—a question scarcely to be asked, undiplomatic simple sense would argue, seeing that the Treaty binds Great Britain, Austria, and France in a guarantee of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire in 1856, and that the Ottoman Empire has since then been subjected to the consolidation by amputation of the Treaty of Berlin.



OUR FOREIGN CRITICS!

(A Sketch near Leicester Square.)

LITTLE BIBI CRAOCH-EN-L'AIR, WHO BOASTS THAT HE IS "TRÈS RÉPANDU DANS LE MONDE" (AND WHY NOT, INDEED!), PROMISES HIS FRIENDS, 'SIDORE SUOR-ROGOMME AND 'POLYTE-LE-PÉTROLEUR, THAT AS SOON AS HE IS PERMITTED TO REGAIN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS ACROSS THE CHANNEL, HE WILL PUBLISH SUCH AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF "ENGLISH SOCIETY" HIGH AND LOW, AS WILL AVENGE THEM ALL THREE FOR THE TEDIUM OF THEIR ENFORCED RESIDENCE AMONG US. HE WILL NOT EVEN SPARE OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS, THE UNGRATEFUL DOG, IN SPITE OF THE COUNTLESS PASSIONS HE IS SAID TO HAVE INSPIRED: BUT MEANS TO PAINT THEM THE FREIGHTS THEY REALLY ARE! AND WON'T HE BE DOWN ON OUR LITERATURE AND OUR ART, THAT'S ALL!

OH, BIBI, THOU SERPENT! IS IT FOR THIS THAT WE HAVE WARMED THEE IN OUR BOSOM FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS!

Lord GRANVILLE thinks that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's outspoken admission that the Treaty is dead and buried had better be accepted by the Government, and put on record. But Lord BEACONSFIELD prefers keeping the Treaty in a state of suspended animation—like a "Peerage in abeyance," he says. He forgets that a peerage in abeyance once revived, revives with all its honours; but how about the Ottoman Empire? Can it ever be resuscitated, with all the territories and suzerainties of 1856? Hardly. What good can be done by keeping the Tripartite Treaty in our *Codex Diplomaticus* Punch can't see, for the life of him. Better start fair, or unfair, with the Treaty of Berlin. That, at least, is the latest *fait accompli*; and the sooner all parties and powers take their stand on it the better.

Lord BEACONSFIELD objects to pronounce the Tripartite Treaty dead: but points out, that if this country were appealed to by the co-signatories of the Treaty to act under it—about as likely as that we should be asked to act under the Treaty of Utrecht—we should have to consider two things, first, the "changes in the Empire which is the object of the Treaty; and, secondly, the nature of the facts with which Her Majesty's Government has to deal."

Oh, rare Lord BEACONSFIELD! *Magister Verborum*, if ever there was one! . . . of words so solemn, so full of sound, so empty of all besides!

(Commons.)—Mr. E. STANHOPE "understands" that the gagging rules for Indian Army Correspondents have been withdrawn. So does Punch. What he does *not* understand is how they ever came to be issued.

Mr. HARDCASTLE continues his solicitous inquiries about the sanitary appliances and fitness for habitation (by Midlothian Liberal voters) of the Liberal flats lately run up near Edinburgh. The

Lord Advocate comforted him. These flats will not qualify tenants, but proprietors. Let us comfort Mr. HARDCASTLE further. The Conservatives have been working up faggot-flats as well as the Liberals. The *Times*' Edinburgh Correspondent reports:—

"The Conservatives also have been active at Dalry Road. At Tynecastle, in that district, there are upwards of thirty 'flats,' each transferred to a separate owner, and giving, or intending to give, a separate vote. In tenements at Meadowbank, Jock's Lodge, a short way east of Holyrood, there are fifty-three 'flats' sold to the same number of proprietors, each of whom claims the electoral qualification."

Let us hope Conservative flats are healthier than Liberal. At least, Mr. HARDCASTLE does not seem to be troubled about them, reserving his anxiety, like the truly noble nature he is, for his political opponents.

One of those tempests in a slop-basin in which the House delights to dabble. Mr. PLIMSOLL, the impetuous and irrepressible, disgusted by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's temporary stoppage of his Bill for compelling the safe stowage of grain cargoes, has posted the Honourable Member for Westminster over his own borough, saddling him with the responsibility for the loss next winter of hundreds of precious lives, and hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of property. This is, no doubt, technically a breach of privilege; but really, considering how the Press deals round its Parliamentary denunciations, it seems late in the day for Honourable Members to complain of their fellow-club-men of St. Stephens for resorting to posted hand-bills instead of printed speeches.

Mr. PLIMSOLL not having seized the opportunity of withdrawing his hard words—he being one of those awkward persons of what BEN JONSON calls "a lunatic zeal and conscience," whose hearts are so entirely in their object, that they are prone to think all who come



"THE UNSEEN WORLD."

Scientific Gent (with his hair on end). "VE'Y STRANGE! BUT I COULD ALMOST SWEAR—I HEAR FOOTSTEPS—FOLLOWIN' ME DOWNSTAIRS—!"

[Bolted into his bedroom, locked the door, and writes to the "Athenæum" next day!]

between them and it not only wilful but wicked—the House adjourned the debate, and passed to Mr. MELDON's Motion for assimilating Irish borough-franchise to English. Considering it was an Irish subject, this led to a not intemperate debate. Of the Irish Members, Messrs. MELDON, GRAY (who said it was the sixth time the Motion had been before the House, and the fourth time he had seconded it), O'SHAUGHNESSY, JUSTIN MCCARTHY, BROOKS, DICKSON, and BLENNERHASSETT, spoke for the Motion; Mr. C. LEWIS bitterly and uncompromisingly against it, denouncing the Motion as an attempt to play into the hands of agitators and demagogues, by enfranchising a purely Roman Catholic population, intensely disaffected and disloyal, in fact an ignorant and miserable residuum. Mr. LEWIS spiced his diatribe by quotations from one of the *National Ballads* calling for sympathy with the Zulus, and ended, with Irish inconsequence, by a very good summary of the needs of Ireland, which *Punch* and all his readers will endorse:—

"What Ireland wanted was peace from agitation, contentment for the people, an orderly disposition to obey the law, encouragement for capital to settle in the country, and for landlords to reside there. Ireland wanted a tonic for the severe, but not incurable disease of the body politic; but the last thing wanted in the present crisis was an instrument such as the resolution proposed to place in the hands of reckless agitators to the injury of the best interests of the State."

Unluckily, the wants of Ireland are precisely those which are barred by the class and creed-hatreds of which Mr. C. LEWIS is the organ. Mr. LEWIS was cheered by the SECRETARY for IRELAND, who was thus unwise enough to make himself the echo of the sharp and scornful sectarianism of the Member for Derry.

Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. BRENT put the Liberal English view of the case in favour of assimilating the borough franchise of the sister-countries—a change as certain in the future as the rising of to-morrow's sun. The division of 188 for, to 242 against the Motion, marks the wide support given to the Irish demand by the Liberals of England.

The Seed Potatoes Bill, an important legislative contribution to the relief of Irish distress, was forwarded, in the teeth of a protest

from the Major against the use of guano—"The Almighty had already granted them in Ireland plenty of means of manuring the land." Sure, isn't muck dirt-cheap in that illigant island?

*Wednesday (Commons).—*House sat late (half-past one), and rose early (five minutes before four). In that time it received Her Majesty's Reply to the Address, and referred to a Select Committee Mr. MARTIN's useful little Bill—more important, perhaps, than many more showy measures—for enabling Courts of Equity to relax oppressive covenants in leases. The Lawyers generally supported the Bill. Alderman COTTON opposed it for the Corporation, as it had not had time to consider the measure, and weigh its action on Corporate interests.

Mr. MUNDELLA got his Bill for Abolishing Property Qualification for Municipal Offices read a Second Time. Now that M. P.'s may sit without property qualification, why should not Aldermen and Common Councillors? He also got a Second Reading for his Bill to define "Suburban Commons," and so enlarge Town-lungs. A good, though brief and unpretending Wednesday afternoon's spell. Work, as usual, in inverse ratio with talk.

*Thursday. —*Lords and Commons joined in expressions of horror at the diabolical blow-up in St. Petersburg.

Mr. GRANT DUFF got a rise out of Mr. STANHOPE *à propos* of a plan for sending British troops from India to Armenia, drawn up by Lieutenant-Colonel MACGREGOR before the Constantinople Conference, and published in the *Statesman*. Mr. GRANT DUFF wanted to know if any Russ measure more hostile to us than this to Russia had been revealed in the Cabul correspondence.

Sir STAFFORD, like the old king in *The Day-Dream*, "smiling put the question by."

In Committee on Irish Distress Bill, Mr. SHAW was defeated by 109 to 89, in a very practical amendment authorising guardians to carry out local improvements by loans, as Lancashire local authorities were empowered to do during the Cotton famine.

It is much to be regretted, *Punch* cannot but think, that the minority of twenty was not a majority as numerous.

House at work on the Bill till nearly three o'clock, defeating

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS!

EMPIRE and Liberty! Two pregnant names,
That mark the hardest crux of history's course;
For how to reconcile the rival claims
Of private freedom and state-ordering force,—
The energy that stirs, the law that tames
The spring of Progress, Change's troubled source,—
To leave thoughts free, yet restless wills to muzzle,—
This is the thinker's plague, the statesman's puzzle.

Freedom is good, and good is righteous rule,
But two most spectral shams their forms that ape,
Monarchs betray, and multitudes befooled;
Blind Licence, masked in Liberty's fair shape,
And Tyranny, with ruthless scourge for tool,
That abject dread doth in the purple drape,
And cowers in mockery of Right Divine,
Over the deep-laid death of Treason's mine.

How sham breeds sham! Here, Empire based on wrong;
There, desperate Licence that makes mock of right:
Absolute rule, which looks so proud and strong,
Seen close, is found a prey to wild affright;
And the masked spirit that sang freedom's song,
And walked in Liberty's fair robe of light,
Shows a foul demon, impotent for good,
In treachery steeped, and red with guiltless blood.

Empire and Liberty! Let satire halt
In her harsh task of baring hidden truth,
At thought of Murder in her secret vault—
Plotter of wholesale slaughter, void of ruth!
Blind and blood-thirsty fury is the fault
Of Revolution in its red raw youth,
But, to devise swift death, in darkness screened,
Aaks compound of the coward and the fiend.

Poor Empire! Shaken in its chamber lone
By every shadow on its guarded walls!
Poor Liberty! whose face here shows as one
So foul her firmest friends it most appeals!
What hope of reconciliation? None,
Till from the pair of close-linked shams there falls
The robe that covers Tyranny's old lie,
The mask that hides thy blindness, Anarchy!

OBSTRUCTIONIST EMBLEM.—More Sham than Shamrock.





IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS!

(RUSS-TRANSLATION.)

Mr. SHAW's attempts to lengthen terms for repayment of Guardians' Loans from ten years to thirty, and to reduce their rate of interest to One per cent. Mr. SHAW is doing, or striving to do, good work on the Bill, and the Home-Rulers ought to be proud of their ruler. In PARNELL's absence even BIGGAR has become strangely unobstructive.

Friday.—A wasted night in both Houses. In the *Lords* the Duke of ARGYLL re-served up again the stale dish of the Afghan policy of the Government. Cut up and peppered by the MACALLUM MORE, it was sensibly and calmly judged by Lord NORTHBROOK, keenly criticised by Lord GRANVILLE, defiantly justified by Lord CRANBROOK, stoutly maintained by Lord CAIRNS, and uncompromisingly reasserted by Lord BEACONFIELD; but for whose information, *Punch* begs to ask, and *cui bono*?

There is not a new fact to be thrashed out of all the bushel of Blue-Book chaff, or a new light to be thrown upon the subject out of all the lucubrations which the Blue-Books have given birth to—especially now that the Government declines to let the alleged Cabul-Russ Correspondence Cat out of the bag. The public that has any mind

to make up has made it up by this time. It remains for the Country to proclaim its view at the General Election. Till then, *Pocas palabras!* be *Punch's* motto and Parliament's!

In the *Commons*, after Mr. PLIMSOLL had apologised to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ONSLOW handsomely and wholeheartedly, as he had offended, the House, instead of taking Lord HARTINGTON's, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's, and Mr. BRIGHT's sensible advice, and dropping the matter, went on to pass a Motion of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's paternity, proclaiming and protesting against the breach of privilege—though the very necessary question of Obstruction stood then to be considered, and thereby aiding the Obstructionists in their manœuvres to keep the House out of *that*.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE promises to take this unmanageable subject out of Mr. NEWDEGATE's mouth. He has hitherto shown more capacity for stirring than settling it. It remains to be seen if the House which is so ready to pass a perfectly superfluous motion about Privilege, cannot raise some sore-needed protection against deliberate obstruction of public business.

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lecture by a Distinguished Professor on Several interesting and important Subjects connected with Dramatic Art, to be delivered at the Ideal College—Further suggestions for Certain College—Scheme for Lecture-goes—Announcements.

PROFESSOR J. H. TOOLE's Lecture at the Ideal Dramatic College, in his Class Room, before a numerous assembly of deeply-interested young Students, all aspirants for Histrionic Fame.

The Eminent Lecturer appears from behind a screen gradually, and then steps forward, and bows. Great reception.

Ladies and Gentlemen—(laughter)—you'll 'souse the remark—I mean Gentlemen, or, as the immortal Poet, you know, says,



"Friends, Romans, countrymen!" you know: though I'd rather address you, Gentlemen and Students, than any number of "countrymen." Never could make out why that word was used! What did he do it for? 'cept to make up the Poet's line. Of course, you know, a man must do what's in his line, you know; and that is in the Poet's line, you know; and if you *don't* know, I can't help you, can I? Well, there it is, you see—(meditates)—and sometimes there it isn't, you see. Look here, you know—as this isn't what I'm here to lecture about, we'll talk about it another time. ("Hear! Hear!") Thank you, Gentlemen; that's very kind of you! I like to hear you say, "Hear! Hear!" because then I know you're all "there—there!" "All there," Gentlemen, do you

see? Joke! (Applause. The Lecturer spreads three fingers before his face, shuts his eyes, as if to recall his thoughts to the subject, then hitches up his academical gown on his right shoulder, and proceeds.) Look here, now—(plaintively)—this won't do, you know. We must be serious. The thing is this:—No piece ought ever to be brought out unless by a first-rate Company, you know. You wouldn't go into any speculation, you know, unless it were brought out by a first-rate Company, would you now? You know what I mean? Well, there it is, you see. Then why should you expect a piece to "go" without a first-rate Company? Look here. (Whistles, to attract the attention of the class.) I say, do attend to me, you know; 'cos I'm talking to you all this while (plaintively), and "I've only got a 'our' for my Lecture—(applause)—and you'll be sorry when I'm gone, 'cos you won't get such a chance again of hearing something to your advantage (shouting) about the Bard—(louder)—SHAKESPEARE's the Bard—and you can't be going very far wrong (pitching his voice rapidly higher and higher), even if you're always "going to the Bard." (Applause. The Lecturer spreads three fingers before his mouth, hitches up his gown over his shoulders, gives a sort of a "cat-call" whistle, and resumes.) Gentlemen, I've

come here to talk to you like a father; so keep your eye on your father, and (raising his voice) your father will pull you through! (Great applause.) Ahem! Every character in a piece ought to be perfectly played. The very best people should be got, at the very highest salaries, you know, regardless of expense. (Whistles.) It's no sort of use having a piece with only one Eminent Actor in it. That's the Star system. I hope it's the Falling Star system. I call it the Planet system—the Planet in the middle, with a lot of little moons round it. But, as another Bard says—

"The Planet will be very bright,
The moons show but reflected light."

Well, then (rapidly raising his voice), what's the good of the moons? I'm not much of an astronomer myself, but I call these moons "satty-lites." It doesn't much matter whether they're satty-lites or city-lights, they're nothing better than CHILD's Night Lights round a full-grown Electric light. ("Hear! hear!") What's the use of a star in *Macbeth* if you're to have a duffer in *Macduff*? (Applause.) There. I thought you'd agree with me. I told you to keep your eye on your Lecturer, and your Lecturer would pull you through. Who'll go to see the best *Hamlet* in the world supported by the entire feebleness of the company. I'd as soon go to see the village hamlet, only I wouldn't say that to everyone, you know—at least—(confidentially)—not before the boy. (Applause.) Thank you. We'll go on to another subject. "Along dong," as the French say. *Ici on parle français*, which means it's easy to speak French. ("Oh! oh!") Lecturer blushes behind a large white glove. 'Souse my glove. ("Yes, yes," from the Students.) Thank you. Now, what's the next article? 'Cos I've only got a 'our for my lecture. Oh! of course. (Consults his notes.) On the necessity of novelty. Certainly. Gentlemen, I strongly advise you against going on with the same old game. I mean the same old piece from year to year, you know. It won't do, you know—in a tone of plaintive remonstrance—this sort o' thing won't do!—and so what I say to a Manager is, the sooner you drop it the better. Some people say, as long as the public chooses to pay to see the same old piece, why take it out of the bills? Gentlemen, this is sordid, you know. Don't let's be sordid. Don't let's be mean. "Business first, Art afterwards" isn't the rule an Actor should go by, you know. (Shaking his head slowly.) That sort o' thing won't do, you know. (Plaintively.) It won't do. (Great applause.) Keep your eye on your Art, and your Art will pull you through. (Immense applause. Lecturer whistles to recover himself, then resumes.) Gentlemen, an Actor should never be a Manager, or if by accident he has become a Manager, then it should be for Art, not for dross. (Vehement applause.) I think that worthy of the Bard.

I'd rather be a hackney'd horse,
Than sacrifice my Art for dross.

You can give that to the Bard, if you like; but—(putting three fingers of the white Berlin-wool glove modestly before his face)—it's my own. (Cheers.) "A poor thing, but mine own." The Bard, Gentlemen—the genuine Bard. (Takes off his hat respectfully.) Gentlemen, fancy the feelings of that Actor who, making his first entrance as *Shylock*, or *Wolsey*, or *King Richard the Third*, casts his eye round the auditorium, and is obliged to say to himself before he utters a word of the Bard, "What an infernally bad house!" The Actor should never go near the Box-office to see how the booking is going on! He should never venture into the Librarians' shops. And as to advertisements, or notices in the papers, or paragraphs about himself in the daily journals, I'd rather—well, there now—a true Artist would rather bloom unseen, you know, than go in for the vulgar puffing tricks of a quack doctor. (Great applause.) Gentlemen, Art is Art. Be it never so artful, there's nothing like Art! (Cheers.) Let the Actor "take," but don't let him take a theatre. Let him not take a theatre, Gentlemen, but take the public—not a public—though every Artist has his particular public—not to which



"A PREDESTINATE R.A."

Mamma (entering). "Now, I'M SURE YOU CHILDREN ARE IN MISCHIEF, YOU ARE SO QUIET!"

Ethel (in a rapturous Whisper). "HUSH, MA'! TOMMY'S BEEN PAINTIN' A SPIDER'S WEB ON GRAN'PA'S HEAD WHILE HE'S ASLEEP, TO KEEP THE FLIES OFF!"

he goes, but which comes to him. Play on the word "public," you'll observe. Gentlemen, did you hear me say "play on the word 'public'?" (*Whistles to attract their attention.*) Now, then, what's the next article? Oh, "gagging." Gentlemen, I say, emphatically—if you'll just keep your eye on me for two minutes, or both your eyes on me for four minutes, I'll say it still more emphatically—that no Actor—now keep your eye on your Lecturer—no Actor—look here, you're listening, I hope—"Yes, yes!" *from Students*—thank you; I thought you were asleep. Well—where was I? Oh! Look here, this won't do, you know, 'cos I've only got a 'our for my lecture, and, as I was observing, no Actor should take any liberty with the Author's text, except by the Author's express permission. (*Cheering.*) Thank you. Ahem! (*Lecturer coughs, and puts his white glove up.*) 'Scuse my glove. A gagger should be gagged. Play on the word "gag," you'll observe. (*Simpers.*) See it? (*"Hear! hear!"*) Thank you. A gagger is a gaggeravating person. Ahem! (*Simpers behind white glove.*) Play on the word "gagger." (*Applause.*) Thank you. I won't detain you any longer. Gentlemen, as the Bard says or sings—I'll sing it—

(*Sings*) For modesty's prized by the poor and the rich,
Waggity-a—(*Whistles refrain*),
And if you will gag, you will suffer as sich,
Waggity-a, Waggity-a.

(*Whistles refrain, bows, and exit behind screen; reappears, looking over the top of screen, regards the Students through his eye-glass.*) Gentlemen, keep your eye on your Lecturer, and your Lecturer will pull you through. (*Disappears from screen. Reappearing at side-door.*) 'Scuse my glove. (*Waves it.*) I've only got a 'our to catch my train in. Good-bye. O reservoir! [*Exit Lecturer.*]

MOTTOES FROM MIDLOTHIAN.

To make sure of a Voter (*Tory*), tie yourself to a Faggot;
(*Liberal*), secure a Flat!

A NEW MEDAL FOR THE CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

M. MENIER has been speaking excellent sense—not always easy to get a hearing for in France—on the subject of Free Trade. He said:—

"As a manufacturer and an agriculturist, his interests might be supposed to be Protectionist, but he advocated the interests of the consumer. The restriction of consumption caused by Customs tariffs resulted in injury to the producer. Protection was only a form of Communism. If anything was to be done for the workman it was by making ports, canals, and railways, and lowering postal and telegraphic charges."

Considering that M. MENIER'S *Chocolat* is an article of world-wide consumption, it would seem an obvious inference that the more consumers the better for M. MENIER. M. MENIER, at least, has the common sense to see this, and the courage to say it. Yet it is just as true for all other industrial producers.

Punch will feel his *Chocolat-Menier* the sweeter whenever he remembers this sensible speech of its energetic and intelligent fabricant. If the Menier confection be as wholesome as the Menier doctrine, what higher praise can be given it?

Good Reason Why.

In the Common Council discussion over Councillor ISAAC's motion for an address of sympathy to the CZAR on his recent escape from assassination, Mr. LUSHER gave one very potent reason why the Common Council should uplift its voice—"that the CZAR was a Citizen of London." Poor CZAR! In his present mood how regretfully he must contrast the Freedom of the City with the slavery of the Empire!

Two Christenings.

(*After the Southwark Election.*)

Opposition. What we call the Tories—The Publican Party.
Government. What we call the Liberals—The Republican Party.



AN ASSAULT OF ARMS

BETWEEN GENERAL SWORD AND CAPTAIN PEN—(A PROPOS OF THE ZULU CAMPAIGN).

FROM OUR WESTMINSTER SCHOOL-BOY.

(HORACE, *Odes*, III. 3.)

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
 The independent Member below the gangway
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Despises the machinations of Liberal caucuses,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
 Fears not the frown of the Cabinet Minister,
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
 Nor feels in the least alarmed by
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadria,
 The excited leaders of the Home-Rule party,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus ;
 Nor the violent gesticulations of the hero of Midlothian.
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Even if there be a dissolution,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.
 He will fearlessly face his constituents !

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS!"

PUNCH congratulates Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE—who has a hereditary right to clear sight, sound sense, and wise moderation in matters political—for his well-weighed and temperate speech at Calne on the political situation of the Government at home and abroad. In these days of oratorical mud-flinging and vitriol-throwing, when violent abuse and rampant denunciation are used so freely to the grievous obscuring of the broad daylight of common sense, and the blotting out of all political beacons and steering lights, this calm Calne compendium of *pros* and *cons*, in the red-hot regions of Turkey, Zulu-land, and Afghanistan, is not only refreshing in itself, but comforting, from the hope it holds out that tornado-time is passing away from the atmosphere of public affairs, and "cool weather" coming in at last.

QUERY.—The connection between Lent Lectures and Bought Sermons ?



SUB ROSÂ.

How the Captain gets his Clothes to Sit so nicely.

"WELL, JINKS, WHAT IS IT?"

"YOUR NEW MORNING SUIT, SIR. I'VE WORN IT EVERY EVENING FOR THE LAST FORTNIGHT."

"ALL RIGHT, JINKS! JUST PUT ON MY BLUE FROCK COAT AND THE CHECK TROUSERS FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. I SHALL WANT THEM AFTER LUNCH. AND THEN YOU CAN GET YOURSELF INTO MY DRESS TOGS—I'M GOING OUT TO DINE AT EIGHT." "YES, SIR."

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

At last we have evidence of a long-disputed possibility—a man may get himself hanged for killing his wife. Kicking her to death with clogged feet, beating her to death with fists, slow starvation, systematic cruelty administered in infinitesimal doses till death results—any or all of these won't do it. But knifing her may be dangerous; and burning her to death in her sleep, by setting her blankets on fire after saturating them with paraffin, is, as *Punch* is at present advised, *the one way* of getting rid of a wife which ensures for the poor husband who did it the hard penalty of the gallows. Witness the execution of MICHAEL CASSIDY in Manchester Gaol on the 17th inst. Perhaps if MICHAEL CASSIDY's new and very complete mode of uxoricide becomes more common, it may be felt that the gallows is too severe a punishment for it, and the same leniency will have to be extended to wife-burning which is already meted to other more familiar forms of that very venial species of the genus homicide, known as wife-killing.

"O si sic Omnes!"

PUNCH congratulates Mr. JOHN COX on his brief but brilliant speech at the Common Council meeting, on the foul attempt at assassination of the CZAR. "The Council," said Mr. COX, "had better mind its own business." Uncommon counsel, perhaps, to the Common Council, but not the less to the point.

SPEECHES TO BE FOUGHT SHY OF.

At the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, in reply to the toast of "Success to our Foreign and Commercial Relations with Foreign Countries, and our Colonies!" the Japanese Ambassador spoke with excellent sense and taste. Perhaps the most interesting statement in His Excellency's oration was the announcement with which it was brought to a conclusion. The Minister, in a deprecatory allusion to his own words as a "first attempt," declared that as yet, "Speech-making had not been introduced into Japan." As no doubt the Ambassador will do his best to supply this omission in the institutions of Japan, it would be as well to warn him against certain kinds of speech-making much in vogue in this country; as, for instance,—

The speech made by an Obstructionist in the House of Commons, in which sense, loyalty, patriotism, and grammar are sacrificed to violence, the rubbing up of old sores, and malignant appeals to national antipathies and sectarian hatreds.

The speech made by the Friend of the Family at a wedding, in which the early and rather unpleasant antecedents of the father of the Bride are apologetically touched upon before an audience of unsympathising acquaintances.

The speech made by the Noble Chairman at a Charity dinner, when his Lordship is certain of neither facts nor figures, and is equally in the dark about the genuine claims of the Institution he is talking about, and its real working.

The *impromptu* speeches made after the most careful preparation by Gentlemen unaccustomed to public speaking.

The speech of the Warrior who returns thanks for the Army, or Navy, long, rambling, ill-delivered, and replete with incomprehensible technicalities, when everybody is impatiently waiting for the crack orator and the toast of the evening.

The speech made by the irate Cabman on receipt of his strictly legal fare from a Lady.

The speech made by the Wife whose Husband, by a slight error of judgment, has returned home at 4.30 A.M. instead of 10.15 P.M.

And, lastly, any speech delivered by anybody which prevents Mr. *Punch* enjoying his after-dinner cigar.

The Earl and the Doctor.

IF DR. FARR past seventy be,
And not in health too strong—
What is the case with my Lord B?—
And yet he does no wrong
In ruling, not the Registry,
But the Realm, broad and long!

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO JOHN CHINAMAN (and his British Customers).—Honest Tea is the best policy.

A Millennium in Italy.

KING HUMBERT, in his speech from the Throne, invited the Italian Parliament to commence the gradual abolition of the Grist Tax. The Legislature will thus liberate the flour of Italy from a grinding impost. If we could tax one form of Italian grist—that ground out by the organ-grinder—it would be a blessing, and the more heavily the better!

AN EXPLANATION.

PUNCH need hardly say that the article in his last week's number headed, "A Real Page from an Autocrat's Diary," though it appeared on the same day on which the tidings of the Winter Palace explosion reached London, was written and in type many weeks before.

It was intended as a "*reductio ad absurdum*" of the newspaper reports of the ubiquity and variety of the attempts on the CZAR's life, and the precautions taken against them, not without a shadowing forth of the ghastly reality of danger behind these reports and the sources of that danger. Such a subject would certainly not have been chosen in the presence of the recent murderous attempt at the Winter Palace, and under the sense of its actual and possible consequences.

When *Punch* deals with such subjects, it is in a serious spirit, as in his Cartoon of this week—showing cowering Terror in the garb of Imperial Power above, with the more hideous mockery of Liberty, in the form of blind and murderous Licence, below.



A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.

Young Housewife. "DEAR ME! WHAT VERY SMALL EGGS FOR TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY EACH! IT SEEMS QUITE EXTRAVAGANT TO TAKE THEM!"

Affable Dairy-Woman (who has always a conclusive reply for complaints). "WELL, YES, M'M, SO IT DOES. BUT I'VE ALWAYS NOTICED THAT NEW-LAID EGGS ARE SMALL!"

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AS WE LIKE IT.

WITH the *Merchant of Venice* still on the crest of the full tide of success at the Lyceum, *Macbeth* in occupation of the boards of Sadler's Wells, with *Othello* and *Hamlet* to follow, and now—last and not least—*As You Like It* at the Imperial, who shall say that the immortal WILLIAM is not holding his own on the London Boards?

For tragedy at Islington Mr. Punch regrets he has not yet found a night. But with the Royal Merchant, the heavily-handicapped Jew, and the fair and witty Lady of Belmont, he has long been at home in the Lyceum; and for *As You Like It* in Westminster he has been happy enough to find two afternoons already, and hopes to find more.

Among SHAKESPEARE'S romantic comedies, the exquisite story of *Rosalind* in Arden holds as prominent a place as that of the *Prince of Denmark* among his tragedies. The fragrant breath of young life, and the pure passion of young love; the chequered shine and shadow and wholesome odour of the woodland; the primitive labours and lowly passions of shepherd and shepherdess; the woodland sport, seasoned with the quiet and sweet philosophy of the *Banished Duke*; *Jaques's* world-weariness under the mask of philosophy, and his Stoic disguise for cynical and effete Epicureanism, are all harmonised in a series of pictures, to which the tinkle of the sheep-bells, the song and horn of the hunters, and the jingle of *Touchstone's* motley, make a delightful music. In what part did ever strength and lustiness, swift love and high-born youth, spring to life before us, as in *Orlando*? Where shall we find courage, archness, and buoyancy with grace of opening womanhood, embodied with such charm as in *Rosalind*? What fooling was ever subtler and sharper than *Touchstone's*? What dignity in exile is statelier and wiser than the *Duke's*? When did philosophy pretension ever find a more imposing vocabulary than in the mouth of *Jaques*?

The piece is at once play and poem, romance and idyl, philosophic essay and day-dream. Among the enchanting glades of Arden we seem to fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world!

All very well this, the reader may say, *à propos* of the play when presented before the mind's eye, with Fancy to cast the parts, and Imagination to set the scenes.

But how reconcile this rhapsody with the play as presented on the Imperial boards, with Miss LITTON to superintend the action, and Mr. PERKINS to paint the scenery?

Well, really, Mr. Punch did not think he could have seen the play through with so little sense of jar between his fancy and the facts set before him as he did at the Imperial last Wednesday. The beautiful Comedy is beautifully put on the stage, and as well acted as we can have any hope of seeing it acted in London, failing a theatrical realisation of *Aliena's* notion, that "Mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter."

Meantime, Punch recommends all who want to see *As You Like It*, as he likes it, and as he ventures to say, they ought to like it, to take their places at the Imperial. It is an afternoon theatre, and they can get their pleasure over before dinner, so that it need not involve their carrying an ill-digested meal to their stalls—places, however suited to a fattened ox, eminently unfit for a well-dined man.

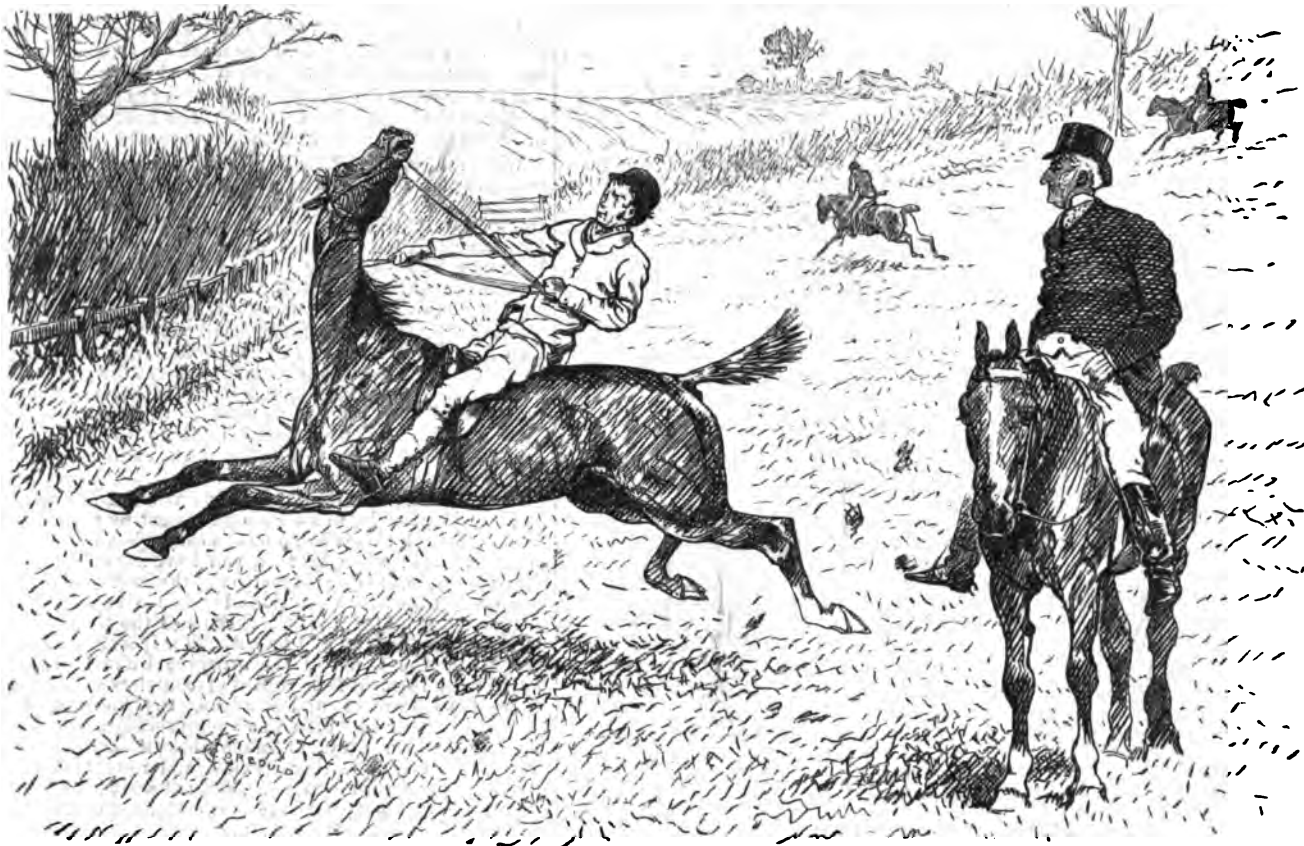
Punch has a great respect for the critics, and of course he likes, if possible, to steer his judgment by their compasses; though this is by no means easy when they point different ways; when, in fact, you have not only to box the compass, but to consult compasses that box each other. One critic tells him that the play is too sumptuously attired and mounted, that the dresses of the foresters in particular are too gay and bright. Now it seemed to him that while the Court of the usurping Duke was very handsomely furnished in regard of courtiers and ladies, as well as terraces and gardens, the Court of his banished brother in Arden was appropriately arrayed in serge of hoddan grey, autumnal brown, and Kendal or Lincoln green, leather jerkins, and rough leggings—very fitting for hunters' garb, and not a bit too fine for their place and purpose. He has, certainly, never seen a *Rosalind* so appropriately, modestly, and tastefully attired, and so much at home in her doublet and hose; never an *Orlando* better dressed, as well as of more youthful figure, bearing, and movement; never a more prettily costumed transformation of *Celia* into *Aliena*.

The complaint of over-splendour of attire, or over-elaboration of scenic setting, is the last he would have expected in these days of sumptuous realism in furniture, dresses, and decorations in such high places as the Haymarket and the St. James's. On the contrary, the costumes, artistically designed by Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON, and the scenery, excellently planned and beautifully painted by Mr. PERKINS, seemed to Punch to satisfy, but not more than fairly satisfy, the exigencies of our time in the presentation of a play of SHAKESPEARE'S. There was certainly no more display in the Imperial *As You Like It* than in the Lyceum *Merchant of Venice*, and, above all, there was no undue sacrificing of the cast or the performance to the stage-show. For the play was very well acted all round; exceptionally well acted, as times and companies go.

You had first and foremost an eminently satisfactory pair of lovers in Miss LITTON'S *Rosalind* and Mr. BELLW'S *Orlando*. The former has never till now, to Punch's knowledge, played a Shakespearian part. But as *Rosalind* she revealed a rare power of intelligent, consistent, and well matured conception, gracefully, spiritedly, and thoroughly worked out.

The critics tell me her acting lacked tenderness. I should be glad to know where *Rosalind* is to show it, except in her asides to *Celia*; and in Miss LITTON'S performance I did not see any want of feeling in these rare revelations of *Rosalind's* more loving self, after she has donned doublet and hose. She tells *Celia*, before her first encounter with *Orlando* in the forest, that "she will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him," and this is precisely what Miss LITTON did, thereby honourably, as it seems to Punch, distinguishing herself from the other *Rosalinds* he remembers, who, all of them, let too much of the woman show under doublet and hose, thereby risking the purity of the part, which depends mainly on the absence of sex-consciousness with which *Rosalind* gives herself to the full flow of spirits and sauciness.

So I see some of the critics complain that Mr. BELLW lacked tenderness. I can only say that I did not see him pass by any opportunity of showing it that SHAKESPEARE



TRYING A FRESH "LOT."

Dealer (to Jim, his Head Man). "NOW, THEN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT HOSS?"
Jim. "LORD ONLY KNOWS TO A FIELD OR TWO, SIR."

has indicated in his part. I should applaud, not blame, him for the absence of tenderness in his voice, look, and manner, with *Rosalind* in her boy's clothes. A different bearing would have been indelicate. The banter between the two young lovers, as presented at the Imperial, loses all suggestion of offence by their sprightliness and animal spirits. I noted no lack of feeling in Mr. BELLEW's manner in the First Act, nor of manly tenderness in his demeanour to old *Adam*, which was in refreshing contrast all through with the wooden-heartedness of most *Orlandos* of *Punch's* acquaintance.

The *Jaques* was not unworthy of these two leading figures of the play, but it is a mistake to put him before them. It is true that the part of *Jaques* is far subtler, far harder to hit the key-note of than either *Rosalind* or *Orlando*, for whom youth, grace, and spirits will do so much. There are many ways of conceiving the character. In *Punch's* conception of him he is no Stoic, but a *blasé* Epicurean; his attitude of cynical superiority to the world is mainly affectation, and his philosophy, while putting on all the airs of profoundness, little more than skin-deep. Everybody sees through him.

According to this view, Mr. HERMAN VEZIN, beautifully as he declaimed the famous "Seven Ages," did it with too sincere and deep-seated a gravity. The speech is, to our notion, a light profusion of *Jaques's*, not a philosophical summary; in it, as in all he does and says, he is thoroughly self-conscious. In fact *Punch* still waits for his *Jaques*, till Mr. IRVING puts on his mask. In the meantime he is glad to bear witness to the admirable delivery of the famous soliloquy, and all the other speeches of the part, from Mr. VEZIN's own saturnine conception of the character, which is a very maintainable one, and perhaps the most effective in acting.

Punch noted with pleasure that the speech of the First Lord describing *Jaques's* moralising over the wounded deer, was given back to its proper speaker, instead of being put into *Jaques's* own mouth, as has long been done by acquiescence in an arrangement that must have been first dictated by some stage necessity. Strange to say, the speech is still thus spoken in many theatres. It was so spoken by Mr. CHARLES HARCOURT at the Haymarket when the play was last revived there.

A young Actor, Mr. STEPHENS, spoke the difficult speech with

excellent discretion, though too nervous to be quite master of his measure.

Mr. BROUGH's *Touchstone* was safe to be funny, but not to be so refreshingly free, as it is, from extravagance or vulgarity. It was droll and quaint, without any overcharging.

Mr. W. FARREN's *Adam* was dignified and pathetic, though hardly homely or robust enough, perhaps. There seemed too little of the healthy red of a "kindly winter" upon his cheek, or of the hoarded strength of frugal years in his bearing. Still, the impersonation was complete from its own point of view, and in no way out of keeping with the rest of the cast.

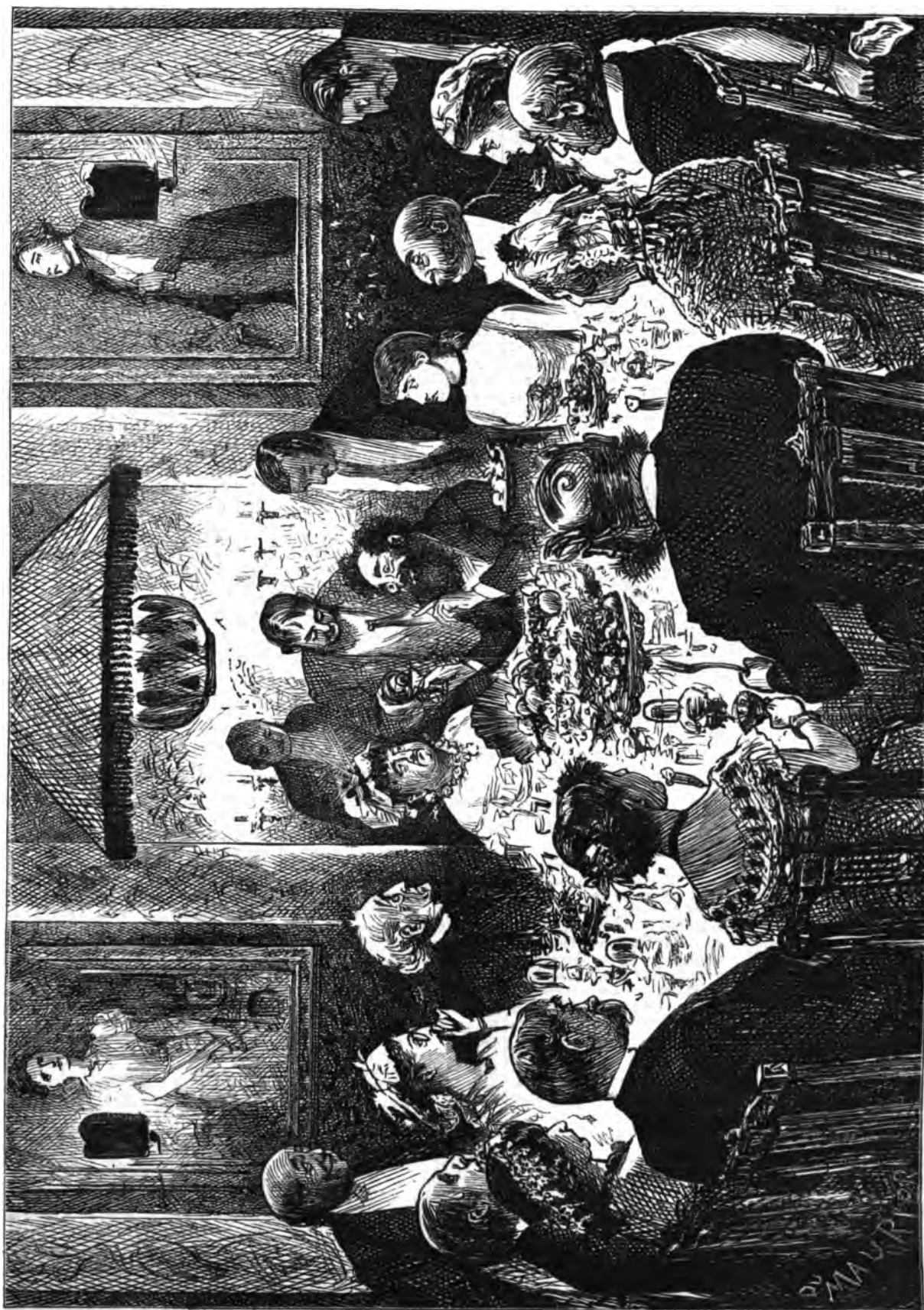
As much may be said of the *Celia* of Miss CRESSWELL, which was essentially graceful and sweet, if a little wanting in presence and weight of elocution—which will, doubtless, come.

Mr. EVERILL gave the fine lines of the *Banished Duke* with the right feeling both of their music and their meaning.

Miss SILVIA HODSON's *Audrey* in dress, look, and bearing, was the right uncouth, and unkempt, but comely, Shepherdess, who might have followed her flock and milked her kine in Arden. The minor parts of *William* by Mr. BANNISTER, *Silvius* and *Phoebe* by Mr. TREVOR and Miss BRUNTON, and *Corin* by Mr. BUNCH, were, the first exceptionally well, the rest adequately filled. The songs of *Asiens* were effectively sung, with a good manly voice and good execution, by Mr. COVENTRY.

Mr. CHARLES was an animated *Le Beau*, and marked the meaning of his part well. Mr. ALLBROOK was a stalwart *Charles*, and Mr. EDGAR, first, a duly malignant, and, afterwards, a duly penitent, *Oliver*. Mr. BARNARD, Conductor of the Orchestra and the Chorus, did justice to the well-selected music. The scenery of the Duke's Palace with its stately terraced garden, and the two Forest Glades, one with the old carlot's cote, were beautiful examples of scenic art and arrangement; and the painter, Mr. PERKINS, fairly deserved the call which summoned him and his chimney-pot and black frock-coat to make their bow in Arden!

Altogether it is long, very long, since *Punch* has felt so happy in a Shakspearian revival—mounting, stage management, and acting together.



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TALK OF STICKING TO YOUR OLD FRIENDS, WHETHER THEY BE PROPER OR THE REVERSE! BUT WHAT IF THEY RESURRECT BILLY SCATCHERD, FOR INSTANCE! YOU ARE B. S. TO DINNER, TO MEET YOUR RESPECTED FATHER-IN-LAW (THE DRAKE), AND GENERAL JENKINSON, AND THE MEMBER FOR HORNBY, AND, WORST OF ALL, SIR GORGIUS MIDAS AND MRS. FORBONY DE TONKES—NOT TO MENTION THE BETTER HALVES OF SOME IMPORTANT PEOPLE—AND DEAR OLD BILLY, WHO HATES HUMBUG, AND SCORNS WORLDLY SUCCESS, AND STILL FAVORS HIS WATCH TO PAY HIS RENT, INSISTS ON REMINDING YOU ACROSS THE TABLE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN YOU USED TO DO THE SAME! AND AS A FIQUANT SET-OFF AGAINST YOUR PRESENT SPLENDOR, TELLS THAT CAPITAL STORY OF HOW YOU MANAGED TO GO TONK FOR A WHOLE TWELVEMONETH AT A CERTAIN TAPE AND TROTTER SHOP IN DROOGY LANE, AND THEN SETTLED THE BILL WITH A HAT AND COAT YOUR GRANDMOTHER LENT YOU TO GO TO YOUR GRANDFATHER'S FUNERAL—AND ALL THIS WITH THE SERVANTS IN THE ROOM, COMPOUND HIM! AND THAT REPETITIVE LITTLE BOHEMIAN SING, MRS. SCATCHERD, COBBLING AWAY FOR THE WEEK BEFORE AND THE WEEK TO COME, AND REVELLING IN YOUR WIFE'S BLACK LOOKS AT YOU!

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER I.

Professor Hare's Lecture—His Subjects—Treatment—Make-up—Costume—Colours—Emotions—Smile—Love—Anger—Illustrations—Entertainer—Block—Poet—Fun—History—Old School—Great Actors—Conclusion of Lecture—Prospective Arrangements.

PROFESSOR HARE, late of the Court, now of St. James's, may be expected to lecture on the following subjects:—1. The True Expression of the Emotions; 2. Rehearsals; 3. Stage Decoration; 4. The Auditorium, and before the Curtain generally:—

Gentlemen—*(brusquely)*—I've come to give you a lecture on certain matters connected with the Drama; and—er—I—*(suddenly, pleasantly, but very rapidly)*—hope we shall get on well together.



"Hear! hear!" from the Students. The Lecturer looks about, beamingly, then resumes.) Thank you for your reception. Which is gratifying—very gratifying—*(emphatically and angrily)*—most gratifying. *(Looks round defiantly, as if expecting contradiction.)* "Hear! hear!" from the Students. The Lecturer smiles, looks about him sharply from left to right, with much the same action as is exhibited by a canary about to chirrup, and then resumes.) Gentlemen, there is one thing that every Actor will have to deal with—*(angrily and positively)*—he can't help himself, confound it, he must deal with it—*(suddenly smiling very pleasantly)*—whether he likes it or not, eh? *(As if replying to his own question)*—Yes, whether he likes it or not. *(Looks round inquiringly, to see if anyone objects.)* "Hear! hear!" from Students.)

Well, now, Gentlemen, in representing an emotional part, the first thing for the Actor to do is to entirely obliterate his own individuality—*(shaking his index finger at them warningly)*—I do not allude to "making-up"—I don't lay much stress on "making-up"—in fact—*(becoming thoroughly vexed, and rubbing his head with his right hand in a highly irritable manner)*—no one but a born idiot would rely merely on "make-up"—any fool can make up—*(rapping the table violently)*—and the greatest Actors don't make up at all—dash it, Sir, they didn't even wear the costume of the period of the play! *(Suddenly quite pleasant and beaming.)* Ha! ha! That was absurd, wasn't it? *(Laughing.)* Fancy Macbeth in the Court suit of GEORGE THE THIRD's time! *(Laughter.)* We should think it odd now—but the greatest Actor did it—GARRICK. I s'pose he was as great as they say, eh? *(Smiling dubiously.)* I s'pose so. He must have been great—*(angrily)*—he must have been—hang it! *(Expostulating.)* Sir JOSHUA JOHNSON, I mean REYNOLDS—*(laughs)*—ha! ha! the idea of Sir JOSHUA JOHNSON—absurd, wasn't it? ha! ha! eh?—well, those two and—everybody couldn't have been mistaken—it's impossible—*(rubs his nose with his right hand, as if very much worried by the idea)*—it's quite impossible. Don't you think so? They couldn't all have been mistaken. "Hear! hear!" from Students. Lecturer appears a trifle more satisfied, but not thoroughly convinced, and consults his notes.)

Ah, yes—I was speaking about the Actor of an emotional part obliterating his individuality in illustrating the emotions. Now—*(frowning)*—what do I mean by emotion? *(Looking very much astonished, as if somebody else had asked a question, to which the answer was self-evident.)* What do I mean by emotion? Why, what are the emotions, but—*(angrily)*—laughter—*(violently)*—love—*(more pleasantly)*—tears, and—*(smiling)*—anger. *(Applause.)* I don't think there are any more—*(emphatically)*—I don't see that there can be any more. Of course there are combinations and gradations as there are of the prismatic colours in the rainbow, eh? *(Looks round doubtfully)*—as the prismatic colours in the—*(considering—then positively)*—Yes—there are four prismatic colours—

(decidedly)—in the rainbow. *(Pleasantly.)* That's rather a neat simile. *(Smiles. Then begins to check off the emotions and the colours on his fingers.)* There we are—first colour, blue: corresponding emotion, laughter. "Hear! hear!" Second colour, red: corresponding emotion, tears. "Hear! hear!" And the Lecturer adds, smilingly, and much pleased with the progress—I don't see why laughter should be blue, and tears red, except that—*(laughing shortly)*—tears make the eyes red—ha! ha!—and perhaps laughter makes you blow your nose—*(intensely gratified)*—ha! ha!—blow—blue—ha! ha! eh? Well—*(suddenly, and seriously)*—that's two—laughter and tears—blue and red. Then the fourth—no, third colour, yellow—that's anger. Yes—*(looking disgusted)*—yellow, a regular bilious complexion—liver out of order. Yellow's the liveliest of anger. *(Surprised at the pun, and very much delighted.)* Ha! ha!—liver of anger—yellow. 'Gad, that's good; ha! ha! *(Applause and laughter.)* Yes; and the fourth prismatic colour—*(frowns)*—let's see—*(puzzled)*—were we at the fourth? No. *(Goes over them again.)* Yes—I've done three—what's the fourth prismatic colour? *(Rubs his head irritably.)* Dash it, there must be a fourth,—there ought to be—blue, red, yellow—no, let's see—surely—*(tries to recall to his mind's eye the last rainbow he has seen)*—there—must—no—*(as if suddenly struck by the discovery)*—I'm hanged if there is! There's no fourth prismatic colour. Gentlemen, it's a great pity for the sake of the simile, which would really have been confoundingly happy—*(pleasantly)*—as I hope we shall all be without the fourth colour—ha! ha!—eh?—though—*(still more graciously)*—we shan't be without the equivalent emotion, love. Of course there are all the gradations and combinations of the emotions—compassion, pity, revenge, remorse, fear—ah!—*(suddenly)*—I should have mentioned "fear" before. That makes five—*(emphatically)*—five prismatic emotions. *(Jerks his right wristband down convulsively, and thrusts his left hand into the breast of his waistcoat. Having thus pulled himself together, he resumes.)*

Now, the Actor must avoid expressing them all in the same way. *(Angrily.)* A man would be a fool—a blatant fool—who tried to do so. Don't tell me—*(violently)*—that one stupid stereotyped manner will be sufficient to denote every variety of passion, every shade of emotion! No!—*(raps the table)*—never! When the lover is supposed to be grieved by his mistress's conduct, he mustn't glare at her as though he were—*(pleasantly)*—going to eat her—*(jocularly)*—ha! ha!—like the wolf with Red Riding Hood. When he would mingle his tears with hers, and they embrace for the last time on earth previous to his, or her, (or both), being led off to execution, the Actor must let the audience see that he is weeping. *(Emphatically.)* They must see the workings of his countenance—*(still more emphatically)*—and he mustn't shirk his artistic work by turning his back on the audience, placing his arm round the lady's waist, and walking up the stage with her! *(Comes down heavily with his flat on the table.)* I say, no Actor must do that, and I'll add, and I don't care who hears me, and you may tell them I say so, whoever they are—an Actor who daren't show his face to the public in a strongly emotional part, may call himself an Actor—*(getting warmer)*—and he may be—*(more excitedly)*—a good self-disguiser—*(violently)*—a first-rate maker-up—*(with bitter sarcasm and concentrated fury)*—an inimitable entertainer, or a small-character part man with one eccentricity, but—*(boiling over)*—I'm—*(checking himself)*—I'm—*(exploding)*—hanged, if he's a true dramatic Artist or a great Actor, and—*(quite pleasantly, and looking round inquiringly)*—upon my soul I hardly think we should call him an Artist at all, eh? *(Smiles cheerfully. Great applause.)* No; we should consider him in Mr. WOODIN's line, or Mr. MACCABE's—*(laughing)*—both—*(with deep conviction, and defying contradiction)*—uncommonly clever men in their way, and—*(defiantly)*—deservedly successful—*(shaking his forefinger at them)*—deservedly successful, mind you—I say I should consider such a man as an Entertainer, with a stock-in-trade of trick-wigs, trick-dresses, and—*(very pleasantly)*—a table behind which he disappears, to reappear as somebody else, only rather more like himself than ever. *(Applause.)* Eh?—*(briskly and smilingly)*—that's about it, isn't it? "Hear! hear!" Yes, I knew you'd see it in that light. *(Emphatically.)* In fact, it's the only common sense view of acting, otherwise an Actor's only a dummy—*(frowning)*—a mere dummy—with some mechanism inside, perhaps; but—*(fiercely)*—unless he can portray all the emotions—*(shaking his right forefinger in the air, threateningly, at the class, and speaking most severely)*—all the emotions, mind you,—he is no more than a lay figure for dresses, and his head—*(with sudden cheerfulness and great appreciation of the simile)*—a mere wig-block—*(looks round beamingly)*—a mere wig-block, eh? *(Laughs. Applause. The Lecturer jerks himself together, and resumes.)*

So much for emotions, Gentlemen. Now for rehearsals. I don't know what you may have heard from my friends the learned Professors BANCROFT and HOLLINGSHEAD, but I'll tell you my opinion. *(Furiously.)*—Hang rehearsals! What's the use of wasting your time at rehearsals? What does What's-his-name—*(rubs his head irritably)*—you know—bless my soul!—the poet—in—*(laughs)*—not

WATTS—(laughs more)—nor WILLS—though, mind you, his *Olivia* was first-rate—first-rate, Sir, though, that didn't take half-an-hour to rehearse, and was chucked on the stage anyhow—anyhow. And what was the result? A triumph. A big profit. A profit out of a poet! Eh? (Laughs suddenly and heartily.) A prophet out of a poet! Ha! ha! (Stops abruptly, and resumes seriously.)

Gentlemen, the poet—I forget which, but you'll all recognise the line, says:—

“Act well your part, there ALL the honour lies.”

True: not in rehearsal, not in repetition, but in acting. (Angrily.) Don't go by rule: don't study each little action in detail. (Disgusted.) Paltry! bah! finicking! But give yourself up to inspiration. (Incisively.) A good bold broad style! Nothing niggling! A style for which Drury Lane or Covent Garden would not be too large! A style that grips the public—grips 'em, Gentlemen—(clenching his hand, and frowning savagely)—grips the public, mind you, the vast varied public, the outspoken, hearty public—(rising to his subject enthusiastically)—whose pulse vibrates to the Actor's voice—(more enthusiastically)—whose heart beats with a—with a—with a true echo—(thumps on the table, and looks round to see if any one will contradict him)—with, I say, a True Echo, a response—(more pleased with this word, he stands upright, and confronts the class boldly)—a response which is more gratifying than the feeble efforts at faint applause from languid loungers—(with utter disgust)—or the intolerable affectation of æsthetic idiots and fashionable fools in the stalls and private boxes. Bah!

I agree with Professor BANCROFT as to an audience. I do—yes—(with conviction)—I do. I say, give me a large pit overflowing with humanity—humanity hot, strong, and plenty of it—(cheerfully)—like grog, Gentlemen. Eh? Ha! ha!—like grog. It only wants stirring. (Suddenly seeing that a simile may be pushed too far, adds pleasantly)—P'raps you'll say that it only wants a spoon to stir it. Eh? No, no. Joking apart, that's the sort of audience I would have you all appeal to—a sprinkling of the national intellect in our private boxes; the lower-upper and upper-middle class in the dress circle; the lower middle in the upper boxes; the upper-lower in the pit; the lower in the shilling gallery, and in the sixpenny the lowest highest. The Actor who plays before such an audience as that, night after night, appeals to the real genuine public; and if they throng to see him, this man's name will be handed down to posterity with those of—of—(pauses to find how far back in history he can go—suddenly)—of ROSCIUS—(applause)—of—of—(considers again)—thinks of GARRICK—but it occurs to him, for the first time, that there must have been some Actor of note between ROSCIUS and GARRICK—rubs his head irritably—but, unwilling to keep his audience in suspense, adds, angrily—of GARRICK—(runs the rest off easily)—of KEAN, KEMBLE, MACREADY, and—(much relieved)—in fact—(cheerfully)—a host of others. (Applause, during which he jerks himself together, and resumes his discourse.)

Gentlemen, one subject which concerns those whom Providence may place in Management. Don't bother about stage decorations or properties. Anything will do; as anything—or even nothing—used to do when the public only required good acting, and went away contented. For Heaven's sake—(violently)—in this prosaic age do let us leave something to the imagination. If you've got bold, broad, expansive—(fiercely)—thorough, first-rate acting, you've got everything; without it you've got nothing—no—(positively)—absolutely nothing.

And for the front of the house, what—(appealing earnestly)—what, I ask you, what more is necessary than cleanliness and tidiness? Nothing. It is the plain well-cooked chop only to be got in our smoky old London, and, best of all, in what is termed the heart of the city—(earnestly)—and that's the heart to appeal to, mind you—against what our ancestors called “French kickshaws”—(pleasantly)—“kickshaws!” Ha! ha! What on earth—(disdainfully)—does a theatre want with picture-galleries and statuary? (Disdainfully.) Who wants VAL JONES and MARCUS WHISTLER's pictures, with BURNS MORRIS's papers, SAGE GREEN's hangings, SIR NEUTRAL TINTO's decorations, and old china fid-fads in a theatre? Is it a museum? Is it a booth in a fair? Is it a second-hand curiosity shop? or a Grosvenor Gallery? Bah! Bosh! Stuff! Trash!! (Smiling ironically.) Who wants to see mosaics in a theatre? (Suddenly struck with an idea, and smiling knowingly.) Though I think some of us have seen whole rows of Mosaics—of very decided Mosaics—in a theatre before now—eh? Nose-aics, eh? Ha! ha! (Repeats it, much pleased.) Nose-aics! Ha! ha! Red cloaks—and genuine theatrical decorations—“orders,” I mean, eh? (Applause and laughter. The Lecturer resumes.) Well, Gentlemen, I've hardly exhausted my subjects, not at all exhausted myself, but thoroughly exhausted your patience. (Cries of “No! No!” “Go on!” and applause.) My time is up, Gentlemen, but I hope to return to the subject at some future time this term. I will merely conclude by observing that you know my sentiments. If I have expressed them boldly—(laughing)—you will at least credit me with having put them before you honestly and—(severely)—fearlessly—

(applause)—and if you practise my teaching—(shaking his right forefinger at them emphatically)—you will resuscitate the traditions of that grand and great school of Actors—(thumps the table)—which were in danger of being lost in the—the—(angrily)—milk-and-water old china-ism, the—the—(more violently)—bric-à-bracism, the—the—(savagely)—æsthetic noodleism—(ferociously)—artistic snobbishness and—(bitterly)—the effeminate nincompoopism—for it is effeminate—(with conviction, and shaking his finger at them more emphatically than ever)—and it is nincompoopism of the present—(pauses—then adds, with sarcastic cheerfulness)—electro-plated age—that's it, isn't it?—(laughs)—electro-plated age of shams and humbug! (Great applause.) Gentlemen, good morning.

[Exit abruptly.]

The names of Professors D. JAMES, HENRY IRVING, WALTER LACY, and ARTHUR CECIL are down on the Lecture-board for this term. Students wishing to attend these lectures must send in their names and addresses to the Roscius Professor, at his residence, before mid-term.

ODE TO THE MISSES KETCHWAYO.

Mr. Punch visits the Zulus at the Aquarium, and bursts into Uncontrollable Song.



DAUGHTERS three
of KETCH-
WAYO!

Punch is fain
to fetch a sigh,
—oh!—

Why doth law
forbid polyga-
my,

When he'd not
object to trig-
amy?

Were he but a
King of Zulu,
He could wed
'oo all, and
rule 'oo;

But he reigns
not at Ulun-
di,

And he's ruled
by Mrs. Grun-
dy!

UNA-JUDI is his
spouse,

Or he'd seek
UNA-MADLO-
ZA;

Then, with joyous carol, Tra, la!
Straight fly off to UNA-LALA.
After her, his Queen of Saba
Would have crowned UNA-DENZABA.
Dusky maidens, lithe and lissome,
Punch would muchly like to kiss um!
To his heart their limpid eyes are
Fatal as their assegais are.
But Cui bono? Ah, beshrew it!
UNA-JUDI! Rootitootit!

[He crushes down his heart, and goeth away sorrowfully.]

Miracles in Mayo.

THE lame devotees who flock to the miracle-working chapel of Knock in County Mayo (see last Friday's *Daily News*) are said to leave their sticks behind them when they go away cured.

It might be of service to worse Irish ills than lameness, if after the “boys” had tried the Knock cure, they would get into the way of leaving their sticks behind them in other places than County Mayo. Ireland is the last place in which we should have expected cures *via* Knock. The sticks left ought to be shillelaghs.

WHAT'S THE ODDS?

WHY should M.P.'s fight over the choice between Quinquennial and Septennial Parliaments? After all, 'tis six (minus one) to the one, and half-a-dozen (plus one) to the other.



EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VILI.

Head Milliner. "YOU WILL NOW BE ABLE TO JUDGE, MADAM, HOW BROOMING A GREEN WRATH IS TO A PERSON WITH YOUR COLOURED HAIR!"

REASON IN BEER.

Brother Bung, after perusing *P. M. G.* Article with the above heading, approvingly soliloquises:—

WELL, it's prime to find a Journal as is writ by gents for gents, A-putting things so proper, and a showing such good sense. But a gent is O. K. mostly, while yer Rad's a cad, an ass! Ain't there some old Latin saying 'bout "*In vino veritas*?" If so, it finds a pretty sort of pardner in this here. You *won't* be far off sound reason whilst you stick to good sound beer! Beer's British, that's wot beer is—not that Lager—poor sour swankey! Which you don't catch me a-drinking, nor yet selling, oh no, thank ye! But genuine English malt and 'ops, good body, head that's prime, Like a true-born British patriot, one of the present time! Ah! that's worked in werry neatly. All us Bungs can joke a bit; And, indeed, who *should* be witty, if it ain't a Licensed Wit! Twig? Tell that at the bar to-night! But wot I mean's this 'ere,—That reason, sense, and patriot pluck all go along o' beer,—Though I'm not a hinting, mark yer, that with spirits tism't ditter—No! patriots thrive on Irish 'ot as well as stout and bitter. But Beer!—it's liquid logic, fluid sense, essence o' grit—If that's putting it poetic, Brother Bungs won't mind a bit, For we Wittlers is wiwacious in our fancy, don't yer know? Which it's water and Rad principles as keeps the sperrits low. Reason in Beer! Percisely. Here's towards you, *P. M. G.*! I am blowed if our own '*Tizer*' could ha' spoke more to the P., The pint, I mean. You trust us! It ain't a mite of use For them Lib'als to inwiddle us,—don't we remember BRUCE? Lib'als indeed! A-taking up with every fad and crotchet! Ah! the Trade'll wop 'em wusser than it has, if they don't watch it, They sneer 'bout "*Beer and Bible*" when they're spouting on the stump, Well, it's ten to one on *them* two 'gainst the Bethel and the Pump! That's where it is we has 'em!—We knocked 'em off their Southwark perch; And we'll back our barrel 'gainst their tub, we and our pal the Church.

Lor', isn't it a lark, though?—shows they'd better mind their eye, Who dares the Licensed Wittlers to worry or defy. We're too many to be sneezed at, we're a power in the nation, And, by gum, the "*Licensed Victuallers' Defence Association*" Means going for that party,—blue or yaller, it's all one,—As rounds on all Permissive rot, and leaves the Bungs alone. That's our tip, and BEAKEY—bless 'im!—is a cock o' the right comb To whip his enemies abroad, and 'elp his friends at 'ome. He won't cave in to forriners, he won't lend ear to fads; 'Gainst the Libs and Local Hoption, 'gainst the Rooshians and the Rads, He's a regular square stand-upper, and so every Public Bar Is a wote-ground for the Tories, and they might find wus, by far. Yes, the *P. M. G.* has hit it! Let the Liberals howl and jeer—We mean backing up our backers—and our Reason it is Beer!

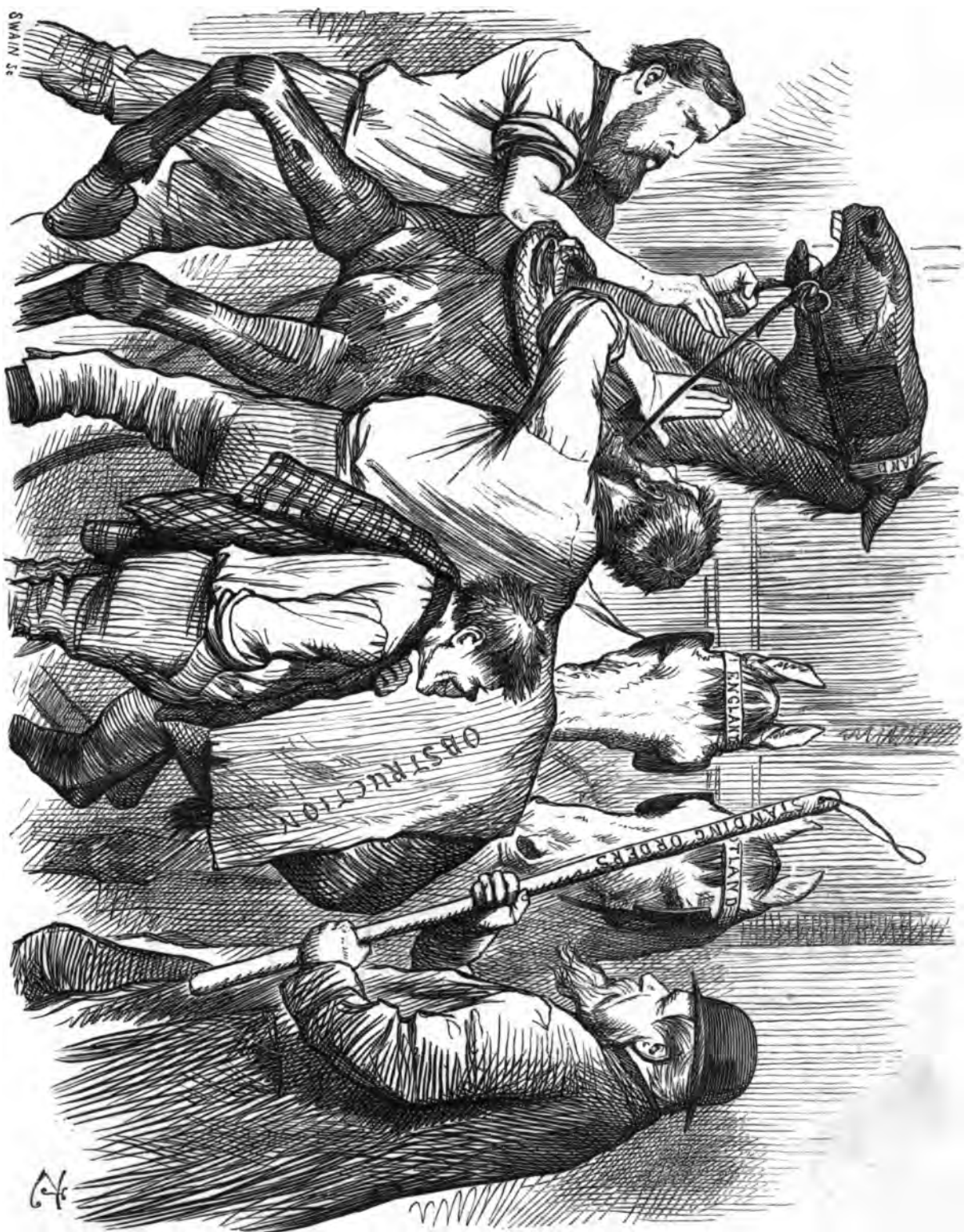
"In Linked 'Sternness' Long Drawn Out."

No wonder if even the hard-headed HOLKER admits that the House must take the Criminal Code, as we take physio, a little at a time. Is it not physio for the acuter ills of the body politic?

The House can hardly be expected to swallow the Criminal Code—condensed by whatever skill of legal Liebig's—at a gulp. It will be a great thing if the *Coda*—i.e., tail—can be got through the House, joint by joint, and section by section. *Punch* will be quite ready to congratulate Sir HENRY JAMES if, by the aid of his powder, St. Stephen's can be brought to digest the Criminal Code after it has been digested by Sir JAMES STEPHEN. Even this will ask great power of rumination.

A MISCHIEVOUS FAMILY.

THEY are brothers who'll leave a
Bad worse in a jiffy—
Dic-Tator on Neva,
Agi-Tator on Liffy!



THE AWKWARD HORSE.

(OF THE PARLIAMENTARY BUS.)

NORTHCOTE. "STEADY, HARTINGTON! I DON'T WANT TO PUT THE 'TWITCH' ON, BUT IF WE MUST WE MUST."

PERSONAL OPTION V. POTHOUSE.



On a recent occasion the Earl of DERBY, in animadverting on Intemperance, at a meeting of the Coffee Tavern Company, set the orators of the compulsory total abstinence party an excellent example of truth and soberness:—

"People sometimes," he remarked, "in opposing Sir WILFRID LAWSON, said they were against temperance by compulsion. He (the noble Lord) rather leant to that view, but there was another view of the question, and that was, that in many large towns there was very like intemperance by compulsion. He was not only for local option, but for personal option. As matters stood, there were many places where a workman had no choice between drinking beer and going dry."

Success, both in principle and practice, to "Personal Option" in such matters. The Report of the Coffee Tavern Company announces that the nett profits amount to 11 per cent., and that the Directors propose to divide five. At this rate of interest "Personal Option" appears to be succeeding so well as to assume an aspect which must be interesting to speculative capitalists. Make "Personal Option" a paying reality; and see whether it will not soon cut away the ground which Local Option now lays claim to stand upon. For what, O Britons, is "Personal Option" but a form of Personal Liberty? Hooray! The Birthright of JOHN BULL for ever!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, Feb. 23 (Lords).—My Lord CAIRNS—"et tu, Brute!"—struck a heavy blow at Bills of Costs, and dealt sore discouragement to the Family Solicitor! By two Bills he enables absolute owners of settled estates to do everything which limited owners can do now, dispensing with intervention of the Court, and giving powers, under proper checks, to buy, sell, lease, divide, and exchange land for the benefit of the inheritance. All this by two public Bills, instead of as many private Bills as there are lawyers! Call you this dealing with settled estates? 'Tis dealing with settled solicitors!

Adding insult to injury, he brings in another Bill at the same time for shortening the language of conveyances, and providing for lawyers' payment by rule of Court instead of length of deeds—i.e., in the legal sense, of words.

The Scotch proverb says, "Hawks winna pike out hawks' een." But here we have a Lord Chancellor picking out the plums of every family solicitor's pudding all over the United Kingdom! And Lord SELBORNE, an ex-Chancellor, congratulates him on the deed, and is ready to aid and abet him. And the Bills will pass, and the lawyers will be fleeced, and the laity will rejoice,—till the lawyers have had time to spin their web afresh, and laboriously build up their bills of costs out of other materials, and in other nooks and corners of the Law Courts!

(Commons).—Sir STAFFORD gave notice of his Obstruction Resolutions for Thursday. May his and the House's resolutions hold! Sufficient for the day are the Obstructions thereof. We refer our readers to Thursday's *Essence*.

Dr. FARR has had a special pension of £800 awarded him for his good and long service. Better in the well-earned case of his eventide, than still fagging at the Registrar-Office, even as its old head, under the weight of his threescore years and twelve. FARR, at least, might have gone farther, and fared worse.

The House had some hours' play at Sir STAFFORD's little game of Breaches of Privilege, in which Messrs. SULLIVAN and O'DONNELL showed great aptitude; but the House at last getting tired of the disorder, passed to the Orders of the Day. Sir STAFFORD may thank his own little Privilege play of last week for the hours wasted to-night at "Follow my Leader."

The Criminal Code Bill was read a Second Time, and referred to a Select Committee, with a "Good speed!" from Sir HENRY JAMES. Such is life at St. Stephen's—four hours of childish trifling, followed by a step forward taken in a few minutes by the biggest legislative measure of the time.

Tuesday (Lords).—Irish Distress Bill brought up, and Second Reading fixed for Monday. *E pur si muove*—in spite of the Obstructionists.

(Commons).—Mr. BOURKE declines to say anything about Colonel SYNGE, the English commanding officer of Turkish *gendarmes*, who, with his wife, has been carried off for ransom, by brigands, many of them Greeks by race, but Ottoman subjects, some thirty miles from Salonica. SHAKESPEARE says "'Tis the sport to see the engineer hoisted with his own petard." But poor Colonel SYNGE probably sees little fun in seeing the *gendarme* officer nabbed by his own brigands. "Let him pay ransom," says NIKO; "SYNGES are not released for songs—save the songs of yellow birds." In such a case Mr. BOURKE wisely thinks "least said soonest mended."

Who on earth but Mr. BLAKE, when nobody above a county-court defaulter can be in these days arrested for debt, attaches the least importance to Peers' and M.P.'s exemption from the tap of the bailiff? Let a bankrupt Member vacate his seat, as a rule, with exceptions in specially guarded cases. *Voilà tout!*

Mr. CROSS said the matter would be dealt with in the new Bankruptcy Bill.

To a thin and thinner House, which was with difficulty kept alive, Mr. J. HOLMS moved, and Mr. COWEN seconded, a Resolution in favour of five-year Parliaments. Perhaps if we were choosing, we should not choose seven years for the term of Parliament, but, practically, what earthly matter does it make, whether five years or seven measure out the Sessions' span? The days are gone by of the "Five Points," with Annual Parliaments bristling in their van.

Colonel ALEXANDER moved an Amendment in favour of the Septennial term, and a weary and uninterested House voted it by 110 to 60.

Lord SANDON moved for a Select Committee to look into the Stowing of Grain Cargoes. Mr. PLIMSOLL's Bill assumes that the stowing of grain cargoes in bulk instead of bags is the main cause for the foundering of grain-laden vessels. Experts dispute this; and a Select Committee is a very proper tribunal to investigate the matter—especially with PLIMSOLL to look after the Committee.

Wednesday.—No quorum till a quarter past one. Then Mr. NORWOOD moved his County Courts Bill, for extending the jurisdiction of the County Courts to £200 in Common Law cases, and £40 in cases of ejectment, and to give them concurrent functions with the Superior Courts, at suitors' will, in all but Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce business. Of course extension of business will carry extension of salaries. With legal functionaries *ça va sans dire*. The County Court Judge's improved figure is to be £2000.

The lawyers generally approved.

Mr. ANDERSON, as became a Scotch guardian of the public purse, objected to the increase of salaries, to which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL distinctly declined to pledge the Government.

Sir H. JAMES protested against starving the County Court Bench by injudicious economy. And certainly cheap law of the best quality is not to be had from cheap lawyers. "Cheap and nasty" holds generally true of the lawyer, though not of the law, which is "dear and nasty."

Mr. NORWOOD's Bill—it ought to be called the Norwood Junction, as it links hands of County and Superior Courts, which have hitherto stood apart—was read a Second Time.

And then the House plunged into the Scotch Mist of the Hypothec Bill, Second Reading moved by Mr. VANS AGNEW, supported by a Scotch phalanx of both sides, doubted by Sir G. CAMPBELL, and sneered at by Lord ELCHO. But the Government has made up its mind, as have the Scotch Members, and, more important, the Scotch Tenant-Farmers. Thanks mainly to them, Hypothec "has got to go."

Thursday (Lords).—Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL moved for Sir HOPE GRANT's despatch on the Volunteer Easter Monday Review, the one report, as Lord BURY pointed out, that snubs the citizen soldiers, all the others being complimentary. Lord BURY countered Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL's suggestion that the War-Office should pull the strings of the Volunteer field-days, by the information that the Volunteer Acts left them their own initiative in such matters.

(Commons).—A great crowd for Sir STAFFORD's Obstruction Resolutions. But first, by way of prelude, came a wonderful spurt of vigour from the SPEAKER, who "shut up" a troublesome trio, Messrs. PLIMSOLL, BIGGAR, and CALLAN, in swift succession. Then, after a batch of questions, to which and the answers nobody listened, Sir STAFFORD moved his Resolutions. 1. For suspending, for that sitting, any Member named by the SPEAKER or Chairman of Committees, as disregarding the authority of the Chair, or abusing the rules of the House, by persistent and wilful obstruction of business, or otherwise; the motion for suspension to be put without amendment, adjournment, or debate, and the third suspension in the same Session to be for a week, or more if the House so determine, the Member having a right to be heard against the motion for such extended suspension. 2. That this Resolution shall be a standing Order of the House.



THE INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS. (INDIAN BUDGET SURPLUS, £119,000!)

In a full House Sir STAFFORD urged what *Punch* need not repeat—that the House must have rules of debate, and must maintain them; that the business of the House is increasing, and with it the mischief of blocked measures and wasted time; that the

worst thing that could happen the House would be to fall into public contempt; and that the greatest danger of this will be from inability to maintain its own dignity and transact its own business. After explaining, Sir STAFFORD put his Resolutions, which all who



"IN VINO VERITAS."

Bailie Verintosh, Member of School-Board (who wished to address the Children after Luncheon). "NOO, BAIRNS, AW'LI JEST TALL YE, WK'RE A' LIKE SHEPS—SOME'S EN POARRT!—SOME'S AWA' OOT I' MED OCEAN!—SOME'S NEAR THE HAVEN! YE'RE JEST LEAVIN' POARRT! ASH F'ME, AW THENK AW'M ABOUT HAUF SHEASH OVER!" [Agreed nem. con.]

criticised seemed more inclined to pronounce too slack than too stringent.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, in the name of the Opposition, gave his support to the Resolutions, though he thought them open to criticism. He would prefer that the SPEAKER should be the Marwood of the House, and suspend peccant Obstructionists without help of Honourable Members, whose vote would be a superfluity.

Mr. NEWDEGATE gave the statistics of Obstruction, and—worse still—the gabble-gauge for '77, '78, and '79, according to which the Hon. Member for Meath had addressed the House 500 times; the Member for Galway, 369; the Member for Dungarvan, 284; and the Member for Mayo, 135—an awful amount of small change (speech being silver) among four Irish Members!

Mr. DILLWYN did not oppose the Resolutions, but would prefer that the subject should be dealt with Sessionally by a Committee of Order. Obstruction was a game that two could play at; and the majority of to-day might be the minority of to-morrow. Mr. NEWDEGATE should have gone back further in the annals of Obstruction—to the Clerical Disabilities Bill of 1870, when there were ten divisions of more than 3 to 1, lasting far beyond the small-hours, in which many of the present Government had figured in the minorities.

By this time the House—which had waxed wofully thin, under the combined attraction of dinner and repulsion of NEWDEGATE—had dwindled down to five, and the SPEAKER was only saved from having to put the question by Mr. BIGGAR's moving a Count, and turning on the rush of Members from the dining-rooms.

Then the Irish Brigade began their fire, opened by Mr. JUSTIN MACARTHY. They were all for the Resolutions; their only care—the candid darlings—was for freedom of debate and protection of minorities! Obstruction was far more due to mistakes of the Government than misfeasance of private Members. (Six of one, Mr. MACARTHY, perhaps, but certainly a round dozen of the other.)

Mr. SYNAN protested. The main offence of the present minority was that they were Irishmen.

Mr. S. LLOYD wanted a majority of two-thirds on the SPEAKER's motion for suspension.

Mr. HANBURY thought the Resolutions too weak. He would administer a dose of Hanbury's Entire, in the shape of a far swifter and sharper punishment.

Mr. SULLIVAN worked up an effective retort to Mr. NEWDEGATE out of the statistics of Obstruction for 1870, when, on the Clerical Disabilities Bill, the Education Bill, and the Army Purchase Bill, all the leading Members of the Administration had led, or voted in, insignificant minorities, and kept the House on the trot till daylight. In fact nearly all the occupants of the Treasury Bench had qualified themselves to sit there by their course of obstruction in 1870 and 1875.

Mr. CHAPLIN contended there was obstruction (English, and excusable), and obstruction (Irish, and inexcusable). He gave it Lord HARTINGTON over the head and ears for presuming to fall asleep. He was for throwing the responsibility of penal action on the House instead of the SPEAKER. "*Frappez vite et frappez fort*" must be their motto. (Bravo, most belligerent and un-chaplainlike of CHAPLINS!)

Sir W. HARCOURT was for throwing the responsibility on the SPEAKER, without any appeal to the House. At the same time he would support the Resolutions of the Government. All he and his friends wanted was to improve them.

Lord J. MANNERS thought it best that the SPEAKER should name names, and the House inflict the suspension that must follow that awful rite. The *clôture* was, to his mind, objectionable as unfair to the rights of the minority.

Mr. FAWCETT was ready, without qualification, to support the Resolutions; and Mr. O'DONNELL gave them the valuable meed of his approbation—"as a disinterested spectator." Nor he, nor his, had ever been named by the SPEAKER. He would have the Speaker's decision final. He was prepared to obstruct bad Bills in the present as in the past, and was proud of all he had done in that way. (No accounting for prides any more than tastes.)

The debate was adjourned.

Thus far the tide sets fair for the Resolutions—weak or strong. Whether, with a strong Leader and a stalwart Speaker there would have been any need of them, may be matter of opinion.

Friday (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD is sorry he can't find £2000 a-year to pay for a Gallery of Casts from the Antique, at the prayer of Earl COWPER and other amiable and æsthetic archæologists. Casts that catch no fish don't suit either Lord B.'s book or the Treasury's.

Lord DUNRAVEN spoke forcibly on Irish suffering, the lack of self-dependence, the ready ear given to agitators, the clamour for help from the State, and the deficiency of private enterprise in Ireland. There was good sense in all he said about the chafe of old confiscations and oppressions; the difficulties of Irish landlords and the unfair measure meted out to them; the inexpediency of forcing peasant proprietorship; and the probable result of Parnellian agitation and agrarian Utopias. His sheet-anchor was emigration. No doubt every emigrant betters himself, and, in all probability, his kith and kin; but in the meantime agitation must be discouraged, law-abiding folk must be protected and law enforced, and that done, Time, "The Old Justice," must be waited for to try and mend all.

This was an uncommonly comprehensive and able summary of Irish ills and their remedies—the former, unhappily, the more easy of discovery. But what a contrast between the tone of the noble Lord and the ignoble agitators who find their harvest in the misery and ignorance of Ireland!

(Commons.)—Obstruction still stopping the way, but a general disposition to get the Resolutions passed and have done with them. To this Mr. SHAW and Mr. GLADSTONE both helped, by hearty acceptance of the Resolutions with some fair and intelligent criticisms of them. Mr. SHAW's speech was an excellent one.

An Amendment by BIGGAR, for suspending the suspending Resolutions after one o'clock, was snuffed out by 290 to 14. An earnest of the fate that awaits Mr. O'DONNELL'S Amendment, that 100 Members must be present to hear the SPEAKER name a name.

Mr. COURTNEY spoke sensibly, as he generally does—too sensibly to be listened to very patiently by a tired and heated house. The debate was adjourned till Saturday at twelve, when, let us hope, the Resolutions will be carried—and hung up in *terrorem* over the heads of the Irish Intransigents. The O'DONOGHUE said, truly enough, they were meant as a rod in pickle for the Home-Rule Members of next Parliament, and small blame to it!

AQUARIUM REFORM.

PEOPLE who delight in witnessing performances dangerous to the performers, will be vexed to hear that Mr. HOBSON, the Manager of the Aquarium, has written to the Middlesex Justices a letter signifying that, on account of the accident which lately befell "ZÆO," the Directors had agreed that "all performances with mechanical projecting power should forthwith be interdicted." Apologising for "the ZÆL and ZÆO shows," Mr. HOBSON says that the arrangements for them were believed perfectly safe, and further states that:—"These exhibitions were universally popular, and were witnessed by 1,440,100 persons, including all classes of society."

How were the foregoing figures ascertained? If by any special contrivance for distinctly taking the numbers of those visitors of the Aquarium to whom, in particular, "ZÆL" and "ZÆO" were attractions, and who went there expressly for the gratification of seeing them risk their lives, that popular place of amusement may be supposed to have been furnished with an instrument of registration extremely well answering the purpose of what SYDNEY SMITH called a "foolometer." It would be humiliating to find that such a meter has, in fact, recorded as "including all classes of society," a number of persons amounting to a considerable proportion of society at large. Let us hope these figures may be taken to represent the admissions of the general public at the Aquarium doors, and not the indications of any apparatus designed for the enumeration of a separate class of spectators—the fools.

To Guard our Flocks!

"Sir G. P. COLLEY has been appointed Governor and High Commissioner of Natal and Commander of the troops in the South-Eastern district, in succession to Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and Sir HENRY BULWER."—*Calcutta Telegram*.

WE have heard a good deal about African sheep, and the capabilities of the Transvaal as a wool-growing country. Latterly it has been more celebrated for its stray sheep than its shearlings. Here at last is the COLLEY to look after the sheep—Dutch and English. May the result soon be great wool and little cry, in exchange for the present South-African exports, great cry and little wool.

"HAWKS PIKE OUT HAWKS' EEN."

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE picking holes in Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S Criminal Code.

ONE WORD.



THERE are persons—well-meaning persons too, no doubt,—who complain that *Punch*, in his last week's Cartoon, entitled, "*Imperium et Libertas*," has outraged propriety by insulting an unhappy Sovereign, for whom he feels respect, and the deepest pity.

The donkeys!—not the less donkeys, for their amiable feelings and excellent motives.

When has *Punch* withheld his comment of pen and pencil on events of commanding public interest, because they were in themselves serious or painful, sad, or even appalling?

It is the spirit and intention of his comments, on such occasions, that justifies them; removing them from the sphere of party, and redeeming them from the charge of levity, as suggesting grave thoughts, and questions of deep import for ourselves or others.

But there will always be minds so constituted as to be incapable of distinguishing irony from mockery, and satire from lack of seriousness. All *Punch* can say to these persons is that he does not address them, and that they had better not look into his pages.

They are quite distinguishable from another class of critics, who now and then cry out on *Punch's* comments, because they wince under them, and complain that his arrows are poisoned because they sting. To such critics, *Punch* has nothing to say. His best and only answer to them will be to follow the road he has followed from his birth—the road of right, by aid of the light of truth, as far as it is in his power to choose the one, and to recognise the other.

THE RECORD OF A SILVER WEDDING.

ON last Thursday night, February 26th, the Amateur Dramatic Club of Cambridge University, familiarly known as the "A. D. C.," celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a grand banquet in the Guildhall of Cambridge, under the gracious and genial presidency of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, who, on rising to propose the first toast, was received with such prolonged and hearty cheering—from a manly chorus of nearly two hundred voices—as evinced the thorough appreciation of his presence on this most exceptional occasion—this red-letter day in the history of the Club. Mr. *Punch* records the event with pleasure, and more especially as there seems to have grown up, with the Club, an earnest and honest ambition to cultivate Dramatic Art for higher purposes than those of mere recreation and temporary amusement,—an ambition which, if properly directed by experienced guides, is likely to produce such results as will be highly beneficial to the artistic and social interests of the English stage. *Floreat A. D. C.!* Gentlemen—by all means, but remember *Ars Longa, and Vita—at the University—brevis est*. So let all past and present members who have the dignity of the drama at heart, work with a will, and salute the Club with *Esto Perpetua!*

A DIFFERENCE.

The Roman Dictator was appointed "*Ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat.*"

The Russian Dictator is appointed "*Ne quid Imperator.*"

RESULT OF THE PERSIAN POLICY PROBLEM (when finally worked out).—*Quod Herat demonstrandum.*



'TRAIN UP A WIFE,' &C.

"I PRESUME THE LADY IS AWARE THIS IS A SMOKING COMPARTMENT!"

"THE LADY IS WELL AWARE OF THE FACT; AND, BRING MY WIFE, SHE KNOWS BETTER THAN TO OBJECT."

PARLIAMENTARY MAXIMS FROM MEATH.

(Vide Mr. Newdegate's Speech of February 26.)

To retain an Irish Seat.	Be on your legs five hundred times in a Session.
To comply with a Standing Order.	Refuse to sit down.
To prove your respect for the Forms of the House.	Never hesitate to address empty Benches.
To show regard for the SPEAKER.	Always continue speaking until you are spoken to.
To demonstrate your regard for the Chair.	When sat upon, ignore the fact.
To support the Constitution—à l'Irlandaise.	Sit up all night, when possible, and prevent everybody else from going to bed.
To prove you are not yet under Home-Rule.	Never go home till morning.
To make the best of a small number (Irish).	Keep constantly dividing. (N.B. The smaller the number the greater the result.)
To show the perfectibility of the Irish character.	Be always making an Amendment.
To convince the world you cannot be an Obstructionist.	Remind it that, as you sit always below the gangway, it is impossible you should be stopping it.

LEADING IDEAS.

"A man and leader of men."—TANNYSON.

The Sphinx's soliloquies:—

"LEADER of men! Mellifluous laureate
Of blameless Kings and of ideal Knights,
Piper of high-pitched patriot lays, dost guess
How 'tis by ear and nose, not hand and heart,
Mankind is led? Leading is easy work!
To inspire or to enlighten earth's dull drones,
Might task a new Prometheus; nay, to drive
The mulish multitude is Titan's work,
But leading? Bah! 'tis as the carrot-bunch
Held in advance of donkey's outstretched nose
By the adroiter urchin in a race.
With words we manage men!—well-chosen words,
Vague, but of sounding vastness, fit to fire
Those ruling passions which, aroused, give rule
To the deaf piper who can play on them.
Have I not played,—ye gods, have I not played
The stops of BULL's whole gamut up and down,
With firm though most fantastic fingering?
And,—there's the humour on't!—to fine fixed tunes,
Whose score, in my green youth,—which was not green—
I set before his slow unseeing eyes.

With that frank daring which so dupes the fools,
And so disarms the wise! Commons and Peers,
The Court, the Clubs, the Crowd, cold friends, hot foes,
The Swells, the Cits, the Blues, the Radicals,
The country Squires, aye, all the stiff-necked lot,
From COWEN stout to caustic SALISBURY,
Stoop to my lure and follow in my wake!
By TUBAL-CAIN, there is no instrument
On which sure touch and subtle mastery
Can play to such strange issues as man's heart.
Heart? The word serves to cover a wild sum
Of eager appetites, to tickle which
Into esurience gives wit a tool
Stronger than armies or exchequers crammed:
'Tis single strength that sways unto its ends
Multiform weakness—greed and vanity,
The itch for domination, and the thirst
For much noise-making in a noise-witched world;
The larger egoism of land and race,
Stretched but self-centred still, and smartly tricked
In vesture of heroic virtue; fear
That hides with strutting port and swelling speech,
And self-deceptive show of vigilance,
Its inner baseness,—these be dominant chords
To stir a passion in the multitude,
And in a phrase that voices their dumb-will
To point some plausibility of speech,
And fire the mob with self-approving zeals!
That is the way to work on the gross mass
Of coarsely-fibred matter called Mankind.
'We've but to make men *think*,' cries GLADSTONE. 'Think'!
Sisyphus-Sophist, ply thy bootless task!
The skulls that yield *that* brain-secretion scarce
Will give thee back thy lost majority.
Nose-cocked MACALLUM-MORE fills two full hours
And columns six with serried cogencies—
So the Scot deems them—'gainst my policy.
I, with an airy smile, a neat appeal
To 'Rule Britannia' sentiment, some quips,
And one vague, sounding, well-considered phrase—
'The Gates of India'—deftly iterated,
Pleasantly put him by, rout all his tropes,
And phalanx close of fine-drawn arguments.
As for the Mob, 'twill find my phrase, be sure,
A handy cudgel to beat foes to silence,
Long after the MACALLUM's volumes twain
And columns six are banished to the limbo
Of weapons obsolete, with old Brown Bess
And BRUCE's battle-axe! So men are led!"

PARLIAMENTARY DEMONSTRATION.

IN sending Mr. GRISSELL to Newgate the House of Commons have demonstrated that their displeasure is anything but nugatory. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* High time it should be.

THE ONE AFFECTION IN WHICH THE IRISH ARE DEFICIENT.—
Pa(y)rental.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE—"THE NEW TURNCOCK."

SATURDAY, Feb. 28.—An extra sitting to dispose of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Obstruction Resolutions.

Mr. CALLAN impugned the impartiality of the Chairman of Committees, objecting to the power of "naming names"—as distinguished from that of calling them, to which he has no objection.

Incidental passage of arms between NOLAN, CALLAN, and O'DONNELL. BIGGAR *amicus curiæ*. Sir STAFFORD threw his shield over Mr. RAIKES, and Mr. SHAW poured oil on the waters—not oil of vitriol.

Mr. CALLAN tried to withdraw his Amendment, but Mr. BIGGAR wouldn't let him, and it was thrown out by 191 to 17.

Mr. FINIGAN moved to omit "or otherwise"; but this being negatived without a division, the Irish Irreconcilables threw up the sponge, waived their Amendments, and after an attempt by Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL to leave the right of voting when the right of speaking had been taken away (which found 42 supporters against 172 dissentients); a suggestion by Lord HARTINGTON, by way of strengthening the hands of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, to

suspend for a second instead of a third offence; the addition (on Mr. FORSTER's motion) of a proviso saving the House's ancient powers of procedure against its Members; final protests by Captain NOLAN, Messrs. FINIGAN, and BIGGAR; and an unsuccessful move by Mr. DILLWYN to have the Resolution passed as a Sessional, instead of a Standing, Order, the Resolutions were finally adopted—as originally framed—by seven o'clock. A blessed wind up of the week's work. Henceforth, "What's in a name?" will be a question *with* an answer. Had PARNELL been present the rod had not been so easily tied, to hang up in *terrorem* over the bench of the Home-unruly boys. Remains to be seen how fear or flagellation will operate in promoting the dispatch of business. Thus far all looks well.

Monday (Lords).—Relief of Irish Distress Bill read a Second Time, with a sensible speech by the Duke of RICHMOND, and comment, mostly pertinent, by Lords LANSDOWNE, DUNRAVEN, MONTEAGLE, EMLY, and others.

Upper House discussions of Ireland's difficulties and their remedies



FLATTERY.

Facitious Drover. "BUY TWO OR THREE NICE LITTLE 'UNS FOR THE PARK, SQUIRE!!"

[To the delight of little Binks, who was taking a turn through the Market.—(He travelled for Shortreel & Co. of Manchester!)]

are noticeable in contrast with Lower House faction-fights over the same ground, for their coolness, discretion, and comprehensiveness. It is evidently a subject best discussed by the Olympians. The absence of "friends of Ireland" of the O'DONNELL, CALLAN, and BIGGAR kidney, is an incalculable blessing!

(Commons).—Poking up of Lord CASTLEREAGH's electioneering relations with the Down Home-Rulers. His Lordship protests he never gave pledges to abstain or be neutral on Home-Rule questions. *Per contra*, Mr. BIGGAR read letters from the deputation of the Ulster Home-Rulers' Association who declare they took his promise of neutrality from his own lips.

Mr. PEASE bore witness to Lord CASTLEREAGH's straightforwardness as an electioneering opponent. But Irish and English election atmospheres are so different. Lord CASTLEREAGH might well be excused an extra pledge or two in the very stress of North-Irish battle—when "he was speaking to hundreds," as he very excusably pleads. The explanation ended in a wrangle, wound up by a vicious kick, in the shape of an allusion to the "infamous CASTLEREAGH," from Mr. FINIGAN, for which he ought to, but will certainly not, be ashamed of himself.

Colonel STANLEY brought on the Army Estimates in a clear, business-like statement. Pending the report of Lord ALREY's Committee, our system remains *in statu quo*. Our force has been reduced by 4,000 men; the year's recruits have been fewer, but so have its deserters. Improvements are claimed for our enlistment system, our medical arrangements, and militia training; and our force of reserve officers is increasing. Breach-loaders are to be introduced, and our old materials gradually utilised for arming our fortifications.

Sir W. BARTHELOTT's congratulations were interrupted by an unsuccessful attempt at a Count-Out from Mr. FINIGAN, who is trying to fill Mr. FARNELL's shoes in his absence. Sir W. referred to the hostile passages at pen and wire between Dr. RUSSELL and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, and said he hoped the Zululand military scandals in dispute between them would be thoroughly cleared up. So does *Punch*; not only for the good of the Service, but for the credit of Captain Pen, a veteran tried and trusted, and Captain

Sword, whose style thus far smacks of the more familiar, and more trenchant, weapon.

Captain NOLAN—*quantum mutatus ab illo Intransigente*—contributed a useful speech on his specialty, Big Guns; and after a brief passage of complimentary rather than critical comment on the speech and its statements, in two hours more millions of Army Estimates than the civilian likes to think of were rattled through—the tottle of the whole being disposed of before midnight, a feat hardly paralleled in the recollection of the oldest representative.

Mr. O'CLERY's Irish Volunteer Bill was rejected by 81 to 12; Mr. O'DONNELL in a moment of rare candour admitting that if passed in the present state of Irish feeling and opinion it would be an unmitigated curse to the country. Instead of giving "the boys" rifles, if we could only take away their shillelaghs, and return their blunderbusses into store!

Tuesday (Lords).—Nil.

(Commons).—GRISSELL's case under consideration. After his petition (most abject in apology, and humble in submission) had been read by Mr. WALPOLE, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER suggested the very mild punishment of a reprimand at the Bar.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER seconded the proposal.

Mr. E. B. DENISON doubted if this was adequate. Shall WARD in ward be penned, GRISSELL go free, pocket his reprimand, and lightly laugh the Commons' House to scorn? Perish the thought! The House so clearly agreed with him—Mr. RYLANDS being especially emphatic in assertion of the Commons' dignity—that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was fain to knock under; and Mr. GRISSELL, having been forthwith nabbed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, was committed to the Clock-Tower, to be brought up to-morrow, and take what the House may give him. Be patient, GRISSELL, as befits thy name! Thy night spent in the Clock-Tower may be long, thy days in Newgate will be longer still! But why talk of patience, with patient PETER TAYLOR moving, for the ninth time, in a House of game-preservers, the abolition of the Game-Laws! Supporting his conclusion on the same old facts and with the old array of reasons nine times urged, and not the stronger for repetition, he pooh-poohed, as idiotically insufficient, increase in

stringency of the law of trespass, and more legislative insistence on the right of property in game. Total Abolition was the only remedy.

Sir W. BARTHELOT moved the inexpediency of stirring the subject just now.

Earl PERCY deprecated a movement that, by destroying country sports, would tend to encourage absenteeism,—

"'Tis game, not work, keeps landlords to their lands."

Mr. READ, speaking for the farmers, claimed for them the right of destroying ground-game, and thought justice might be done by reforming the Game Laws, without abolishing them.

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE thought pheasant-farming as much entitled to protection as land or sheep-farming.

Sir W. HARCOURT chaffed the "farmers' friends," and contrasted their speeches in and out of the House.

Mr. RODWELL declared the farmers, if polled, would be against the abolition of Game Laws, while urgent for their amendment.

Sir M. W. RIDLEY considered Game Laws a discriminating law of trespass, removal of which would render necessary a more stringent and unpopular trespass-law. At the same time, he admitted—with a large-mindedness that does him credit—that the law was sometimes absurd, and ought to be open to revision.

Then there was a merry little game over Division. Sir W. BARTHELOT wanted to withdraw his Amendment, but after Patient PETER's original Motion was negatived by 160 to 87 (*è pur si muove, Pietro mio*), Sir W. HARCOURT moved to omit the "not" from Sir W. BARTHELOT's assertion of inexpediency; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had gravely to call his larkly boys to order, and get Sir W. HARCOURT's sportive Motion negatived by 135 to 115 before Sir W. BARTHELOT's could be disposed of without a Division.

All this was stopping the way of Mr. CROSS's very big bit of business, the London Water Bill. This is really a large metropolitan measure, and if the Session see it through, which it will not, in all probability, it will not have been wasted—particularly if it carry, besides, the Criminal Code a step nearer to consummation, which we fear, is too much to hope for. A Metropolitan Water Trust is to be created, to take over all the plants and powers of all the London Water Companies—their value to be commuted for something like Thirty Millions of Three-and-Half per Cent. Stock, partly in present value, partly in deferred payments, in consideration for future increment in value. This Water Trust is to be managed by a paid Chairman and two Vice-Chairmen, the first to be appointed by the Government, afterwards to be elected by the members of the Trust, who will be the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, two nominees each of the Local Government Board, the Board of Works, the City Commissioners of Sewers, and the Metropolitan Board, with twelve members elected by the Metropolitan Boroughs, and inhabitants north and south of the Thames not included in any borough. The objects of the Trust are to be the supply

of water for houses, street cleansing, and fire extinction, with provision for constant supply at high pressure. The trust is to come into operation next October, and provision is to be made for extinguishing the debt in eighty years! Thirty Millions is a big figure—too big by a great deal. But this is a "great deal." Possession is nine points of the law, and the Water Companies are masters of the field. It is a case of "Like it, or lump it," says Mr. CROSS. If we are to be masters of our own water supply, we must pay for it through the nose. The public is grumbling already, and, so far, does not seem to like it. *Punch* wishes Mr. CROSS well through the task before him. He has proved himself a good man of business, and an efficient and diligent Home-Secretary thus far. But we fear this Bill is no go. And in this last Session, too, so generally foredoomed to Do-nothingness!

Wednesday.—A crowded House, to do honour to Mr. GRISSELL's call to the Bar!

Clutching the pole before him, that lately audacious and defiant gentleman, now as limp and flabby-looking a piece of gristle as ever did discredit to his name—made the most ample (not to say abject) submission that could be put into words, and was ordered off in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms; while the House unanimously agreed to the Motion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, seconded by Mr. FORSTER, consigning this daring defamer and defier of the Commons to Her Majesty's Gaol of Newgate, on Mr. SPEAKER's warrant, till such time as it please the House to release him. This done, the House emptied as fast as it had filled, leaving Mr. MACARTNEY to explain to all but empty benches his Bill for shifting the presumption in favour of Ulster Tenant Right from landlord to tenant which, for a wonder, was agreed to by all the Irish Members, and not opposed by the Government. When our Irish friends do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. At least, Mr. MACARTNEY is to be congratulated.

Thursday (Lords).—Second Reading of Lord CAIRNS's Settled Estates Bill, under a cold-water douche from the Marquis of BATH, who doesn't see

why owners as they ought to be should want to sell settled land; and sprinklings of warm encouragement from the Marquis of RIXON, Lord CARINGTON, the Earl of MORLEY, and other stirring youths, who feel the burden of tied-up land, and the blessing of ready money instead of unprofitable acres.

(Commons).—After dashing through a slough of questions, the House got into Committee of Supply, and ran the votes off the reel, till pulled up by Mr. O'DONNELL on the vote for the Irish Constabulary, against whose services in support of law in the person of the process-server he protested.

Naturally, as maintainers of order and authority, the Constabulary are odious to Mr. O'DONNELL and Mr. BIGGAR.

Mr. SHAW thought the speeches at recent anti-rent meetings had been too great nonsense to justify the presence of a police force. He forgets that the hearers as well as the speakers were excited if not united Irishmen.



Mr. SHAW's pooh-poohing and pahaw-pahawing of Anti-rent oratory was very painful to the O'DONOGHUE, who declared it would cause deep displeasure in Ireland, which it may,—in certain circles.

Mr. O'DONOGHUE's opposition was bowled over by 172 to 30.

Mr. SHAW is showing himself far too sensible for Ruler of the Home-Rulers.

*Friday (Lords).—*Lord EMLY on Irish Distress, with complaints of neglect of duty by some Irish Boards of Guardians.

The Duke of RICHMOND promised to look into it.

*(Commons).—*A squabble over the exclusion of reporters from executions in prisons. Mr. BRIGHT lost his temper with Mr. CROSS, and all the big-wigs got drawn into the wrangle, and reprimanded each other.

Mr. CROSS protests against sensational reporting of hangings. And so say all of us. Let provision be made for satisfying the public that the last doom of the law has been dealt, whether by newspaper report, or otherwise, and let us have no pandering to the vile human appetite for horrors.

Sir WILFRID moved his Local Option Resolution.

The House, seeing in the Local Option Resolution a shoeing-horn for the Permissive Bill, after a discussion not unworthy of the seriousness of the subject, in which Lord HARTINGTON, Messrs. GLADSTONE, LEATHAM, BRIGHT, MUNTZ, WHEELHOUSE, RODWELL, BULWER, CLARKE, and CROSS took part, negatived the Resolution by 248 to 134. Much as *Punch* hates intemperance, he feels that the House has done wisely in deferring legislation on the subject.

ATHLETICS IN PROFUNDIS!

(From a Story of the Future, with Mr. Punch's Compliments to Ginx's Baby.)



THE Mayor and Constable of Slocum-on-the-Ooze were flabbergasted. The orders had come direct from the Home-Office, and there was but one thing to do—to obey them.

"Very well, your Worship," said the Constable, after receiving his final instructions, "you will hear by the shouts of the people—who ain't accustomed to this sort of thing, mind you—that I have done my duty."

With this the Policeman departed, to be hurriedly called back by the Chief Magistrate of Slocum.

"Leave your staff here, Constable," his Worship ordered. "You might fall down, and hurt yourself with it. You should be the last to infringe the provisions of this new and most grand-maternal Act."

The Guardian of the Peace grumblingly complied with his superior's request, and finally made his exit.

"Can't allow that!"

he exclaimed, as he noticed a maid-servant cleaning the window of the second-floor back of the Police-Station. "POLLY, come down at once! You might tumble further than six feet! Now no impudence—see clause six in the new Act!"

Having seen the slaver safely released from her perilous position, the intelligent official continued his promenade.

"Now this is too bad!" he shouted, as he observed an urohin about to take a back over a youth of considerably greater stature than himself. "Stop, you young rascal! What do you mean by endangering your precious life—taking a jump like that?"

"We was only having a game at leap-frog!" whimpered the small boy.

"Leap-frog! It's misdemeanour!" And having, with yard-rule, measured the height of the human obstacle over which the delinquent was about to project himself, the constable conveyed both his culprits to the Station-House.

"Come, that's a good beginning, at any rate!" he murmured as

he continued his walk. He had not gone far when he was stopped in front of a Ginger-Beer Emporium, by the appalling spectacle of a youthful customer attempting to swallow a pint of Imperial Pop from the bottle direct! "A performance with an explosive projectile!" he exclaimed. And buyer and seller were both quickly conveyed to the lock-up.

On resuming his official rounds, he suddenly found himself in a field where a number of young men were engaged in savagely knocking about a globe of leather. "Hallo! What's all this?" he demanded, sternly.

"Football," said one of the players, as he paused for a moment to rub a broken shin. "We are only going to get a goal."

"You mean a gaol!" returned the official with grim humour. And he returned to the cells with a fresh batch of prisoners.

An hour later the Mayor and the Constable were once more together. The former was receiving the report of the latter. The Policeman had reached the last page of his list.

"Any more?" asked his Worship.

"Yes. There were the twenty-two cricketers. I thought I'd better take up the umpires and scorers."

"Quite right," replied the Mayor: "they were certainly aiders and abettors in a dangerous exhibition."

"Then, your Worship, I found a young man rowing in a boat, and as the water under him was at least ten feet deep, I ran him in, too."

"Quite right—he might have been drowned! Any one else?"

"Yes, your Worship, some young chaps bird-nesting on the bough of a tree, three yards from the ground. And then there were a couple of dancing-girls on stilts. Then, there were some labourers going up a ladder to the top of a house. After that, I called to a scientific gent in a balloon to come down—but he wouldn't."

"We must telegraph to the next county at once and have him arrested on his descent!" exclaimed the Mayor. "Shameful! shameful!"

"And then I ordered the divers working in the river on the wreck of that 'ere lighter to come out. And they have. They are drying themselves in front of the station-house fire. And I arrested a young girl who was climbing a hill at a trot. And the back-yard is full of bicycles. And I have got a whole crew of sailors in the pound. I seized them as they were doing something or other to a lot of sails ever so high up on a mast of a ship in the harbour. And, please your Worship, that's all."

"I see—a grand total of two hundred and forty prisoners—eh, Constable?"

"Right you are, your Worship; and as we hadn't accommodation for all of them, I have put half in the Town Hall, and what was over in the Vestry."

"Very inconvenient! But I suppose it can't be helped. And, now, while I go to explain matters to the Vicar, mind you keep your eyes open for dangerous occupations and amusements."

With this the officials separated.

"I hope Mr. JENKINS will be satisfied!" said the Mayor to himself; and then he added more brightly, "one thing is certain, the new Act rendering it penal for anybody to do anything dangerous will give the authorities lots of work!"

UN-CLASSICAL CONSTRUERS.

DEAR PUNCH,

THE Governor always says I'm to make my classics useful. Don't I? Look here. What but Obstruction was VIRGIL thinking of when he wondered—

"Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet."

Anglicè—"Why are the sons of Hibernia in such a hurry to show themselves at sea, or why all this obstruction in our late sittings?" And here, from HORACE, is a crumb of comfort for Channel passengers—

"Non si male nunc, et olim
Sic eris."—*Odes*, II. x.

"If ill this passage, that's no reason you should be sick next."

Tuus semper,

ANIMOSUS INFANS.

OUR SIGNS OF SPRING.

(Not the "Lookley Hall" ones.)

In the Spring the fierce North-Easter strikes a chill in many a breast:
In the Spring the hardy Briton buys himself another vest:
In the Spring coughs, colds, bronchitis, do their office of disaster:
In the Spring a young man's bosom finds relief in mustard plaster!



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—2. THE ART-CRITIC.

Prigsby (contemplating his friend Maudie's last Picture). "THE HEAD OF ALEXIS IS DISTINCTLY DIVINE! NOR CAN I, IN THE WHOLE RANGE OF ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, OR MODERN ART, RECALL ANYTHING QUITE SO FAIR AND PRECIOUS; UNLESS IT BE, PERHAPS, THE HEAD OF THAT SUPREME MASTERPIECE OF GREEK SCULPTURE, THE ILYSSUS, WHEREOF INDEED, IN A CERTAIN GRACIOUS MODELING OF THE LOVELY NECK, AND IN THE SUBTLY DELECTABLE CURVES OF THE CHEEK AND CHIN, IT FAINTLY, YET MOST EXQUISITELY, REMINDS ME!"

Chorus of Fair Enthusiasts (who still believe in Prigsby). "OH, YES—YES!—OF COURSE!—THE ILYSSUS!!—IN THE ELGIN MARBLES, YOU KNOW!!! HOW TRUE!!!!"

ALWAYS READY TO LEARN, AND DEEPLY IMPRESSED BY THE EXTENT OF PRIGSBY'S INFORMATION, OUR GALLANT FRIEND THE COLONEL TAKES AN EARLY OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING THE BRITISH MUSEUM, IN ORDER TO STUDY THE HEAD AND NECK OF

MOLTKE ON MICHAEL.

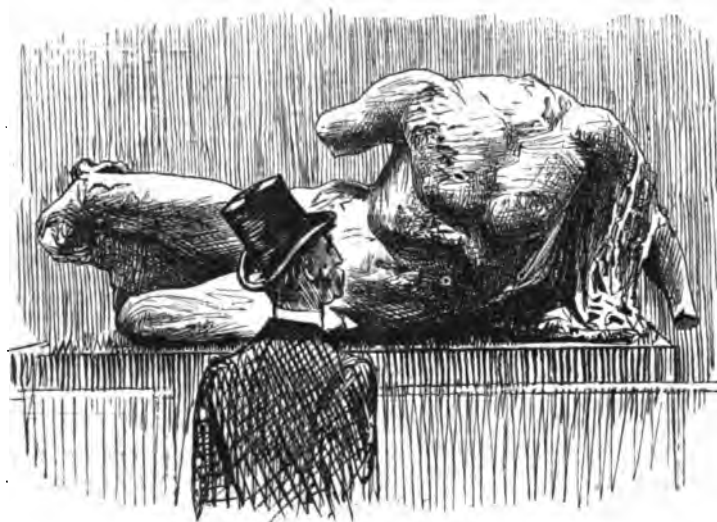
It may seem difficult to pick a hole in the dignified, sensible, and splendidly short speech delivered on the Army Bill by Count VON MOLTKE to the German Parliament. But have we not a weak point here:—

"Has the German MICHAEL ever drawn his sword except to protect his skin."

In invading Denmark did the German MICHAEL draw his sword to protect his own skin, or strip off his neighbour's?

Was not the Danish side clearly the side of MICHAEL in that business, and the German as manifestly the other side? Did not Victory attend the big battalions, and was not MICHAEL the Vanquished?

Nevertheless, on the whole, Count MOLTKE's speech beats anything that has ever been heard in the Parliament of



THE ILYSSUS!

THE SHARPEST OF SHARP PRACTICE.—That of the Oxford and Cambridge Crews for the University Boat-Race.

the United Kingdom since the Duke of WELLINGTON. What a blessing it would be if every Member would imitate the great German strategist in brevity. Then we should have a House of Commons of which it would not be true to say that all the principal speech-makers are more or less Obstructives.

Our Representative.

A KINDLY and learned Critic was trying to account for the failure of a certain Comedy. "It was a matter of opinion," he said. "Some liked it, some didn't. *Laudatur ab his*—" "Ah," interrupted Our Representative, "then that *his* must have been horribly ironical."

The subject dropped.

THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL.—The real elevation of the Drama at the Haymarket:—Putting the Pit into the Gallery.



“THE BANDITS.”

(SENSATION-SCENE FROM THE EUROPEAN MELODRAMA.)

DUET.

(BY TWO PERSONS OF QUALITY.)

*First Person of Quality.*

YOUR Grace, we have important information—
Sing hey, the silly Liberal that you are!—
About a certain intimate relation
Between the artful Afghan and the CZAR.
Sing hey, the artful Afghan,
The crafty, treacherous Afghan,
The sneaking, dangerous Afghan and the CZAR!

Second Person of Quality.

My Lord, in your romantic vein you're speaking—
Sing hey, the wily Hebrew that you are!—
We don't believe there's any kind of sneaking
Between the virtuous Afghan and the CZAR.
Sing hey, the virtuous Afghan,
The well-intentioned Afghan,
The harmless, truthful Afghan and the CZAR!

First Person of Quality.

Your Grace has not a spark of patriot feeling—
Sing hey, the factious Radical you are!—
Or you'd know we cannot letters be revealing,
That touch a friendly Potentate, the CZAR.
(*Con expressions.*)
Sing hey, the friendly Monarch,
The much-respected Monarch,
Our best of foreign relatives, the CZAR!

Second Person of Quality (con furia).

My Lord, we give you fair and timely warning—
Sing hey, the Tory criminal you are!—
We'll talk to the Electors, one fine morning,
About the ill-used Afghan and the CZAR.
(*Lagrimando.*)
About the ill-used Afghan,
The much maligned Afghan,
The loyal faithful Afghan and the CZAR!

THE WRONG MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

"NEVER give your reasons," was a wise diplomatist's advice. The Dean of WESTMINSTER would have done well to bear this in mind before he gave his reasons for declining to grant the prayer of Mr. FORDHAM's petition against the erection in the Abbey of the monument to the PRINCE IMPERIAL.

It is the first time we have seen Dean STANLEY figuring in a mess—a military mess, too, and the figure he cuts is not edifying, particularly when tackling that standing dish in most messes, humble pie.

Of this we have not often seen a larger helping than that served to the Dean by the niece of THOMAS CARLYLE, who has informed the Dean that she appended, at her uncle's request, her uncle's signature to Mr. FORDHAM's petition, on which the Dean, unluckily, fastened as a forgery. He may rely upon it, not only that THOMAS CARLYLE's signature was genuine, but that the five thousand names which accompanied it, and which he injudiciously attempted to discredit, represent the common sense and right English feeling of the vast majority of those whom the Dean is accustomed to respect, and who are accustomed to respect the Dean. It is never too late to mend—a

mistake. Till we see the Prince Imperial's statue in our National Valhalla, we will not believe that Dean STANLEY is not intelligent enough to see that he has misread public feeling, and courageous enough to own it.

WAIFS FROM THE WATER-BUTT.

To-day's haul.

"Companies which have only pecuniary gain for their object, may continue to provide a commodity so polluted by organic matter as to be unfit for drinking or cooking."—*Times.*

Is that the Analytical Chemist in the cistern?

Why does this coffee taste of gasworks?

Ah! Here comes the Doctor with the antidotes!

I would prefer the soup without the *Bacteria*.

Why does the Water Company evade the provisions of the Poisonous Drugs Act?

I am afraid the Teetotaller will not get through the night.

It is extremely expensive to feed the pig on *Apollinaris*.

I never saw the gold-fish look so ill.

This paper is a summons for the water-rate.

The symptoms you describe are of a distinctively typhoid character.

You may show in the Coroner.

To-morrow's.

"But the Water Trust will fail signally to realise expectations if it does not make a great change for the better. The ratepayers will demand at its hands pure water for household purposes, and a supply abundant enough for all the exigencies of the largest city in the world."—*Times.*

This is the best cascade on the terrace.

I have sent the whole of the champagne to the Lunatic Asylum.

Is that the Soda-Water Manufacturer in the Bankruptcy Court?

Why does the filter-maker jump off Waterloo Bridge?

I never saw the Teetotaller in better condition.

The Duke's Wedding-breakfast must have been a great success—with such a pump!

It is quite pleasant to see the death-rate steady at 13·04 per 1000.

What do you say to seven warm baths a week?

Ah! here is the good old Water-Rate Collector. Heaven bless him!

A NOBLE OFFER.

SIR,—I am informed that Dr. RICHARDSON is still at a loss in what way to utilise the invaluable collection of old wines left in his trust, for scientific purposes, by the late Sir WALTER TREVELYAN. Surely, there need be no difficulty in finding men of science able and willing to make the necessary experiments to solve all the really interesting questions on which light is likely to be thrown from the Wallington cellar. Should the fiduciary of this embarrassing trust be really as anxious to discharge it as he is reported to be, he may readily hear of gentlemen willing to make all needful sacrifices to help him. In our University Clubs and Cathedral closes, our Rectories and our Common Rooms, such devoted votaries of science still abound. They should be sought out, and, under proper scientific supervision, should be invited to undertake the experimental testing of, say, a dozen or so apiece of these curious old alcoholic and vinous compounds. Dr. RICHARDSON would then be in a position, by comparison and careful diagnosis of the different testing processes and their results, to judge of the effects of the alcoholic poison in these interesting examples. Pending this practical test, many of our cloth still cling to the antiquated notion, that it is in the abuse rather than in the use of wine that the alcoholic poison-germs are to be sought.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

A COUNTRY RECTOR

(*Old, high, and dry*).

P.S.—I feel bound to prove the sincerity of my self-devotion by volunteering to begin myself on a dozen of the oldest Trevelyan port; and therefore enclose my card for Dr. RICHARDSON's information—"Rev. BARDOLPH BIBBER, Soakum-in-the-Clay, Dampshire."

A Nursery Rhyme for the Time.

SCENE—A Foundry. Stacks of Scrap Iron in background. The Cylinders and Girders for a great Viaduct are being taken from their moulds, to have "lugs" burnt on. Enter SMASHER and CRASHER, Contractors. They sing.

AIR—"Pat a Cake, Pat a Cake, Baker's Man!"

PUTTY crack, putty crack, Moulder's man,
Paint on the bolt-heads as neat as you can;
Burn on a "lug" or two, mark it with "Pay,"
And so build a bridge cheap that's bound to give way.

WHERE'S THE MYSTERY?



FARMERS COULD LIVE THEN.

Value of Produce:—Oats, 17s. 6d. per qr.; Barley, 23s. 6d. per qr.; Wheat, 13s. 6d. per bag; Cheese, 42s. 6d. per cwt.



FARMERS CAN'T LIVE NOW.

Value of Produce:—Oats, 26s. per qr.; Barley, 45s. per qr.; Wheat, 24s. per bag; Cheese, 80s. per cwt.

"THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."

IN Paris M. BRISSON has been making a model speech on re-election as President of the Budget Committee. He had some delectable *bombons* to offer to the French Chamber and the French Nation.

Listen, Mr. JOHN BULL!

Taxes to the amount of 110,000,000 francs remitted during the last four years.

Surpluses, nevertheless, accruing to the tune of 245,000,000 francs. Liberal portions of these surpluses devoted to such homely, useful, and pacific purposes as country roads, school buildings, postal and telegraphic reforms.

110,000,000 francs still to be appropriated. Fortunate France!

There was a time when, on this side of the Channel, similar agreeable statements could be published, year after year, by an English Finance Minister to the English Parliament and people.

When will such a happy time return? Not, we suspect, this Easter.

It is Lent, so perhaps this comparison between England and France, though mortifying, may not be unseasonable, nor, let us hope, unprofitable. The longest *jour maigre* must have an end.

A TRUE BILL.

"RIGHT you are, BILL!"—or, we *should* say, Dr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, when you say in your *pièce justificative* of Monday, March 1:—

"I do not believe he (Sir GARNET) really supposes that soldiers who commit offences, and find they cannot be flogged, come up to report their offences to the Civil Powers, and to insist on being put in prison."

When the British soldier degrades himself to the level of a cowardly garrotter and a wife-beater, he should be treated by military authority as one of Queen BESS's own recalcitrant Bishops would have been treated by that excellent woman, "un-frocked"—or to apply it in a military sense, "un-uniformed"—

and then delivered over to the tender mercies of the Cat. Flogging is abolished, as the rule, in the Army, but it should be restored for exceptional cases, or the soldiers who have subjected hapless civilians, male and female, to gross brutality, should be drummed-out and at once delivered over to the civil power for a dose of the Cat-'o-nine-tails—*pour encourager les autres*.

Bad men bring discredit on any system, civil or religious, to which they may belong; but that system should have it in its power to bring them out and deal with them summarily and—sufficiently. The *Daily Telegraph*, of course, backs its own BILL; and so the gallant General may be considered as still labouring under an attack of "D. T."

LADIES IN DIFFICULTIES.

We often hear *Materfamilias* complaining that good servants are not to be had. No wonder desperate *Mammas* in quest of a treasure in the nursery have grown so humble that they are glad to come down even to the Upper Ten! Here is a case of abject humility from the advertising columns of the *D. T.* :—

WANTED, in a Gentleman's Family, a Superior Person as UPPER-NURSE. Must be a good Needlewoman, able to cut out and make children's clothes. *A Lady not objected to, providing she does not object to carry an Infant.*—Address, &c.

Poor Lady!—the advertiser, we mean—not the "Superior Person." And here is another case (picked out of the same widely-spread channel for wants), in which the poor advertiser is actually reduced to seek a Nursemaid among the very abject class in which governesses are usually looked for!

NURSEMAID WANTED, about 18, for Two Children, six-and-a-half and four. Thoroughly domesticated, useful at her needle, and to teach piano.—Address—Street, Grosvenor Square.

Can anything show real distress more strikingly than this! Close to Grosvenor Square, too!

PROPOSED EPITAPH FOR THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

BY SIR W. LAWSON.

(*Apropos of Mr. Cross's Water Bill.*)

HERE REPOSES
a
Parliament
Of Conservative Taster,
which,
BRED UPON BEER,
Endeavoured to support its
Constitution
by an appeal to
BRITISH SPIRIT
and
IMPERIAL MEASURES,
and
in its Seventh Year
took to
WATER,
and
DIED!

"Caput Apri defero,
Reddens Laudes Domino!"

THE St. Gothard Tunnel is completed! Let the bore of Mont Cenis hide its diminished hole! The bore of St. Gothard is admitted to be the biggest bore in the world, and it unites several great countries! The Alps could not resist it. Only let your bore be big enough, and what can stand against its penetrative power? Yes, the St. Gothard Tunnel is the *Apex Aprorum*—the Bore's Head *par excellence*—the crown and climax of that most widely extended and most formidable of zoological genera, the genus *Aper*!

IF YOU WOULD BE SO OBLIGING.

"Weather Authorities prophesy that the coming Spring will be mild, and not characterised by the periodic gales we are at present experiencing."

AMERICAN papers, please copy.



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

'Bus Driver (to Regular Rider). "YOU 'EAR THEM 'ERE FORINERS ON THE KNIFEBOARD, SIR! AIN'T IT WONDERFUL AS THEY DON'T GET TIRED O' JABBERING AWAY LIKE THAT THE 'OLE JOURNEY—AND NOT AN INTELLIGIBLE WORD FROM FUST TO LAST!"

THE ALPS IN AN UPROAR.

THE great European chain of mountains, of whose links one of the largest is Mount St. Gothard, becomes, during a thunderstorm, according to Lord BYRON, endowed with the power of speech. *Teste poetâ* :—

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud.
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

What the Alps on this occasion told Jura, and what was the reply made by Jura to the Alps, the witness to this conversation between them has left unrecorded. However, if, as he tells us, the Alps can talk, we may be quite sure that some of them must have had something to say on the opening last week of the St. Gothard Tunnel; that being the second eye which engineering skill has drilled through an Alpine *aiguille*. This second triumph of human ingenuity and enterprise over the natural forces of refractory rocks was more than enough to make the Alps cry out. Of course, with one accord, they exclaimed, "Bored again! But what of that, when the thoroughfare, so enormous a bore to us, is an advantage of proportional magnitude to Europe and the world? Huzza for the tunnel of Mont St. Gothard! Huzza for the tunnel of Mont Cenis!"

The giant mountains then gave three cheers for Mont St. Gothard and three for Mont Cenis, with one cheer more; in which Mont Cenis and Mont St. Gothard heartily joined.

SORS FOR THE CZAR.—*Utere Loris.*

PUTTING IT THE OTHER WAY.

TOUCHING the extradition of a certain fugitive, demanded by the Russian Government on the charge of having fired the mine intended to blow up the CZAR on the Moscow Railway, that great modern "Master of the Sentences," VICTOR HUGO, has published an appeal to the Government of France in the following compendium of concise propositions :—

"You are an honest Government. You cannot give up this man. You cannot; the law is between you and him. And above the law there is right. Despotism and Nihilism are two monstrous aspects of the same fact, which is a political fact. Extradition laws stand still before political facts. Those laws all nations observe; France will observe them. You will not give up this man."

To this obtestation the authorities invoked might with more force reply—"Yes, we are an honest Government. We cannot refuse to give up this man. The law is behind us, not before him. Above the law there is justice. Murder and treason may be two distinct aspects, political and social, of the same crime. The political crime does not cancel the social. Extradition laws take cognizance of social crimes. Those laws all nations ought to respect. France will respect them. We certainly shall surrender this runaway, on sufficient *primâ facie* evidence of his criminality."

"Sic Itur ad Astra."

THE two following paragraphs may be read in the same number of the *Guardian* :—

"St. Petersburg. — Clergymen of foreign faiths have received threatening notices, warning them that their churches will be blown up."

"Wanted, an Assistant-Chaplain for St. Petersburg. Apply to, &c."

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LOCAL OPTION.

Captain of Clyde Steamer (to Stoker, as they sighted their Port). "SLACK AWAY, DONAL, SLACK AWAY"—(he was interested in the Liquors sold)—"THEY'RE DRENKEN HAUD YENOO!"

A CURACY ON CASTORS.

HERE, from the columns of the *Field*, a more appropriate channel than the *Guardian*, the *Record*, or any of the more exclusive clerical organs, is what may be fairly called a "sporting offer" for a curate, which ought to attract a rush of applicants. We have seldom seen the recommendations of a curacy to a young man of high tendencies, ecclesiastical and social, more temptingly and tellingly piled up than they are in this model advertisement:—

WANTED, a Gentleman, an earnest-minded Churchman of experience, as CURATE for the Parish Church of —, Cheshire. Daily matins, weekly celebration, eastward position; salubrious climate, pretty neighbourhood, good society. Last three Curates left for preferment within the past two years. Liberal stipend offered.—Address "The Rector," —, Cheshire.

Well may the site of this curate's paradise be Cheshire. Such a berth is indeed, in every sense, "the cheese."

UNPAROCHIAL PARTIES.

MR. PUNCH, 'Oner'd Sir,—As a starnch Conservative, please allow me for a moment to Call your Attention to the mistake of a word some of the Horgans of the Conservative Press is in the Abit of aplyin to the Pollytics of them Adwanced Libberals as goes in for Nonintervention with Foring Afaires and Peece at enny Price. They calls em that name in the Sence of a opperoborous Ipression, whereas it trewly sinnifies the werry Ighest possibel Respectability. Meanin to stigmatize and not recommend the Vews and Conduct of them Unenglish and Unpatriotic indiwidgials they're continually a callin of 'em "Porochial." Sir, in the hinterest of the British Dictionary I beseech you to remonstrate with them there well meanin but dreful Illiterit Sorybes agin the horrible perwersion and Miss Use they ignerantly makes of a part of Speech understood by hevery rite-minded Party as the most Important eppythet of Aprobation in the Hole of the Abuv Vollume. Not to ide my ed under the coverlead

SMELLING A RAT.

JONES, Jingo-smitten, leaves the ancient ranks,
And straightway proffers Pharisaic thanks
That he's an Englishman, whole-soul'd and hearty,
And not, like some old friends, the Slave of Party.
Well, JONES, a man by conscience driven to part
From long-loved ranks, will feel some pangs of heart,
Nor, ass-like, lift his heels against old masters,
Or bray forth triumph at his friends' disasters.
You pose as patriot-martyr, my good JONES!
A patriot voice is tested by its tones,
As trees by fruits; your tones are sour, thrasonic,
And spiced with spite, invective's finest tonic.
You love the old cause yet? Well, truth to tell,
That passion you dissemble passing well.
Urgent indeed must be the inward pricking
Of love that takes so much delight in kicking!
A soldier who from the old ranks falls out
Will scarcely at his comrade's blunders shout;
A rat, who leaves a ship that's sprung a-leak,
May, when he thinks her sinking, raise a squeak
Of selfish rat-rejoicing. Comes the question—
Ah, Jingo-JONES, pray pardon the suggestion!—
If kicking ancient friends and old foes patting
Can lend a patriotic grace to—Ratting!

"CUM GRANO SALIS."

WE hear that the divine SARAH has obtained permission from the Worshipful Company of Salters to place their Motto over the door of her Exhibition in May next—"Sal sapit omnia." *Anglice*—"SARAH brings taste to everything."

"A MIGHTY MAZE, BUT NOT WITHOUT A PLAN."

THERE is one line in WORDSWORTH's poem, *The Tables Turned*, which the Poet would never have written could he have foreseen the constant growth of the South Kensington Museum—

"Enough of Science and of Art."

THE NEW DEAN.—THE PRIME MINISTER has made an excellent "use" of Sarum—pace those members of the High Church party who feel Ryled at the appointment.

of an enonymous Co-Respondent, I remane, Onnerd Sir, yure ever faithfull, dutyfull, and obegent Umble Servent, boath porochially and pussonally,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—I allways considered "Porochial" and "Conservative" as I've eard a Scollard call 'em Conwertible Turms. But peraps our Friends means it for Sattire.

Wanted a Phoenix.

This appears in the *D. T.*:—

REQUIRED, a LADY IN WAITING, of pleasing manners, appearance, and address, for an invalid gentleman. She must be strong, active, rather tall, a good walker, amiable, and accomplished, music and singing. One accustomed to rise early. A greed for salary not desirable.—Address, &c.

Pleasing manners, appearance, and address, strength, activity, a good height, a graceful walk, amiability, accomplishments, music and singing, the habit of early rising, a soul above money!—the Gentleman who requires all this is not easily satisfied. But surely if there be such a paragon, she can hardly be "in waiting for an invalid Gentleman!" She must have been snapped up by a healthy Gentleman as a wife of ten thousand long ago.

LOCAL OPTION.

(As deduced from Sir Wilfrid's Meeting at Cambridge.)

LEAVING the Guildhall, or having one's head punched by irate Publicans and rowdy Gownsmen.

AN EXAMPLE OF CONTEMPT.

THE House of Commons has taught Mr. GRESSELL that it is not to be trifled with. May the anti-obstructive Resolution of the House teach Obstructive Irish Gentlemen the same lesson.

ADOLPHUS ON THE BOAT-RACE.

[The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race will be rowed at 7.50 A.M. this year!]



AT, tat, tat, tat! Was that a rat, or somethin' in the skirtin' there? Or beastly mouse all over house! A cat I must be settin' up. P'waps was a dream. There ain't a gleam of light comes through the curtain there. Aw—m'm, oh yaw!—confounded baw!—it can't be time for gettin' up! Tap, tap, tap! Eh? What's that you say? It's six o'clock. Well, what o' that? Six! 'O'clock—aw right! Jus' so. Goo' night! It's time you were in bed, I think! Roostin' early makes hair curly. Fine old crusted motto that! What d'ye say? It's Boat-Race Day? You ain't quite right in head, I think!

Bang, bang, bang, bang! Again? Oh hang! Just when a fellow's snoozin' off!

This is too bad! No sleep I've had—eh? What the dooce the matter now? Down the River? Makes one shiver just to think of cruisin' off So late at night. You must be tight, or mad as any hatter now!

Drum, drum! Oh lor! You'll smash that door! You seem to mean your knooks for 't, man!

What? Early purls and jolly girls? Oh yaas, an' nice dishevelled beaux. Gurr! You may shout. I won't turn out, for Cambridge or for Oxford man! Don't care a rap! Goo' night, ol' chap! Come to breakfas'—devilish bo—

[Left snoring.]

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER X.

Heads of Lecture:—Introduction—Point—Points—Supposing—Press—Critics—Public—Established Favourite—Fatal Error—Authors—Flare-up—Advice—Trick—Carelessness—Fat—Real Turtle—Edmund Keane—Important—Runs—English language—Decoration—Expense—Behind—Before—Time up—Farewell Announcement.

PROFESSOR DAVID JAMES may be expected to address his class thus:—

Gents all—I mean Gentlemen—I come before you as your own partic—I should say your own Professor, to lecture on certain particular subjects. It's just this, you see. I'm free and out-spoken, I am; there ain't none of the flowery about me. I mean, Gents—that is, Gentlemen—that what I have to say will be right straight to the point—regular rumbo, and no mistake. "Rumbo," Gentlemen, is a technical term, implyin' "correct card," "all right," "no deception, no spring, or false bottom," "no kid about it," and so forth. ("Hear! hear!") I said, Gents—I mean Gentlemen—that I was comin' straight to the point. "Point" will be my first subject in this lecture. Most Actors think they ought to study points just like a chap on a railway line. Don't make any bloomin' error, there ain't a bigger mistake made by a "Pro."—I mean a Professional,—than this very identical one about "points." Take this bit of advice, not as from a Professor sort o' chap, but from your own particular pal—I mean quite in a friendly way. (Applause.)

Supposin', Gentlemen, as any one of you was already in the profession, and had made your mark in one part; supposing that thereupon the Press—good fellows, perhaps, but not to be kootoo'd to on any account—supposing that the Press has praised you up to the flies—as they will do if they once make up their minds to it, bless you—supposing that they declare there never was such a genius, such an Artist—as you,—and all on account o' this one performance o' this one part—then mind you take the greatest care in future to avoid every part resembling the one in which you've been so successful. (Applause. The Lecturer resumes, with a confidential wink at the audience.) Don't you go having any "companion pictures" to it done for you. (Shakes his head with an air of disgust.) It don't do. I tell 'ee it don't do. (Cheers.)

When you have got a new part which is in every respect different from the old 'un, don't you make the fatal error of gettin' the Author to write it up by introducin' the very "Jack Simmily," as the gal said, of the points where you've made your hits in the first piece. (Applause.) You know what I mean—if you've made one great success with a burst of passion, a big speech, and a regular dash out of an exit—flare-up no end, in fact—don't you insist on having that same sort o' business written in for you in every other piece, but (forcibly) you have it out out if it's in; and if you've thrilled an audience with a burst of sentiment—I don't mean the upperarf of a statue when I say "bust," but a genuine gushing-out, broken-voice, staggering, knock-me-down, utterly heart-broken business—and drawn tears from their eyes, then don't you

go repeatin' this in every piece you ever play afterwards. (Winks confidentially and emphatically.) Just take it from me, as a pal. (Great applause.) It don't want the Wizard of the North to tell you that you can do the cleverest trick in the world just once too often, and that very few tricks bear repeating to the same audience. And, don't make any mistake, it is the same audience that'll come to see your second piece, on the strength of your success in the first. (Applause.)

What does this study of points lead the favourite Artist to? Why, to carelessness and idleness. No larks,—I mean it. He is spoilt by popularity. When the popular favourite gets a part, what does he do with it? Why, he looks at it to see where his bits of fat are! (Laughter.) He is at it like a City man with a basin of turtle-soup, and goes for the green fat. (Laughter.) The green fat is the spoilt favourite's points. Between these points he does nothing, and leaves the character to take care of itself. (Cheers.) O' course the Press and the public still praise him, 'cos they only catch the points, and probably they come down heavy on the poor devil of an Author for not havin' given you enough to do—though, of course, this wouldn't be of no manner o' consequence to an Actor who says to himself, "If I ain't got my usual fakements in this piece, I'll have 'em in the next, and pick it up that way."

Now that's the sort o' thing I wouldn't allow, and wish to guard you against. That spoiled favourite Actor ain't an Artist—not he—he's not in it; he's only a performin' dog—dooisid clever performer, maybe—who's learnt a lot o' tricks, and don't get his grub till he's done 'em. (Great and enthusiastic applause.)

Now, for goodness sake, don't any of you Gents—I mean Gentlemen, drop into this error. If you do, then, bless you, after a time you won't be in it. You'll be little Jack in the cart—(laughter)—and left there. The great EDMUND KEAN—I mean the Actor that we've heard spoken of as the great EDMUND KEAN—I've read of him that he tried the sentimental trick once too often. One night the public, who wouldn't be taken in any more, hissed him,—actually hissed him,—and as he came off at the wing he said to a pal—a friend standing by, "D-mme, JACK, they've found me out at last!" That's a pretty strong order, Gents—eh? (Applause.) You won't hear anywhere better advice than you've had from me this morning, don't make any error.

Gentlemen, do your very, very utmost to put down long runs. They're destructive of Dramatic Art. ("Hear, hear!") I wouldn't run a piece more than thirty nights at most, if I had a theatre of my own, which I should call the St. David James's. One down, t'other come on, is my motto. A reg'lar merry-go-round o' variety. An Actor wants a change of dramatic diet to keep him fresh, and in good form. (Applause.) You can't be too careful in speakin' on the stage, which should be the best school of instruction for students of the English lingo,—real straight-for'ard Saxon and no parley-voing. (Applause.) That's me, George! (Great applause.)

In your professional career, Gentlemen, let your motto be "give and take." Play fair. A true dramatic artist, bless you, he'll be more pleased to assist, by close study and careful performance, the general excellence, and contribute his little quantum to the harmony of the evening—I mean, of the entire picture, than he will be by having his character painted out in glaring colours, which'll catch the eye and be good enough for the exhibition of his own personal and peculiar talents, but which'll be quite out of the picture, and be a regular knock-on-the-head for everybody else engaged all round; or, to quote the words of a dramatic high art cove, "It will be utterly destructive of what was originally a well-considered combination." (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause.) Gents all, I've come to the end of the chief subjects of this morning's Lecture, but, before retiring gracefully from the scene, I should just like to say a word on stage decoration and the front of the house.

On the stage spare no expense, either for salaries, or for furniture, or scenes, or properties. Go it, emphatically go it. Be lavish rather than penurious. Spare the property, spoil the scene. Nowadays, in a Comedy theatre, it's the fashion to do away with the fiddles in front. That's all very well in its way, but that the fiddlers are invisible shouldn't be an excuse for your



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"OH—A—JAMES! YOU CAN TAKE THE DOG OUT FOR A WALK."

"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THE DOG WON'T FOLLOW ME!"

"THEN YOU MUST FOLLOW THE DOG, JAMES!"

having a smaller number and an inferior lot, to make the audience as melancholy as a cur dog howling at a barrel-organ. Better put your musicians in front again, in evening togs, white chokers all complete, and no kid about it—I mean, no gloves necessary, except for the Conductor,—than have a tinpot affair that wouldn't earn their livelihood at a second-rate watering-place. Every little helps, as the sayin' is, but let every little be a jolly good lot. (*Loud applause.*)

Now for the front of the house. Well, Gentlemen, if some of you come to be Managers, what I say is, take the front of your house into your own hands, place the refreshment-bar conveniently, but out of sight—like the orchestra—and out of hearing. Let "No Fees" be the absolute rule for the officials, and anyone taking a tip must there and then get the sack—I mean, be dismissed. (*Applause.*) The programmes must be given away free of charge, and the amount of civility must not be measured by the amount paid for it by your customers. ("Hear, hear!")

Gentlemen, when you can work it,—I mean, where you may have any influence, or where any one of you may be the Boss of the Show himself,—I advise that gov'nor to have a reg'lar fine picture gallery and slap-up statue-quo-ante-room, to be filled with all the tiptop sawyers of Art that can be found in the United Kingdom. Have your Corregios, and your Arpeggios, and your Take-off-the-edggo's—(*applause*)—your Leonardos, Gambardos, your Canalettis and Can't-i-lettis, Gazettis, Donkeyzetties and Margatejetties (*applause*), and the whole bilin' of 'em, so that in the "waits"—not the musicians that keep you awake at Christmas time, but the "waits" between the Acts—you know what I mean—which should *never* be one second more than a quarter of an hour,—the audience can give 'emself a gentle refresher in the eye, with a picture or a statue, after having had a B. and S., or what not, at the Bar of the House. ("Hear, hear!") Gents, time's up,—and I dare say by this you've

had quite a dose of JAMES's powder. (*Laughter and "No, no!"*) It's near luncheon, and, after talking, I shan't be sorry to take a little bit o' garbage and a shove-in-the-mouth,—I mean, a little grateful refreshment for the inner man myself. (*Cheers.*) Gents all—I should say Gentlemen Students, here's luck! Good morning.

[*Exit the Professor, proceeding from labour to refreshment, while the Students, highly pleased, retire to ponder over his admirable advice, and on the first opportunity to put it in practice.*]

BEER AND WATER.

An Election Eclogue.

INTERLOCUTORS.

BUNG, a Bold Bacchanalian. CROSS, an Amateur Aquarius.

Bung. BACK you? Why, bless your barnacles, dear boy, To back the friends of Bacchus is my joy.

Cross. Thanks, thanks, my Boniface! I knew you would; But still your stout assurance does me good.

NORHCOTE was right; your craft is ancient, glorious; And with your aid we're bound to be victorious.

Bung. Ah! I should think so. But, I say, look here. None o' yer water-games! You stick to beer! Twig?

Cross. Well, ahem! I've some slight inkling—yes, My Water Bill was *hardly* a success.

Bung. No bottles, my dear boy!

Cross. No bottles?

Bung.

That means no good—alarg patter, don't yer know.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX; or, an Enigmatical Career.

He took
"A Leap in the Dark"
being
DIZZY,

is now
Earl of BEACONSFIELD
LUX ET DUX
Of the Conservative Party,

and as a
"Man of Light and Leading,"
confident in his power
to keep his following in the dark,
looks forward to
DISSOLUTION

to
Retard the Decomposition of the
Empire,
Revive the vigour of the Constitution,
and secure
The reattainment of his own Majority!

Wood and Water.

So the stocks of the Water Companies, in consequence of the breakdown of their intended purchase by Government, have fallen as fast and far as they rose. Stocks they may well be called—for the Companies and the Cabinet both have put their feet into 'em.

Sweet Girl Graduates.

(*See Marian Aldis's Petition.*)

On Cambridge honours, so say some,
The ladies soon will seize;
When "students unattached" become
"Our girls," and take degrees.

But when in college larks and lore,
With men these maids are matched,
I fear though "unattached" before,
They'll soon become attached!

THE LATEST CHEMICAL REACTION.—The British Government, insoluble in Alcohol (C_2H_5O), soluble in water (H_2O), with a slight tendency to precipitation.



TO COVERT WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

Driver of Tandem (to ancient Rustic, on for the day at the toll-bar). "How much!"
Rustic puts up the board, and reads:—"FOR ONE HORSE, PONY, MULE, OR DONKEY, IN CART OR CARRIAGE, SIXPENNY. FOR A PAIR OF HORSES, &c., &c., ONE SHILLING."—*(Soliloquies.)*—"TISN'T ONE, FOR 'TIS MORE THAN ONE; AND 'TISN'T A PAIR, AND YET 'TIS A PAIR, LONGWAYS. S'POSE US SAY 'HAAV'!"

Cross. Ah! ah! A pretty idiom.

Bung. BEN's a trump!

But don't you go a pottering with the pump.

No good comes out o' that.

Cross. Of course I never

Meant to compel—

Bung. Of course not. Far too clever!

A reg'lar 'ot potato, eh? and so,

Rayther than drop it, you wind up. I know.

'Tain't the fust time as Water's caused dissolving.

Cross. I like your wit. But it was facts involving

Imperial interests—at least BEN says so—

That made us shorten our last Session's days so.

You've read his manifesto?

Bung. Have I? Rather!

Oh, don't he just know how to froth the lather?

Cross. "Froth!" "Lather!" Really, your facetious trope

Is slightly too suggestive of soft soap.

I do assure you, men of light and leading

Like—may I say myself?—and SMITH, whose breeding

Was business-like, would never follow—no!

The lead of a political Figaro.

Bung. Where are you driving? Figger oh be blowed!

I like the style in which BEN shows the road:

No knuckle-down in him! Cock o' the walk

Is England's post, says he. Ay, that's the talk.

BUNG to the backbone, game all foes to trounce,

And let 'em have your weight to the last ounce

Straight from the shoulder. ABE BELASCO never

Hit half as hard as BEN, or sparred as clever;

And ABE was no bad bruiser, was he?

Cross. Well,

Mr.—the gentleman of whom you tell—

Was—?

Bung. A smart Ikey Pug, though to JACK RANDALL

He proved to be not fit to hold a candle.

But BEN's a slommocker!

Cross. I—ha!—hum!—just so.

He is, he is—at least I'm sure I trust so.

Bung. But what's this 'ere about "Consolidating Co-operation"? Hope 'tain't nought relating To those dashed Stores?

Cross. Oh dear me, no.

Bung. That's right.

Cut Rads and fads, and on your side we'll fight.

No Local Option nonsense, if you please!

(I call it Local Hop-ahun! Not bad cheese?)

No GLADSTONE games with grocers—hang that fellow!

His werry name makes Wittlers' gills turn yellow.

No WILFRID LAWSON humbug! Make a clearance

Of all the bogus schemes for interference

With Us! In fact, cut Water, stick to Beer,

And we bold Bungs 'll pull you through, no fear!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At the Court Theatre and the Prince of Wales's.)

MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager of the Court Theatre, is to be congratulated on having produced a really interesting Five-Act Play, *The Old Love and the New*, written by an American dramatist, MR. BRONSON HOWARD. MR. ALBERRY has "adapted it for the English stage." Each of the first three Acts ends with a telling dramatic situation. The fourth would be wearisome but for the admirable acting of MR. COGHLAN, who carries it through triumphantly. The truth seems to be, that the audience is, from first to last, interested in the hero of the Author's creation, *John Stratton*, through MR. COGHLAN's masterly representation of the character, but never sympathises with either the Author's or Miss ROSELLE's *Lilian*.



THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

Old Parson (who had once been Curate in the Parish). "HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET ON IN THESE BAD TIMES, MR. JOHNSON!"

Farmer. "WELL, SIR, ABOUT AS BAD AS CAN BE! LAST YEAR WE LIVED ON FAITH; THIS YEAR WE'RE A LIVIN' IN HOPE; AND NEXT YEAR I'M AFRAID WE SHALL HAVE TO DEPEND ON CHARITY!!"

One fault of the piece is the awkward way in which the quarrel between the *Count de Carogac* and *Harold Dacre* is brought about, and the weakness of its motive, which is not in any way strengthened by the Actor's interpretation. The last two Acts, but for Mr. COGHLAN, would be decidedly dull. Mr. EDMUND LEATHES is admirably made up as *Le Comte de Carogac*; but whether he is carrying out the Author's (or the Adapter's) instructions, or whether he is evolving a French Count from his own inner consciousness, it must be a mistake to render ridiculous in the eyes of the audience so seriously important a personage, and to bring him down to a level with the exaggerated posturings and grotesque mannerism of Mr. ANSON's *George Washington Phipps* ("of New York"—may your fellow-countrymen forgive you, Mr. BRONSON HOWARD!—or is this the Adapter's idea?)—and so make him, as it were, a rival of the low comedian. That *Mrs. Brown*, brightly played by Miss WINIFRED EMERY, should laugh at the *Count*, is right enough, and the audience should laugh at him only when it laughs with her. Mr. EDMUND LEATHES, however, redeems the character by his gallant bearing in the fencing scene, forcibly recalling the late Mr. ALFRED WIGAN as *Château-Renaud*. It would be better for the piece if this French Count bore throughout a stronger resemblance to his prototype.

From no point of view can much sympathy be felt for *Harold Kenyon*, as presented to us by the Author and Mr. ARTHUR DACRE, whose sole merit is, that, as an unpolished young Englishman in very rude health, he is a good foil for the French Count—only the French Count wields a better foil, with which he punishes our unmannerly fellow-countryman too severely for his contemptible and cowardly conduct in the drawing-room,—and before dinner too!

Mr. EDMUND PRICE, as *Mr. Babbage* (without his calculating machine), is good; but why *M. Montillars*, a Parisian Art-Critic, and *Dr. Beaumarchais*, a French doctor, should both speak English as only Englishmen can speak their own language, while the well-educated and polished *Count* is distinguished by a most marked

HOW TO BECOME A GRAIN OF THE COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

(Notes for the Use of Brand-New Candidates, by an Experienced Outsider.)

HAVING selected your Borough or County by digging at any published list of the constituencies with a pin with your eyes shut, telegraph your resolution to a local agent, take a Parliamentary ticket, and start for the next train.

On your way down read *Demosthenes*, taking care to fill your mouth with pebbles before starting, and to miss no opportunity of speaking on every platform you come to.

Once on the spot buy a new hat. This gives you a colourable excuse for going to the poll. The latter is generally only to be found by a voyage of discovery, and necessitates the employment of a highly-trained crew, scientific apparatus, an experienced commander with a balloon, and a considerable amount of lime juice. Leave all this to the agent.

When, however, you have got safely to the poll, bear in mind that the return is the difficult point, as Commander CHEYNE will admit. In the meantime try to get up the electoral steam, though, ultimately, you will probably have to trust to your canvass. With a view to this, some resort to tickling. We recommend ready money. Russia duck is not to be relied on.

Now address your constituents. Point out to them that you have been standing for the borough several hours. Do this significantly, and you may perhaps induce the best bred among them to offer you a seat. If they do, take it at once, and, without further delay, putting "M.P." on your card, insist on the Railway Company regarding it as your return ticket, and start for town.

If you arrive after midnight, knock up the Speaker, who is bound to show you to your seat at all hours, call for something at the bar for the good of the House, and, getting the Sergeant-at-Arms to stir a little mace into it, by way of giving it a flavour, ask him to call you a cab.

Urge privilege when asked for your fare; celebrate your return by supping on a three-and-ninopenny lobster, without division; and then go to bed and toss uneasily all night, dreaming that after passing through the agonies of Dissolution, you are paying the post-mortem penalties of corruption in the shape of the costs of a petition against your return.

accent, is as mysterious as the conduct of the entire party of gentlemen who suddenly leave the drawing-room for the billiard-room just a quarter of an hour, or so, before dinner! As a truthful illustration of English manners, even at an Englishman's private house in Paris, it is about as absurd as though M. SARDOU were to represent *Sir Jones* in his own mansion in Leicester Square, saying to his guests, "Come—dinner will not be served for another quarter of an hour—let's go and have a game of skittles!" Some better device might have struck either the American Author or the English Adapter than this for leaving *Lilian* and *Kenyon* together, in order to lead up to the challenge.

Charles Westbrook, the conceited, fashionable, vain, weak, selfish, frivolous old father, is a well-imagined picture of such a type as found a more powerful illustration in the father of *Frou-Frou*, and our old friend, Mr. DAVID FISHER, plays it admirably, except for occasional unnecessary exaggeration.

But, taking it as a whole, this play cannot fail to interest and amuse; and those who profess a respect for the Actor's Art should not miss the present opportunity of studying Mr. COGHLAN as *John Stratton*.

Having advised everyone to see the piece at the Court, I most strongly recommend all lovers of the Dramatic Art to lose no time in seeing Miss GENEVIEVE WARD in her powerful impersonation of *Stephanie in Forget-Me-Not*.

The piece itself, though vigorously written and strong in situations, is far from faultless; everybody is always telling a story to everybody else; and there is a Corsican Paul Pry, of a villainous type, who is perpetually appearing when he's not wanted, and who, having the secret to tell, finally lets it out by the merest accident.

The Corsican Paul Pry, called *Barratro*, and not *Paolo Priuli*, as might have been expected, is played by Mr. FLOCKTON, whose make-up is simply admirable.

If the piece has the demerit of commencing with mystification, it has the great merit of gradually interesting the audience by having

supplied Miss WARD with a character, in which it would be very difficult for her to find a rival who could hold the audience in two intensely dramatic situations, which tread so closely on each other's heels as to risk an anti-climax.

But how is it that Miss GENEVIEVE WARD bursts upon us with all the pyrotechnic surprise of a Diz-solution? Did she not play at the Adelphi, and at other theatres? Did she not even astonish Paris as *Lady Teazle* in an adaptation of the *School for Scandal*, and in *Lady Macbeth*, acted half in English, half in French? And yet London hails with a semblance of surprise her singularly powerful performance at the Prince of Wales's, in the part of *Stephanie*, in Messrs. MERIVALE AND GROVES's *Forget-Me-Not*! Is it that these Authors have given Miss GENEVIEVE WARD exactly what she can do? Is it that *Stephanie*, which this Actress has been performing for some months past in the country, after its production in the "off" season at the Lyceum last year, gives the best measure London has yet had of Miss WARD's talents? The part in which Miss WARD has thus leapt into public favour was written for Miss ADA CAVENDISH, who, for some reason or other—perhaps the age of the Machiavellian heroine—refused it; and the Authors have been most fortunate in falling in with Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, who, should she never succeed in any other part—though I cannot imagine anything but success for her in *Lady Macbeth*, *Constance*, or *Volumnia*—has made her mark in this, a mark not easily effaced.

There are, however, two decided blots on her performance—and if they be corrected, the impersonation will be as nearly faultless as possible. The first blot is this—and those who have seen the piece will know what I mean without entering into details of situation—where, expecting a reply from *Sir Horace*, who is silent, she exclaims, ironically, "Dumb!" and then breaking into an artificial laugh—purposely artificial—makes her exit. With the monosyllable she "plays to the gallery" for the first time in the piece; and by over-forcing and prolonging an unnatural laugh, she irritates the audience and robs the exit of its dramatic point. It is an old stage trick, which should be beneath an artist like Miss WARD.

The second blot occurs in that situation which, as I have already said, risks an anti-climax. The situation is this:—The man who would assassinate her, has given his promise *not* to turn round and look at the woman who is about to cross the room and make her escape by the door. She is terrified for her life, and has to steal away from the curtain at the back to the door in front, scarcely daring to breathe, but her eyes fixed on the man of whom she goes in mortal dread. That she should stagger under this strong physical fear, and that her limbs should tremble as she makes her way, is all natural enough, and most effective; but when she reaches the door, all hesitation should vanish in the sense of relief, in the return of life and hope, and she should dart through the door without a moment's pause. Instead of which, she delays at the threshold, she hangs fondly on the panels, as if loth to part with the audience, at whom she takes a last fond look, as she cries out, in an audible stage whisper, "Saved!" and so very gradually disappears—very gradually, for there must be a couple of yards of satin train left behind her, which has scarcely dragged its slow length along before *Barratro* turns, and Mr. CLAYTON has said to Miss VERNY, "Wife!"—which had far better be omitted—and the curtain drops.

This finish of hers is sufficiently dangerous to jeopardise her triumph. Miss GENEVIEVE WARD's last words at the door, addressed to her old flame, *Sir Horace*, might well be—"When she who adores thee has left but the train." And *Sir Horace*, when the outskirts have disappeared, could say, by way of tag, "Well, she who adores me has left for the train, and I hope she'll catch it." Whereupon, *Barratro*, the Corsican *Paul Pry*, might see a chance for himself, and, exclaiming "Catch it! She shall!" might vanish down the steps at back. *Fiat justitia!*

By the way, Miss PATTISON is invariably being spoken of as "the pale-faced ALICE," and being told to her very healthy face that "she lacks colour," when, from first to last, she is evidently in the most perfect milkmaidish health quite equal to Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, who is the very type of a robustious sturdy *Sir John Bull*. Miss PATTI-

SON might easily give some colour to these personal remarks with a little touch of white.

And so, having finished my review, I can only repeat my recommendation of both pieces; adding, for the convenience of intending playgoers, that *The Old Love and the New* begins at eight, and *Forget-Me-Not* commences at twenty minutes to nine exactly, both hours most suitable to late diners and

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

BETSY'S BATTLE BLAST.



HIGH it's come, and my soul's up in arms, my umbrella is furred for the fray!

As to "springing a mine," that's all rubbish, the season's hit right to a day.

For what can my BENJY do wrong? is he ever mistook, bless his curls?—

Here's his 'ealth, and confusion to all as would bother my sweetest of Earls!

What a letter he's writ to the Juke! Oh, my BENJY's composition's that fine

I could flop on my knees at each sentence, and drop a tear over each line.

The style of my smartest young men ain't a patch upon his'n, I own,

For hepigrams pootily put, and for metyfurrs gorgeously blown.

"Consolidate Co-operation"!!! 'Ow lovely, 'ow truly sublime!

My "safeguarding the Empire" ain't nowhere, I fear, though I fancied it prime.

My use of the hadjective "splendid" I flatters myself is unneek,

But compared with my BENJAMIN's diction, how all other men's language reads weak!

Then his sperrit!! "Ascendency"!! Ah! that's the motter to write on our flag!

Though the traitors who'd haul down our bunting may howl about bunkum and brag.

Oh me! with what shame I now think of my own unregenerate days,

When I used to pull BENJY to bits, and poke fun at his words and his ways!

I remember one leader I wrote, which I own it were sarcy and scurvy,

On much such a letter as this, which I laughed at and turned topsy-turvy.

I called it a-ringing the changes on rubbish and rhodomontade;

Which I was but a skittish young thing, and sweet BENJY were then in the shade.

But now, he is top of the tree, BETSY PRIG is a patriot now!

With 'er 'and on 'er high-swellin' buzzum, her bonnet, bay-trimmed, on her brow,

Her gingham "at charge," and her eyes glaring wrath on the Russ and the Rad, Like a Pentheselea in pattens, she wires into WILLIAM like mad.

Up! up! for the honour of England. "Integrity!" Yes, that's the cry

(In course 'tis of empire I mean—not of dealing, for that's all my eye).

No Disintegration!—Fine word! one of BENJY's! Write it big, write it black,

And pin it, a damaging badge, on each bragian Liberal's back.

Of course they'll complain, and protest, and pretend at the charge for to scoff,

But when BENJY has fastened it on 'em in vain would they wriggle it off.

That's where he's so artful, dear boy! You daub "traitor" on anyone's door,

And though 'tis washed off the next morning, the world will ha' twigged it afore.

He knows how to tie a tin-kettle or dishcloth to any dog's tail,

To stir all the street up agen him, and set half the town on his trail;

He knows how to make his mud stick, and his dirt and his darts for to lodge;

And talking about "light and leading" to fog fools with darkness and dodge.

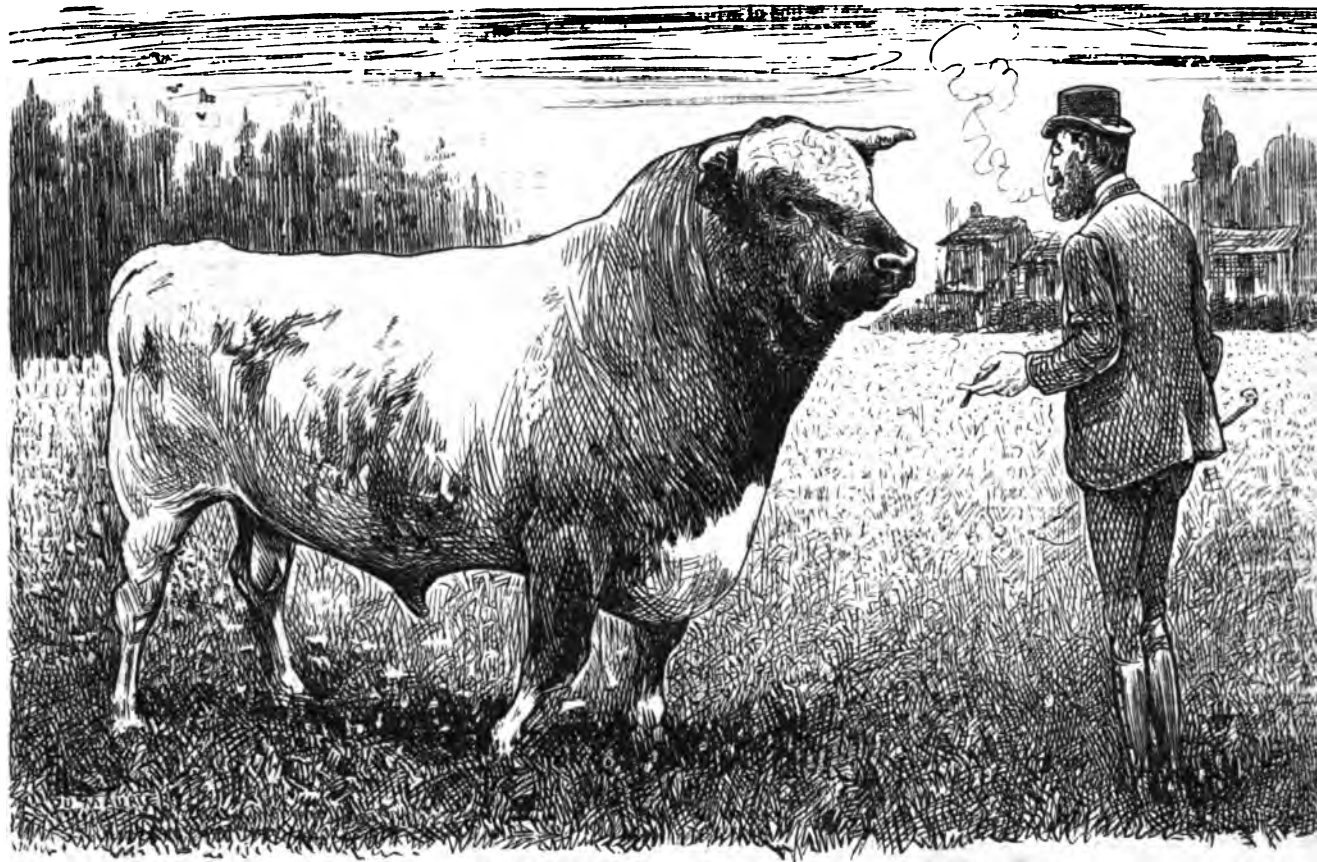
"Let in WILLIAM the Woodman," says he, "and the dread dual bogey 'll come,

One face means effacement abroad, and the other defacement at 'ome."

St. Ben for Old England! 'Tis he as the two-headed dragon will slay;

So ye patriots rush to the poll, and plump boldly for Dizzy! Hooray!!!

DEFINITION BY A SERIOUS M.P. (not Mr. Gladstone).—Dissolution: "A Return to your Original Constituents."



HAPPY THOUGHT! LET US ALL HAVE A VOICE IN THE MATTER.

Noble Breeder of Shorthorns. "WELL, YOU ARE A SPLENDID FELLOW, AND NO MISTAKE!"

Prize Bull. "SO WOULD YOU BE, MY LORD, IF YOU COULD ONLY HAVE CHOSEN YOUR PA AND MA AS CAREFULLY AND JUDICIOUSLY AS YOU CHOSE MINE!"

SCENE FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

(At the Imperial Theatre.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOUCHSTONE (with cuts and gags)	{ The Right Hon. the Earl
	of BEACONSFIELD.
WILLIAM (a woodcutter)	{ The Right Hon. W. E.
	GLADSTONE.
AUDREY (a rustic maid)	{ BRITANNIA.

Touchstone. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Good even, AUDREY.

Audrey. God ye good even, WILLIAM.

Touchstone. Good even, Woodcutter. Is thy name WILLIAM?

William. WILLIAM, Sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. You do woo this maid?

William. I do, Sir.

Touchstone. Art thou learned?

William. Aye, Sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am *he*.

William. Which he, Sir?

Touchstone. He, Sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you Woodcutter, abandon—which in the vulgar is leave,—the courting,—which in the common is, spooning—of this woman—which together is, abandon the spooning of this female; or, Woodcutter, thou art undone; or to thy better understanding, art walked atop of; or, to wit, I over-crow thee, make thee sing small, translate thy confidence into shame, thy gain into loss . . . I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will defeat thee in a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble—and depart!

A PATRON SAINT FOR SCIENCE.

(Elected, on the Pope's recommendation, the other day, at the Vatican, by an Assembly of Papal Philosophers and Scientific Men.)

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, who was he? No fool, man.
A deep mediæval Divine and great Schoolman;
A Professor of Sacred Theology, famed
For his learning, and *Doctor Angelicus* named.

He discoursed of all things and some others, expounding
The last-named with lucidity superabounding.
As to some of the former his views were mistaken.
But his method was prior to that of Lord BACON.

The old Tree of Knowledge he caused grow no fruit on,
Like the crops of discov'ry commencing with NEWTON.
Yet philosophers now, by the recommendation
Of the POPE, are harked back upon *his* cultivation.

Suppose they find out all the fruit that they've gotten—
NEWTON's apple inclusive—mere poison, or rotten?
That themselves, with the Fiend in unholy alliance,
Have been practising Magic, misdeeming it Science?

How 'twill stick in your experimentalists' gizzards,
When they thought themselves wise men, to learn they were
wizards!

Mechanics' and chemistry's miracles all
Mere demons' deceptions forged to compass men's fall;

The light named electric a wildfire designed
By the Spirits of Darkness to humbug mankind;
Mr. CROOKER's discovery of "radiant matter,"
A scheme of the former to ruin the latter.

St. Thomas's method, if duly applied,
Will prove GALILEO to've been a blind guide,
Make out TYNDALL and HUXLEY together no go,
And DARWIN a duffer convincingly show;



AS YOU LIKE IT. (?)

TOUCHSTONE. "THEREFORE, WOODCUTTER, ABANDON THE SOCIETY OF THIS FEMALE, OR THOU PERISHEST. I WILL BANDY WITH THEE IN FACTION; I WILL O'ERRUN THEE WITH POLICY; I WILL KILL THEE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY WAYS; THEREFORE TREMBLE—AND DEPART!"

Confute all the 'ascertained' facts of geology, Square Science with Faith and the Hebrew chronology.
So, unless you'd exhibit yourself as a fine ass,
You'll believe in and swear by St. Thomas Aquinas.

A RACE IN THE DARK.

Private and Confidential.

DEAR EDITOR,

Nothing very new to say about the race eh? The "Blue Riband of the Thames," and the "Modern Isthmian Games" (Isthmus wasn't a river, by the way, was it?) have been done to death. So I have had to fall back upon the hour.

Believe me, 'Varsities show their feathering best after sunrise.

Yours sincerely,

YOUR OWN MAN.

[From Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.]

The light was burning brightly in the Clock Tower, as the most obstructive of the Obstructionists put on his coat, and, leaving the Government whip to keep a House, made his way towards Putney. He smiled to himself as he passed under the glimmering gas-lamps and thought of the disappointment in store for the weary Cabinet Ministers.

"When they rise, bedad 'twill be over!" he murmured, as he with difficulty avoided the contact of a carriage containing a young couple returning prematurely from a small and early dance. At this moment Big Ben boomed a very small hour in the morning. "Ah, thin," he added, springing aside nimbly, "that might have been very bad, if I hadn't been a masher in the art of Obstruction." And he hailed a Hansom, to which a new night-horse had just been harnessed.

The vehicle swept along in the direction of the river. The roads were thronged with a motley crowd of patricians and plebeians. Spring carts, cabs, and carriages of every description clashed and collided in the gloom. The moon was veiled: not a star was visible in the sky. Here and there a coffee or a roasted-chestnut establishment flung for a few feet round its ruddy glow of lighted charcoal. Occasionally an obliging constable would dissipate a narrow circle of the darkness by a wink of his bull's eye. But, take it all in all, the picture was dark, dank and dismal.

Now and again a gentleman in evening dress would let down the window of his brougham to ask for a paper. Then came a rush of newsboys, anxious to sell the remaining copies of the Special Edition of the *Evening Standard*. It was impossible to say who was present. The most respectable members of society, ashamed to be found abroad at so late an hour, tried to hide their identity. An occasional glimpse might be caught of a canonical hat. Once even a pair of archiepiscopal gaiters seemed to twinkle through the gloom. But, as a rule, among the Upper Ten, concealment was the order of the day, or rather night.

The scene on the river was worthy of the Nocturnal Art of a WHISTLER; it was an arrangement in black and dark grey, with here and there a splash of red or a streak of yellow, to represent the glow of a coffee-stall or the glimmer of a street lamp. The short, sharp puff from the chimney, the splash of the paddles, or the throb of the screw, were the only indications of the approach of a hundred-guinea steamer. The police-boats could only discover the



MANNERS.

Master George (a very naughty boy, to new French Nurse). "CAROLINE, COMPRENNY-VOUS L'ONCLEY!"

Caroline. "NOW, MONSIEUR GEORGES."

Master George. "QUEL DOMMAGE! PAS UN MOT!"

Caroline. "PAS UN MOT, MONSIEUR GEORGES."

Master George. "ALOES AFFORTY-MOI MES BOTTES, SI VOUS FLAY, YOU OLD BEAST!"

whereabouts of obstructive barges in the University fashion—by bumping. The wonder was, how the course was ever cleared.

As the hour approached for the start there was a hush all along the line, broken only here and there by a more than usually irrepressible yawn. These signs of fatigue, it was observable, came from the more aristocratic sightseers. The rest of the crowd, composed largely of artisans enjoying an unwonted diversion before commencing their day's work, was wide-awake, and even lively. Our Obstructionist had patiently waited at Mortlake for some time when he noticed a movement amongst the bystanders. He pulled out his watch, and by the aid of a courteous policeman's bull's-eye, managed with difficulty to make out the hour. "Faix, it's too bad! It's almost time to go to bed!" he exclaimed. Then turning to the policeman, he asked "When they were coming?"

"Is it the crews, Sir?" replied the Constable, in whom he was pleased to recognise a compatriot. "Sure the race is over!"

"Over—and I've had to pay my cab for nothing!" angrily cried the M.P. "Sure 'tis just the way the Saxon always treats us?"

Curiosity, however, conquering indignation, he deigned at length to ask his fellow countryman,

"But tell me, which is the winner—Oxford or Cambridge?"

"Divil a one of me knows that, Sir," said the Constable, scratching his head. "Nor anybody else. It was too dark entirely to see the finish! But sure, Sir, you'll be able to read all about it by-and-by in the morning papers."

And wishing his questioner Good night, the kindly son of Erin proceeded on his round. But the Obstructionist was a determined man. His practice in the House had taught him that no man is beaten till he owns it. Within half an hour he had exhausted all inquiry. Alas! his labour was in vain. He tried to find the fountain-heads of information. Starter, umpires, judge, strokes, and coxswains—all connected with the contest, were already fast asleep and snoring!

And so in darkness and doubt ended the University Boat Race of March the 19th or 20th, 1880.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Idi decimo die ante Kalendas Apriles.

The die is cast! The doom of Dissolution has fallen. But resurrection, strange to say, will precede death. On the 23rd of this month the Parliament of 1874 will rise to sit no more. It was not lovely in its life. In its death it will only be what it was in its life—divided. Let us hope that in the division JOHN BULL will do as *Hamlet* recommends his mother—

“Fling away the worse half of it,
And live the purer with the other half.”

“NOT CAUGHT YET!” (After Landseer.)

seems to have oozed out in betrayal of the Cabinet resolve. So it was like the bursting of a bombshell when, on Monday, March 8, in the Lords, my Lord BEACONSFIELD, as curtly as words could do it, and in the Commons the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, with less economy of breath, announced that Government, having settled its Irish difficulties, got its Military and Naval Estimates passed, and its Supply within reach of a vote on account, had come to the conclusion that Easter would be the pleasantest time to perform the *Hari-Kari*, and April, month of smiles and tears, the fittest for fights big with the joy of victory, and the dumps of defeat.

So the writs will be out before the end of March, the “roaring month,” by All Fools’ Day the country will be elbow-deep in the mess and muddle of its Elections, and early in the merry month of May a brand-new Parliament will be at work with its new broom, and perhaps—who knows?—a new set of hands, officers and petty officers, in charge of the good ship *Britannia*!

The issue is in the hands of JOHN BULL. Before May he will have to audit the accounts his servants render, and set his seal to them by retention of his present stewards, or refuse it, by the appointment of new ones.

A difficult task it should be, seeing that, according to the organs to whose tunes we listen for the case of the Ins and Outs, if not for the ins and outs of the case, the Opposition are the party of decomposition, bent on dismembering the United Kingdom, putting JOHN BULL in the hole abroad and in Queer Street at home; cutting the tow-rope of the Colonies; severing the consecrated ties of Church and State; upsetting our most cherished institutions; throwing up the sponge in our quarrels, and generally eating dirt and humble-pie in the face of the foreigner—while, on equally unimpeachable and unprejudiced authority, the Government have, for the last six years, been doing everything they ought not to have done, and leaving undone everything they ought to have done; missing their tip in the East; drifting helplessly into war in Africa; making ruin and letting loose anarchy in Afghanistan; singing small or sounding the wrong note in the European concert; and while breeding wars and fomenting disturbance in Europe, Asia, and Africa, neglecting



REGIMEN.

Old Lady (to Eminent Physician). "TELL ME, DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE OF ALL FOR HEALTH?"

Doctor (whose ideas run much on the hygienic properties of Soils and Air, &c.). "MY DEAR MADAM—ALWAYS LIVE ON GRAVEL."

Old Lady (whose thoughts take a more gastronomic turn). "OH, DOCTOR! I'M SURE I COULDN'T DIGEST IT!!"

domestic legislation, accumulating deficits, postponing obligations, humbugging interests, and increasing burdens.

Such, according to the views of Lords B. and H. respectively, being the monstrous treatment and melancholy prospects of poor BRITANNIA at the hands of the Outs and Ins, it really seems very little odds how the next month's struggle may end. Whichever comes head (according to the one) she can't win, and whichever turns tail, according to the other, she *must* lose.

Punch can only hope and pray that all is not yet quite so U.P. with J. B., as the Whig and Tory oracles proclaim; that life may be still worth living with Lord B. in office; and that Domestic Legislation and Foreign Policy, Country and Colonies, Church and State, Army and Navy, will not have to go straightway to the dogs under the lead of Lord HARTINGTON. Let BRITANNIA cling to the comfort that whichever way the fight may fall out, there will still be

"A sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor JOHN;"

which his name is—no—modestly forbids our putting it in full; but we will only say it begins with P., and it ain't *Pall Mall*. In the meantime the Essence of Parliament has evaporated, even as the wind of the House has been knocked out by the chill touch of the Angel of Dissolution. *Punch* need only state, in as few words as will carry the matter, that on Monday both Houses received their sentence: the Lords with the calm resignation befitting Olympians who have no seats to fight for, and no election bills to pay; the Commons with the excitement natural to atoms of Collective Wisdom suddenly informed that within the next few days they will have to set about recombining at a considerable cost, and in the shade of a doubtful future.

Then, (in the *Commons*.) after the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had promised the Budget for Thursday, Mr. CROSS intimated that the Water Bill would be dissolved even before the Parliament, and that as London evidently did not like it, he and the Companies must lump it, after a sudden rise, and then a fall of 80 per cent. in shares and reputation.

Close upon this ignominious collapse of Cross and his Water-

baby, the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, the best man of business in the Cabinet, moved the Navy Estimates—"Economy and Peace Estimates," as he insisted—at an insignificant reduction on last year's charges. Lord High Admiral SMITH promises—not on paper only, let us hope—useful economies in the administration of the Admiralty, regulation of Promotions, and reduction of Naval Cadets, with many improvements in the armouring and arming of our ships, the proportioning of cost between building and repairs, and the keeping up more proportion between heavily armoured Colossuses and Polyphemuses, for the ramming of rivals and the smashing of iron-sheathed sides with monster projectiles, and of light, swift-sailing, and handy cruisers for the protection of convoys, colonies, and commerce.

The great SMITH, after receiving, unharmed, the cross-fire of the PIM, the HAY, the Big BEN, and the REED, came gallantly out of action, carrying, under his wing, his whole convoy of Naval Estimates, in a few hours. Never have been seen two such rapid Acts as Colonel STANLEY's and Lord High Admiral SMITH's, in these latter days of a dying Parliament. Twenty-five millions of Army and Navy Estimates—there or thereabouts—knocked off—no, added on, we should say—in a couple of nights, without either Hon. Colonel or Lord High Admiral turning a hair, to the thinnest of thin houses—hardly over the baker's dozen to each batch of millions! But perhaps that explains it.

After the firing of Sir STAFFORD's Dissolution torpedo, Parliament had suddenly adjourned from the House to the telegraph-office, and for several hours Members were fighting for the wires, and flashing the news of Dissolution over the three kingdoms. We have not heard that any of the five clerks of the Westminster Palace telegraph-office have died of it; but never had poor fellows a more "wiry time"!

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord HOUGHTON had another grumble over the lack of due provision for publicity in intra-mural executions. Lords BEAUCHAMP and CRANBROOK contended that nothing more is wanted than what is secured by the law of 1868—the presence of a full body of officials to see the convict hanged, and a coroner's jury to sit on his body afterwards.

Lords ABERDARE and KIMBERLEY thought the Visiting Justices, and not the High Sheriff only, should have a discretion as to granting admission to representatives of the Press. It certainly seems the very irony of legislation that reporters should be excluded from the press-room.

(Commons).—Mr. CROSS performed the Happy Dispatch on his Water Bill. Poor little Bill! "Born but to bloom"—no, to blush—"a single day!"

Sir J. LUBBOCK asking if the War Office meant to lend the Volunteers great-coats for the Easter Monday Review, Colonel STANLEY reminded the House that armed assemblages being forbidden at Election times, there could be no appearance of a Volunteer body, and therefore no need of a great-coat, next Easter Monday.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that Order would be taken for resumption, or suspension of Private Bill Committees, according to the circumstances of each case, and intimated that Government would require nearly all the fag-end of the Session.

Sir J. MCKENNA trotted out his Hobby—the often renewed attempt to make out that Pat bears twice his load of Imperial taxation.

Sir JOSEPH WAS unhobbed, in a thin House, by 58 to 36—a narrow majority (against him) of 22.

Mr. RAIKES rose in the vain effort to call attention to the need of better provision for legislative compensation to Railway Servants injured in the performance of their duty. There is no class of men, *Punch* believes, so hardly worked, and so insufficiently protected, as Railway Servants—none so much at the mercy of Corporations, who have, as a rule, far less mercy than private employers, and none on whose behalf there is more need of better legislative provision for compensation for injuries, in many cases due to no avoidable fault of the sufferers, but to too exclusive an eye to the saving of expense and swelling of dividends on the part of the companies, their employers.

Naturally, the House, not being railway servants, and having its heart, not in its legislation, but its electioneering, was Counted Out.

Wednesday.—Mr. ANDERSON brought in a Patent Amendment Bill, to withdraw it without a division.

Sir SELWYN IBBETSON moved a supplementary little Bill of four millions and a-half for last year's South-African war expenses, but frankly confessing, on being put to the question, that he hadn't an idea how much of the money was for the Zulu war and how much for other items, he was glad to withdraw his demand till to-morrow.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL brought in his Bill to legalise Cab Hire at Elections. A concession to the long-purses—most of them on the right side of course. Looks flashy, but no doubt will be carried—as voters ought to be.

Thursday (Lords).—Ancient Monuments Bill, introduced by Lord STANHOPE, resisted by the Duke of SOMERSET and Lord RENESDALE, to the DE LA WARR cry of "Proputty!" and sent to a Select Committee for its schedule to be sifted, like any other kitchen-midden or ash-heap of antiquity.

Bill for restricting Beer-dealers' retail licences. May it conduce to the restriction of Beer-drinkers' wholesale licence.

(Commons).—The Budget. As you were: no taxes laid on, none taken off. The difference between income and outlay (anticipated and realised) for the current year rather above than below £3,300,000. Eight millions of accumulated deficit to be provided for by renewing bills for two millions, and paying off six by terminable annuities ending in 1885, adding £800,000 to the permanent debt, and suspending Sir STAFFORD's own pet sinking fund.

Not a brilliant Budget by any means, in fact supplying what should be a very good stick to beat the Government book-keeper. The most comfortable item *Punch* can find in the national balance-sheet is the falling off of £700,000 in the Customs' Duties on foreign spirits, and £800,000 in the excise on British Spirits, and £940,000 on malt. With the alcoholic barometer going down at this rate, there is at least diminution of drinking to set against reduction of revenue.

Friday (Lords).—The Government, the Duke of RICHMOND explained, can't be expected to see their way about Roads till they see what road the Elections are likely to take.

Lord BURY objected to Lord GALLOWAY's talking about Lord AIREY's Report on the "break-down" of the Short Service system.

"Break-downs" belong to burlesques, not to War Office Reports. The Report is a profound secret, and meant to be kept so for the present.

(Commons).—Government is to have every day next week, and will then adjourn. The House can't be expected to do any work with the sword of Damocles hanging over its head, as Mr. FAWCETT found last night, when he, with Mr. GLADSTONE to help him, had to withdraw his proposal to relieve India of some part of the cost of the Afghan War, finding nobody could settle to anything.

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.—In Spring—Buddhism.

ANOTHER ELECTION ADDRESS.



ELECTORS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES,

I ADDRESS you from a desk full of Requisitions from all parts of the United Kingdom—from vast London boroughs, from spacious counties, from manufacturing metropolises, from ancient Cathedral sees, and seaports,—soliciting me to become their Member in the new Parliament, and that without either cost or canvass.

I appreciate these tokens of the good sense and gratitude of my countrymen, and shall bequeath them, in handsome frames, as heirlooms to a proud and admiring posterity.

I have declined all these invitations, preferring to preserve my independence, and to continue to act as the guide, philosopher, and friend of you all.

In this, my old and favourite character, I have now something to say to you touching the coming momentous General Election.

Awed by the flattering but solemn assurance of a noble Earl, in an "electioneering address" despatched to a brother peer in Dublin, that "the power of England and the peace of Europe will largely depend on the verdict of the country," I admonish you, as The Eye of England, to remember that the eyes of Europe are now upon you; I charge you, Chippenham, to be careful not to aggravate Prince BISMARCK's neuralgia; Wednesbury, I tell you that the *cafés* and *salons* of Paris resound with your name, and speculate on your choice; Petersfield and Peterborough, St. Petersburg awaits your "verdict" with an intensity of feverish suspense.

Let us have an exemplary, a model Election. Let us show that the public weal is not inseparably bound up with the public-house; let us break neither heads, windows, nor promises; let us abandon personation and personality, fighting an opponent fairly and stoutly, without reminding him that his great grandfather was a tailor or an early and involuntary settler in New South Wales; let us vote for the man who best goes along with the general current of our views and wishes, although he may not think as we do on single points, such as Local Option, Co-operative Stores, Contagious Diseases Acts, Deceased Wives' Sisters, Licensed Victuallers, Female Suffrage, Sugar Bounties, Sunday Closing, Vaccination and Vivisection; and, above all, let us not imperil a seat by scattering our votes among two or three candidates, instead of concentrating them on one.

England—beware beer and bribery. Ireland—the force of a vote does not depend on the strength of a shillelagh: give up Home-Rule—try Self-Government. Scotland—I have unbounded confidence in you, but put the whiskey-bottle away. Wales—do nothing to discredit your Prince and Princesses.

And may we all, both *Punch* and People, so vote and poll, that hereafter we may be able to look back to the great "May Meeting" of 1880 at Westminster as the beginning of seven tranquil years of peace and prosperity, of renewed surpluses and cheerful Budgets, of fewer figures of speech and more comfortable figures of arithmetic, of a "spirited" home policy, of a "rectification" of many abuses, grievances, and anomalies, of wise work and restrained talk—and of a fresh series of inimitable Cartoons in

PUNCH.

In Prospect of Dissolution.

"OH, happy Ass!" puzzled JOHN BULL may say,
"Betwixt two loads, and only two, of hay!
See me, unhappy Ass, whose soul in stress is
Of all these contradictory addresses!
Oh, how that ass 'twixt his two loads might laugh
At me perplexed 'mong all these loads of chaff!"

OUT OF THE FOG (where Lord B. must have got it)—"The Man of Light and Leading."—The Linkman.

ELECTIONEERING À LA MODE.

(The Diary of a Day spent in a very Parliamentary Train.)

ROSE early after a good night's rest, in excellent trim for my Northern campaign.

Arrived at the terminus, I found that the arrangements were excellent. The public had been refused admittance to the platform, and consequently a large crowd had collected outside the station. Seized the opportunity to deliver a forty minutes' oration. It was received with enthusiasm, except by a few malcontents, who declared that they would be late for their trains. These selfish Obstructionists were speedily bonneted by the more energetic of my supporters.

Having concluded my peroration, I disappeared, and (by arrangement with the Railway Officials) took up fresh ground. When the doors were thrown open, I was found in the Booking-office. A number of travellers immediately collected round the pigeon-hole asking for tickets. I gave them something better. In a few well-chosen words I explained my policy, denounced the tactics of the Government, and sketched the history of Parliament from the earliest days. I was just warming to the subject, when the Traffic Manager informed me that my train could not conveniently wait any longer, as it was already forty minutes behind its time. Hearing this, I immediately retired from the Booking-office, and hurried to the Saloon Carriage which had very courteously been placed at my disposal. Then, after heartily thanking the Traffic Manager and the other officials for their consideration, I gave the signal for departure, and the train steamed off.

Our first stoppage was at Slocum, where we waited ten minutes for refreshments. Thanks to the admirable arrangements of the Railway Company I found the *buffet* ready to receive me. The young Ladies cheered loudly as I took my stand on the counter. In a minute the room was completely filled, and I had an opportunity of explaining my views at some length. The meeting was a great success. It is true that an angry old gentleman who wanted soup, and a Materfamilias with a large family clamouring for buns, raised a certain amount of confusion, but they were forced to withdraw by an attendant policeman.

We were an hour or more late on leaving Slocum, and put on extra steam to Flamborough. Here, as a rule, the train stops five minutes for water. On this occasion, however (thanks to the kindness of the Railway Officials), the wait was considerably prolonged. I had time to receive four deputations in the Waiting Room, to make a long speech to an enthusiastic audience of non-electors from a window in the Station-Master's private apartments, and to lunch with the Mayor and Corporation in the Telegraph Office. Everything passed off admirably, and the enthusiasm was enormous.

Some two hours behind our time we steamed out of Flamborough, and my speeches at Muddleton (where we stayed forty minutes, by

the kindness of the Railway Officials); at Longwyndham (where we stopped three-quarters of an hour), and at Hazeborough Junction (where no record of the time was kept) were received with the loudest of cheers.

As it was represented to me, shortly after leaving the Junction, that our earlier stoppages had rather interfered with the ordinary traffic on the line, I suggested that we should proceed direct to our destination. This concession was gratefully acknowledged by the Railway Officials, who, however, insisted that I should have a final opportunity of addressing my fellow-passengers. Feeling that I had no right to refuse this proposal, I consented. The train was stopped at the junction of several lines, and danger-signals were hoisted in all directions. In less than an hour, some dozen trains coming from various parts of the country, had stopped behind and in front of ours. The passengers having descended, I addressed the meeting from the signal-box. I was listened to with great attention by everybody, with the exception of those who had travelled by my own train, who rudely declared that they had heard what I was saying before! Having finished my speech, the passengers returned to their respective carriages, and the traffic on the line was resumed.

The remainder of our journey was without incident. We arrived at our terminus only five hours late. On entering the Station I was received with the most enthusiastic applause. The Railway Officials immediately interviewed me, and suggested that I might then and there hold a meeting. As I was rather fatigued by my exertions, I pointed out that the only persons I should like to address (as my local arrangements were all made) were those who had accompanied me. I added that I feared the passengers would be fatigued, and that, in fact, I found myself falling off to sleep. I therefore decided upon going to my hotel forthwith. I was escorted to a carriage-and-six, and the procession (which included six brass bands and two hundred torch-bearers) started for the Stentors' Arms, where I close this page of my diary before going to bed. I must get a little sleep, as my first meeting is called for daybreak to-morrow morning.

Rather too Kind.

A CONSERVATIVE morning journal thus announces

"A HOME-RULER'S MISSION.—The Home-Rule Confederation Executive decided yesterday to send Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, M.P., to some of the Northern towns to speak at meetings on behalf of the Liberal Candidates."

The idea of sending an Obstructive to promote Liberal interests is a little too Irish. Save the Liberal Candidates from their friends, especially those who are likewise Home-Rulers! *Non tibi auxilio!*

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

A LARGE number of Members of Parliament have gone to the Country.

In many cases, their return is so uncertain that they have only taken single tickets.

EVERY ONE TO HIS TRADE.

It is announced that the Grocers' Company have awarded a fifth donation of £100 to the Ventnor Consumption Hospital. The Grocers would gladly check all consumption but that of tea, sugar, and other groceries.

AN EMENDATION (from the Indian Taxpayer's standpoint).—"Imperium et Paupertas."

DISRAELIAN SYNONYM.—"The policy of decomposition"—"Utter Rot."

WHAT LONDON RATEPAYERS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.—Water-Babies.

THE OFFICER COMMANDING (at the Easter Review).—General Election.

BRUMMAGEM BRAVERY.—"The Charge of the Six Hundred." By Major BURNABY.

THE BEST EXAMPLE OF LIGHT AND LEADING (into Sloughs of Despond).—The Will-o'-the-Wisp.

EASTER EGGS FOR CANDIDATES.—Not rotten ones, let us hope.



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Edwin. "DULL PAPER THIS MORNING, AIN'T IT, ANGY!"

Angelina. "YES! NOT A SOUL ONE KNOWS MENTIONED!—NOT EVEN IN THE DEATHS!"

MORE LIGHT!

APPROPOS of the present perverse stoppage of Park Lane for wood paving, when the most appropriate blocks would seem to be the heads that directed such a work at such a time, the *Daily News* sensibly remarks:—

"There is plenty of work by which London might be improved, and Londoners at this season not tormented. *Certain vestries have adopted an admirable system of indicating street nomenclature on the lamps at the corners of thoroughfares. The idea is so good, the cost so moderate, and the result so satisfactory, that of course the other vestries have held back, and possibly the originators may be induced to cancel the benefit they have offered the public.* In the meantime the Paris authorities, following the example of Brussels and Antwerp, have ornamented the street corners of a capital not half so wealthy or so busy as our own with conspicuous clock-dials. But in London—where time is money—Hamilton Place is blocked, and Park Lane a *cul de sac.*"

Punch has been hammering at the urgency and practicability of this form of light literature—street-lettering on street-lamps—for many a long day, and is ashamed that he has still to cry to the deaf ears of the West-End Vestryman, "Light, more light!"

SAWBBATARIANISM AT DUNDEE.

THE Land of Cakes lays claim to be likewise a Land of Logic, not unduly; but the syllogistic faculties of Scotchmen are apt to fail them in the consideration of any question relative to Sunday. It is painfully evident that the Sawbbatarians have not arrived at a sane view of the Tay Bridge accident.

"On Wednesday, by 15 votes to 13, the Dundee Presbytery adopted an overture to the General Assembly acknowledging the hand of God in the disaster, and asking the Assembly to devise means for removing temptations to Sunday travelling and traffic. One speaker said he regarded the disaster as a judgment of God upon mercantile trickery in building a bad bridge."

From the division, however, we are glad to see that even in the Dundee Presbytery a considerable minority declines to pronounce a

THE LOST DERBY.

(By "a Party that was Jockey'd.")

THE Scion of a Distinguished Sire,
his Blood, Birth, and Breeding
seemed worthy of
A GREAT RACE,

and
his STABLE Reputation
being backed by the Country,
he was thought capable of fulfilling
Many Foreign Engagements,
but,

in a critical struggle,
he
Failed to keep pace with his Leader,
Dissented from "the Movement
of the Fleet,"

Bolted from the Right Course,
and has since, in consequence,
Changed Hands, mounted
Fresh Colours,
and again figures in quotations
as a likely Candidate for a Place,

but,
though Liberally supported,
his Radical want of Pluck
has for ever forfeited the confidence
of
"THAT STOUT OLD TORY PARTY,"
he Left in the Lurch.

HILLS AND HOLLOWS.—About the
most disgraceful thing in London
(of many disgraceful things).—the
Paving of the Edgware Road.

All the Difference.

"The letter is apocryphal . . . it is
too epigrammatic for an Oriental."—*Lord
Beaconsfield, House of Lords, March 16.*

In a letter from *SHERE ALI*
Epigrams show unreality:

In a letter from *DISRAELI*
Do they prove its Disraelity?

Sawbbatarian opinion upon a calamity which they have no warrant whatsoever for supposing to have been occasioned by other than natural causes. These, perhaps, were intended to be signified by the speaker who represented the fall of the bridge as a supernatural visitation upon mercantile trickery. Unfortunately for this view, the parties responsible for trickery in building the bridge did not happen to be travelling over it when it fell.

As for the Sawbbatarian majority, they can only be regarded as an additional example of a crotchet about Sunday so national that it may well be called the Scotch craze. This, when excited, agitates its victim with such violence as to cause the clatter of a loose slate in an upper storey otherwise sound; or, to put the same fact in a different figure, causes a hum of the biggest bee that every now and then buzzes in *SAWNEY's* bonnet.

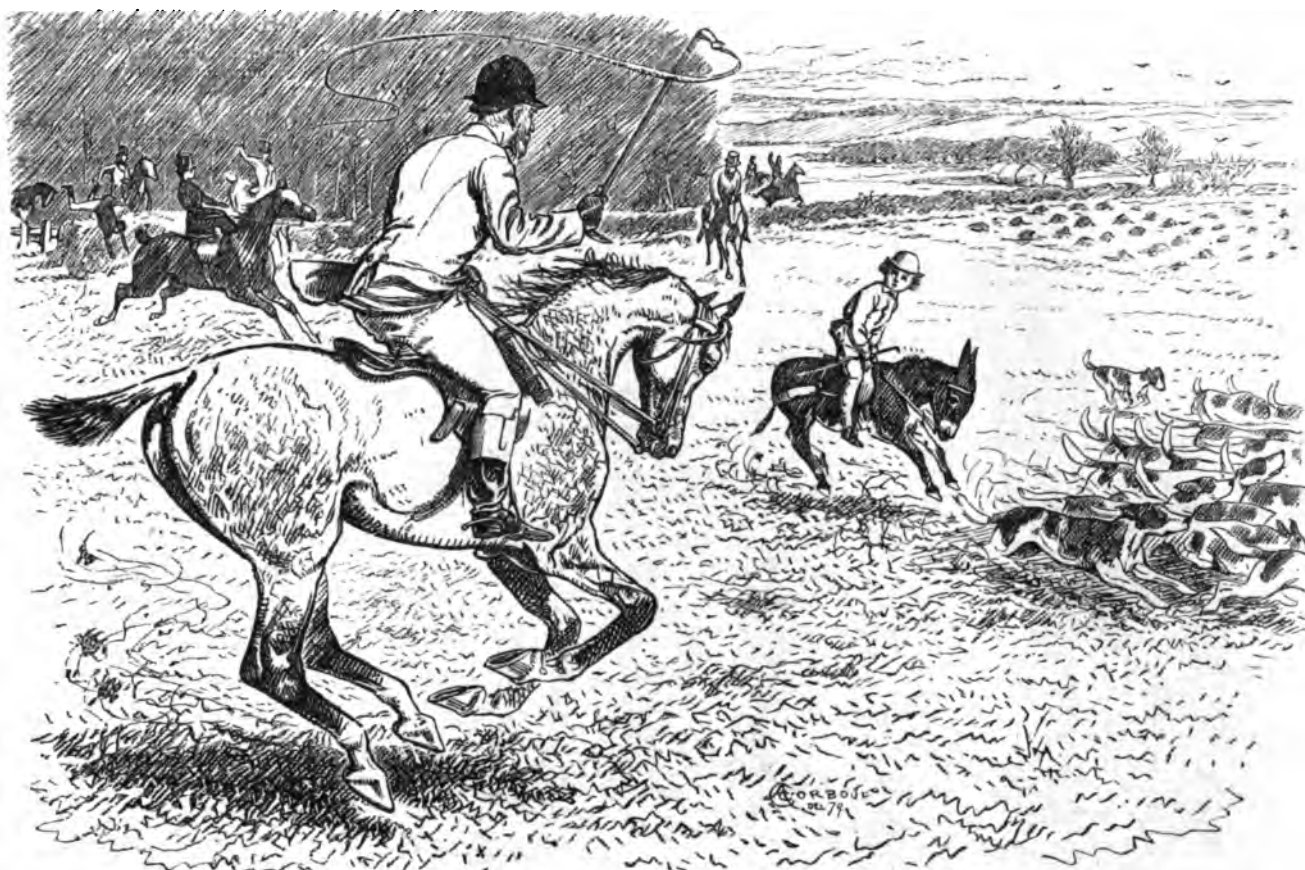
HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XI.

On the Platform are tastefully arranged various Property Estates. Enter the Lecturer, very quietly, by a side-door. He is dressed in over-coat, muffler, and opera-hat, which he slowly and thoughtfully removes, and appears in evening dress. Applause.

The Lecturer looks about, as if in search of something or somebody, smiles blandly, and then commences quietly—

WELL, Gentlemen—um—(rubs his chin meditatively, and regarding a perfect stranger in the third row of the class with a vague but affable smile)—well—Gentlemen—I've come to give you a lecture—(it suddenly occurs to him that this sounds too severe)—oh, no, don't be afraid; I haven't come to lecture you as if you all had been very bad boys. Oh dear, no! (Puts his hands behind him, throws back his head, opens his mouth and shuts his eyes, as if he were playing the children's game of seeing what Providence will send him, but in reality for a hearty guffaw at the absurdity of the idea of their being bad boys whom he has come to lecture.) Oh dear, no! (Shakes his



LEADING THE FIELD.

Jealous Old Whip (coming up). "WHY, MASTER FRED, HOW CAME YOU HERE!"
Master Fred. "I ALWAYS WAIT DOWN WIND. WHERE WERE YOU, JIM!"

head, and wags himself forward and back.) Oh dear, no—not at all—not at all! Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs—then resumes very quietly, and smiling cheerfully*)—On the contrary, you're very good boys. As my friend, Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, would say, "Lawk-a-mussy, I never saw such very admirable boys!" (*"Hear! hear!" and laughter. Lecturer smiles, and continues*)—Let me see—um—(*considers*)—suppose we take, as the subject of this lecture—costume—yes—costume—(*rubs his chin thoughtfully*)—or—business—um? Suppose we say business. Of course I mean "stage business." We might take business first, and—(*smiling cheerfully*)—pleasure afterwards. Um? (*Laughing benignly, and looking round the room at the class gradually*) Business first—and—pleasure afterwards. (*Thoroughly satisfied so far.*) Very well. Or—stop a moment—(*reflects—regards the properties on the table*)—Ah—yes—the use of "properties." We might consider that first—unless—no—(*makes up his mind suddenly*)—no—we'll begin with stage-business. (*Puts his hands behind him, as if he were a boy at school ordered to say some lines off by heart, then throws his head back, looks at the ceiling, opens his mouth as if about to deliver himself oracularly, then pauses. Disappointment of the class. Then he begins*) . . . On the stage, Gentlemen, there is such a fault as overcarefulness—of being guilty of the untradesmanlike—(*smiles apologetically as he repeats*)—the untradesmanlike falsehood of too strict an attention to business—(*appears pleased, hums part of a tune quietly to himself then resumes*).

To worry yourself as to what you shall be doing when the Author has given you nothing to do,—what you shall pretend to be saying when the stage direction sets down of such and such a character that he "talks apart with Mrs. So-and-So,"—to trouble yourself about the use of a pocket-handkerchief, as to which pocket you shall use, or whether you shall use any; or whether you shall stir the fire or only stand on the hearth-rug without stirring—(*smiles pleasantly and bows*)—I don't mean without moving, but without stirring the fire—which action, if often repeated, would make it a very stirring part—(*throws his head back and laughs suddenly*)—ha! ha!—(*reduces his hearty laugh to an amiable smile as he repeats*)—a very stirring part. (*"Hear! hear!" and laughter.*) Um—(*considers*)—well, Gentlemen—(*looks about, suddenly recalls to mind his subject*)—Oh,

yes, of course, I was saying, if you bother yourself about these minutiae—(*pauses and considers whether he is right in saying minutiae, or whether it oughtn't to be "minutia"—decides on choosing another word*)—about these insignificant details, you'll never be a great Actor.

When an Actor is once imbued with the spirit of the part he has to play, all his movements come spontaneously, and he need never trouble himself off the Stage with thinking how he will behave on it. Wasn't it the great Mrs. SIDDONS—(*doubtfully*)—I think it was the great Mrs. SIDDONS, who, let me see—(*thinks over it*)—yes, of course, she never troubled her head with what she was going to do as *Lady Macbeth*, or how she was going to do it, but, putting down her—her—let me see—yes—(*reflects*)—yes, it was knitting she used to do—yes, putting down her knitting, she would go on to the stage and become at once *Lady Macbeth*. (*Cheers.*) We hear a great deal about "study." Well, um—(*bending himself angularly and looking up at nothing in particular, then still with his hands behind him, giving a side-glance at his auditory without changing his position*)—I can't see the necessity of study. If you get your words by heart as well as by head—(*altering his position to another graceful curve, and taking another three-quarter side-ways look at his class*)—as well as by head, then, all you've got to do—(*elevating his eyebrows, confronting the audience, opening his mouth, and throwing up his hands*)—is, to play it! (*Shuts his mouth suddenly, he retains his attitude during the applause which follows, and then wailing himself round, replaces his hands behind him and resumes*)—um, yes—(*smiling*)—I think so,—don't study, let the business come naturally. Let me see—(*mediates*)—yes—"Reading and acting come by nature, so give Heaven thanks and make no boast." (*Smiles, elevates his eyebrows, hums a snatch of a melody, loses himself in thought—finds himself again, and resumes.*)

A good entrance, Gentlemen, is of considerable importance, but a good exit is better. If you come in like a lamb, take care to go out like a lion. (*"Hear, hear!"*) Not too much like a lion, however. Do not reserve all your force for your exit. Avoid plain level acting throughout developing into a noisy climax. Against that you need no warning. If you are unable to make a point by a quiet exit, you will never force an effect on an audience by suddenly



A CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST.

The Dean. "MR. SNIPPE, I WANT YOU TO MAKE MY SON A HUNTING SUIT; JUST WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO MAKE FOR ME, YOU KNOW."

Clerical Tailor. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. DEAN. MAY I INQUIRE IF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS IN HOLY ORDERS?"

The Dean. "No."

Clerical Tailor. "AH! TO BE ORDAINED SHORTLY, I SUPPOSE?"

The Dean. "No, no; HE'S NOT THINKING OF ANYTHING OF THE KIND."

Clerical Tailor. "THEN I'M SORRY TO SAY I MUST DECLINE THE ORDER, MR. DEAN!"

rowing up your arms, shrugging your shoulders, elevating your eyebrows, rolling your eyes, and exclaiming "Ah!" Such actions might suit one particular character, but not all the parts you have to play. (*Applause.*)

Now, much of the business of the stage depends on properties. Perhaps you are not aware that all banquets on the stage consists of open tables and property drinkables? (*Smiles, and nods wily.*) This is as it should be. The stage is the place for the exhibition of works of theatrical Art, and not a museum for the collection of Realities. (*Cheers.*) Who wants to see an Actor tugging a real chicken, carving a real ham, or munching a genuine one from FORTNUM and MASON'S? (*Stretching out both hands speakingly, bending his knees, and throwing his head back. Applause. Continues in this attitude.*) Is there any Art in such an exhibition? No. (*Cheers.*) Is there a chance for the Actor showing how admirably he can simulate eating a chicken, how perfectly true to Nature in his imitation of devouring a pie, or of sinking out of a flagon if the real articles are actually placed before him? No! (*Cheers.*) The Lecturer sways himself into his former confidential attitude, with his hands behind him, and resumes.)

Gentlemen,—um—(*considers*)—yes—of course—there is no Art in smacking your lips after drinking a good glass of wine. But there is considerable Art in smacking your lips and looking pleased and satisfied after emptying a glassful of some nauseous stuff—(*makes genuine expression of the most intense disgust*)—made of heaven and the property-man only know what, and which, for aught the Actor can tell, may be highly injurious in its effects. Ugh! (*Shudders.*) Gentlemen, to smile after such a draught, and to say heartily, "Master Boniface, thou hast some good stuff in thy cellar! another bumper, Sirrah! Here's to thee and thy pretty daughter!"

and then, to be compelled by the business of the scene, to empty another transparent glass of the abominable mixture—the mixture as before—ugh!—(*makes another face*)—ugh! and yet to smile and smack your lips, and swear heartily that it is "nectar for the gods!"—this, Gentlemen, is true Art, highly meritorious in the individual, and for which display there would be no opportunity were the wine real good sherry, or port, or champagne. (*Applause.*) Um—yes—(*meditates*)—and these remarks apply also to eatables. The Actor is never called upon for a more difficult, a more trying, or perhaps a more telling exhibition of his Art—than—when—(*meditates sideways, eyes his audience askance, and, stooping slightly, bends forward as if looking for some one to come suddenly from somewhere round the corner*)—yes—than when—let me see—um—(*slowly*)—than when he has to make a hearty meal off a canvass-backed—(*smiling slyly*)—off a canvass-backed duck, with pieces of bread let into the back for him to make-believe with, as the Marchioness did with the orange-peel in the *Old Curiosity Shop*. (*Still with the same smile, and the same attitude.*) There's a taste of the glue about it (*reflects*), or the paint-pot—(*makes a grimace*)—or something nasty—and the nastier it is, the greater the Actor's chance for showing his mastery over his Art. (*Applause.*)

I will now proceed to give you a few practical illustrations. (*Eyes the properties. Immense and prolonged applause.*) These properties are all—um (*touches them*)—excellent—as properties. The paint, or gum, or glue, or whatever it is on them, is not yet dry. As Hamlet says, "And smells so! Pah!" (*Applause.*) . . . So—(*meditates*)—so—I think—with your kind permission—I'll—yes—(*touches a few more, and makes a grimace*)—I'll defer this part of my lecture till another day,—and then—(*seeing the disappointment of his class*)—I'll go through them all. (*Cheers. He smiles affably, hums, and then suddenly looks at his watch.*) Dear me, I didn't

THE ELECTION BREW.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."
Macbeth.

From floods of speech and smother
Of broad-cast posting-bills,
Where each side proves the other
Author of all our ills;

From clash of cross-addresses
And clang of clamouring tongues,
From mud of party-presses
And strength of party-lungs;

From candidates and agents,
From canvassers and touts,
From reverend and lay gents,
All hot for Ins or Outs;

From public-house Committees,
And public platforms' bray,
Through counties, towns, and cities
Resounding night and day;

From talking of Elections,
And reading of the same,—
Dissolving views, in sections,
Of Party's little game;

Oh "roaring month" deliver us,
'Till, after All-Fools' Day,
Time's scavenge-van, omnivorous,
Shall cart the mess away.

And in the teeth of his doom,
From the black cauldron's haze
Rise a Collective Wisdom
Distilled in wondrous ways!

RECIPROCITY.

In 1874 the country came to Lord BEACONSFIELD for rest. And now Lord B. returns the compliment by going to the country, as his friends say for the rest of his lease of power, or as the Opposition hope, for the rest of his natural life.

PROBABLE CONSEQUENCE OF HARTMANN'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—
Extra-edition, if not Extradition.

know it was so late. Um—the fact is, my friend Mr. WALTER LACY is very anxious to address you; but as we have both to lecture at the Royal Academy



of Music this afternoon—he on singing and I on dancing and deportment,—and as we are both returning to town together, perhaps you wouldn't mind—if I—eh? um! (*Applause.*) Then I will—thank you—(*opens side-door, and calls*)—Professor LACY!

Enter Professor LACY. He bows with the utmost courtesy to the class, shakes hands with Professor CECIL, deposits his hat on the table, throws his gloves into it, runs his hand through his hair, opens his chest, and confronts the audience. Loud applause, whereupon Professor LACY places his hand on his heart, bows to the audience, then turns to where Professor CECIL is sitting with one glove half on, applauding with his umbrella. He bows politely to him, evidently including the umbrella in this act of politeness, and commences—

[Professor LACY's lecture, "in our next," by the kind permission of Professor ARTHUR CECIL, who, during its delivery, retains his seat on the platform, as both Professors have to return to town together by the same train.]

REASONS FOR VOTING BLUE.

(Collected from various quarters, and commended to the attention of free and independent Electors everywhere.)

BECAUSE the sole hope of the world is that BULL should be top of the tree, And because the right person to give him that dominant perch is Lord B.; Because WILLIAM GLADSTONE's a traitor, a coward, a fool, and a sneak, Who, neglecting to spifficate Russia, would prose off our silvery streak; Because DIZZY's deucedly artful, and game to give GOETTSCHAKOFF fits, Take the shine out of any ANDRASSY, and bang grim old BISMARCK to bits; Because but for BEACONSFIELD's foresight, pluck, patience, and patriot care, The Russ would be now on the Bosphorus, we, the deuce only knows where! Because quiet sense and plain dealing, and fondness for freedom and right, Make the foreigners think we're effaced, and would sooner be kicked than show fight;

Because all these foreigners praise us (who used to condemn and pooh-pooh), As, BEN having spoiled all their games, it is natural, quite, they *should* do; Because, as these foreigners hate us, and seldom indulge in sincerity, Their verdict on BEN is impartial and final as that of posterity; Because the grim Muscovite Ogre is hungrily waiting to see If England's still sweet upon DIZZY or nuts upon W. G.; Because if blind BULL choose the latter for Leader, the big Northern Bruin Will collar Stamboul like a shot, pocket India, and leave us to ruin: Because if we once let in GLADSTONE he'll smash up the Empire like crockery, Give us disintegration at home, and abroad degradation and mockery: Because that fortuitous concurrence of atoms, the Liberal Party, Can ne'er pull together for England in unity, loyal and hearty: Because 'tis a horrible Hydra, with goodness knows how many heads, And a poisonous bite that inspires all true patriots with doldrums and dreads: Because there is only one Hercules—BEN—who that Hydra can slay, Who absent, no being can baffle the brute, or its ravages stay: Because those detestable Paddies, conspiring to pull down the State, Will do so with Liberal aid, if the Tories don't spare 'em that fate: Because this unholy alliance is plainly more dangerous far Than a compound of Earthquake, and Famine, Draught, Pestilence, Murrain and War:

Because, though Lord HARTINGTON's honest, he's awfully led by the nose; And because Mr. BRIGHT always dances when England is dished by her foes:

Because false ARGYLL would rejoice to see Cossacks encamped in Hyde Park: Because acid GRANVILLE would look on the sack of Cheapside as a lark: Because vengeful HARCOURT's in favour of rending the Kingdom in halves: Because, "Periah India!" FREEMAN would have us all slaves to the Slavs: Because Mr. GLADSTONE—oh! gr-r-r! likewise eugh!!!—incoherency here Is a symptom of patriot zeal, and a proof of state-virtue severe— Because Mr. GLADSTONE—oh! horror! the syllables make us feel bad, Oh! stay us with P. M. G. leaders to save us from going stark mad!— Because Mr. GLADSTONE—'twould seem as if Providence made a mistake In allowing poor innocent letters such concatenation to take!— Because that man G. is a—well,—is a,—daah it! oh, where is the word To express what a horror he is, and how false and how base and absurd? Because this unspeakable Blank, this Hiatus, this Asterisk Dash Is so bent upon spiting Lord B., and on sending his country to smash, That every true man *must* Vote Blue, were it only to baffle his game, Who, by post-cards and speeches at Stations, is bringing Old England to shame!!!

HITS FOR MISSES.

As nothing but politics will be talked until after the close of the Elections, it might be well for the Ladies to get up the subject a little. With a view to the assistance of his fair friends, Mr. Punch suggests a few appropriate questions which they may ask at any social gathering with the most pleasing effects. After each query the Lady has only to wait for the answer. When a reply is finished she will put another poser. By this simple means she may obtain the reputation of being "quite a politician."

What is the difference between Liberals and Conservatives, and Whigs and Tories?

What has Mr. GLADSTONE been talking about at such an awful length?

Is Lord BEACONSFIELD *really* such an awfully artful creature as the other side say?

Can you tell me *all* about Home-Rule?

What has Mr. Cross been doing with the Water Companies?

Why are the Scotch Members' always bothering about Hypothes?

What do you think about our Foreign Policy?

Will you put me up to all about the last *five* Budgets?

What does Sir WILFRID LAWSON want?

Can you let me know *some* of the political allusions in the novels written by the Premier?

Why is everybody so angry with everybody else?

And oh! isn't it all quite too awfully dreadful?

A Cheer for the Two Colours.

COULD such early birds be jolly,
Punch would say to both brave crews,
Away with melancholy,
But a benison on the Blues!

Their race they wisely put off,
Lest through fog to grief they came;
If Election steam we shut off,
For like cause, were we to blame?

A PARTY CRY (*since Cabs to the Poll have been legalised*).—"Get your Carriage, Sir?"

THE NEW BLOCK SYSTEM.—Making Speeches at Railway Stations.

Is It?—Solution of the Political Problem.—Diz-solution.



ALAS !

PRETTY GRANDMAMMA ROBINSON

AS SHE WAS (1851).

AS SHE IS NOW !

AS SHE MIGHT (AND SHOULD) BE.

CORRUPT PRACTICES (ELECTION).

(Not Noticed in the New Act.)

CONDOLING with poor old Mrs. CORKWELL (voter's wife) on her rheumatics, and promising to send her a specific which has been in your family for the last hundred and fifty years.

Admiring the crewel-work of the Misses LAMBLEY when you call for the third time to see their brother (a wavering elector), and gazing in rapt surprise at the view (limited) from their drawing-room window.

Buying the Poems—*Whispers and Sighs*—of our talented young townsman, ALGERNON BYRON TRILLER, and reading them previous to dining with his father, an influential and somewhat undecided constituent.

Taking the chair and proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. LYELL MURCHISON DRAWLINGS (grandson of one of the oldest residents in the borough) for his highly interesting, able, and instructive lecture, on the "Geological Features of Cockletop and its vicinity."

Visiting the Free Grammar School founded by EDWARD THE SIXTH, where you received your education and an occasional black-eye, and securing the vote (or rather voice) and interest of every boy in the place, by begging an immediate whole holiday.

Dining with the ancient and unanimous Order of Druidical Odd Foresters (Court Pondicherry, No. 20185), and, in replying to the toast of your health, expressing, amid deafening cheers, your uncontrollable longing to become an Honorary Member of the D. O. F.

Taking tickets for the Rifle Corps Ball, and dancing with the wives and daughters of those electors recommended to you by your Committee, without the least regard to personal or intellectual charms or saltatory qualifications.

Lunching with a different elector every day of your canvass, and always praising the sherry.

Attending the Anniversary of the Society for the Amelioration of Eastern Potentates and Peoples, and in an impressive speech moving the first Resolution, to the effect—"That this meeting desires to place upon record its unalterable adhesion to the principles which have so

long animated the efforts and guided the exertions of the Society (and especially of the Cockletop Branch) in that vast field of usefulness still lying open to it in the great Eastern horizon."

Lighting a weed, and offering your cigar-case to that hard-headed artisan, CLAGHORN, the dyer, while you endeavour to bring him over to your views on the question of Compulsory Vaccination, the one point on which you and he are not in accord.

Having accepted an invitation to a social tea-party of the Dorcas Society, partaking, with heroic impartiality, of "the cup that cheers" and its attendant cake at each of the tables; and then at the end of the entertainment saying "a few words" at the request of the Committee, and trying to be facetious on the subject of button-holes.

Hiring a spirited animal, and riding to the meet, at the Half-way House, of the Pilton Hounds, to ingratiate yourself with the sporting section of the constituency. With a like eye to business, and at still greater peril to yourself and your companions, joining a party of young farmers to shoot rooks.

Requesting the obliging local florist, GILLYFLOWERS, to send in every morning to your hotel a bunch of violets (your election colour) for your button-hole.

Subscribing to both the local papers—the *Bulwark* and the *Watchdog*—and swallowing, with undisturbed serenity, the syrup of the one and the vitriol of the other.

Giving away your photograph by thousands (great reduction on taking a quantity), with views of your country seat, first taking care to write your name at the bottom of every carte.

Kissing all the babies within your reach.

A Trespasser in Midlothian.

MASTER of tongue-fence! Good at will

Our ears with speech to drown,

Till all must own him greater still

Tongue-fence at breaking down!

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THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.



NOT SO EASY.

Pat (on hearing a late Trial read to him). "POURED THE BRANDY DOWN HER THROAT, DID HE!! FAIX, I WISH SOMEBODY'D TRY TO MURDER ME THAT WAY!"
[The foolish fellow had been drinking.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

It is a mercy that the flurry of the moribund Parliament must be brief or there is no saying how much mischief it might do. In a week it has added £800,000 to the permanent debt, and £700,000 to the Probate Duties, making what was monstrously unfair already—*probatum improbatum*—unfairer still, and has driven a procession of hack cabs right through the last Corrupt Practices Act.

The sooner the sword of Damocles falls and puts Parliament out of power of mischief-making the better. The SPEAKER has had the House all but to himself occasionally; but unluckily there were always just enough Members present, or within call, to do mischief. Once, on Monday, it came to a literal *tête-à-tête* between the Chair and Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, till Mr. CALLAN moving a Count, brought in the needed forty from the back-alums of the House.

What last drops of Essence Punch and the SPEAKER between them have been able to distil, must needs be black and bitter—the lees of lees, the dregs of an effete Parliament in a hurry to wind up its work anyhow, and be gone to its electioneering.

Monday, March 15 (Lords).—Lord BURY re-assured the Volunteers. The Government have discovered that the only barrier between our Citizen soldiers and their Easter-Monday Review is a War Office regulation, which can be abrogated as easily as it was made. The only days armed men may not meet are nomination and polling days, and the first will not come at Brighton before Easter Tuesday. So on Easter Monday the Colonels' backs, which were up in the sulks, will be down on the Downs, twenty thousand of our army of Defence not Defiance will overflow London-Super-Mare, much hard money will be spent, and much blank-cartridge burned, and the British Constitution will survive it. Why the Government did not find out sooner that this was possible, Lord BURY did not tell us.

Perhaps hints that a good many Volunteers carry votes in their knapsacks may have sharpened their wits. But there has not the less been a gross bungle somewhere.

Lord REDESDALE did his best to stop the Second Reading of the

A COMMON SENSE CANDIDATE.

(In reply to a Requisition from a body of Electors inviting him to become a Member of Parliament.)

GENTLEMEN,

I HEREBY acknowledge the receipt of your application requesting me to stand for the representation of our County.

As the office of a Member of Parliament is laborious, tiresome, and unpaid, I am very loth to accept it. However, since the men who solicit it are not fit for it, whereas I am, and, being well-off and unemployed, can afford to take it, if I were to refuse it I should decline a duty.

But the work of a Member of Parliament is so hard and so heavy, that of the two situations I would really rather be saddled with that of High Sheriff.

I hope, therefore, you will all understand that, in consenting to let myself be proposed as your Representative, I confer upon you a very great favour.

As my political principles may not be known to every voter, I will send a statement of them to a newspaper, whence you can, if you please, extract it, and print it for distribution. If necessary, I will also declare my opinions at a public meeting, which can be called for that purpose. But, as they can be expressed in few words, I shall make only a short speech, not wishing, when I have little to say, to let myself be known for a fool by my much speaking.

In making that speech, if I am interrupted by any shouts, cries, or idle questions, I shall immediately hold my tongue, and retire.

The expenses of printing and publishing cards, circulars, and other advertisements requesting people to vote for me must be paid by those who desire to have me returned. My constituents, or would-be constituents, must also defray all other charges incidental to my election, or their attempt to effect that object.

In conclusion, I can only say, that nothing but a strong sense of the obligations of my position as an independent man could induce me to undertake an employment, which will withdraw me from my occupations and amusements for six months in the year, besides compelling me to breathe much bad air and listen to much idle talk, nearly every night till past twelve o'clock, and often till three or four in the morning,

I am, Gentlemen, your servant to command,

CORIOLANUS CANDIDUS.

Hypothec Abolition Bill to which, it being a useful and urgent measure, pressed for by the best tenants, and reviled by the worst landlords, his Lordship is constitutionally opposed. The LORD CHANCELLOR rode down his "Non-Content." Lord REDESDALE, always an Impracticable, seems bent of late on raising to the dignity of an Obstructive. He has caught it sharply over the knuckles from the Woolsack, and has deserved his wiggling.

LORD ORANMORE ingeniously turned the Beaconsfield Manifesto against its author. If Ireland was in the state described in that remarkable document—which Lord ORANMORE backed up by the unimpeachable evidence of Mr. Secretary LOWTHER's Kendall speech—threatened with a conspiracy worse than pestilence or famine, why didn't the Government give her the comfort of a Coercion Act to put down Agrarian crime, and protect loyal lives?

LORD BEACONSFIELD hadn't the slightest idea what Lord ORANMORE was driving at. The law in Ireland was strong enough to repress disorder. Lord O. had vindicated Lord B.'s letter "in a manner very grateful to his feelings." (To be sure he had! Had he not taken it *au sérieux*? What could be more gratifying?) Then LORD STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL—*et tu Brute!*—the friend of Turks and Treaties, proceeded to scurry the Eastern policy of the Government, laying down with cruel candour Proposition I. That Her Majesty's Government were in a great measure responsible for the war between Russia and Turkey: Proposition II. That the Treaty of Berlin was fatal to the maintenance of Ottoman Authority on the Bosphorus: Proposition III. That the said Treaty raised almost insuperable obstacles to any new and well considered combination by which the Bosphorus might be guarded—*Q. E. D.* All of which, though Punch does most potently and powerfully believe, yet he holds it not honesty to have it so set down by the most convinced and candid of diplomatic Jingoes.

On LORD STRATHEDEN's hint LORD GRANVILLE spoke—first giving their Lordships a neat dissection of the Dublin Manifesto, which he compared to a bit of clever scene-painting meant to tell at a distance, then passing in review LORD BEACONSFIELD's foreign policy, which he contended had neither secured European peace nor established English ascendancy. He prophesied Ministerial discomfiture

at the Elections. They had not taken the country into their confidence, and the country would retort. But he felt no doubt (who does?), that, whatever Government came back from the country, would maintain England's honour and England's unity.

Lord BEACONSFIELD replied, that Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL's

speech was made up all along of assumptions varnished with local colour. His conclusions might be sound, if his assumptions had had a base, which they had not. His policy began and ended in war. The object of the Government had been all along, and was still, not to go to war. Lord CAMPBELL had asked for a copy of a letter from SHERRE



THE LAST DROP!

ALI to the SULTAN, which was an impudent forgery, and known to be so. Yet on that rotten peg had been hung not only Lord STRATHEDEN's impeachment of the Government policy, but Lord GRANVILLE's "amiable remarks on public affairs." Government had good and sufficient reasons for dissolving, Mr. Cross's Water

Bill not being one of them. Had Lord B. thought water could have washed away a Parliament, he would have felt that the country was in danger! His Dublin letter had been well weighed and sincerely felt. The policy of the late Government had embarrassed the Administration, and the language of some of the Opposition—present



THE USE OF THE TELEPHONE.

(Bell rings.)

City Gent (through Telephone). "YES."—(*Listens.*)—"OH!—EH?"—(*Listens.*)—"AH!—EH!—I DON'T QUITE—WHAT!"—(*Listens again.*)—"CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU SAY!"—(*Listens.*)—"UM!—EH!—CONF— HERE—STOP A MINUTE!—I'LL SEND A CLERK ROUND TO SEE WHAT YOU WANT. NIBBS, RUN ROUND TO DRAPER'S GARDENS, & CO., & CO.—!"

company always excepted—had encouraged the belief abroad that England was divided at home.

Lords KIMBERLEY, CRANBROOK, RIPON, CAIRNS, and SELBORNE, took part in one of the smartest little *conciones ad populum* the Upper House has turned out, and, as usual, our Lords, in the conduct of their last week, stand in favourable contrast with our Commons.

(*Commons.*)—A calm correction of one of Government's blunders—about the Easter Monday Volunteer Review—by the Commons' cool of the evening, Sir JOHN HOLKER; and a calm committal, by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE, of another and more serious one, the addition of £700,000 to the monstrously cruel and unjust probate duties on personality, on the plea of relieving smaller estates at the expense of larger.

Mr. GLADSTONE protested against this tampering with an iniquitously unfair impost, which wanted thorough over-hauling. He showed how the alteration would make bad rather worse than better, both as regarded the pressure on small properties and the unfair distinction between personal and real estate. He knew his protest would be useless, but must make it for comfort of his conscience.

Mr. CHILDERS backed Mr. GLADSTONE in his protest against Bill and Budget.

Sir SELWIN IBKETSON and Mr. HUBBARD tried to set up a case for the Budget, though the latter would have nothing to say to the Bill, and gave it up as a bad job.

Mr. WADDY criticised, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER did his best to defend the Budget. It was painful to see Sir STAFFORD's efforts to wriggle out of the mess. He had not extinguished the Sinking Fund, only diverted it for five years. The Government had diminished debt—they really had, though it mightn't be so easy to prove it in figures, and ought to be thanked for not having increased taxation. The country was hard up, and preferred borrowing to paying.

After some desultory talk, during which the House dwindled down to one and the Chair, indefatigable Sir GEORGE BALFOUR being left, like a senatorial Atlas, to bear the Collective Wisdom on his single pair of shoulders, the Bill was read a Second Time, and the House adjourned.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord CAMPERDOWN pleaded for the poor water-drinkers of the Metropolis, helpless in the hands of the hydra of the Companies, who can go on raising rates with rentals, till it seems likely to come to a mournful two-part song of "Bricks and Mortar all around, and not a House to take!" and "Water, water, all around, and not a drop to drink!"—except for the bloated millionaires who don't care how much they pay either for their house-room or their Adam's Ale. Now that Mr. CROSS's Bill was crossed out, was there, Lord CAMPERDOWN asked, to be no buffer between water-sellers and water-buyers?

Earl BEAUCHAMP rather regretted the new Bill, which he thought had been unfairly strangled in the birth, but said that whenever a new Parliament met, Water must be one of its first cares.

(*Commons.*)—To the fag-end of a House the Bill for legalising Cab-corruption went into Committee.

Never was a more audacious abuse of the opportunities of an expiring Parliament and an overwhelming majority, than this unhandsome driving of hansoms and much-growled-at invasion of growlers, over the body of the law. Say what they will, it is a change calculated, if not meant, to catch cab-masters' votes, and to give a strong pull to long purses.

The English Opposition, being divided, protested in vain, but Scotch and Irish vetoes, the first country being unanimous, the second past praying for, were successful in taking these countries out of the Bill, into which an ill-advised amendment of Sir JOHN HORNER's had brought them—the Bill having been originally framed for England only. Wales protested she was at least as poor, and as honest as either Scotland or Ireland, but could not get out. So after various Divisions the Bill passed through Committee, and the Election Law of England is the worse by another advantage secured to long purses, and another facility given for indirect purchase of votes. But if Tory voters submit to be driven, let Opposition voters walk to the poll, and a-top of their Ministerial Opponents!

Wednesday (Lords).—A Lordly passage of arms over the Hypothec Bill, in which Lord CAIRNS called Lord REDERDALE a

dog in the manger who objected to the Bill at every stage, suggested nothing by way of amendment, and contributed nothing in the way of discussion.

Lord REDESDALE retorted that it was discreditable to the dignity of Parliament to hurry Bills through the Upper House with amendments of which nobody, except, *perhaps*, the Noble Lord on the Woolsack and his colleagues, understood a word.

The Duke of RICHMOND lectured Lord REDESDALE for using the word "discreditable" of anything that happened in that exalted House.

To Mr. *Punch* it seems a very pretty quarrel as it stands, with a quite unusual amount of truth on both sides—another peculiarity of the Parliamentary bickerings of the Peerage.

(*Commons*.)—Dr. CAMERON tried to stop the passage of the Cabs through the Election Law. In vain, of course.

General SHUTE took the line that the Bill was meant only to do justice to the poor, the feeble, and the hard-working of the constituents in the big boroughs—was, in fact, a boon to the working man! (Cool assertion.)

Sir H. HOLLAND charged Dr. CAMERON with obstruction for his attempt to stop the Bill. (Cool proceeding.)

While forcing the Probate Duty Bill through Committee, pliable Sir STAFFORD altered his scale of duties. We are used to this whenever anything can be altered. All Sir STAFFORD's scales are sliding scales, including his scales of justice, in which probate duties—as they stand—however tinkered in details, have no place.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord REDESDALE had a parting growl and gird at the Hypothec Bill, which the LORD CHANCELLOR courteously said showed that he had never read the Bill, and knew nothing about it.

Altogether, the relations between the noble Chairman of Committees and the noble Lord on the Woolsack seem growing strained in the highest possible degree; and if it should come to fistifuffs!—

(*Commons*.)—Sir STAFFORD promised Lord HARTINGTON to see what he could look up that would be producible from the Greek papers, though the frontier negotiations between Turk and Hellene are still dragging their slow length along, and promise to do so till the Greek Kalends.

The House then set to ramming on Baron RAMMINGEN's Naturalisation Act. The Baron, approved by our QUEEN under the Royal Marriage Act, is to be the future husband of the handsome Princess FREDERICA, daughter of the ex-King of HANOVER, whom Lord BEACONSFIELD proclaims the fittest for an Empress of all living Ladies of blood Royal.

Mr. JENKINS was relieved by Sir STAFFORD's assurance—solely on the spur of the moment though—that we were not going to give this fair and excellent Princess a dowry.

The Cab Bill was driven through a Third Reading, after a final protest from Mr. ANDERSON.

The dodge deserves to fail. May the cabs cost the Ministerial Candidates no end, and not bring them in victorious! And may Opposition Voters magnanimously decline any conveyance to the Poll but shanks's nag, and show they can ride to the head of it on that austere animal!

Friday (Lords).—Flemished up some loose ropes. (*Commons*.)—After a hoist of the old repeal flag by Colonel The O'GORMAN MAHON, adjourned to Wednesday next.

NATIONAL FUN AND FIREWORKS.

MR. PUNCH,

Did ye read the disgusting intelligence just now wired from Philadelphia, that—

"The Protective Union of San Francisco has completely demoralised Mr. DENNIS KEARNEY's Sand Lot agitators, who no longer pursue their former incendiary course. . . . Mr. DENNIS KEARNEY, convicted of using incendiary language, was to-day sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 1000 dollars' fine. The sentence surprised Mr. KEARNEY, who expected only a nominal punishment."

No man bearing the name of KEARNEY, I'll go bail, was ever heard to use language in reality incendiary at all. Neither has incendiary language at any time issued from the mouth of any man named DENNIS.

"Oh, have you not heard of KATE KEARNEY, She lived on the banks of Killarney?"

Sure, never did any namesake of that gentle creature, albeit of the masculine gender, permit violent language, properly so called, to escape the palings of his teeth. Mr. KEARNEY was naturally surprised at finding his harmless phillibol taken in earnest, and himself basely sent to gaol for six months, and brutally fined a thousand dollars. Any follower of our facetious friend, Mr. PARNELL, would be as surprised to find that he had come in for similar consequences through having given vent, say at an anti-landlord election meet-

ing, to jocular vituperation, unfortunately mistaken by a dense and dull Court of Justice for incendiary language. It is all our playfulness, Mr. *Punch*.

Believe me, Sir, yours truthfully,
PHELM O'TOOLE.

THE WIFE'S WARNING.

EASTER MONDAY, 1880.



ONE moment, dear, before thou part To fight thy country's battle, While I relieve my anxious heart With loving, wifely prattle!

One sweet assurance calms my fears; One balm my care can lighten; One precious thought restrains my tears, The while my heart-strings tighten—

At Duty's call if thou must go To London-super-Mare,

Of one most formidable foe, Catarrh, do pray be wary!

And promise me, oh, promise me, Lest o'er the treacherous Channel Insidious mists should fall on thee, Not to forget thy flannel!

What if thy comrades jibe and jeer! Heed not their heartless mockings. I ask thee, with a gathering tear, To wear thy woollen stockings!

And oh, remember this, my love, When glory shall have crowned thee, There's damp below, East wind above, So keep thy muffler round thee!

EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY UTTERANCE.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND informs us that on the morning of Friday last week a whale, between thirty-five and forty feet long, a very large beast, and covered with barnacles, ran foul of the Admiralty Pier at Dover. This interesting creature "spouted, and made a noise like a steam-whistle of large size, and a fog-horn sound."

What a seasonable utterance on the eve of a General Election! How many candidates for the representation of constituencies are now in course of spouting also, and with about as much meaning for intelligent minds as the whale which made those noises!

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

MAKING a fuss about mustering twenty thousand Volunteers under arms, yet putting all the householders of England under canvass!

AN ANAGRAM—(WITHIN A LETTER).

HOME-RULE.
Mere houl.

DEFINITION IN BUNG'S DIVINITY.—*Vas Electionis*: A Pewter Pot.

BOGEY.

(An Election Appeal from Head Quarters.)

*Arch-Mystagogue, loquitur.*

HIST!!!

Friends, Britons, Countrymen, lend me your ears!
 (They beat good Bottom's own!) List, list, do list!
 (And let me shily work upon your fears),

This is a CRISIS!!!

Pinnacled on the pivot of its fate,
 England doth oscillate,
 'Twixt starry splendour and *dégringolade*—
 Disastrous downfall! Urgent my advice is,
 Dash dumb Yahoos who long have yawped and yah'd
 Against Imperialism!

Limp Liberals whose loud litigious schism
 Must end in chaos, crash, sheer cataclysm!
 Horrors are out! I have a special organ
 Detective of all shapes of Demogorgon;
 And the wild way in which those shapes are flocking,
 Is, I assure you, shocking.

Yet do not funk or feel uncomformtable,
 To deal with them I—I alone—am able;
 The one sane voice amidst a blatant Babel,

The one unfailing cable,
 Ship-saviour though the barque be tempest-tost—
 Lose me and all is lost!

Dangers? Great Heaven, I'm bound to be oracular,
 I dare not trust myself to the vernacular.
 Pregnant and compound polysyllables only,

Aided by artful apt alliteration,
 Dare I deal forth. Lord of the situation,
 Luciferous leader luminous but lonely,
 Like firm-based beacon amidst boisterous billows!
 Danger? You could not rest upon your pillows
 Did you but know what I,—but no, I spare you,
 I've no desire to scare you!

Russia! The Radicals!! The rude Home-Rulers!!!
 (The new "Three R's" of England's sole sound
 schoolers)

There's a tremendous triad of vague terrors!!!
 If they "consolidate co-operation,"
 Slav hate, Gladstonian gush, mad Erin's errors
 Will soon smash up the Nation.

They're the three terms of a demoniac trinity
 Whose natural affinity

Must lead to Coalescence. As for him,
 That sour, sophistic, savage son of Siva,
 Nectivagating newly in the North,
 Could he be stripped as bare as poor Godiva,
 Touched with Ithuriel's spear, what should come forth,
 From all his wrappages of wild loquacity?—
 A monster of malignant mad mendacity!
Caliban playing *Prospero*! Good gracious!
 He's a word-deluge threatening to overwhelm
 England, and bring rank Ruin on the Realm.

My followers, sweetly, sheepishly sequacious
 Of Me,
 Agree

That the Arch-Fiend in Scottish breaks, the Russ,
 Robed as a Tory, *plus* PARNELL, with pinions,
 A triad were less dangerous to us,
 And our fair QUEEN's dominions,
 Than him of the Three Courses, each one leading
 To—but to *name* the place were scarce good breeding!
 But 'tis the goal of Good Intentions. Therefore
 Let all who England's heavenward tending care for,
 Vote for the deft devoted demon-queller,
 The second-sighted seer of spectral foes,

Whose nose
 Of Broddingnagian rats is shrewdest smeller;
 The patent Anti-Ogre Isle-protector,
 Ithuriel Imp-inspector,

Brave Banasher-vanisher, stout scourge of evil,
 Great Ghoul-detective, dab at demonology,
 And general foe of GLADSTONE and the Devil,

(Though that's tautology)
 In fact vote—plump for Me, my poor JOHN BULL
 If you'd not sup on horrors full, choke-full!!
 (And if that does not fetch the fogged old fogey,
 I'll say there is no virtue left in Bogey!)

THE PROSPECT (FROM TWO SIDES).

(Conversation for 1887.)

IF LORD B.'S LEASE IS RENEWED.

DID I understand you that France, Russia, Austria, Turkey, and the United States had all simultaneously declared war with us this afternoon?

When will the next batch of Sepoys arrive at Wapping?
 Does it astonish you to hear that the Income-Tax is only five-and-ninepence in the pound?

The Alliance with Monaco is so advantageous that it might have been conceived by a MACHIAVELLI.

How capitally the country gets on without a House of Commons!
 Which dungeon in the Tower is occupied by the Editor of the *Daily News*?
 The Six white Elephants, ridden by the Duke of BEACONSFIELD, are nearly the finest in the Row.

On what day does Lord LYTTON make his first appearance with his Indian jugglery, at the Canterbury?

There is something really very *Imperial* about all this showy statesmanship.
 Is that the Music Hall Singer dining with the Cabinet?
 Surely those two hundred thousand foreign troops landing at Herne Bay, are not arriving merely to take apartments?

I am extremely proud of the efforts some one has made to promote the ascendancy of England.

Dear me, was that a shell exploding in the back garden?
 What do you say to adjourning to the coal-cellar, and singing "*Rule Britannia*" in whispers?

IF THAT AWFUL W. E. G. CARRIES THE DAY.

DID I understand you to say that five more of the Colonies had declared their independence this afternoon?

How can I help dancing the hornpipe, with the Income-Tax at only a half-penny in the pound?

This boy of fifteen appears to have the franchise.

Why is the dis-established Archbishop of CANTERBURY obliged to give Shakespearean Readings?

Is it the terror of further domestic legislation that has obliged the friends of yonder householder to look him up in Hanwell?

I do not like this new tax on umbrella handles.

It is extremely thoughtful of the Prime Minister to light the fire with the Ultimatum.

Is it a party of frozen-out bricklayers, or of our representatives at Foreign Courts, who are informing the neighbourhood in chorus that they have "got no work to do."

I am not surprised that the Turk has declined Cyprus with thanks.

Now that the Game Laws are revised, we get partridges at £1 17s. 6d. a brace in Bond Street.

Who could have guessed that the Home-Rule Parliament would have so speedily beheaded Mr. PARNELL?

Why has the Duke of Midlothian reduced the price of post-cards to one half-penny a dozen?

Can that be an illustrious Nobleman from Argyll, playing an *Io Pean* on the bagpipes over the collapse of our Indian Empire?

The reception of the Hero of Berlin into the Order of Dancing Dervishes will be a very imposing ceremony.

"CONSOLIDATION OF CO-OPERATION."—"Stores" firmer than ever!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SWEEPING UP FOR THE NEW LODGERS.

ONE more last dribble of dying speeches. Last week *Punch* flattered himself all was over; but the Lords had their "flurry" on Monday (March 22), and managed to make a lively night of it, between legalising a new corruption, and squashing an old delusion. Amongst other Bills to be crammed through their remaining stages—(Bills are not like post-horses, but can go any number of stages on end, if the House will only suspend Standing Orders)—was the Cab-Corruption Bill, which Lord O'HAGAN objecting to, as the hasty reversal of a policy adopted in 1867 and re-affirmed very deliberately in 1872 and 1875, Lords CRANBROOK and BEACONSFIELD defended with as admirable coolness as ever CHARD and BROMHEAD defended Rorke's Drift.

The law as it stood, they said, was anomalous and imperfect. It allowed cabs for County Voters, why not for voters in big boroughs? Practically, the thing was done at all Borough Elections; and who was the worse for it? There being no legal penalty attached to the breaking of the law in this matter, the law, in fact, is regularly broken. The choice of the Government lay between making the law effective, and doing away with it. On the whole, they thought it best to do away with it. After all, it would be a great comfort and convenience to the working man to be carried to the polling-booth, instead of walking to it. Under protest from Lords GRANVILLE and LANSDOWNE, and in the teeth of a Motion by Lord KIMBERLEY,

that the Bill be read that day three months, it was carried by 39 to 24—the last, and one of the worst acts, in a small way, of a highly unsatisfactory Parliament.

[*Punch* does not remember ever to have heard the doctrine so unblushingly laid down that a law having been extensively violated, not because it was bad, but because it had stupidly been left without statutory penalty attached, had better be done away with than amended by appending a penalty. But the legalisation of conveyances favours the long-pursed candidates, and they favour the Government. And, as one good turn deserves another, the Government favours them.]

This cynical defiance of legislative principle deserves to be defeated by results, as *Punch* heartily hopes it may be. May Independence and Honesty, on Shanks's nag, outstrip Corruption in its cab—even though escorted to the Poll by Respectability in its gig!

The Duke of RUTLAND, that honest and unpractical Bourbon of the Peerage, who has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, gave vent to a last expiring plea for Protection, arguing at great length that Free Trade was a mistake—that England had lost much, or gained nothing worth speaking of, while France had gained enormously, under CORDON'S Treaty; that trade could never revive nor agriculture survive unless we harked back to the old lines of Protection, or, at least, its modern substitute, Reciprocity.



"OUR RESERVES."

Adjutant (referring to young Militia Officer attached for instruction). "SERGEANT, MR. SKIPLING DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON FAST ENOUGH."

Sergeant (Drill-Instructor). "IT'S NOT MY FAULT, SIR, WHATEVER! YOU CAN'T EXPECT IT WHEN HIS EYES IS CONTINUALLY A-RIVETTED ON ALL THE YOUNG LADIES AS PASSES!"

The Marquis of HERTFORD said ditto to the Duke of RUTLAND, and the Earl of BRACONFIELD,—*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*,—who had once led the young Marquis of GRANBY to battle under the banner of Protection, and from whose armoury the old Duke had drawn the weapons so impotently flourished this night, civilly, courteously, and round-about-the-bushily, but yet remorselessly, proceeded to knock the poor belated Duke's hopes and arguments on the head.

Reciprocity was impossible now that we had no import duties to surrender. The present cry from the land was due to the recent agricultural depression; agricultural depression was due to bad harvests; bad harvests to bad weather; let all these mend, and distresses would diminish, and the cry would cease. The real remedy was to give the tenant farmer security for capital invested in the land, and to adjust his load of taxation to his back. (A word for the County Electors.)

It would be time enough to talk of the legislative changes needed to enable the English farmer to face competition, when we knew exactly *what* competition he had to face.

And so exit the poor Duke, snuffed out, but neither comforted nor convinced.

LORD DUNRAVEN delivered himself of a final protest—though a little after the fair—against our taking Herat ourselves or letting Persia occupy it, which would, in effect, hand it over to Russia, the Persian Cat, like other cats, having a way of letting He-rats slip through its claws after grabbing them.

LORD CRANBROOK said he was disposed to agree with Lord DUNRAVEN. The Government—sanguine souls!—looked forward to a speedy and satisfactory pacification of Afghanistan.

And all this heavy night's work and night's talk their Lordships got through by half-past eight.

Wednesday (Lords).—The Lords Commissioners being duly assembled to read the QUEEN'S Speech Proroguing Parliament—"Pro-rogue" has an ugly sound—the Commons tried to make a House, but couldn't muster above eight-and-twenty to receive Black Rod.

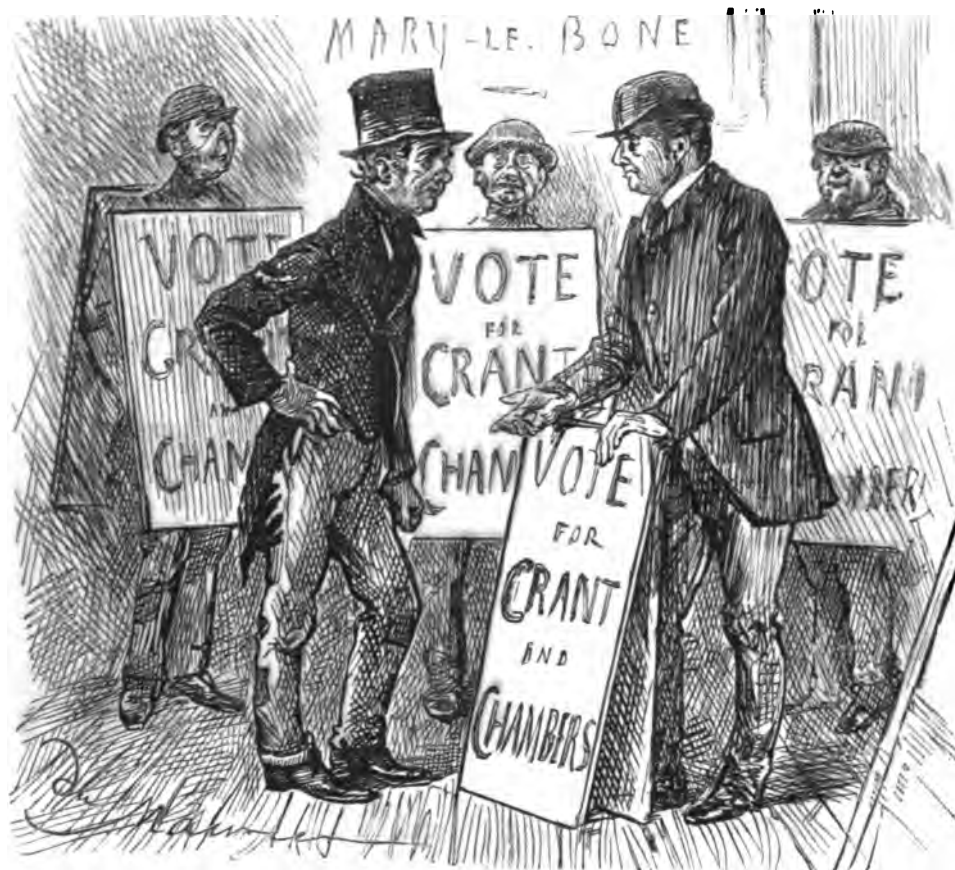
Then this rump of an expiring Parliament having been duly

whipped to the Bar of the House of Lords, by Black Rod ("desired" not "required" to attend, to the great comfort of Sir G. BOWYER), the LORD CHANCELLOR read the QUEEN'S Speech, expressing HER MAJESTY'S deep sense of the zeal and ability of her Six Years' Parliament now proroguing; her friendly foreign relations, "so favourable to the maintenance of tranquillity in Europe"—(*how about the ominous hints in Lord B.'s manifesto?*); her confident hopes of speedy settlement in Afghanistan—"Settlements" in buildings generally mean cracks, and sometimes catastrophes, your Majesty; her satisfaction in assenting to the Acts for the relief of Irish distress; her joy in observing the indications of approaching revival of trade and commerce; the sympathy with which she has witnessed the widespread agricultural distress, and the patience with which it has been borne; her trust in Heaven for a favourable harvest this year, and for good to come out of the Agricultural Commission; and, finally, a fervid prayer for the Electors of Great Britain—(*not yet past praying for*)—that they may be guided by Heaven in their choice of representatives—to which prayer *Punch* appends as fervent an "Amen!" as, with a "*Le Roi Parliament est mort!*"—"Vive le Roi Parliament!" he breaks his white wand, and waits the unsealing of the Seal of the Collective Wisdom, whose collection will begin about All Fools' Day! And then will come the sweeping clean by the new brooms of the formidable accumulation of litter, which this bad old Parliament has left behind it!

OBITU, Wednesday, March 24, 1880,
Aged Six Years and Nineteen Days,
The Ninth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA,
Leaving behind it

An unfruitful record of meritorious Acts,
And an unpleasant memory of Misemployed Opportunities.
R.I.P.

RIVALS FOR THE ELECTION ROAST.—Jingo, Lingo, and Stingo.



A POLITICAL CONSCIENCE.

Indigent Patriot. "I'VE GOT NO FAULT TO FIND WITH THE PAY; BUT I'D SOONER STARVE THAN MAKE A SANDWICH OF MY PRINCIPLES."

THREE MODEL CANDIDATES.

For Hobbyholme.

For the last month the preparations in this important borough have been of the most active character. The most energetic Candidate, if not most popular, is unquestionably Mr. PRICKLES, a gentleman of the largest possible views. Mr. PRICKLES has spent a considerable portion of his time in receiving deputations, and giving promises. He is strongly supported by every one with a grievance. Pledged to put down Co-operation, and to prevent Shipowners from having their own way in anything, he is the chosen Representative of the Anti-Contagious Diseases Association, the Anti-Vaccination and Anti-Vivisection Societies, the Societies for Curtailing the Free Action of the Publicans, the Private House Owners and Occupiers, the Tinkers, the Tailors, the Ploughboys, and the Apothecaries. He has undertaken to bring in Bills to alter all the trade arrangements of the Bakers; and he is a strenuous opponent of the practical monopoly so long enjoyed by the Candlestick-Makers. It is said by his embittered political enemies that his appearance in the House is likely to threaten the comfort, if not the interests, of every class of the community. His principles in Foreign Affairs are those of Non-Intervention.

For the Bawbee District Burghs.

A calm, but intense, enthusiasm prevails in this district. Mr. PAWKIE is the favourite Candidate. His views are cautious and practical. On Disestablishment, while opposed to all Erastian views, he is strongly in favour of giving to CÆSAR the things that are CÆSAR'S, at the same time he does not advocate the forcing of complicated questions prematurely to the front, and acts, in short, on the spirit of WORDSWORTH'S lines:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Mrs. PAWKIE is a zealous member of the Free Kirk, while Mr. P. continues to frequent the old Established Kirk of his fathers, but he is quite impartial in his dealings with the charities and benevolent institutions of all bodies in the burghs, being strongly opposed to

"SIC VOS NON VOBIS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It is gratifying to us to learn from you, for the first time, how our play ends. Inferior persons as we are, we wrote this closing speech for *Sir Horace* after *Stephanie's* departure—"My wife, I have fairly won you!" which was wont to please the audience. But somebody else wanted the last word, so that was cut out, not by us. The conclusion, then, becoming idiotic, (one of us was remonstrated with by a "Public" on the impotence of our finish), it was restored, and, till now, we fondly imagined that it remained. After all, we wrote it. The end described by your worthy Representative strikes us as the most idiotic yet devised; but, no doubt, somebody else will yet supply a worse.

As for the final exit of *Stephanie*, which you so graphically describe, it is in all respects precisely what we didn't intend, and don't like.

If you were a Dramatist, *Mr. Punch* (but indeed being everything of course you are), your humorous soul would be much impressed by the common belief of our Actors in their superior knowledge of our art, as well as of their own. On the stage everybody, except the Author, knows the Author's business. Why on earth, then, doesn't everybody, except the Author, write plays?

Yours, with respect,

THE AUTHORS OF "FORGET ME NOT."

THE MOST LEARNED DOCTOR OF THE DAY.—FATHER THAMES. He has fogged both Oxford and Cambridge.

alms-giving in all forms, and strongly in favour of the good old Scottish principles of frugality and independence, and the sound maxim, "that every crook should stand on its ain bottom."

Mr. PAWKIE is opposed to Hypothesis, while he feels that the rights of the landlord should be fully guarded, and the interests of all the creditors of the occupier duly secured. He is prepared to support Mr. AGNEW'S Bill, but will not oppose Mr. BARCLAY'S Amendments, if upon consideration he can see his way to support them. He is in favour of the fullest measure of civil and religious liberty, but would not sanction any relaxation of the solemn sanctities of the Sabbath to which Scotland has owed so much of her distinctive position in the Empire, as well as the prosperity of her sons in all branches of trade, commerce and industry. He is opposed to all unnecessary interference with the liberty of the subject, whether in or out of trade, while in favour of checking all facilities for intemperance and vicious indulgence among the working classes.

In foreign policy Mr. PAWKIE would cautiously abstain from compromising the name and character of Great Britain, while throwing the full weight of her influence into the scale of national aspirations and national liberty all over the world.

Some unthinking opponents of Mr. PAWKIE call his scheme of political opinion "wersh" (the term for porridge insufficiently salted), and contrast it with the abundant eloquence and fiery fervour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S candidature, so acceptable to the Liberal electors of Midlothian. But the majority of the Bawbee District of Burghs are a cautious, practical, self-regarding, and self-respecting body, who prefer the *mitis sapientia* of Mr. PAWKIE to the "*perfidium ingenium*" and somewhat tumultuous and turbulent enthusiasm of the aspirant to Lord DALKEITH'S hereditary county-seat.

For Tare-an-owns-ville.

MISTER O'FLATHER (who prefers to be called *The O'FLATHER*), having very satisfactory evidence in his own possession of his family's lineal descent from the chief of the sept—if he should not be rather called the king of the region owned and occupied by the sept in the Milesian times, before the *Tuatha na Danaan*—may be called the candidate of the native affections of this impassioned population. It is not safe to say that black's the white of The



"AVAUNT!"

Fres-Kirk Divine (of advanced opinions, who has recently introduced an Organ into his Chapel). "I'M SORRY TO HEAR, MRS. MCGRAWLY, THAT YOU ARE BY NO MEANS SO REGULAR IN YOUR ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH AS YOU USED TO BE."

Fair Beggits (indignant at the Pastor's latest iniquity). "KIRK, INDEED! WUD YE LUURRE ME TAE ROME WI' THE REST O' THEM, WI' YOUR ORGINS AN' ANTHUMS AN' SICH LIKE ABOMINATIONS! NA, NA, UNTIL YE GIE ME TH' AULD HUNDER' AGAIN WITHOUT THE WHUSTLES, I'LL TAK' MA' SPIRITUAL COMFORT AT HAME!"

O'FLATHER's eye, or to throw the least doubt on his genealogy, founded on such an unimportant fact as the immigration into the neighbourhood from Liverpool, less than half a century ago, of The O'FLATHER's father, at the head of a small capital, which he judiciously invested in the local butter and bacon trade. The O'FLATHER is a strenuous Home-Ruler of the most advanced type, and bears the official stamp of Mr. PARNELL to his being a fit person to represent Tare-an-ouns-ville. He is opposed to the ruinous invasion of English capital, except in the shape of advances to corporations, barony-sessions, boards of guardians, local industries by sea and land, worthy and insolvent tenants, and everybody wanting money—except landlords. His strenuous object, as a legislator, will be to stop all channels through which sums contributed by foreign benevolence can find their way into the pockets of the landlord or his agent. The O'FLATHER owns no land in the district, thanks to the repeated confiscations of the Saxon, which have stripped him of the broad-acres of his fathers, but holds large and judicious investments in local concerns, particularly the Tare-an-ouns-ville Town and County Bank, and all other undertakings having for object the development of native enterprise by judicious advances to the peasantry and tenant farmers, at good interest, properly secured.

The O'FLATHER is the consistent enemy of Saxon ascendancy, and is pledged to take every opportunity of obstructing its insidious advances, excepting in the shape of loans of a national and patriotic character as above described.

The O'FLATHER is opposed to all National Education that is not entrusted to the natural guides and counsellors of the Irish people—her priesthood, acting through her national representatives. He is opposed to repression and coercion and all forms of legal tyranny, whether directed against the impassioned speaking and writing of an imaginative and fervid race, which Saxon stupidity

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

In an instructive Return indicating very general malversation of Civic parochial funds from the charitable purposes for which they were originally destined to those of eating and drinking, a Royal Commission, quoted in the *Times*, particularises a dinner given in St. Botolph's, Aldgate, by the Churchwardens, out of supplies voted by the vestry, at an expense of £80 annually; the vote being generally exceeded in actual cost by some £30. This banquet is held "on visiting the tombs." In another parish, the Commissioners tell us, eight wine merchants are employed by the local Government, their eight bills, in 1879, having amounted to £283 7s. 6d. Of this sum £2 2s. went in sacramental wine; the rest for the poor and vestry meetings; how much to the former and how little to the latter, or *vice versa*, the parochial account showed not. The Commissioners relate that—"The wine is stored in a cellar at the church." This latter parish is that of St. Sepulchre. There is, indeed, in this juxtaposition of burial vault with wine cellar something peculiarly sepulchral. These orgies are doubtless jolly, if grim. The revellers might almost be conceived quaffing their wine, in the style of Scandinavian heroes of old, out of skulls. Their wine should have a great deal of body in it, though it be *Vin de Grave*, and as such, very different stuff from "King Death's" in the song, which tells you how he "poured out the coal-black wine."

Political Theologians.

MR. EBBULE-EVANS, in common with a certain "MONEO" and some other Scottish clergymen, whilst declaring their respect for Mr. GLADSTONE's moral worth, at the same time express their regret "that he should have advised the clergy to take an active part in the election." They feel, perhaps, that the only election which men of their cloth ought to take an interest in is that "election" which Calvinistic divines contradi-

VERIFYING A PROVERB.

"ILL Weeds grow apace." Evidently true, judging from the quantity of bad cigars smoked by all the 'ARRYS on their Sundays out. As *Hamlet* observes, "And smells so! Pah!"

"TEARS—ARTFUL TEARS."

WHY is the PREMIER like a knowing woman? Because he knows there is no secret for getting his own way like a "good cry."

calls sedition, or the lively outbreaks of that playful Celtic spirit, which the poor-spiritedness of the alien oppressor would put down as disorder. He looks forward to the time when Irish national opinion will be free to assert itself in an Irish Parliament, and all opposition to its dictates will be regarded, as it ought to be, as treason, and punishable accordingly. All his efforts, in and out of Parliament, will be directed to the realisation of this good time coming, and towards it he will press, in co-operation with the illustrious PARNELL and the calumniated BIGGAR.

The Monk of Midlothian.

NOT one of the electors by whom Mr. GLADSTONE was "heckled" in Midlothian has been so perfervid as to revive the question he once used to be asked, whether or no he had turned Papist. After all that WILLIAM has written about Vaticanism, such an inquiry would now be asinine as well as impertinent. But, *Lord Dundreary* might inquire, if the Right Honourable WILLIAM were to go over to Rome, what fraternity might he be expected to join? The Oratory, of course!

"KEEPING THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR."

LORD B. promised us "Conveyancing Reform" in the Queen's Speech. His Government HAVE kept that promise—in the legalisation of Conveyances at Elections Act.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—The alleged supernatural phenomena of Knock, and Spirit Rapping.



INSTINCTIVE GRATITUDE.

Maud (an Aristocratic Child). "HOW PRETTY AND CLEVER YOU ARE, MOTHER! I'M SO GLAD YOU MARRIED INTO OUR FAMILY!"

A SIGN AND A WARNING.

MR. PUNCH, YOUR HONNOR, SIR,

WOT a sad thing it is for the Liberal Cause that so many of that Party has gave in to them there tyrannical Teetotallers. The Publicans always used to consider the Liberals their Natural Allies. They looked to them, whenever their interestes was Assailed for to take their Part agin the Parsons and the Pantilers. We all supposed the wery wital Principal of Liberalism was Freedom of Life, and we woted at every election unanimous amost like one man for the Liblberal Candidate in the sure and sertin ope that he would vindicate our Callin from Ministers of all Denominations.

Now we've got many and some of the most actif of the Liblberal Lot a-turnin round upon us; and yet nevertheless they expecks us to wote for them as if nothink had appened. Wy can't they leave us alone? There ain't no need of legislation to ruin us. Competition's alreddy a cookin our goose. There's now another Coffy Tavern's jist bin opened at Crouchend. And wot sed Lord SHAFTESBURY presidin on that Ocasion? The name of this here new Coffy Pub is called the "China Cup." He sed:—

"This was a most interesting occasion, and the establishment of the new coffee taverns, now become common, was matter for congratulation for society at large. They produced a great moral and physical influence on the population around them. In the cause of temperance he was happy to see people determined to move in another way than by law, for it was impossible that the law could do everything. They must work by the nobler influences of self-respect. There were great differences in the management of these institutions, but he wished to impress upon them that coffee-taverns must, as far as possible, be of the nature of public houses, the customers must have the same freedom and meet with the same hearty reception."

Avin deliver'd his Sentiments as Abuv, my Lord and his Associates adjurned to the Tavern—the "China Cup"—and sutin axion to wurd and Precept to Example, "*the Earl of SHAFTESBURY drank one of the first cups of coffee.*" Under aristocratic encurridgment like this here the Coffy Taverns is increasin at a rate quite fast enuf, without makin Laws for the Purpus of doin' away with Licensed Wittlers. The Progres of Temperance some says will injer the Grocers too. But wot they loses by the fallin off in "Gladstone,"

and other intoxicatin liquors, will be made up to 'em by the Sale of Tea and Coffy. But then ow about the Revenu? It ave alreddy fell off in Malt tax and Eksise—owin no doubt in a grate measure to the Increase of Coffy Taverns like the "China Cup." Abolidge the Liquor Trade and ow Supply the Diffysit in the Budgit? By a tax to the reekisit Amount on the Peeple's Coffy and Tee? Or does the Teetotallers perpose for the Nation to make good the loss of £140,000,000 or wotever it is by payin all that sum of Necessary Inkum-tax for the pleasure of deprivin' their Neighbour of his Beer against his will? Not if the Nation nose it, unless the Nation is a Ass with Bigger Eers that I can possible Conseve. And partiabler wen them there blessed Coffy Taverns is a biddin so fair as you may think, but I would rayther say so foul, to take the Bredd out of the mouths of that Arras'd Interest, that Respectabel, but much witu-paratted, bullyragged, and Prosecuted Body, to which myself your umble Servant belong. Please don't you go a callin' of me, wich it is your abit by way of bemeanin of me, BUNG, *Mr. Punch*, but

BONNYFACE.

P.S.—Punch cures the Gout the Collect and the Tizzick. Who can say that of Coffy?

A Prophet and more than a Prophet.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

HUZZA! Look at this, *Mr. Punch*! Ain't it a straight tip for us?

Yours ever, JINGO.

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE.

Empress . . . Mr. BRASLY.
Liberator . . . Mr. MOORE.
Downpatrick . . . GAVIN.

Won easily by two lengths.

GRAND NATIONAL STAKES.

Empress . . . BEACONSFIELD.
Liberal . . . GLADSTONE.
Down Patrick . . . PARNELL.

Won easily by how many votes?

THE NEW CORRUPT PRACTICE.—Should go out with the Cab-in-it that brought it in.



EASTER EGGS.

"I WONDER WHAT THE BROOD WILL BE!"

HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XII.

Professor Walter Lacy—Differences—Details—Study—Properties—Reality—Acting—Devotion—Shakspearian Illustration—Comedy—Dress—Manner—Food—Conclusion—Departure—Announcements—Curtain College—Notice up for next Term.

Professor WALTER LACY, having finished bowing to the class and to Professor ARTHUR CECIL, who, with his umbrella, is seated on the platform, commences:—

Gentlemen Students, seated at the feet of Clio and Melpomene, I thank you for the reception which you have accorded to an 'umble but 'onest Professor of the Thespian Art, once, like yourselves, an



aspirant for those honours which a successful career accords to the ardent votaries of the sock and buskin. (*Applause, specially from Professor CECIL's umbrella, which is graciously acknowledged by the Lecturer, who bows to it, and proceeds.*) Gentlemen, the Dramatic Muse is to be wooed and won. For what is she but a poetic idealisation of Feminality—of that Feminality, Gentlemen Students, which I have respectfully studied in all its varied *specimina*—from the pure blonde of Albion to the Day and Martin of the Torrid Zone. (*Applause led by Professor CECIL's umbrella.*) Gentlemen, study is everything on the stage, for there is no acting without the very closest attention to the minutest tiniest atomy of every fairy detail. (*Applause. Professor CECIL expresses dissent, but listens attentively.*) The Dramatic Muse is a woman, as I have said, and is only to be won by the assiduity of an 'umble slave, the self-devotion of a sighing Romeo to a languishing Juliet, the abject submission of a lusty Antony to an Imperial Cleopatra. (*Cheers, in which Professor CECIL heartily joins.*)

Yes, Gentlemen, not a jot, not a tittle, must be omitted in your study! Observe the delicate and graceful outline, and the bold conformation of the Muse of Tragedy, while you equally admire the light and facile movements, the gazelle-like glances, and the well-turned ankles that coruscate before your eyes as you view the Muse of Comedy! (*Cheers from everybody.*) No one can be an Actor, no one can have within him—(*tapping his breast*)—the divine afflatus, who has not an eye for beauty, and who, sitting, as is my custom often, on a summer morning in the bay-window of the ancient Ship Hotel, Brighton, with the spray of the sea among my prawns, does not to the full appreciate the queenly walk, the undulating wave-like movement of the fair pedestrians on the parade before him, and feel his heart beat with a sympathetic throb at the vision of a foot that grips the ground like a young Arab, and yet rises in the instep like the back of a wild squirrel. (*Vehement applause, in which Professor CECIL's umbrella heartily joins. The Lecturer bows, passes his handkerchief lightly across his forehead, heaves a full inspiration and continues.*)

Yes, Gentlemen, details are everything in acting, though I have not now time at my disposal to dwell upon them. An Actor is an Actor off the stage, or he is none on. He must be in the day what he is to represent at night. He must be metamorphosed body and spirit. In the curl of a lock, in the breadth of a shoe-string, in the brilliancy of a buckle, lie the fundamental mysteries of our art.

(*Expression of dissent from Professor CECIL.*) I believe, in this respect, I differ from my brother Professor. Gentlemen, we must agree to differ. (*Applause.*) As to properties, I would have everything real—(*waving his hand*)—no shams, Gentlemen, no shams on the stage. Real properties—(*dissent from Professor CECIL*)—and real acting. (*Applause, led by the umbrella enthusiastically.*) On that last point we agree. (*Applause.*) As a student of the happiness of human nature and the progress of dramatic art, I have made it a rule to insist on a clause, in every agreement I have ever signed, making it a *sine quâ non* that the Management shall provide a real and genuine entertainment if there were to be a banquet on the stage—according to the epoch in which the piece happened to be cast. (*Cheers, except from Professor CECIL, who expresses vehement dissent.*) As Bluff King HAL, at the sumptuous entertainment given right royally in Cardinal WOLSEY's palace, the board was spread with venison-pasties, boar's-head, braised meats, flagons of Rhenish wine, brown jugs of black beer, and I partook freely of the viands, and quaffed the old ale. (*Applause; and stronger expressions of dissent from Professor CECIL.*) That, Gentlemen, was being, in theatrical parlance, "well supported." (*"Hear! hear!"*) When I appeared in such characters as I may term the *Alfred High-flyers* of modern comedies—with a waistcoat like a volcano, and a cravat like a cataract—if there were a repast on the stage, it was supplied me in the shape of a delicate *côtelette*, cooked by a French chef, from the best restaurant in London, washed down with a glass of port like a crushed garnet—and then, with the feelings of a gentleman and the manners of a man about town, I could go through my part on the classic boards of Old Drury. (*Loud applause. Professor CECIL shakes his head sadly, and is seen to look at his watch, and examine his A. B. C. guide.*)

But, Gentleman, I see my Brother Professor is consulting the bill of fare—or the bill of fares—of the time-table, and we must be wending our way homeward, where, previous to our Lecture at the Academy, a repast awaits us at the Garrick Club, which might well vie with the epicurean delicacies on the hospitable board of the Pompeian LUCULLUS in the palmiest days of ARBACES the Egyptian; and if a tender chicken of the early spring-time be on the menu, then let Professor CECIL take what he likes,—(*"Hear, hear" very heartily from Professor CECIL*)—but, for my part, in the everyday drama of dinner, I am content with the left thigh, the liver wing, and a morsel of the succulent part of the breast, preceded, perhaps, by a flowing bowl of boiling pea-soup, or a little bit of fish—say, for instance, a portion of the gelatinous jowl of a colossal cod, washed down by a cool tankard of foaming porter, which dashes against my ribs like the spray against the prow of a jolly-boat on the ocean. (*Immense applause. Professor CECIL, with his umbrella, motions the Lecturer towards the door.*) I thank you. (*Applause. The Lecturer takes up his hat and gloves, and bows in a dignified and courtly style, as he concludes.*)

My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal!

I thank ye all! (*To Professor CECIL.*) To you, my grave Professor, And these good Students—(*to them*)—I am much beholden.

I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. (*To Professor CECIL.*) Lead the way!

Since time and tide for no Professor stay!

(*Insists on bowing out Professor CECIL, then places his hand on his heart, shakes his head in pantomimic expression of utter self-abnegation, and exit after the other Professor.*)

The first Series of Lectures to be delivered at Curtain College—the Ladies' Annexe—would probably include the following subjects for the Lady-Professors:—

On True Tragic Intensity	Mrs. BANCROFT.
On Musical Intonation and Variation of Voice	Miss JENNIE LEE.
On the Art of Walking the Stage Gracefully	Mrs. KENDAL.
On True Dramatic Energy and on Proper Emphasis in Elocution	Miss KATE VAUGHAN.
On Consistency in Representation and the Danger of Trusting too much to Pre-Raphaelitism in Posture	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
On the Danger of Overdoing any Imitation of Great French Originals	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
On Perfect Repose in Acting	Miss NELLIE FARRER.
On the Art of Entirely Concealing Personal Identity in representing various Characters	Miss LA THÈRE.
On the Avoidance of Over-Ingenueness in playing <i>ingénues</i>	Miss MARION TERRY.
On the Absolute Necessity of Repressing anything like a Tendency to Angularity or Hardness of Style	Miss WALLIS.



AN AFFAIR OF TASTE.

English Church Dignitary. "OH—ER—J'AI BESWANG D'OON LIVRE OU DEUX, POUR LIRE À MA FAMEL, VOUS SAVVY. QUELQUE CHOSE DE MODERNE, ET PAS DIFFICILE À COMPRENDRE! AVVY VOUS?"

Fair Parisian Bookseller. "OUI, MONSIEUR, NOUS AVONS ÇA! VOICI L'AS-SOMMOIR, PAR ZOLA. C'EST TRÈS GENTIL. OU PRÉFÉREZ-VOUS NANA, PAR LE MÊME AUTEUR—ÉDITION ILLUSTRÉE!"

His Reverence (aghast). "OH NONG, MADEMOISELLE!"

Fair Parisian Bookseller. "NON? C'EST POURTANT BIEN JOLI, MONSIEUR!"

On the Advantage of Creating an Ideal of *Lady Macbeth*, the *Queen in Hamlet*, and *Volumnia in Coriolanus* . . .
On the *Assesse* of High Comedy . . .
On Unreality of Demeanour and Evident Consciousness of the Presence of an Audience*

Miss LOTTIE VENN.
Miss CAROLINE HILL.

"The hints" will probably be resumed in the May Term, as Mr. IRVING, Mr. KENDAL, and Mr. VEZIN—all with their Lectures ready, and eager for the "say"—have not yet been heard. But the Easter Vacation has arrived, and for the present the term is ended, though the subjects are far from exhausted.

It will have been already seen, from the foregoing Lectures, that different Professors have different principles. Who shall decide? The ultimate decision must be in the hands of the Venerable Master of Thespian—*vide* portrait in early part of this series.

* Great many names up for this last lecture. The selection will be made by the College Council.

A Matter of Choice.

THE question between compulsory teetotallers and beer-drinking Britons may be concisely stated as a case of Local Option against General Malt-and-hopsion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR ALL PARTIES.

(Now being Asked and Answered Simultaneously.)

OPPOSITION.

Q. WHAT weak and ephemeral Statesman of our times, possessing the inhumanity of a Nero, and the agility of a Rich, is unfit to be trusted with the driving of a common city-omnibus, owing to his gross lack of the first principles of integrity, judgment, and discretion?

A. Lord BEACONSFIELD.

HOME-RULE.

Q. Who is the rising political day-star, who, gifted with the strength of Vulcan, the humour of VANCE, the polish of RICHELIEU, and the eloquence of DEMOSTHENES, has crossed the Atlantic twice in six months (a feat unattempted by COLUMBUS), and has charged his down-trodden country nothing worth mentioning for doing it?

A. Mr. PARNELL.

GOVERNMENT.

Q. Who is the escaped maniac who, though he ought to be in Bedlam, has got loose at Midlothian, and, to the everlasting shame and degradation both of the country that has produced him and of the renegades he has cajoled, has refused obstinately to see triumph in Cyprus, ascendancy at Berlin, peace in Asia, or even honour at home?

A. Mr. GLADSTONE.

THE MAN OF LIGHT AND LEADING.

To oblige the Public, *Mr. Punch*, with his customary kindness, published a fortnight ago a prophetic account of the University Boat Race, showing how the result of the contest would not possibly be known on the appointed day, because it would be too dark to see the finish! He spoke the truth, if not the whole truth. It was not only too dark to see the finish, but the start either. *Mr. Punch* (as he always is) was right. The Clerk of the Weather, disgusted at the attempt to row the race before daylight, turned on a fog of the best London quality—November pattern—so much the fashion all last winter, and the blues were merged in the yellows. Fog was everywhere present on the morning of Saturday the 20th of March, 1880, with one exception. That exception was 85, Fleet Street!

The Rising Generation.

THE Senior Master at one of our Public Schools having advertised a Lecture on "Our Eyes, and how we see through them," a bold bad Boy wrote underneath, "Or, 'Our Pupils, and how they see through us?'"

A REAL ARCADIAN SHEPHERD.—A Rural Dean.

The Law's Delay.

MR. NOEL lately told Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN that he hoped the New Law Courts will be sufficiently finished to admit of being used by the end of 1881. Some impatient people express a fear that those Courts won't be finished till the Day of Judgment. It is certain, however, that they will be complete before that. Legal proceedings have of late run to such lengths that, even after the New Law Courts have been opened for the dispatch of business, a considerable time is likely to elapse before any day of judgment arrives.

FROM THE EAST LANCASHIRE BILL OF FARE.

A SUBSTITUTE for Cooky-Leaky—Lamb-leeky; or, if we like our menu in bad French, *Agnew au Leake*.

CON. FOR THE CREWS.

WHY is this year like the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race? Because there are two Rights in it.

THE COMMON LOT—DRUNK OR SOBER.—To be screwed in our coffins!

THE TRIUMPH OF KING FOG.

A PEAN AT PUTNEY.



[The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race for 1880 was postponed from Saturday, on account of the fog, and rowed on Monday, in mist and misery.]

King Fog loquitur.

HA! ha! Ho! ho! This is a crowning joke,
 A pleasantry that men will long remember.
 Dolts! did they think to limit my dread yoke
 To the poor rule of one dull month, November?
 This, this will undeceive them: tops my winnings
 This season! I have had a splendid innings!

'Tis lovely to look back on! Stretched my pall
Of poisonous asphyxia over all,
Week after week, unintermittently,
Till mortals, finding that they could not see,
E'en at high noon, or what one noon supposes,
Two feet before their fog-choked frost-nipped noses,
Imagined, growing gloomier, grimmer, glummer,
That day had wholly vanished—following Summer!
Lord! what a lark it was to see them groping.

Like blind black-beetles, beer-bemused to dizziness,
At early, but Egyptian, morn to business!
Sniffing and sneezing, grumbling, vainly hoping
For my departure, air-draughts less pea-soupy,
Lungs less smoke-clogged, and bronchial tubes less croupy.
I raised the death-rates and the gas-bills high,
And lowered vigour and vitality.

Christmas I made a lurid murky mystery,
A sombre, sunless, swart, Serbonian season,
For misty misery unmatched in history.

I almost robbed the artist-world of reason;
Poor painter-men went mad above their madder:
So shall my evil spell extend to May,
When scantier, less saleable, and sadder

Must be the R.A.'s annual Art array.
And now returning in the budding Spring,
When men of course expected no such thing,
Thinking I'd fled, and of my reign left no trace,
I've been and spoilt the Boat-Race!!!
Delicious!!

Didn't my victims look supremely vicious,
As, stealing o'er the reaches of the river,
I made them snort, and swear, and stamp, and shiver—
Their noses bluer than their badges? Drawn
From distant downy beds at early dawn,
So to be sold!

Returning, pinched and peevish, cross and cold,
To tell the world that though men dare to row
The race in rushing rain or blinding snow,
Champions defying deluge, braving blast,
Had to knock under to King Fog at last!
Ha! ha!—how hath my murky empire grown!
The circling year will soon be all mine own.
Easter elections I perhaps—no—steady!

That were sheer waste.
DIZZY, a man precisely to my taste,
Has fogged all issues, and most minds, already.
But Epsom!—happy thought! I'm game to bet
I've not yet reached the limit of my tether.
I've spoiled the Boat-Race with infernal weather,
And—who knows?—I MAY STOP THE DERBY YET!!!

The Mountain Child.

A MORNING paper announces:—

"The St. Gothard Tunnel, the longest in the world, in the construction of which more lives have been lost than in any other similar undertaking, has now acquired the unique distinction of being the scene of a birth."

The wife of a workman employed in the Tunnel, having entered it to see her husband, unexpectedly presented him with this new olive-branch—sprung to light in the dark. Mother and child are doing as well as could be expected.

Punch, in honour of the event, ventures to fit a new point to the old saw, "*Parturient montes nascetur*," not "*ridiculus mus*," but "*parvulus infans*."

Head Money at Salonica.

PUNCH rejoices to learn that Colonel SYNGE is released—for a mere song—to the very pretty tune of £12,000!

It would be interesting to know who has paid the money. Not the English Government. The Colonel is an Ottoman *employé*. Not the Turks. They haven't got it, and would not pay if they had. Can the Brigands have been obliged to SYNGE for it?

Flood versus Fog.

WILL rails at BEN, and BEN at WILLIAM girds;

The wise man owns, whate'er his party leanings,

That GLADSTONE's speech has far too many words,
Whilst DIZZY's words have all too many meanings.

A SCRATCH CREW.—That of the boat in which Charon used to ferry souls over ancient Styx to Old Scratch.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF BEER.



No wonder Beer in Burton should be rooted on a rock—the Bass-Rock. BASS and ALLSOPP have it all their own way, not only in that happy borough, which between them they make,

"Illustrious by their names,
And prosperous by their brew."

But in all the surrounding regions—

"Two men they are to all the county dear,
And passing rich on profits of their beer."

While in less blessed boroughs parties and party-leaders are at daggers drawn, if not actually cutting one another's throats, Burton meets in tuneful concord and Brewerly—which seems the best kind of brotherly—love, at the Masonic Hall, in Union Street, (happily named locality) to celebrate the unthreatened supremacy of MICHAEL BASS and SAMUEL ALLSOPP—Liberal and Conservative as they are—in the genial affections of East Staffordshire.

In acknowledging the toast of the "County Members," Mr. BASS talked sense as sound as his beer, and particularly opportune at this time.

"If they were to take all as truth which fell from the lips of gentlemen of both parties, they might indeed tremble for the future of their country. On the one hand they were told that a more truculent, bloodthirsty, or disreputable lot did not exist than her Majesty's Ministers; and on the other hand they were told that a more rascally, dishonest, or dishonourable crew did not exist than the Opposition. Those hard words were really only the language of innocent metaphor, and all that was meant was that the 'outs' would like to supplant the 'ins'; and that if they were in they thought they could do better than those who were at present in. Fortunately, at the present day they did not allow politics to interfere with private friendship, and he hoped and trusted that, however much they might differ on political questions, they would never cease to remember that above all things they were Englishmen and gentlemen, that they should retain a kindly consideration one for another, and have the generosity to believe that there was truth, honour, and uprightness, even in those who differed from them."

Conservative ALLSOPP then rose, and said ditto to Liberal BASS.

This Election Harmony, in Thorough-Bass, is really refreshing. And to think that the source of such sweetness should be the spring of Bitter Beer! The fountain of such light is the flow of the amber-osal nectar of BASS and ALLSOPP!

There is a lesson in this, if philosophy could but find it out. Is it in the saccharine of the malt, or in the wholesome tonic of the hop, that we should seek the secret of this harmonising influence, or is it that such honest Brewers must be honest men, and so equally welcome to their constituents, whatever their political trade-mark, so long as their bottle-label testifies as now to the quality of their beer?

PARVUM IN MULTO.—Election speeches.



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Fashionable London Cousin (surveying Country ditto, a Cornish Vicar's Wife, who has been expatiating on the Rocks, the Waves, the Sunsets, the Seals, and other beauties of the Cornish Coast). "AND ARE THERE ANY DRESSMAKERS IN CORNWALL?"

WHICH IS IT?

West End Comedy—adapted from a recent Law Report.

SCENE.—The Drawing-Room of a Belgravian Mansion. Judicious Duke discovered going carefully over the items of a long haberdasher's bill. Confiding Tradesman waiting obsequiously (R). Beautifully Dressed Duchess toying idly with a parure of diamonds (L).

Judicious Duke (handing back the bill). You may take this memorandum back, Sir. (With determination.) Not a single penny of it will I pay.

Confiding Tradesman. Indeed, your Grace, you fairly surprise me? Surely you do not deny that the articles, as specified in the invoice, have been supplied?

Judicious Duke (with aristocratic bonhomie). Not at all, my good friend, not at all. On the contrary, I am aware that the rich Lyons velvet, trimmed so tastefully with point d'Alençon, which Her Grace the Duchess is doing you and it the honour to wear at this moment, comes from your excellent establishment. Ha! ha! 'pon my life you are an obliging firm.

Confiding Tradesman. We trust to deserve that character, your Grace; but now that our usual five years' credit has run out, we should like to see our money.

Judicious Duke (nettled). By the memory of my ancestors who fell at Crecy, have I not told you that I owe you nothing? But as you seem to doubt my ducal word, this distinguished legal authority may suffice to silence you.

Enter a Lord Chancellor.

Lord Chancellor. With the utmost pleasure. I presume our fair and gracious hostess (bows to Duchess) has been running up this, and possibly other little bills, without the consent, nay, even in spite of the express injunction, of her noble spouse?

Beautifully dressed Duchess (coolly). Ah, my dear Chancellor, vous avez toujours raison! Eh bien, I plead guilty.

Lord Chancellor (gallantly). Of course, and as a consequence this worthy tradesman has no case. (Plunging himself on to an ottoman.) You cannot recover, my good fellow. By the law of England, the husband is not responsible for the debts of his wife.* So, prithee, retire

* See latest case, *Debenham v. Mellor*, decided on appeal by the Lords Justices.

to your counter, and your reflections, and leave us to our tea, and society-scandal!

[They laugh heartily at Confiding Tradesman's discomfiture as scene closes in.]

SAME—EAST END VERSION.

SCENE—Interior of District County Court. Experienced Judge discovered on bench disposing of a "Contempt" case. Injudicious Artisan, his Missus, and Officers of the Court in attendance.

Experienced Judge (having heard all the evidence). Well, it's very clear that you have made no sort of effort to comply with my order. Every halfpenny of your debt of £1 17s. 6d., for gin supplied to your wife, is still unpaid; and this, in spite of the injunction laid upon you by this Court gradually to discharge the whole by weekly instalments of half-a-crown. It is a very bad case. You must go to prison till the debt is discharged.

Injudicious Artisan. Excuse me, your Worship, as I told you afore, it ain't no debt of mine. My Missus here, as she'll tell you, being sober this mornin', she's run up that 'ere tick, right in spite o' me, though I'd threatened her with a good latherin' if she didn't drop her drops.

His Missus (simpling with a curtsy to the Bench). Which he did, your Honour—

Injudicious Artisan. And that's the truth, and the 'ole truth, so 'elp me—

Experienced Judge (looking to notes of next case). That will do. I don't want to hear your explanation. You know as well as I do that by the law of England the husband is responsible for the debts of his wife. If yours will contract them, why don't you look after her? (To Officer of Court.) There, that will do. Remove him.

[Injudicious Artisan is looked up, to the surprise of nobody, as the Curtain falls.]

SELTZER AND SALETTE.

A CONTEMPORARY announces the commemoration of KAISER WILHELM's birthday at Oberlahnstein, between Ems and Coblenz, by the opening of the Victoria fountain, formed of a new seltzer spring accidentally discovered last year through the large quantity of bubbles in a pond in a brickfield, found to consist of carbonic acid gas. Borings made subsequently showed this spring to be a valuable one. Its water is reported "quite free from iron," and "more like the well-known fiscal Selterswasser than any other yet discovered." Here you have with merely local difference another case of the La Salette fountain, or that of Lourdes, barring their Apparitions. However, though no Apparition attended the birth of this new fountain, its primary spring also first revealed itself by a display of bubbles.

Election Anagrams.

(By a Bored Blue.)

Mr. W. E. Gladstone (from Midlothian) — We get on, Lads!
Conservative—Voters can vie.
Liberal—Bear ill.
Radical—Rail, Cad!
Home-Rule—Oh, lure me!
Dissolution—O! is Lion dust?
Parliament—Pat, rile man.

PARNELL'S ROAD TO PARLIAMENT. — Ad ovo usque ad mala.

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.



See Mr. Gladstone's Letter in reply to Mary Steadman Aldis's Petition, Daily News, March 15.

A storm was coming, but men's minds were still,
And, in the dim tracts of Utopia's land,
At Merlin's feet the would-be Graduate prayed.

For, yielding to his kindlier moods, the Sage

Had watched her at her petulance and play,
Even when they seemed unloveable, and laughed
As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdained, and she,
Perceiving that she was but half disdained,
Began to break her sports with graver fits,—
Turn wholly blue; and thus she clung to him
Fixt in her will; and so the terms went by.



RELIEF FOR IRELAND.

Mickey Doolan (who has dropped in to see his neighbours the O'Flahertys). "WELL, PAT, HOW ARE YE GOING ON THESE TIMES?"
Pat O'Flaherty. "ILLEGANT! THANKS BE TO THE SAINTS! WE'RE FEEDIN' THREE PIGS ON THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ATIN' THE DUVRESSES OURSELVES!"

Then Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,
 "I never was less wise, however wise,
 Than when I gave you first a footing here;
 For, once allowed, I find you like the guat
 That settles, beaten back, and, beaten back,
 Settles, till I must yield for weariness.
 But since I will not yield to give you place
 In academic contests and degrees,
 Why will you never ask some easier boon,—
 Private examination *sans* degree?
 Yea, by St. Scott, I trusted you too much."

And VIVIEN, like the tenderest-hearted Miss
 Fresh from the globes and *Mangnall*, thus replied:
 "Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid,
 Who feels no heart to ask another boon;
 I think you hardly know the tender rhyme
 Of 'take us all in all or not at all.'
 I heard the PEOPLE'S WILLIAM sing it once,
 And it shall answer for me. Listen to it."

"In Arts, if once examiners be ours,
 To take degrees we must have equal powers;
 The loss of these is as the loss of all:

"It is the little rift within the lute,
 That soon will leave the Girton lecturer mute;
 And, slowly emptying, silence Newnham Hall."

"The little rift in academic lute,
 The speak of discontent in hard-earned fruit,
 That, eating inwards, turns it into gall."

"It is not worth the keeping; let it go:
 But shall it? Answer fairly, answer no;
 And take us all in all or not at all."

"O Master, do you love my tender rhyme?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(*St. James's and the Haymarket.*)

Old Cronies is the title of the duologue, which serves as a most amusing *lever du rideau* at the St. James's. It is brilliantly written by MR. THEYRE SMITH, and played by Messrs. MACKINTOSH and WENMAN in admirable taste, and with consummate finish.

The revival of *Still Waters Run Deep*, will interest those who remember its original production at the Olympic, those who have heard so much of it since, those who have seen it indifferently performed by Amateurs—and what set of Amateurs has not tried it at some time or other?—and the Amateurs themselves who have represented it, and who pride themselves on their own original readings of the several parts.

But with how it was first played at the Olympic, when ALFRED WIGAN was *Mildmay*, MRS. ALFRED WIGAN *Mrs. Sternhold*, GEORGE VINING *Hawksley*, and EMERY *Old Potter*, I have very little to do just now—that is, as far as comparison goes.

Most Theatre-goers are acquainted with *John Mildmay*, *Captain Hawksley*, *Mrs. Sternhold*, and *Old Potter*; and all who know the play are aware, that, in the First Act, *Mildmay* is deceiving his family circle by assuming *le rôle d'un gogo* for his own ends, which it is the purpose of the play to work out to a triumphant finish. Now MR. KENDAL does not let the audience see that he is only pretending to be a simpleton; he treats them as he treats *Mrs. Sternhold*, and attempts to deceive them as he has deceived her. As the secret of the play is kept from the audience during the First Act, and is indeed only very gradually developed, it is left for the Actors to enlighten us by very marked exhibition of individuality. We soon learn, in the First Act, that *Hawksley* is a villain, but only gradually how great is his villainy, and to what extent *Mrs. Sternhold* has been indiscreet.

If the representatives of *Hawksley* and *Mrs. Sternhold* were, so to speak, to "walk through" their parts, no audience of average intelligence could remain in ignorance of what the Author had intended their characters to be, or what were their motives for action.



"SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY," &c.

Old Gentleman (to Groom). "WHY, MARTIN, WHAT THE DEVIL HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"

Groom. "YOU TOLD ME YOU'D WANT SOMETHING TO GO A CANVASSING—AND I THOUGHT THE OLD 'UN 'UD DO FOR THAT!"

Not so with *Mildmay*. He is a mystery in the First Act, just as much as the letter brought by *Hawksley* is a mystery, and the audience know as little about the one as the other, unless the actor shows us distinctly *when* he is playing a part to deceive *Mrs. Sternhold*, *when* he is carrying out his "laissez faire" principle "too far" as regards his wife, and *when* he is really *John Mildmay*, the upright, honest, strong-willed, keen-sighted, and politic Lancashire lad. This is the single fault that can be found with Mr. KENDAL's impersonation.

Mr. HARE as *Old Potter* is inimitable, that is, if *Old Potter* is to be represented as an octogenarian. "There is only twenty years difference between us," he says to his sister, *Mrs. Sternhold*, who, in spite of all Mrs. KENDAL can do to herself in the way of "make up," does not look a day more than thirty-five, though, according to Mr. HARE's appearance and the dialogue, she ought to be sixty. Either Mr. HARE's *Old Potter* is too old, or Mrs. KENDAL's *Mrs. Sternhold* is too young. Supposing we say thirty years' difference, and consider *Potter* as an old seventy?

Then, again, Mr. TERRISS, as *Hawksley*, is too young—at least he was when I saw him on the first night: I am informed he has grown older and wiser since then—and he rather enlisted the audience's sympathy with his pluck when, in his own room, alone with *Mildmay*, he, slight figure as he is, raises his hand against Mr. KENDAL, who puts him down at once, telling him not to try that again, as it is a contest between a hale Lancashire lad and "a battered London rout"—which character was scarcely borne out by the appearance of Mr. TERRISS's *Captain Hawksley*. In fact, supposing *Mildmay* a champion heavy-weight, and *Hawksley* a champion light-weight, the latter a trifle superior in science, the knowing hands would be inclined to back the Captain in a set-to.

Miss GRAHAM's *Mrs. Mildmay* struck me as being exactly what a young girl would be who had been brought up by such a couple as *Mr. Potter* and *Mrs. Sternhold*. She is a mere cipher in the house, just one step above the more recently-introduced cipher, her husband. Taken altogether, the performance is most satisfactory, as being interesting and decidedly amusing. Mr. HARE's *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner is capital.

Of EMERY in this situation, CHARLES DICKENS said, just twenty years ago, "I don't think I ever saw anything meant to be funny that struck me as so extraordinarily droll. I couldn't get over it at all" (p. 429, vol. I., *Letters of Charles Dickens*). This opinion would be equally true of Mr. HARE's *Potter* before dinner. I fancy, too, that if a trifle less intentionally droll than EMERY's, it is truer to nature.

THE TRUE STANDARD AND THE SHAM.

(Two Ways of taking a Facer.)

STOUTLY, *Standard*, face disaster,
Brave endurance halves the hurt;
Nor like *D. T.* seek a plaster
For defeat in flinging dirt!

Magnify not each small triumph,
Minimise not each bad fall:
Nor to Victors' peans cry "Humph!"
So to hide how you sing small.

Own the truth like a fair foeman,
Who thy coat hast scorned to turn,
And be sure that there is no man
Who with blush for thee need burn!

No—our scorn is for the bluster,
Blatant blundering meant to hide,
For the finking masked in fluster,
And the prophecies gone wide.

For the reams of rubbish wasted,
Burst of drums bethumped in vain;
Windy bags of words bombasted,
Blown but to collapse again!

Prove the worse the better reason,
Pass thy bray for Lion's roar;
Rave, as fits thy name, till season
Comes for turning coat once more!

A COMING EVENT THAT HAS CAST ITS SHADOW BEFORE.

THE Post-Office is about to get rid of its MANNERS. (The young Ladies in our Branch-Office got rid of *their* Manners long ago.)

In the theatrical magazine, *The Theatre*, this month there is a pleasant discussion on the Pit of the Haymarket, which might have been headed, "*What has he done with it?*" or "*What will he do without it?*" The editorial summing-up seems to be that Mr. BANCROFT possesses an undoubted right to do what he likes with his own property, at the same time implying a recommendation to him *not* to do it again. The Haymarket restored—without the Pit restored—is splendid and luxurious. The public has yet to get accustomed to such magnificence, and is at present inclined to whisper its approval with 'bated breath, and to applaud most decorously with velvet palms. Only the utterly farcically comic scenes in *Money* rouse the audience outside the gilded frame, when they applaud vigorously and laugh heartily.

Evelyn, with his Polytechnic lecture on gold, and his false story of the Sizar at College, and *Clara*, with more human nature in her than her lover possesses, but overloaded with sentiment, are two beings whom it is not possible to produce as realities in ordinary life. MACREADY and HELEN FAUCIT—stilted declamation and affected posturing—these were the original *Evelyn* and *Clara* of Lord LYTTON's play, and so they will remain. Make them less than these made them, they shrink to nothing, and the play lives on *Lady Franklyn*, *Graves*, *Sir Fwedewick*, and the reading of the will.

Yet I never saw Miss MARION TERRY to greater advantage than in *Clara Douglas*. Whatever could be done with this character in our natural modern style she did, and not a sign of that over-straining after ingenuousness which was so specially noticeable in *Duty*, and gave a semblance of affection to the Officer's wife in *Ours*.

Mr. ARTHUR CREIL is to be commended for making *Graves* a gentleman, and Mr. BANCROFT's *Sir Fwedewick*, if occasionally overdone, is for the most part decidedly funny. Of course it is a caricature, of a type like those in *Vanity Fair*.

In Mrs. BANCROFT's *Lady Franklyn* is contained the spirit of the piece, without which it would be intolerably lackadaisical. That the part for its most successful points relies on broad farce is the author's fault, and *Lady Franklyn* has craftily contrived to shift most of the farcical responsibility on to the unhappy *Graves*, who, heaven knows, has enough to bear already, with his eternal "Sainted Maria!"

Mr. KEMBLE's *Stout* and Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON's *Lord Glossmore* are excellent as caricatures, the former being a trifle too exaggerated, while the latter's make-up is wonderfully good, though perhaps not quite what the noble author had in his mind when he wrote the character.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

First Elector. "PLUMP FOR SLOKER, WILL YOU!—YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!"

Second Elector. "CERTAINLY—HE'LL SAY NOWT! AND HE'LL DO NOWT—AND HE'LL SPEND NOWT!!"

SIR LANCELOT AND SIR JINGO.

A COLLOQUY AND A CONTRAST.

INTERLOCUTORS—*The shade of SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE, a Knight of Arthur's Court. SIR JINGO DE PALL MALL, a Patriot of the Period.*

Sir Lancelot. Knight of a later day, I bid you hail!
Although not plumed or panoplied in mail,
As was our earlier fashion, you, belike,
Have knighthood's spirit, proud and prompt to strike
In high and honourable cause, and yet,
Gentle, and just, and generous.

Sir Jingo. Well, you set
The standard high, but, no doubt, both are game
To whip the world, and that is much the same.

Sir Lancelot. Nay, not entirely, Sir; in such a fight
Suppose the world, not you, were in the right?

Sir Jingo. And why suppose such rot? Enough for me,
To back our own side, and let beggars see
What "Rule Britannia" means.

Sir Lancelot. And what is that?

Sir Jingo. Why, BULL erect and foreign foes all flat,
Like tumbled ninepins, or the knights you shot
From saddle in the lists at Camelot
One after t'other, if old tales tell true.

Sir Lancelot. Pray let that pass. The knight his sword who drew,
Or laid his lance in rest, for a bad cause,
Not in defence of violated laws,
Or weakness that lacked champion, won no praise,
Victor or vanquished, in our earlier days;
So fail I, whatever his skill or force,
To see his claim to honour who'd divorce
Knighthood and simple justice.

Sir Jingo. Come, I say,
That's GLADSTONE's line, the LANCELOT of our day,
As some enthusiasts swear; though, were it true,
'Twould seem a doubtful compliment to you.

When your Queen GUINIVERE,—nay, never blush!—
Called for her Champion, did you care one rush
Whether her cause was righteous or was not?
Not you! Well then, to each true patriot
England's a GUINIVERE; for her he'll fight
And never stop to fuss about the right.

Sir Lancelot. Sheer sophistry! Be sure the worthier love
Of loyal hearts sets honour high above
All other counts. To know his land forsworn,
Faithless, or self-swayed, open to men's scorn,
Though strong, successful, scathless, to true knight
Should bring, God wot, as little of delight
As vision of his Lady, hailed by fame
Queen of all lists yet stained by secret shame,
Like that which marred my knighthood, cankering all
The generous gifts of nature.

Sir Jingo. You talk tall!

But such fine cobweb-weaving's not my style.
My lot is cast in this sea-circled Isle,
And what its interests claim I'm game to back;
And as to foreigners,—a priggish pack!—
Old England, when her monkey's fairly up,
Cares not a curse for Chassepot or for Krupp;
She'd lick the lot, Sir! When it came to blows,
Was it your fashion, pray, to count your foes?

Sir Lancelot. No, nor to vapour loudly in advance.
The Knight most like to battle a *outrance*
'Gainst heaviest odds, we held, was ever he
Who heeded most the checks of chivalry,—
Lover of fair Cause, fair Speech, Conflict fair,
Courteous and calm and gravely debonaire.
Of all you teach, what moves my marvel most,
Is that a Gentleman should stoop to boast.
Your style thrasonical had stirred the scorn
Of TRISTRAM: colder than a grey March morn,
Had gleamed King ARTHUR's eyes in mute reproof
Of knight applause in his own behoof,
Or vauntingly contemptuous of a foe.
You wake my wonder, Sir; I do not know
Your modern chivalry, but headlong heat,
Fostered by hate and fed on blind conceit,
The clowns of our time had condemned. Methinks
Even my ghostly substance creeps and shrinks
At this strange spirit of a later day:
Stout it may be and forward in the fray,
But set in such churl fashion it had found
Little acceptance at our Table Round. *[Vanishes.]*

Sir Jingo. Stupid old duffer! He talks awful rot.

If he's a Sample of the Laureat's lot,
"King ARTHUR as a modern Gentleman"
Would promptly fall beneath St. Jingo's ban.
He may have suited Camelot very well,
But would not do for patriot Pall-Mall! *[Exit.]*

Quite Superfluous.

THE Times informs us that—

"His Excellency PHYA BHASKARAWONGSE, Envoy of His Majesty the King of SIAM, is expected on a second visit to England about the middle of May. It had been arranged that the King of SIAM himself would come to invest HER MAJESTY with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant, but it is understood that His Majesty's visit is for the present postponed."

Very wisely. The Earl of BEACONSFIELD has invested HER MAJESTY with such a lot of White Elephants already, that the Siamese one would have been palpably one too many. Besides that, His Siamese Majesty's White Elephant must have been dwarfed by those much bigger White Elephants, Cyprus, Turkish Convention, Transvaal, and Afghanistan.

The Premier's Problem.

HE took a reckless Resolution,
And now, perhaps, to his confusion,
DIZZY's Solution, Dissolution,
May prove but DIZZY's Disillusion!

GREAT TRIUMPH FOR EGYPTIAN HALL.—"Professor MASKELYNE" returned for Cricklade! What a pity he didn't go in for a two-horse borough, and carry COOKE on his back!

"SUGAR BOUNTY."—Four lumps in a cup of Tea.

'Tis lovely to look back on! Stretched my pall
Of poisonous asphyxia over all,
Week after week, unintermittently,
Till mortals, finding that they could not see,
E'en at high noon, or what one noon supposes,
Two feet before their fog-choked frost-nipped noses,
Imagined, growing gloomier, grimmer, glummer,
That day had wholly vanished—following Summer!
Lord! what a lark it was to see them groping,
Like blind black-beetles, beer-bemused to dizziness,
At early, but Egyptian, morn to business!
Sniffing and sneezing, grumbling, vainly hoping
For my departure, air-draughts less pea-soupy,
Lungs less smoke-clogged, and bronchial tubes less croupy.
I raised the death-rates and the gas-bills high,
And lowered vigour and vitality.
Christmas I made a lurid murky mystery,
A sombre, sunless, swart, Serbonian season,
For misty misery unmatched in history.
I almost robbed the artist-world of reason;
Poor painter-men went mad above their madder:
So shall my evil spell extend to May,
When scantier, less saleable, and sadder
Must be the R.A.'s annual Art array.
And now returning in the budding Spring,
When men of course expected no such thing,
Thinking I'd fled, and of my reign left no trace,
I've been and spoilt the Boat-Race!!!
Delicious!!

Didn't my victims look supremely vicious,
As, stealing o'er the reaches of the river,
I made them snort, and swear, and stamp, and shiver—
Their noses bluer than their badges? Drawn
From distant downy beds at early dawn,
So to be sold!

Returning, pinched and peevish, cross and cold,
To tell the world that though men dare to row
The race in rushing rain or blinding snow,
Champions defying deluge, braving blast,
Had to knock under to King Fog at last!
Ha! ha!—how hath my murky empire grown!
The circling year will soon be all mine own.
Easter elections I perhaps—no—steady!

That were sheer waste,
DIZZY, a man precisely to my taste,
Has fogged all issues, and most minds, already.
But Epsom!—happy thought! I'm game to bet
I've not yet reached the limit of my tether.
I've spoiled the Boat-Race with infernal weather,
And—who knows?—I MAY STOP THE DERBY YET!!!

The Mountain Child.

A MORNING paper announces:—

"The St. Gothard Tunnel, the longest in the world, in the construction of which more lives have been lost than in any other similar undertaking, has now acquired the unique distinction of being the scene of a birth."

The wife of a workman employed in the Tunnel, having entered it to see her husband, unexpectedly presented him with this new olive-branch—sprung to light in the dark. Mother and child are doing as well as could be expected.

Punch, in honour of the event, ventures to fit a new point to the old saw, "*Parturient montes nascetur*," not "*ridiculus mus*," but "*parvulus infans*."

Head Money at Salonica.

PUNCH rejoices to learn that Colonel SYNGE is released—for a mere song—to the very pretty tune of £12,000!

It would be interesting to know who has paid the money. Not the English Government. The Colonel is an Ottoman *employé*. Not the Turks. They haven't got it, and would not pay if they had. Can the Brigands have been obliged to SYNGE for it?

Flood versus Fog.

WILL rails at BEN, and BEN at WILLIAM girds;
The wise man owns, whatever his party leanings,
That GLADSTONE's speech has far too many words,
Whilst DIZZY's words have all too many meanings.

A SCRATCH CREW.—That of the boat in which Charon used to ferry souls over ancient Styx to Old Scratch.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF BEER.



No wonder Beer in Burton should be rooted on a rock—the Bass-Rock. Bass and ALLSOPP have it all their own way, not only in that happy borough, which between them they make,

"Illustrious by their names,
And prosperous by their brew."

But in all the surrounding regions—

"Two men they are to all the county dear,
And passing rich on profits of their beer."

While in less blessed boroughs parties and party-leaders are at daggers drawn, if not actually cutting one another's throats, Burton meets in tuneful concord and Brewerly—which seems the best kind of brotherly—love, at the Masonic Hall, in Union Street, (happily named locality) to celebrate the unthreatened supremacy of MICHAEL BASS and SAMUEL ALLSOPP—Liberal and Conservative as they are—in the genial affections of East Staffordshire.

In acknowledging the toast of the "County Members," Mr. BASS talked sense as sound as his beer, and particularly opportune at this time.

"If they were to take all as truth which fell from the lips of gentlemen of both parties, they might indeed tremble for the future of their country. On the one hand they were told that a more truculent, bloodthirsty, or disreputable lot did not exist than her Majesty's Ministers; and on the other hand they were told that a more rascally, dishonest, or dishonourable crew did not exist than the Opposition. Those hard words were really only the language of innocent metaphor, and all that was meant was that the 'outs' would like to supplant the 'ins'; and that if they were in they thought they could do better than those who were at present in. Fortunately, at the present day they did not allow politics to interfere with private friendship, and he hoped and trusted that, however much they might differ on political questions, they would never cease to remember that above all things they were Englishmen and gentlemen, that they should retain a kindly consideration one for another, and have the generosity to believe that there was truth, honour, and uprightness, even in those who differed from them."

Conservative ALLSOPP then rose, and said ditto to Liberal BASS.

This Election Harmony, in Thorough-Bass, is really refreshing. And to think that the source of such sweetness should be the spring of Bitter Beer! The fountain of such light is the flow of the amber-osal nectar of BASS and ALLSOPP!

There is a lesson in this, if philosophy could but find it out. Is it in the saccharine of the malt, or in the wholesome tonic of the hop, that we should seek the secret of this harmonising influence, or is it that such honest Brewers must be honest men, and so equally welcome to their constituents, whatever their political trade-mark, so long as their bottle-label testifies as now to the quality of their beer?

PARYUM IN MULTO.—Election speeches.



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Fashionable London Cousin (surveying Country ditto, a Cornish Vicar's Wife, who has been expatriating on the Rocks, the Waves, the Sunsets, the Seals, and other beauties of the Cornish Coast).
"AND ARE THERE ANY DRESSMAKERS IN CORNWALL?"

WHICH IS IT?

West End Comedy—adapted from a recent Law Report.

SCENE.—*The Drawing-Room of a Belgravian Mansion. Judicious Duke discovered going carefully over the items of a long haberdasher's bill. Confiding Tradesman waiting obsequiously (R). Beautifully Dressed Duchess toying idly with a parure of diamonds (L).*

Judicious Duke (handing back the bill). You may take this memorandum back, Sir. *(With determination.)* Not a single penny of it will I pay.

Confiding Tradesman. Indeed, your Grace, you fairly surprise me? Surely you do not deny that the articles, as specified in the invoice, have been supplied?

Judicious Duke (with aristocratic bonhomie). Not at all, my good friend, not at all. On the contrary, I am aware that the rich Lyons velvet, trimmed so tastefully with *point d'Alençon*, which Her Grace the Duchess is doing you and it the honour to wear at this moment, comes from your excellent establishment. Ha! ha! 'pon my life you are an obliging firm.

Confiding Tradesman. We trust to deserve that character, your Grace; but now that our usual five years' credit has run out, we should like to see our money.

Judicious Duke (nettled). By the memory of my ancestors who fell at Crevy, have I not told you that I owe you nothing? But as you seem to doubt my ducal word, this distinguished legal authority may suffice to silence you.

Enter a Lord Chancellor.

Lord Chancellor. With the utmost pleasure. I presume our fair and gracious hostess *(bows to Duchess)* has been running up this, and possibly other little bills, without the consent, nay, even in spite of the express injunction, of her noble spouse?

Beautifully dressed Duchess (coolly). Ah, my dear Lord Chancellor, *vous avez toujours raison!* Eh bien, I plead guilty.

Lord Chancellor (gallantly). Of course, and as a consequence this worthy tradesman has no case. *(Flinging himself on to an ottoman.)* You cannot recover, my good fellow. By the law of England, the husband is not responsible for the debts of his wife.* So, prithee, retire

* See latest case, *Debenham v. Mellor*, decided on appeal by the Lords Justices.

to your counter, and your reflections, and leave us to our tea, and society-scandal!

[They laugh heartily at Confiding Tradesman's discomfiture as scene closes in.]

SAME—EAST END VERSION.

SCENE.—*Interior of District County Court. Experienced Judge discovered on bench disposing of a "Contempt" case. Indjudicious Artisan, his Missus, and Officers of the Court in attendance.*

Experienced Judge (having heard all the evidence). Well, it's very clear that you have made no sort of effort to comply with my order. Every halfpenny of your debt of £1 17s. 6d., for gin supplied to your wife, is still unpaid; and this, in spite of the injunction laid upon you by this Court gradually to discharge the whole by weekly instalments of half-a-crown. It is a very bad case. You must go to prison till the debt is discharged.

Indjudicious Artisan. Excuse me, your Worship, as I told you afore, it ain't no debt of mine. My Missus here, as she'll tell you, being sober this mornin', she's run up that 'ere tick, right in spite o' me, though I'd threatened her with a good latherin' if she didn't drop her drops.

His Missus (smirking with a curtesy to the Bench). Which he did, your Honour—

Indjudicious Artisan. And that's the truth, and the 'ole truth, so 'elp me—

Experienced Judge (looking to notes of next case). That will do. I don't want to hear your explanation. You know as well as I do that by the law of England the husband is responsible for the debts of his wife. If yours will contract them, why don't you look after her? *(To Officer of Court.)* There, that will do. Remove him.

[Indjudicious Artisan is locked up, to the surprise of nobody, as the Curtain falls.]

SELTZER AND SALETTE.

A CONTEMPORARY announces the commemoration of KAISER WILHELM's birthday at Oberlahnstein, between Ems and Coblenz, by the opening of the Victoria fountain, formed of a new seltzer spring accidentally discovered last year through the large quantity of bubbles in a pond in a brickfield, found to consist of carbonic acid gas. Borings made subsequently showed this spring to be a valuable one. Its water is reported "quite free from iron" and "more like the well-known fiscal Selterswasser than any other yet discovered." Here you have with merely local difference another case of the La Salette fountain, or that of Lourdes, barring their Apparitions. However, though no Apparition attended the birth of this new fountain, its primary spring also first revealed itself by a display of bubbles.

Election Anagrams.

(By a Bored Blue.)

Mr. W. E. Gladstone (from Midlothian)
 —We get on, Lads!

*Conservative—*Voters can vie.

*Liberal—*Bear ill.

*Radical—*Rail, Cad!

*Home-Rule—*Oh, lure me!

*Dissolution—*O! is Lion dust?

*Parliament—*Pat, rile man.

PARNELL'S ROAD TO PARLIAMENT.—*Ab ovo usque ad mala.*

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.



(See Mr. Gladstone's Letter in reply to Mr. Steadman Aldis's Petition, Daily News, March 15.)

A STORM was coming, but men's minds were still,
And, in the dim tracts of Utopia's land,
At Merlin's feet the would-be Graduate prayed.

For, yielding to his kindlier moods, the Sage

Had watched her at her petulance and play,
Even when they seemed unloveable, and laughed
As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdained, and she,
Perceiving that she was but half disdained,
Began to break her sports with graver fits,—
Turn wholly blue; and thus she clung to him
Fixt in her will; and so the terms went by.



RELIEF FOR IRELAND.

Mickey Doolan (who has dropped in to see his neighbours the O'Flahertys). "WELL, PAT, HOW ARE YE GOING ON THESE TIMES?"
Pat O'Flaherty. "ILLEGANT! THANKS BE TO THE SAINTS! WE'RE FEEDIN' THREE PIGS ON THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ATIN' THE DUCHES OURSELVES!"

Then Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,
 "I never was less wise, however wise,
 Than when I gave you first a footing here;
 For, once allowed, I find you like the gnat
 That settles, beaten back, and, beaten back,
 Settles, till I must yield for weariness.
 But since I will not yield to give you place
 In academic contests and degrees,
 Why will you never ask some easier boon,—
 Private examination *sans* degree?
 Yea, by St. Scott, I trusted you too much."

And VIVIAN, like the tenderest-hearted Miss
 Fresh from the globes and *Mangnall*, thus replied:
 "Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid,
 Who feels no heart to ask another boon;
 I think you hardly know the tender rhyme
 Of 'take us all in all or not at all.'
 I heard the PEOPLE'S WILLIAM sing it once,
 And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

"In Arts, if once examiners be ours,
 To take degrees we must have equal powers;
 The loss of these is as the loss of all:

"It is the little rift within the lute,
 That soon will leave the Girton lecturer mute;
 And, slowly emptying, silence Newnham Hall.

"The little rift in academic lute,
 The speak of discontent in hard-earned fruit,
 That, eating inwards, turns it into gall.

"It is not worth the keeping; let it go:
 But shall it? Answer fairly, answer no;
 And take us all in all or not at all.

"O Master, do you love my tender rhyme?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(*St. James's and the Haymarket.*)

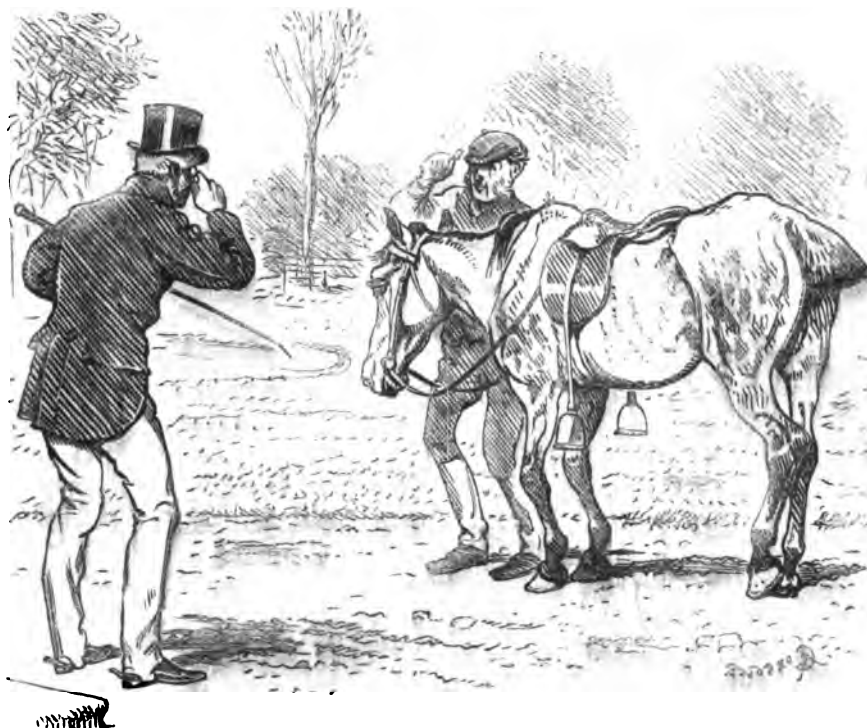
Old Cronies is the title of the duologue, which serves as a most amusing *lever du rideau* at the St. James's. It is brilliantly written by MR. THEYRE SMITH, and played by MESSRS. MACKINTOSH and WENMAN in admirable taste, and with consummate finish.

The revival of *Still Waters Run Deep*, will interest those who remember its original production at the Olympic, those who have heard so much of it since, those who have seen it indifferently performed by Amateurs—and what set of Amateurs has not tried it at some time or other?—and the Amateurs themselves who have represented it, and who pride themselves on their own original readings of the several parts.

But with how it was first played at the Olympic, when ALFRED WIGAN was *Mildmay*, MRS. ALFRED WIGAN *Mrs. Sternhold*, GEORGE VINING *Hawksley*, and EMBRY *Old Potter*, I have very little to do just now—that is, as far as comparison goes.

Most Theatre-goers are acquainted with *John Mildmay*, *Captain Hawksley*, *Mrs. Sternhold*, and *Old Potter*: and all who know the play are aware, that, in the First Act, *Mildmay* is deceiving his family circle by assuming *le rôle d'un gogo* for his own ends, which it is the purpose of the play to work out to a triumphant finish. Now MR. KENDAL does not let the audience see that he is only pretending to be a simpleton; he treats them as he treats *Mrs. Sternhold*, and attempts to deceive them as he has deceived her. As the secret of the play is kept from the audience during the First Act, and is indeed only very gradually developed, it is left for the Actors to enlighten us by very marked exhibition of individuality. We soon learn, in the First Act, that *Hawksley* is a villain, but only gradually how great is his villainy, and to what extent *Mrs. Sternhold* has been indiscreet.

If the representatives of *Hawksley* and *Mrs. Sternhold* were, so to speak, to "walk through" their parts, no audience of average intelligence could remain in ignorance of what the Author had intended their characters to be, or what were their motives for action.



“SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY,” &c.

Old Gentleman (to Groom). “WHY, MARTIN, WHAT THE DEVIL HAVE YOU GOT THERE!”

Groom. “YOU TOLD ME YOU’D WANT SOMETHING TO GO A CANVASSING—AND I THOUGHT THE OLD ‘UN ‘UD DO FOR THAT!”

Not so with *Mildmay*. He is a mystery in the First Act, just as much as the letter brought by *Hawksley* is a mystery, and the audience know as little about the one as the other, unless the actor shows us distinctly when he is playing a part to deceive *Mrs. Sternhold*, when he is carrying out his “*laissez faire*” principle “too far” as regards his wife, and when he is really *John Mildmay*, the upright, honest, strong-willed, keen-sighted, and politic Lancashire lad. This is the single fault that can be found with Mr. KENDAL’s impersonation.

Mr. HARE as *Old Potter* is inimitable, that is, if *Old Potter* is to be represented as an octogenarian. “There is only twenty years difference between us,” he says to his sister, *Mrs. Sternhold*, who, in spite of all *Mrs. KENDAL* can do to herself in the way of “make up,” does not look a day more than thirty-five, though, according to Mr. HARE’s appearance and the dialogue, she ought to be sixty. Either Mr. HARE’s *Old Potter* is too old, or *Mrs. KENDAL*’s *Mrs. Sternhold* is too young. Supposing we say thirty years’ difference, and consider *Potter* as an old seventy?

Then, again, Mr. TERRISS, as *Hawksley*, is too young—at least he was when I saw him on the first night: I am informed he has grown older and wiser since then—and he rather enlisted the audience’s sympathy with his pluck when, in his own room, alone with *Mildmay*, he, slight figure as he is, raises his hand against Mr. KENDAL, who puts him down at once, telling him not to try that again, as it is a contest between a hale Lancashire lad and “a battered London roud”—which character was scarcely borne out by the appearance of Mr. TERRISS’s *Captain Hawksley*. In fact, supposing *Mildmay* a champion heavy-weight, and *Hawksley* a champion light-weight, the latter a trifle superior in science, the knowing hands would be inclined to back the Captain in a set-to.

Miss GRAHAM’S *Mrs. Mildmay* struck me as being exactly what a young girl would be who had been brought up by such a couple as Mr. *Potter* and *Mrs. Sternhold*. She is a mere cipher in the house, just one step above the more recently-introduced cipher, her husband. Taken altogether, the performance is most satisfactory, as being interesting and decidedly amusing. Mr. HARE’s *mauvais quart d’heure* before dinner is capital.

Of EMERY in this situation, CHARLES DICKENS said, just twenty years ago, “I don’t think I ever saw anything meant to be funny that struck me as so extraordinarily droll. I couldn’t get over it at all” (p. 429, vol. I., *Letters of Charles Dickens*). This opinion would be equally true of Mr. HARE’S *Potter* before dinner. I fancy, too, that if a trifle less intentionally droll than EMERY’S, it is truer to nature.

THE TRUE STANDARD AND THE SHAM.

(Two Ways of taking a Facer.)

STOUTLY, *Standard*, face disaster,
Brave endurance halves the hurt;
Nor like *D. T.* seek a plaster
For defeat in flinging dirt!

Magnify not each small triumph,
Minimise not each bad fall;
Nor to Victors’ praises cry “Humph!”
So to hide how you sing small.

Own the truth like a fair foe-man,
Who thy coat hast scorned to turn,
And be sure that there is no man
Who with blush for thee need burn!

No—our scorn is for the bluster,
Blatant blundering meant to hide,
For the finking masked in fluster,
And the prophecies gone wide.

For the reams of rubbish wasted,
Burst of drums bethumped in vain;
Windy bags of words bombasted,
Blown but to collapse again!

Prove the worse the better reason,
Pass thy bray for Lion’s roar;
Rave, as fits thy name, till season
Comes for turning coat once more!

A COMING EVENT THAT HAS CAST ITS SHADOW BEFORE.

THE Post-Office is about to get rid of its MANNERS. (The young Ladies in our Branch-Office got rid of *their* Manners long ago.)

In the theatrical magazine, *The Theatre*, this month there is a pleasant discussion on the Pit of the Haymarket, which might have been headed, “*What has he done with it?*” or “*What will he do without it?*” The editorial summing-up seems to be that Mr. BANCROFT possesses an undoubted right to do what he likes with his own property, at the same time implying a recommendation to him not to do it again. The Haymarket restored—without the Pit restored—is splendid and luxurious. The public has yet to get accustomed to such magnificence, and is at present inclined to whisper its approval with bated breath, and to applaud most decorously with velvet palms. Only the utterly farcically comic scenes in *Money* rouse the audience outside the gilded frame, when they applaud vigorously and laugh heartily.

Evelyn, with his Polytechnic lecture on gold, and his false story of the Sizar at College, and *Clara*, with more human nature in her than her lover possesses, but overloaded with sentiment, are two beings whom it is not possible to produce as realities in ordinary life. MACREADY and HELEN FAUCIT—stilted declamation and affected posturing—these were the original *Evelyn* and *Clara* of Lord LYTTON’S play, and so they will remain. Make them less than these made them, they shrink to nothing, and the play lives on *Lady Franklyn*, *Graves*, *Sir Fwedewick*, and the reading of the will.

Yet I never saw Miss MARION TERRY to greater advantage than in *Clara Douglas*. Whatever could be done with this character in our natural modern style she did, and not a sign of that over-straining after ingenuousness which was so specially noticeable in *Duty*, and gave a semblance of affection to the Officer’s wife in *Ours*.

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL is to be commended for making *Graves* a gentleman, and Mr. BANCROFT’S *Sir Fwedewick*, if occasionally overdone, is for the most part decidedly funny. Of course it is a caricature, of a type like those in *Vanity Fair*.

In *Mrs. BANCROFT*’s *Lady Franklyn* is contained the spirit of the piece, without which it would be intolerably lackadaisical. That the part for its most successful points relies on broad farce is the author’s fault, and *Lady Franklyn* has craftily contrived to shift most of the farcical responsibility on to the unhappy *Graves*, who, heaven knows, has enough to bear already, with his eternal “*Sainted Maria!*”

Mr. KEMBLE’S *Stout* and Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON’S *Lord Glossmore* are excellent as caricatures, the former being a trifle too exaggerated, while the latter’s make-up is wonderfully good, though perhaps not quite what the noble author had in his mind when he wrote the character.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

First Elector. "PLUMP FOR SLOKER, WILL YOU!—YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!"

Second Elector. "CERTAINLY—HE'LL SAY NOWT! AND HE'LL DO NOWT—AND HE'LL SPEND NOWT!!"

SIR LANCELOT AND SIR JINGO.

A COLLOQUY AND A CONTRAST.

INTERLOCUTORS—*The shade of SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE, a Knight of Arthur's Court.* SIR JINGO DE PALL MALL, a Patriot of the Period.

Sir Lancelot. Knight of a later day, I bid you hail!
Although not plumed or panoplied in mail,
As was our earlier fashion, you, belike,
Have knighthood's spirit, proud and prompt to strike
In high and honourable cause, and yet,
Gentle, and just, and generous.

Sir Jingo. Well, you set
The standard high, but, no doubt, both are game
To whip the world, and that is much the same.

Sir Lancelot. Nay, not entirely, Sir; in such a fight
Suppose the world, not you, were in the right?

Sir Jingo. And why suppose such rot? Enough for me,
To back our own side, and let beggars see
What "Rule Britannia" means.

Sir Lancelot. And what is that?

Sir Jingo. Why, BULL erect and foreign foes all flat,
Like tumbled ninepins, or the knights you shot
From saddle in the lists at Camelot
One after t'other, if old tales tell true.

Sir Lancelot. Pray let that pass. The knight his sword who drew,
Or laid his lance in rest, for a bad cause,
Not in defence of violated laws,
Or weakness that lacked champion, won no praise,
Victor or vanquished, in our earlier days;
So fail I, whatsoever his skill or force,
To see his claim to honour who'd divorce
Knighthood and simple justice.

Sir Jingo. Come, I say,
That's GLADSTONE's line, the LANCELOT of our day,
As some enthusiasts swear; though, were it true,
'Twould seem a doubtful compliment to you.

When your Queen GUINIVERE,—nay, never blush!—
Called for her Champion, did you care one rush
Whether her cause was righteous or was not?
Not you! Well then, to each true patriot
England's a GUINIVERE; for her he'll fight
And never stop to fuss about the right.

Sir Lancelot. Sheer sophistry! Be sure the worthier love
Of loyal hearts sets honour high above
All other counts. To know his land forsworn,
Faithless, or self-swayed, open to men's scorn,
Though strong, successful, scathless, to true knight
Should bring, God wot, as little of delight
As vision of his Lady, hailed by fame
Queen of all lists yet stained by secret shame,
Like that which marred my knighthood, cankering all
The generous gifts of nature.

Sir Jingo. You talk tall!
But such fine cobweb-weaving's not my style.
My lot is cast in this sea-circled Isle,
And what its interests claim I'm game to back;
And as to foreigners,—a priggish pack!—
Old England, when her monkey's fairly up,
Cares not a curse for Chassepot or for Krupp;
She'd lick the lot, Sir! When it came to blows,
Was it *your* fashion, pray, to count your foes?

Sir Lancelot. No, nor to vapour loudly in advance.
The Knight most like to battle *à outrance*
'Gainst heaviest odds, we held, was ever he
Who heeded most the checks of chivalry,—
Lover of fair Cause, fair Speech, Conflict fair,
Courteous and calm and gravely debonaire.
Of all you teach, what moves my marvel most,
Is that a Gentleman should stoop to boast.
Your style thrasonical had stirred the scorn
Of TRISTRAM: colder than a grey March morn,
Had gleamed King ARTHUR's eyes in mute reproof
Of knight applause in his own behoof,
Or vauntingly contemptuous of a foe.
You wake my wonder, Sir; I do not know
Your modern chivalry, but headlong heat,
Fostered by hate and fed on blind conceit,
The clowns of our time had condemned. Methinks
Even my ghostly substance creeps and shrinks
At this strange spirit of a later day:
Stout it may be and forward in the fray,
But set in such churl fashion it had found
Little acceptance at our Table Round. [Vanishes.

Sir Jingo. Stupid old duffer! He talks awful rot.
If he's a Sample of the Laureat's lot,
"King ARTHUR as a modern Gentleman"
Would promptly fall beneath St. Jingo's ban.
He may have suited Camelot very well,
But would not do for patriot Pall-Mall! [Exit.

Quite Superfluous.

THE *Times* informs us that—

"His Excellency PHYA BHASKARAWONGSE, Envoy of His Majesty the King of SIAM, is expected on a second visit to England about the middle of May. It had been arranged that the King of SIAM himself would come to invest HER MAJESTY with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant, but it is understood that His Majesty's visit is for the present postponed."

Very wisely. The Earl of BEACONSFIELD has invested HER MAJESTY with such a lot of White Elephants already, that the Siamese one would have been palpably one too many. Besides that, His Siamese Majesty's White Elephant must have been dwarfed by those much bigger White Elephants, Cyprus, Turkish Convention, Transvaal, and Afghanistan.

The Premier's Problem.

HE took a reckless Resolution,
And now, perhaps, to his confusion,
DIZZY's Solution, Dissolution,
May prove but Dizzy's Disillusion!

GREAT TRIUMPH FOR EGYPTIAN HALL.—"Professor MASKELYNE" returned for Cricklade! What a pity he didn't go in for a two-horse borough, and carry COOKE on his back!

"SUGAR BOUNTY."—Four lumps in a cup of Tea.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—3. THE VOCALIST.

She. "I DO HOPE YOU'LL SING THIS AFTERNOON! WHAT IS YOUR VOICE?"

He (modestly). "OH, A KIND OF A SORT OF A BARITONE-TENOR-BASS, DON'T YOU KNOW; LIKE SANTLEY AND SIMS REEVES ROLLED INTO ONE—ONLY UNDER BETTER CONTROL! THOSE 'PROFESSIONAL FELLOWS' NEVER KNOW HOW TO SING IN A DRAWING-ROOM!"

She. "INDEED! NO MORE DO SOME AMATEURS! I'M TOLD SOME DREADFUL CREATURE WAS TRYING TO SING GOUNOD'S 'MAID OF ATHENS' LAST TUESDAY AFTERNOON AT MRS. PONSONBY TOMKYN'S. EVERYBODY WAS IN FITS, IT SEEMS!"

He. "AT MRS. PONSONBY TOMKYN'S! DO YOU KNOW YOU MUST MAKE SOME MISTAKE; FOR, ODDLY ENOUGH, THE ONLY PERSON WHO SANG THERE LAST TUESDAY AFTERNOON WAS MYSELF!—AND, BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, GOUNOD'S 'MAID OF ATHENS' WAS THE VERY SONG I SANG!"

She (blushing uncomfortably). "AH! IT WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE, THEN!—OR SOME OTHER DAY!"

He. "NO DOUBT. I WONDER WHERE, AND WHEN, AND WHO IT COULD HAVE BEEN!"

[Is wondering still.]

KING JOHN IN DOWNING STREET.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

(Last week but two of the Beaconsfield Company.)

King John, Lord B. Faulconbridge, Lord S. Peter, Mr. P.

King John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulconbridge. But if you be afeared to hear the worst
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

And here's a prophet that I brought with me,
Whom I heard sing, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

King John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

The Clewer Case Construed.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Judge both wise and just,
"It shall be lawful," would interpret "must."
The Legal Peers their common-sense display,
And rule "It shall be lawful," stands for "may."
Behold, my son, how Judges of this land
Plain English in two senses understand!

"STOMACH FOR THEM ALL!"

A MESSAGE wired from Berlin the other morning announces that:—

"Attentions have been showered upon Prince BISMARCK this day from all quarters in honour of his birthday."

"This day," was April 1. BISMARCK, even BISMARCK, entered the world on the First of April!

Here's an exception to the general rule;

One born on All Fools' Day, but born no fool.

That, however, having been the day of the great Chancellor's birth, he observed it as a high festival. May we presume to imagine the dainties whereon he chose to regale himself in keeping the Feast of All Fools? We know a man of his large intellect to be capable of drinking a mixture of champagne and stout. Was this the beverage with which the illustrious statesman washed down a banquet commencing with a *hors d'œuvre* froid of raw oysters and raspberry jam, and terminating with a *dolce* of treacle and stewed cheese?

A TOPICAL ANAGRAM.

PUT GLADSTONE into Greek, and, strange as true,
Lo, a prophetic counsel comes to view—
Εὐδαλμων-Αἰδωρ—"O, Midlothian sue!"

EASTER WISH TO THE RIGHT PARTY.—More Happy Returns!



“TO BE, OR NOT TO BE—
THAT IS THE QUESTION.”

WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

Caught in Hughenden Park, last week and this.

HERE'S NO mistake about it, MONTEY, my boy. Somehow or other we seem to have made a serious miscalculation. Twenty-five to nine to begin with is heavy odds!—and it gets worse daily!

I shall advise SALISBURY to buy a villa at Nice—and stay there.

We must be grateful for small mercies—so let us say, "Thank heaven, CARDEN is in for Barnstaple!"—if he can only keep his seat. Why didn't I take a Dukedom and a Dissolution after Berlin?

It is at least a comfort to reflect that if they come into office they won't know how to get out of Cyprus, or Afghanistan either, for that matter!

Really, MONTEY, if bad news keeps pouring in at this rate, and nothing falls vacant within the next month, I'm afraid I shan't be able to do anything for you!

Ha, the accounts this evening are a little brighter! Countermand that Coronet.

Why, this is worse and worse! But I always regarded Nemesis as a notably vulgar goddess.

A "little reaction" did you say? Then wire to LYTON to tell him he need not take the Poet Laureatship at Mandälay.

On second thoughts, tell him he would, perhaps, do better not to give up the notion entirely.

It is to be hoped that whatever happens, SMITH will find his Naval knowledge eminently useful in criticism of those other fellows.

There, now, my dear boy, put out the lights, and don't wake me till the row's over and the returns balanced!

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER I.

A PICTURE OF STILL LIFE.

THERE is no place like home to be ill in, but there are many places far better than home to get well in and to be convalescent in.

But, if I must be quiet; if London and work have knocked me up—or rather kept me up and knocked me down—then absence from London, getting out of its reach, away from its noise and bustle, out of sight of its dirt and out of smell of its dust and fogs—all these are necessary conditions for the gradual but thorough restoration to perfect health.

After the confinement of a sick room, no matter how pleasant gentle and untiring solicitude may have made it, our natural cry is, "Air! air! give me air!" and a hibernating Londoner who has not seen the sun for months, cries, with the expiring GOETHE,

"Light! more light!" That's my feeling personally about convalescence; and this being mine, I attribute it, sympathetically, to others.

I do not inquire into motives, it being, as a rule, an unsatisfactory process, but I can't help noticing that my friends, bless 'em! seem—I say "seem" emphatically, because I may be wrong—seem more pleased to entertain me when I am a convalescent than when I am in rude and blooming health. There is more of a rush to get me, as to speak. If I am correct in my surmise, I fancy it is because I am more amenable as an invalid than when in robust, perhaps objectionably robust health. It is quite possible. Judging by my own experience of others—invalids I mean to whom I have given an asylum—it is indeed highly probable. An invalid wants but little here below, and he is gratefully ready to take that little with the least possible trouble to his host. He has been giving trouble as long—he has been like CHARLES THE SECOND, "so unconscionably long a-dying," and has got well after all, which the sad Merry Monarch didn't, that he feels he owes some reparation to society which is represented to him *pro tem.* by his immediate friends who have received him into their home.

He is, consequently, as I have said, "amenable;" his temporary disposition is yielding; he is grateful for small mercies; his habits are regular; he does not want to gad about; he does not require to be perpetually amused; he is a plain eater, a small drinker; he needs rest, and takes it, retires to bed at an early hour, and, above all, he is peculiarly quiet. These remarks apply, of course, to a convalescent invalid, by which I mean one who, being clear of the wood, is yet nervous about wasting his breath in hollowness with joy on that account; but who does not venture to rejoice in his gradually increasing strength like a giant refreshed, lest he should suddenly experience a relapse. So on all these counts a convalescent guest is preferable to a hale, hearty, boastful, unsympathetic, selfish, vivacious "never-ill-a-day-in-my-life,-Sir" sort of man.

Without crediting myself with being all that my fancy has just painted an abnormally healthy individual, I am morally certain that more avidity is shown by my kind friends at a distance—at a great distance, too—to take me in when, mind you, it really is a charity to receive me, than when, being in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, I heartily intimate to them that I should like to "run down"—that is the expression a hearty man invariably uses—and have a few days' sport, hunting, shooting, fishing, or whatever may be seasonable. In these instances they don't refuse, but—in fact there is a "but" which prevents their accepting my own polite invitation for myself, and then they generally name a date when they will be delighted to see me, and when it will be utterly impossible for me to go.

But when I am recovering from an illness—when I am convalescent—then, bless 'em! they are friends indeed. It was necessary to dwell on this, in order to a due appreciation of the incident which disturbed me in my peaceful retreat, and utterly unsettled my excellent host and hostess, the COSSERTS of Motemoss Shepton-on-Sea, scarcely a mile from Lambgate, which, as some may be aware, is deserted in winter, but, as every one knows, is one of our most popular sea-side resorts in summer.

Motemoss, Shepton-on-Sea, is, of all places in the world, the most perfect for a convalescent. It is an old gothic manor-house, beautifully sheltered from the Northern blasts, but open with a Southern aspect to the sea, commanding a full view of the bay that reflects the ever-varying sky. What lovely winter mornings there are at Motemoss! What spring mornings! What an expanse of clear blue sky! What music of plashing waves! What *crescendo* movements, announcing a coming storm! How grand the storm itself! Then, when its fury has been spent, what a delightful calm, what marvellous effects of colour on the rocks, and what a magnificent hope-inspiring sunset! For an invalid the manor of Motemoss affords extent for sufficient exercise; the climate is delicious—not too effeminately soft, not too boisterously rough. The worst day at Shepton-on-Sea is worth a month of worst days in London, and its best day is—at least to me—invaluable. In winter, one hour of its sunshine revives in me all the life that has been choked in me and smoked out of me by London black fogs; and the absolute repose of Motemoss, within and without, restores my jaded spirits, makes me feel calm, peaceful, and happy; gives me a distaste for excitement; re-awakens in me a love of retirement; kindles in my breast an unwonted admiration for *Zimmerman on Solitude*, which I have been all my life intending to read, and excites my envy of ALEXANDER SELKIRK; it arouses in me an intense desire of remaining where I am, buried in thought, surrendering myself to contemplation, and only taking my pen in hand at the bidding of some irresistible inspiration.

Here at Motemoss I never care about seeing the daily papers: one of them at eventide, after dinner, is quite enough for any of us, when the news has been stale for hours, and is easier of digestion—like bread. Even then I read the items carelessly, for my host, who has been through it, has already summarised whatever there is worthy of our attention, and has given us his opinion, with which



"MAN OR WOMAN?"—A TOSS UP.

"DRESSES ARE STILL UNIVERSALLY OUT EN CŒUR. A VERY DRESSY TOILETTE, AND ONE, MUCH WORN NOW, FOR THE EVENING, IS OF BLACK BROOCHÉ OR CLOTH MATERIAL OUT EN HABIT D'HOMME, WITH PLAIN OR KILTED SKIRT, VERY TIGHT; FOR FAIR LADIES IT IS VERY BECOMING TO OMIT A TUCKER, AND HAVE THE BLACK WITH NO SOFTENING."

Journal des Modes, 1st April.

I languidly agree, or from which, just for conversation's sake, I politely differ. As for society journals, for tittle-tattle, for London gossip, for London scandal, thank heaven, it seldom reaches our ears at Motemoss, where we are far away from the busy, giddy, whirligig, whizzing world of London life.

Before leaving town the doctor has told me I must do nothing—absolutely nothing—no literary work of any description; that for awhile my projected sporting historical novel entitled *Archimedes, or the Tail of a Screw*, must be in abeyance; that my original tragedy of *The Maltster* must not be touched; that my *Essay on The Properties of Zinc* must not be commenced; and that my classical comedy of *She bends to Triumph, or Delenda est Lumbago*—in which my critical friends who have heard it say there is so much backbone—must be left, just where it is for the present, at the end of the Fourth Act. I must have no correspondence on business; I must enjoy myself; I must bask in the sun when it shines; I must be fed at regular hours on the best but plainest fare; I must be indoors by three at latest, and retire to bed betimes. This is to be my life at Motemoss. And, to my delight, this

is and always has been, from year's end to year's end—excepting a month's excitement in town during the season—the life of this happy family at Motemoss, Sheepton-on-Sea.

They rise early; not too early, not with the first lark, but with the second or third. Before nine o'clock breakfast Squire Cossart is out in his garden, and then out on his horse. The Squire, being a Magistrate and a Captain of local Volunteers, and also one of the Board at the neighbouring watering-place, has his duties, which generally occupy his mornings. In the hunting season, to go out with Mrs. Cossart, a perfect horsewoman, three times a week, is his duty and pleasure. They don't overdo it, but return in good time, generally for luncheon at two sharp. The Squire has some afternoon business, which keeps him till nearly dinner-time, in Lambgate, unless he is visiting his tenants, whether cottagers or farmers, or walking over his property gun in hand, while his wife is out in the carriage paying a round of visits, accompanied by a female friend, and if very warm, and no north-easterly wind to catch him suddenly, and send him coughing home, by their convalescent guest.

And then the quiet evenings, the chatty, pleasant, homely dinner, the snug room, the cosy chairs, the cheerful fire, the excellent coffee, the wee-est nipperkin of old liqueur, the fragrant tobacco (if the convalescent is up to it), the soothing music, only played when the demand is unanimous, and the punctuality of the sound of the flat candlesticks on the table in the old hall, and the hearty "Good night!" and good wishes! O peaceful hour of ten P.M., how I have come to love thee! How have I hated Clubs and smoking-rooms, and festive gatherings, and music-parties, and dinner-parties, and crowded rooms, and all excitement generally. "Never again with you, ROBIN!" I have murmured to myself as I have snuggled down into the yielding comfortable bed while watching the warm flickering firelight.

Such was our life at Motemoss. A few friends, now and then, to a sociable cheery dinner, and away at ten punctually; no irregularities of time or diet; no subsequent regrets; no yearnings for soda-and-lemon; no distaste for breakfast. Over our door might be inscribed the motto of the pious Benedictines, "*Pax*."

In this delightful state of reverie and rest I had remained a fortnight, carefully carrying out the doctor's orders, when one afternoon, on my return from my gentle walk, a servant, evidently much flurried and dismayed by something unusual, came up to me and said,

"There's a telegram for you, Sir."

Had he presented a loaded revolver at my head I could not have been more startled. I could only gasp out,

"Where?"

"On the slab in the hall," he replied. He was evidently afraid of it as an uncanny thing, and wouldn't have touched it on any account.

I took it up and inspected the envelope, as if I expected to discover the sender by the handwriting. It is a mistake into which most people, not in the habit of receiving telegrams, very easily fall. Some men like to defer the pleasure of knowing from whom a letter comes as long as they can by looking at the postmark, trying to remember whose handwriting it is, examining the seal, arguing with their wives as to whom it can possibly be from, and finally, with great reluctance, after all their coquetting, opening it.

I open it, dreading something terrible.



THE WRONG BOY IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Sir Pompey Bedell, J.P. (on discovering that his Eggshell is an empty one turned upside down).
 "WHAT—WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"

The New Page. "FUST O' HAPRIL, SIR!" [Explodes, and is dismissed with a Month's Wages.]

SNACKS FROM THE STUDIOS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Scamperer.)

DURING the first Sunday in April and the last Sunday in March, the *ateliers* of the R.A.'s and eminent outsiders have, according to the now consecrated custom, been thrown open to the Critics and the Patrons of Art. Although busily engaged in electioneering like everyone else, Mr. Punch's Representative found time to jot down a few notes that may serve as an overture to the Burlington House Opera. Here are a few of the entries in our own Scamperer's pocket-book, arranged in alphabetical order.

L. ALMA TADEMA, A.R.A.—"*Fredegonde*," the Divorced Queen, seated at a casement, draws aside the curtain and gazes with resentful looks on the re-marriage of her husband. The marble in the picture is (as usual) dashed in anyhow, and without the slightest regard to nature. The egg, however, which the Queen is on the point of throwing at her faithless lover, is very precious in its fulness of thoughtful meaning.

G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.—"*A Music Lesson*." A little Italian Lad being taught to play the flageolet by his Grandfather, seated on an old-fashioned terrace overlooking a river. The excited Paterfamilias in the background directing a Policeman to order the nuisance to move on, is a very noble piece of work, at once strenuous and subtle.

E. BURN-JONES.—"*The Golden Stairs*," representing a company of Girls in white

descending a flight of winding stairs. As might have been expected from the previous work of this Artist, the girls are maidenly yet majestic models of lusty health and rich physical development. They are dashing down the stairs with a virginal vigour that seems to echo the glad music of primitive races, and proclaims the delicious dawn of gladness in hearts that have not yet learnt life's sad lesson.—*Vanitas vanitatum*.

THOMAS FAED, R.A.—"*Hand to Mouth*," representing an aged and needy Clarinet-player, accompanied by a little boy with a monkey, making his frugal purchases in a Chandler's shop. One of those chapters from the Simple Annals of the Village Poor, which this gifted Artist records with so right a hand, and a mind so far above the conventional and commonplace.

W. P. FRITH, R.A.—"*The Prawn Seller*." A scene at Tenby. A deeply significant presentment of a practical joke. The Prawn Seller has nothing but shrimps in his basket!

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.—"*The Murder of the Duke of Gloucester*." The delicate half tones of this dainty picture are in the Artist's most serene manner. The chief defect of the work is the lack of energy—there is no dash in the colour, no *bravura* in the drawing, no "*chic*" in the composition.

H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.—"*Grandfather's Pet*." Old man kicking out intruder. Why paint a subject so painful? If the aged are subject to sudden bursts of passion, is this a reason for consigning them to canvass—particularly in these electioneering times, when irritation at a Canvasser's call is surely excusable?

J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.—"*Leading Strings*." Sweetly illustrating the lovely old way of training children up in the way they should go. Next year we may look out for a companion-picture called "*Little Toddlekins*"—the first softly staggering steps of unassisted babyhood—a subject as new as it is touching to the deep heart of maternity.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.—A series of ideal Female heads remarkable for the strenuousness of their forms and the glowing life blood of their flesh tints. The vitality and vigour of the President's virile hand may be traced in every touch.

J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—A noble portrait of "True THOMAS of Chelsea," and for companion, another hardly less memorable, "True JOHN EVERETT of Kensington." It is but right that a grand old master of the pen should be balanced by a mighty young master of the pencil.

J. O'CONNOR.—"*Sunrise from Waterloo Bridge*." A companion picture to "*We won't Go Home till Morning*."

E. J. POYNTER, R.A.—"*Visit of Venus to Æsculapius*," to whom the Goddess, attended by the Three Graces, is holding up her foot. Æsculapius indignantly explains that he is not a chiropodist. The contrasted expressions of the God of Physic and the Goddess of Beauty may have suggested the second title, "*Corn in Egypt*."

V. C. PRINSEP, A.R.A.—"*The Durbar, Delhi*." A wonderful *mélée*—with Major BARNES in his tabard, Lord LYTON shining as the Star of India, in sky-blue, if not blue sky, and all the Rams, Jams, Ramjams, Nizams, Salsams, and other Indian Princes under our rule, hailing VICTORIA, by grace of BEACONSFIELD, Empress. This glowing little canvass will, no doubt, be the centre of attraction in the Miniature Room.

BRITON RIVIERE, A.R.A.—"*The Night Watch*." Not to be confounded with "*The Day Clock*." The attempt of the owner of the night watch to wind up his time-piece

with a corkscrew has apparently been unsuccessful, and his feelings under failure are very tenderly touched.

G. F. WATTS, R.A.—A fine portrait of himself, which will not be exhibited with the time-honoured title of "*Portrait of a Gentleman*," but under the *jeu de mot* "*What's his name?*" It is destined for the Painters' Portrait Gallery in the Uffizi, Florence, where it will take the distinguished place it deserves in the Uffizi Catalogues.

Here Our Own Scamperer's Note-book ends.

N.B.—*Punch's* O. S. does not disguise the fact that he has seen none of the above pictures, and knows nothing about Art; but in these enlightened days of æsthetic enlightenment, easy manners, and free thought, is there anything in either of these details to prevent him from exercising the functions of an Art-Critic? A right-minded echo will assuredly answer, "Certainly not!" And *Mr. Punch's* Own Scamperer is a right-minded echo, and repeats the substance of what he hears, if occasionally with variations.

A MORAL SONG—(FOR ELECTION TIME).

(After Doctor Watts.)



'Tis the voice of
BRITANNIA,
I heard her
explain—

"I'm wide awake
now; I won't
slumber again;
As *Materfamilias*,
once out of bed,
I must sack my late
servants, and turn
off their head.

"A little more sleep,
and a little more
slumber,
And my wars, big
and little, had
grown out of
number;
Over vanishing
trade I'd have
had to fold hands,
Perplexed, not with
orders, but debtors'
demands.

"I passed Jingo's
Music Hall, lit
with blue fire,

That on Russia's big bogey blazed higher and higher,
I heard "*Rule Britannia*," saw waving of flags,
With a great deal by way of bouncé, bunkum, and brags.

"I called upon Jingo as hoping to find,
Common sense had found access, at length, to his mind,
But he told me his dreams, talked as if he'd been drinking,
For he reads the *D. T.*, and has long given up thinking.

"Then, said *Punch* to JOHN BULL, 'you take warning, J. B.,'
This Jingo's a picture of what *we* might be.
But thanks to our friends for the care of our breeding,
Who warned us, betimes, the *D. T.* against reading."

AN APPEAL FOR MANY YOUNG WOMEN AND ONE OLD ONE.

I.—For the Young Women.

"Sweet girl graduates in their golden hair."

GIRTON is growing—in numbers as in honour. Opened in 1869 with six Students in a humble hired house at Hitchin, in 1879 the humble lodging-house had swelled to a handsome College, within easy reach of Cambridge—as it has shown at the last mathematical examination—with 60 regular students, of whom thirty-six have received degrees, certificates, and twenty-four have been declared up to the standard of honours in one of the Triposes.

The Council of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, in acknowledgment of these proofs of vitality and vigour, have wisely appointed three representative members of the College.

If things go on as they have begun, the 60 Girton girls will, six years hence, be 220.

The friends of the College are anxious to prepare for this increase

of its daughters. The founders are in debt some £6,200 for borrowed money, and want to pay it off. To this appeal for help towards this good purpose, *Punch* is glad to see appended besides the names of Lady STANLEY of ALDERLEY for £500, and Lady GOLDSMID for £100, with other less imposing handsome contributions, that of the Cloth-workers' Company for £315, and the Brewers' Company for £100. Better such gifts, oh, my worthy Guild-friends, than many dinners! *Punch* would sooner have your Companies than your rooms, while you so spend your revenues!

Punch gladly gives his publicity to the growth and glory of Girton, and direction to those who feel inclined to give on its behalf, either to the Treasurer, Miss DAVIS, 17, Cunningham Place, London, the "Girton College Account," at the London and County Bank, or its Secretary, Mrs. CROOM ROBERTSON, 31, Kensington Park Gardens.

II.—For the Old Woman.

Having paid his debt to the young women, *Punch* passes on to what he is glad to own as a debt—and not his debt only, but all his readers', and all English and Scottish working-men's—to an old woman—a poor old woman—JANET HAMILTON, of Coatbridge, near Glasgow, who died in October, 1873, at the age of seventy-eight. After the stories (so well told by SAMUEL SMILES) of ROBERT DICK, the baker-geologist and botanist of Thurso, now dead, and THOMAS EDWARDS, the shoemaker-naturalist of Banff, still living, there are few records, even in the annals of the Scottish poor—so ripe, to their honour, in lives of self-devotion and self-culture—more remarkable than that of this poor old woman.

Born in October 1795, the daughter of a small shoemaker, afterwards a field labourer, of Old Monkland in Lanarkshire, JANET HAMILTON was brought up from early girlhood to the hard work of the spinning wheel and the tambour frame, married her father's journeyman in 1809, bore him ten children, and after a happy and laborious married life of sixty-three years, died in October 1873, leaving behind her such utterances of her thought in prose and verse, as are not unworthy for singing power of a countrywoman of ROBERT BURNS, while they bespeak a spirit as high above temptation, as devoted to duty, and as cheerful under self-sacrifice, as his was impatient, unrestrained, and irregular. Having taught herself to read without so much as a start from the village school, she rapidly exhausted the scanty libraries about her, and, while never neglecting her hard "day's darg," read, learned, marked, and digested so much of the best poetry and the best history as came within her reach. She was full besides of the abundant folk and ballad lore of her region, and loved nature and flowers as keenly as books.

She was fifty before she taught herself to write—out of printed books; and after that age, living in Coatbridge, one of the grimmest and squalidest suburbs of Glasgow, among some of the roughest and most drunken of its iron-working population, keeping her house in order, bringing up her large family, working all day till nine or ten at night, then reading till two in the morning, and up again at seven, through many years of this life of labour, she uttered in song much that is always tender and refined, and much that is wonderfully beautiful, considering her circumstances and surroundings. And all this while she did more to promote good causes, and, above all, the cause of temperance, in the drunken population round about her, than all the teachers and preachers.

For the last ten years of JANET HAMILTON's life she was blind, her eyes having failed her from over-labour; but in her blindness she was good and cheerful as ever, and she sang to the last—better, perhaps, for her blindness, as cruel folks say caged singing-birds do.

Two volumes of her prose and poetry have been published and sold off, and deserve to be reprinted better than most remains.

When she died in 1873, after a model life, not only of such self-culture as has been described, but of courtesy and charity, kindness and piety, quiet dignity, and warm affection as a wife, mother, friend, neighbour, and example, she was followed to the grave by many thousands, who knew what her daily existence had been, and many of whom had been turned from evil ways by her influence.

Punch now tells his readers of this remarkable life's work, because it is proposed to erect in Coatbridge, where she lived and died, a drinking fountain in honour of her, who so well deserved a memorial, and to whom such a memorial is so appropriate.

The Treasurer of the Fund is Mr. JOHN COWPER, National Bank, Coatbridge; and some £40 of the money for the memorial is still wanting. It is little to the credit of Glasgow that any appeal beyond her borders should be necessary; but it is hardly to be regretted, if it serves to make more widely known the name and life of JANET HAMILTON!

BENJAMIN TO BRITANNIA.—*Nunc dimittis!*

ERRATUM.—"They also serve, who only stand and wait." MILTON's, of course, not WORDSWORTH's. The blunder is Mr. Pawkie's, not Mr. Punch's, but he ought to have corrected it.



ELECTIONS ON THE BRAIN.

"LOOK—LOOK, PAPA! HE'S AT THE TOP OF THE POLE!"

[Poor Papa, an unsuccessful Conservative Candidate, can't stand it, and seeks refuge in the Monkey-House.]

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Gaiety to see the "Voyage en Suisse."

HAVING heard great things of the HANLON-LEES at the Gaiety, in *Le Voyage en Suisse*, I went expecting to be highly diverted by these Pierrots; and, as far as they are concerned, the performance more than realised my anticipations.

A Pantomime in Three Acts sounds formidable; but there is just a thread of a story, and the action is so rapid, and executed with such marvellous neatness and precision, as never to weary the spectator, though it does bewilder him considerably, and, while watching the absurd feats of the two comic servants, it leaves him, at the end of each Act, uncertain as to whether he is on his head or his heels, but quite sure that he has been laughing at it most heartily.

That I am unable to say with any precision as to what the piece is about, may be owing to my having unfortunately missed the commencement; but as to what the HANLON-LEES and M. AGOUST are about there is no difficulty whatever in ascertaining, come in when you will.

They are certainly wonderful Pantomimists, and the sprightliest of acrobatic performers. So intensely droll are they, and so fixed is the attention of the audience on these the central figures of this eccentric performance, that the business and the dialogue of the speaking actors who are engaged in assisting the story, and allowing the HANLON-LEES breathing time, go for very little, except in the Second Act, when the situations in which Mr. PENLEY, Mr. RIGHTON, and Miss LAWLER are concerned carry along briskly what, after the rattling comic pantomime, might be a trifle slow.

The Train Scene, showing the compartments while the train is in motion, is very ingenious, and the rapidity of the action is startling and always amusing.

Had it been all in action, without any speaking, and only in the hands of pantomimists, with suitable musical illustrations and occasional concerted pieces and choruses, it might go even sharper, as it seems to me, than it now does,—and that is saying a good deal.

The scene in the Third Act, where the HANLON-LEES represent

WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.

THE Government have been beaten all over the country by an overwhelming majority. Reasons for this are as plenty as Blackberries. Among them we may mention those of

A Keen Political Observer—"Because the weather has been dead against them all along."

The Country Tory—"Because that fellow GLADSTONE's a match for Old Nick himself."

The North-Country Whole-Hogger—"Because BRACONFIELD has had rope enough."

The Metropolitan Conservative—"Because your average Working Man is such an ungrateful fool."

The Suburban Slogger—"Because your Jingoos are such a set of blatant idiots."

The Unsuccessful Candidate—"Because that lying agent didn't half work up the canvass."

His Amiable Better Half—"Because, as I told him before he began, to please the mob he ought to have gone in as one of those horrid Radicals."

His Son The Captain—"Because the Governor ought to have known that it's only Cads and Attorneys that put up for Parliament."

The Music-Hall Baritone—"Because that new Jingo Chorus was as flat as ditch-water."

The Rational Tradesman—"Because they didn't come down hammer and tongs on those infernal Stores."

The Humanitarian Enthusiast—"Because they kept the country in a fever, threatened everybody, and unsettled everything all over the world."

The Irrepressible Patriot—"Because they didn't throw a hundred thousand men into Gallipoli, and pitch the Russian Ambassador into the Channel."

An Exultant Antagonist—"Because they've outraged all the sound sense and Christian sentiment of the country."

A Disappointed Supporter—"Because they've been so shy of trusting themselves to the National feeling."

The Right Hon. Mr. Tadpole—"Because they have been monstrously too good."

The Right Hon. Mr. Taper—"Because they've been awfully too bad."

Lord Beaconsfield—"Because popular praise is as passing as it is palling."

ADVICE TO FAGOT-VOTERS.—"Cut your stick!"

the two Scaramouches gradually getting intoxicated, and unable to distinguish between a candlestick and a wine-bottle, is immensely humorous, and their subsequent escape from a Gendarme, personated by M. AGOUST, is capitally managed.

The whole performance is unique, and well worth a visit from all who wish to see to what perfection Pantomimic Art can be brought.

Next week I hope to be able to report on the two other recent novelties at the Opéra Comique and the Folly; and till then I am, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Bung, from his Bier.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

HERE lies one

Who, if Froth had been Fact,
And Exercise-licence English Liberty,
Would have saved the Country.

As it was,

He expended a great flow of language,
And a greater of liquor;
He gained nothing to speak of,
And he lost three-fourths of the Elections.

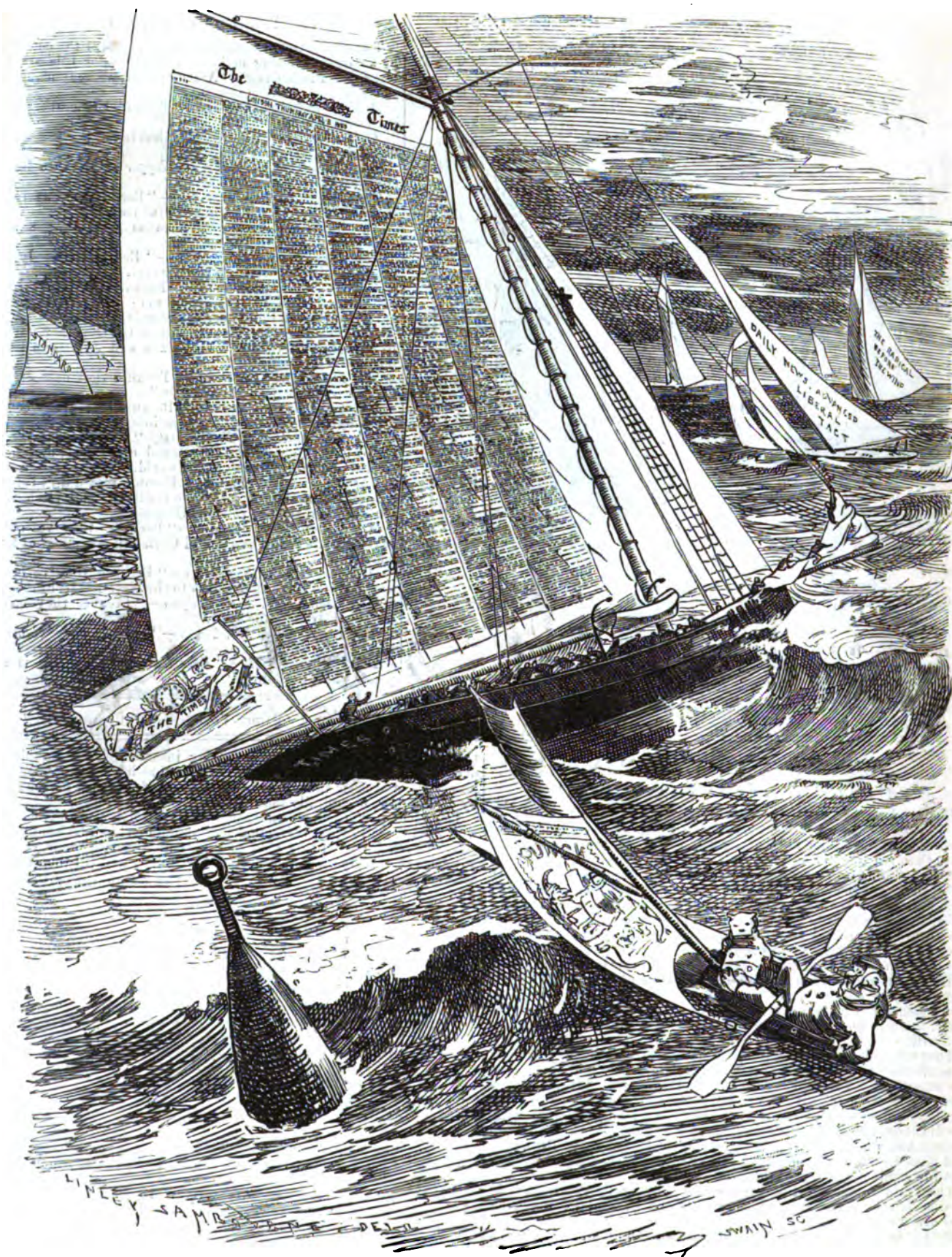
EXEMPLI GRATIA.

THE most no-Torious county in England—Durham, which has returned

Liberals	.	.	13
Conservatives	.	.	0

TRAMPLING ON THE FALLEN.

THE News-boys at the stations are hawking the latest biography of the "late-present" PREMIER as "*Benjamin Disraeli—just out!*"



TACKING—"READY ABOUT!"

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER II.

"OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"

THIS was the telegram:—

"Coming down this train see you business important."

It was sent by "R. BOILINGBROOK, Holborn Viaduct," just five minutes before the starting of the train.

To reply, "Don't!" was impossible: he was already half-way on the road by the time I received his message.

"Important Business!" In my state of tranquil convalescence and listless ease the word "business" was quite enough to unsettle me without the "important." Here was I, so calm, so quiet, in such pure contented enjoyment of the repose at Motemoos, so far from all mundane thoughts and cares, so willing to remain in this state of all but intellectual coma, and to be thus rudely broken in upon by "Business important!"

"Here!" I complained aloud in a querulous tone to myself as I stood all alone, telegram in hand, in the comfortable study—"Here! have I been ordered—positively ordered by the doctor—to do nothing—to do absolutely nothing for weeks. And I retire far away from London to do it; I hide myself; I don't give my address even to my dearest friend, telling my family to forward my letters under cover once a week; and, within the first fortnight, before, so to speak, I have had time to recover my breath, down comes DICK BOILINGBROOK upon me with 'Business!'" I shouldn't so much mind if I were propped up with pillows in an arm-chair, and had the ghastly pallor, the quavering voice, with the lean lank hands, and, in fact, in a general way got up like Mr. IRVING as *Louis the Eleventh*. But I'm not; and BOILINGBROOK, seeing me now as a convalescent, looking three times as well as ever I did when in full health in London, will look upon me as a shirker of work, a sham, and a sponger on theulous sympathy and generous hospitality of friends. At the very idea my brow becomes amy, for I see myself exposed as a hypocritical hypocrite who should be at once banished to Motemoos, and sent to the Printers' Gallies a sentence of hard labour for life. It is so considerate of one's friends who, seeing you look ill, refuse to believe you have ever been ill.

There was no help for it. Burning the telegram didn't prevent his coming. I couldn't upset a entire household by sending someone with a message to the Station. The household was not accustomed to sudden vagaries; messages were never sent except by the boy with the post-bag; regular stated times. As to telegrams, they were looked upon by Motemoosians as an invention of the Evil One, except in very exceptional cases, when they are considered as exactly the reverse. There is no one of all their dependents who would go off in a hurry anywhere. They don't believe in hurry; they don't even force vegetables and fruit at Motemoos; so there is nobody to take a telegram were there any use in sending one. Besides, I couldn't refuse to see a man who had travelled nearly a hundred miles to interview me on important business. In another half-hour the train, if punctual—or in three-quarters at most—would have arrived. Then, what would my host say? He had not come back from Lambegate, where, I believe, it was a market and Sessions day; and Mrs. COSETT was out "returning civilities," as we phrase it at Motemoos.

If DICK BOILINGBROOK were a solemn, sedate publisher, or such a dignified personage as I imagine the Editor of the *Quarterly* to be, then, I



ALL AS IT SHOULD BE.

Stalwart Athlete. "A—I WAS AT SCHOOL WITH YOUR BROTHER. DID HE EVER HAPPEN TO MENTION ME TO YOU!—TOBIAS TALBOT TOMLINSON!"

Fair Wrangler from Girton. "No; BUT WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL I USED TO SEE YOUR NAME ON THE COLLEGE BOOKS, YOU KNOW. IT WAS ALWAYS THE LAST OF THE FORM, AND YOU WERE FIVE FEET ELEVEN WHEN YOU WERE ONLY IN THE LOWER FOURTH, AND MEASURED EIGHTEEN INCHES ROUND THE Calf OF THE LEG!"

[They dance, fall in love with each other, marry, and live happily ever after—need we add that, in point of Stature, Sense, and Beauty, the numerous little Tomlinsons leave nothing to be desired.]

feel intuitively, he would not be out of keeping with the surroundings in Motemoos. Such an individual would enter as noiselessly as an undertaker, would glide into the library as though the atmosphere of these old bookshelves were familiar to him, and would soon be absorbed in the books. The "important business" of such a grave and reverend person would be of a kind quite compatible with the retirement of Motemoos. It would probably be to arrange with me for an essay of some fifty pages on the age of SENNACHERIB when he came down like a wolf on the fold, to appear two years hence in the first quarter's magazine of that date. But then he would not have telegraphed—he would have taken three weeks to fix such a visit. Besides, the COSETTS, whose evenings are decidedly studious, and who, instead of frittering away their time either in vain and empty society in their own house or out of it, absorb regularly every night as much solid magazine literature as is good for them, or even sometimes more than they can carry between dinner and bedtime, would have been proud of having so learned a pundit in their house, and, figuratively speaking, would have sat at his feet. But DICK BOILINGBROOK is not a reverend Signor, nor a learned Pundit, nor an Editor of a Serious Critical Quarterly, though, if he chose, he could give some of these gentlemen more information on most subjects in five minutes than they would pick up in as many years; for DICK BOILINGBROOK is a man of most acute and rapid observation, retentive memory, ready wit, quick



REACTION.

First Merchant. "WELL, WHAT'S FRESH?"

Second Merchant. "OH, I THINK THINGS ARE LOOKING BETTER, PEOPLE GETTING ON THEIR LEGS AGAIN——"

First Merchant. "THINK SO?"

Second Merchant. "NO DOUBT OF IT!—GOOD MANY PEOPLE USED TO RIDE, YOU KNOW—WALK NOW!—TA, TA——"

application, and good sound practical common sense in everything. With him there are no two bites at a cherry: if he likes the cherry, he takes it at once, rejecting the stone. Nor does he know two ways of compassing an object: he goes straight at it, and obtains it if he can: he doesn't beat about a bush himself, but he is sharp enough to take advantage of somebody else's beating, potting the animal as it runs out, and walking off with it in his own bag. DICK is a citizen of the world, at home everywhere; kindness itself; generous, impulsive, detesting cant as much as duplicity, hating Pharisaism, but with no great admiration for the Publican; never rough, ever ready; with a certain brusqueness of manner, acquired by continual telegraphing, so that his epigrammatic letters and way of speaking are now as characteristic of the man as were the Wellington despatches of the Iron Duke. DICK has lived sufficiently wisely, and never too well. He has gone in for all sorts of trades, businesses, speculations, and professions. He is proprietor of two or three theatres, though his name doesn't appear, and owns as many music-halls; he is mysteriously connected with most of the amusements and entertainments all over the world; he directs the theatre at Alexandria by telegraph; at a moment's notice he can recall the most popular actors, or musicians, or singers from their tours in the United States; he has agents at the Antipodes, who, without his support, wouldn't know whether they stood on their heads or their heels; he has entered into a contract with the MIKADO for a "Variety Entertainment" in Japan, though he has not yet quite succeeded in overcoming the difficulties placed in his way by the Emperor of CHINA, who, I believe, insists on having a few little things of his own performed every season, for which he will take all the receipts without any abatement; and it is generally supposed that the Shah of PERSIA's visit was only one of DICK BOILINGBROOK's speculations, though he would have nothing to do with the unhappy CHERWAYO and his wives and daughters. Besides this, he is the landlord of a few proprietary chapels with good wine-vaults below; he is consulted on all sorts of Metropolitan Improvement subjects by SubCommittees of the Board of Works, and his information is correct and invaluable; he knows what to buy, when to buy it, and the market to buy it in; he is connected officially with several daily journals and is part-proprietor of some of the light magazines and weekly illustrated

"comics"; he has a small rising property by the sea-side; it is whispered that he is going to stand for somewhere at the next election; and he is the active partner in two or three restaurants and hotels. He is here to-day, gone to-morrow, somewhere else the day after, and Heaven knows where after that. He turns up when you least expect him—as now—always on business, yet he seems to have plenty of time on his hands for pleasure, for reading,—there isn't a paper he doesn't take all the honey out of in about half a second, and he reads them all—and, I suppose for sleeping. I have once seen him asleep at the Club in an arm-chair over a publication—well, I forget what he was reading—but as THACKERAY said, when he detected his own novel in the somnolent person's hands, "Let us pass on"—and once I have seen him—at least I fancy I saw him, though I could not make my deposition on oath—asleep in the corner seat of a first-class carriage on the Eastern Counties line. But even on these two occasions not the sharpest barber—not *Figaro* himself—could have done much in the way of shaving Mr. RICHARD BOILINGBROOK's eyebrows. And this wonderful being—this restless, perturbed spirit, the embodiment of the push-along genius of the present day, this man of perpetual motion—this is the gentleman who is coming to flutter the Dove-cot at Motemoss with his important business.

It has utterly upset me, to begin with. What is his business? I haven't an idea. He has so many businesses; and having myself a knack of turning my hand to a few things in the literary and dramatic way, Mr. RICHARD BOILINGBROOK considers me as a sort of "general utility" in the above-mentioned lines; and, for my own part, I find that my Pegasus makes a good serviceable sort of oob, and his well-clipped wings save me a considerable sum in goose-quills. If Mr. BOILINGBROOK wants a topical song for the Great Waag, Lion-Comique at one of the music-halls, in which he is "interested," he sends to me; if he wants a pantomime-opening for one of his theatres, if he wants a stump-speech for the "comic man" of one of the numerous troupes under his direction, and for various other trifles, about whose authorship the public neither knows nor cares—as why should it?—DICK BOILINGBROOK generally telegraphs to me.

But here, at Motemoss, I have got out of all this; instead of music-halls I would give myself up to meditation. I don't care about topics. I don't want to read about them in the newspapers, far less to write songs about them. No, I loathe and despise all this tin-pot frippery, and would take up something grand, colossal; something that will leave its mark in Literature and Art; something that will be a household word wherever the English language is spoken, that will live when lion comiques, topical songs with catchy choruses, burlesques, and suchlike follies are dead, buried, and forgotten.

What is DICK BOILINGBROOK's important business? Mrs. COSSETT and her sister, a quiet, elderly widow, and her maiden aunt, who never goes about without her "work" in a small basket, and never allows Satan to have the slightest chance of finding her some mischievous employment for want of something better to do, all these three ladies deeply sympathise with me, and think it really quite heartless of any one, no matter who he may be, to come down and worry a convalescent, placed in their charge for rest, on a matter of business. "And to send a telegram, too!" exclaims the aunt, sitting down to her work. She loathes telegrams, and shudders at the bilious colour of the telegraphic envelopes. All medicines should be alluring to the eye, and pleasant to the palate; and telegraphic envelopes should be pretty. The Squire arrives. He takes a new view of it.

"Delighted to see any friend of yours, my dear fellow," he says to me.

"That's very good of you," I return, sadly.

"Of course he'll dine with us if he's got nothing better to do," the Squire says, to which his wife adds, "Oh, of course."

I thank them in DICK BOILINGBROOK's name and my own.

"He can't be here much before dinner now," observes the Squire, consulting his watch; "so he won't have any time to bother you about business, and we won't give him a chance during dinner."

Excellent plan! I thank the Squire sincerely, for my nerves are dreadfully unstrung.

But still DICK BOILINGBROOK will see me at dinner—and—and—I regret to say I do feel uncommonly hungry. If he sees me eating and drinking heartily, he'll show me no compassion, but have me up to town to work at once; perhaps take me back with him!

There is only one thing I implore the Ladies and the Squire to remember, and that is as I put it to them piteously,

"Don't let him keep me up late."

That is my dread. If I am not in bed by half-past-ten at the latest, I am a lost man. I feel it. Like the unhappy *Coupeau* in *L'Assommoir*, when, on recovering from his *delirium tremens*, he is told that a glass of brandy will be his ruin, and who dreads the proximity of the bottle, so I, knowing my own feebleness, knowing how difficult it is to retire where a guest wants to remain, pray my host to insist on my retiring at an early hour, and I beg my hostess and the Ladies not to delay their departure beyond their usual time.

"My dear fellow," says my host, "you know our rule here, and we never break through it for *anyone*." Then he changes the subject. "By the way, what does your friend drink? Anything? Everything?"

Yes, anything and everything. He is, I say, one of the most genial fellows in the world, and the easiest to please, and no sooner have I given him this character than there is a ring at the hall-door, that sets the yard-dogs barking outside, and brings out the inner canine guards bounding and barking and growling, causing the master and mistress and servants to chorus out in different tones, "Quiet, *Pincher*! Down, *Glen*! Quiet, *Snap*! Be quiet, *Puggins*!" and, the dogs having been chivied away, the larger ones shut into the back part, and the smaller carried or driven forcibly into the drawing-room, the door is opened, and from the library, whither I have retired so as not to be in a draught—I must on no account be in a draught—I hear Dick's well known voice asking for me, and in less than another minute the library-door is opened, admitting such a blast of cold air as might have announced the presence of *Hamlet's* father's ghost, and the servant ushers in—

"Mr. BOILINGBROOK, Sir."

I tremble, actually tremble. Decidedly I am not in condition. Had I committed some fearful crime, and the Detective from Scotland Yard had found me out at last, and had got the warrant in one pocket and the handcuffs in another, I couldn't be more excitedly nervous, more agitated than I am now on the entrance of Mr. BOILINGBROOK on important business.

COLONEL STANLEY'S COLLEAGUE.

Of all the Candidates for seats at this memorable General Election, there has been none more entirely after *Punch's* own heart, than Major-General FIELDEN, Candidate for North Lancashire, with Colonel STANLEY. If he is returned, he will, in his single simple self, supply the place of the inexpressible Doctor, the Great Major, and the Old Admiral—*Tria juncta in uno*.

Punch has received a ream at least of reports of the General's Blackpool oration. While sweet in its infantile simplicity, it is, like all sweet things, a little cloying, from its constant ringing of the changes on a few themes, after the manner of the Lancashire Bell-ringers. So *Punch* has thought it best to put it into poetic form. And here it is:—

Major-General Fielden's Speech at Blackpool, 5th (not 1st) of April.

I'm a simple old soldier, as all the county know—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so—

And, really, to Parliament I don't want to go,
So when asked, in all humility I said, No, no!

I love the British Army and the English Church do, do.—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so—

I've nothing to do, and there's nothing that I know;
But I've come into property, though why 'tis hard to show.

I met a man in Preston a few days ago—

Ask Dr. COCKER, and he'll tell you so—

By whose judgment in politics I'm quite content to go;

"Have you none of your own?" if you ask, I answer, "No!"

Says I, "from change of Government, d'ye think good would flow?"—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so,—

Says he, most decidedly, "I don't think so,"

So he didn't, and I don't—that's if you care to know.

The only country worth a dump the world can show,—

Ask Dr. COCKER and he'll tell you so,—

Is England. I may be a fool, but that, at least, I know,
So elect me, or take STORY—I don't like Stories, though!

THE NEW SCOTCH PEBBLE.—Gladstone.

WHAT WILL HE DO?



Will he discontinue his subscription to the *Daily Telegraph*, or double it?

Will he spend his last official hours in providing for his friends, and laying torpedoes for his foes?

Will he accept a Dukedom, and a Garter for his other knee?

Will he provide himself with inextinguishable laughter for an indefinite period in the shape of a candid autobiography?

Will he establish his ascendancy as a contributor to *Blackwood* in a series of articles of a highly patriotic, not to say aggressive, character?

Will he give us another novel, richly spiced with personalities, and containing "combinations" *à la Fak-red-deen*, to be carried out on some future occasion?

Will he turn his attention to Classical literature, and add another translation of HOMER to the many extant examples of that favourite feat of retired statesmanship?

Will he go in for Athletics?

Will he, in deference to the general sense of the fitness of things, take up his abode in Cyprus, and devote himself to the development of the incapacities of that interesting island?

Will he extend the scientific frontiers of Opposition?

Will he give his moral support to the Home-Rulers?

Will he show the strength of a Statesman of threescore and something over in kicking against the pricks?

Or, will he accept his enforced retirement with dignity, cheerfulness, and resignation?

HIBERNIAN DEALING WITH DYNAMITE.

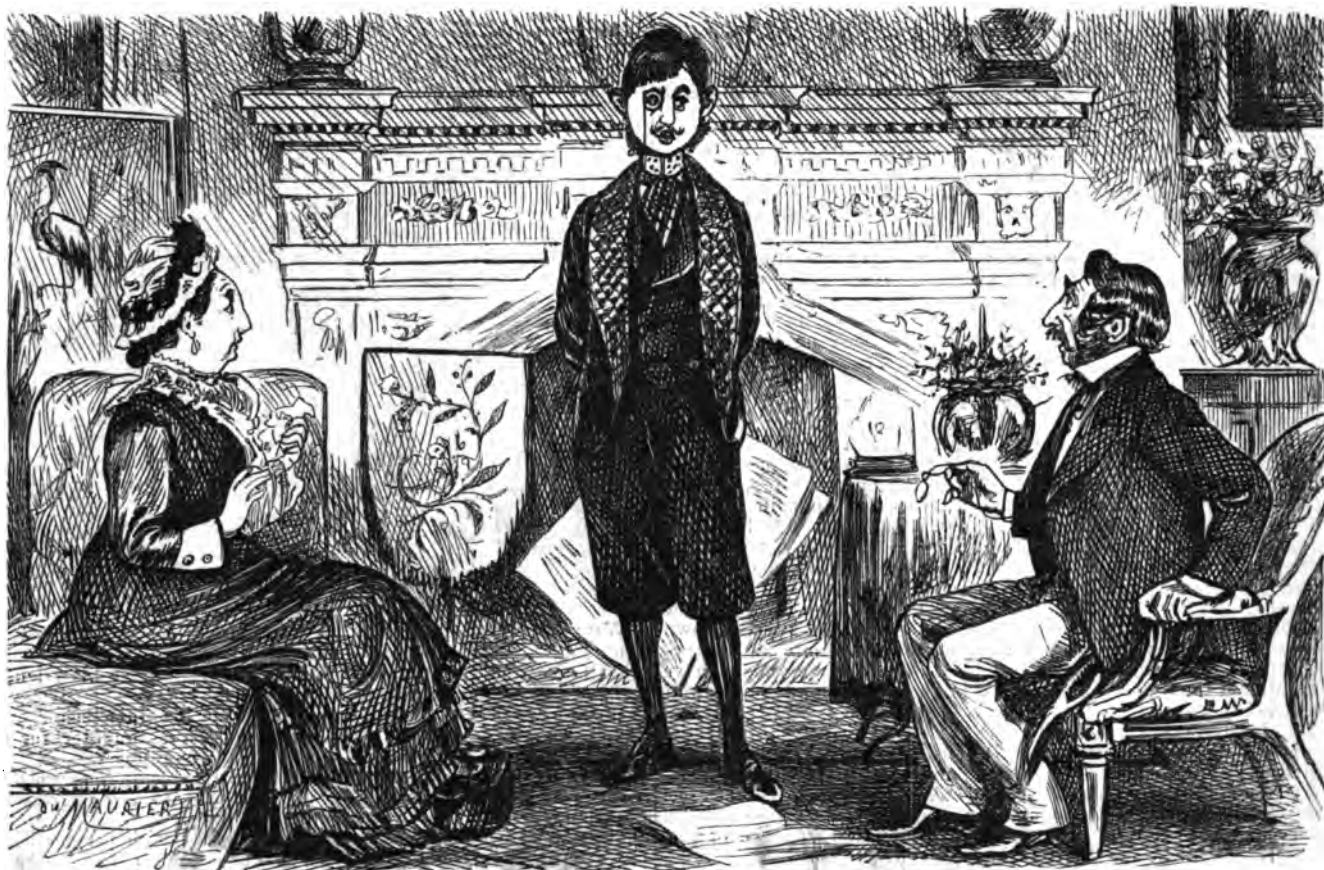
NIRILLEN à la Russe appears to have extended itself to Ireland, if there is no mistake in the following report of a fearful and appalling

"ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A LORD MAYOR.—At a late election meeting in County Carlow parcels of dynamite were placed under the platform. The diabolical plot, which might have resulted in great loss of life, was happily discovered in time, and the dynamite harmlessly buried."

Although exceptional Irishmen have been known to employ an explosive substance for an unlawful purpose, and there may still exist some misguided Patlanders capable of blowing up their political opponents, let us hope that this was only an endeavour to frighten a Lord Mayor, and not to hurt him. If, however, the parcels really contained dynamite, and instead of being exploded, were simply buried, they now constitute a mine, into which a person not aware of its existence, may hereafter delve. Then will some unfortunate Irishman, through this truly Irish method adopted for the safe disposal of dynamite, get blown into smithereens at the hands of other Irishmen!

Disce Mori, or Dissey's Last Lesson.

Ministers seldom practise what they preach,
And so men oft neglect their exhortation:
Yet Ministers, whatever their life, can teach
In death that best of lessons—Resignation.



RESPONSIBILITIES OF HEREDITY.

Son and Heir (suddenly dissatisfied with his Stature, his Personal Appearance, and the Quality of his Intellect). "AW—WHAT ON EARTH EVAN COULD HAVE INDUGED YOU TWO PEOPLE TO MAWVY!"

Sir Wobert and Lady Mawiah. "THE OLD, OLD STORVY, MY DEAR BOY! WE FELL IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHAH—AW—AW——"

Son and Heir. "AW—WELL—YOU'RE BOTH SUCH AWFFLY GOOD OLD. DRAWS, THAT I FORGIVE YOU. BUT YOU WEALLY SHOULD HAVE HAD BETTAH TASTE, YOU KNOW, AND EACH HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A DIFFEWENT KIND OF PERSON ALTOGETHAH, AND GIVEN A FELLAH A CHANON! YOU SEE, IT'S ALL OWIN' TO YOUR JOINT INTERFEAWENCE IN MY AFFAHS THAT I'M UNDER FIVE FOOT ONE, AND CAN'T SAY BOH TO A GOOSE, AND—A—JUSTLY PASS FOR BEING THE GWEATEST GUY IN THE WHOLE COUNTY—AW! JUST LOOK AT ME, CONFOUND IT!"

[They look at him, and then at each other—and haven't a word to say.]

VICTORY!

(W. E. G. APRIL, 1890.)

Well done! And surely it is well.
Whatever wary wisdom urge,
Not prompt with pen or with dirge,
Till Truth and Time shall test and tell.

But Time is champion of Truth,
And love of Truth has firm upborne
This fighter 'gainst the doubt and scorn
Of callous age, of cynic youth.

And Time, sure-footed Nemesis
Of fear and falsehood and unfaith,
Has left Truth's witness free from scathe
Of Hatred's howl or Envy's hiss.

Yet let not worsted foemen lour.
Mere conquest is a trivial thing:
Wise laureates little care to sing
The petty triumphs of the hour.

For Fortune's wheel has many turns:
The windy praise, the wild acclaim,
That make the moment's fleeting fame,
Are meeds the nobler spirit spurns.

Wisdom reserves its calm applause
For Victors in the worthier fight,
The struggle for the better light,
The higher aim, the larger cause.

And when the dust of conflict clears,
And party passions pale and die,
And like dawn-frighted spectres fly
The flock of hates, and spites, and fears:

When blind appeals to passions blind
No longer stir the State to storm,
And Patriot Honour's placid form
Beacons once more the public mind:

It may be even foes who fret
At the hot herd's applausive breath,
Shall own well won the Victor's wreath
Upon the Veteran's forehead set.

Well won! The war was fierce and long,
The champion had his flaws and slips,
But, with whatever faults, his lips
Spoke truth, and in its strength were strong.

Counsel of policy's quick fears
He never took, he struck his stroke
For justice, and no clamour broke
The passion of his seventy years.

The fervent tongue that scared the wise
With too tempestuous eloquence,
Ne'er lost its hold of fact and sense,
Or paltered with the plague of lies.

Let lesser eyes spy out the faults
That marked the arduous campaign;
His shield bears dints, but not a stain;
He held the truth 'gainst all assaults.

And he stands Victor! That is nought
To one who looks beyond the day,
Nor cares to join the blatant bray
Of triumph o'er the foes he fought.

Englishmen they, as he is one;
But holding that he fought for right,
And waged a fair and gallant fight,
Punch hails the Victor with "Well done!"

THE SHOUT OF SCOTLAND.—Where are the Conservatives? ELCHO answers, Where?

RARE AVES.—"A Scotch Conservative and a Liberal Scotchman."



“VICTORY!”

“A CONQUEROR FROM THE DESPERATE CLOSE—
BUT BREATHLESS—WILLIAM EWART ROSE!”

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Lady of the Lake (slightly altered).

ON DITS, ON THE BEST AUTHORITY.

(N.B.—For corroboration apply to Our Own Alarmist.)



I AM told on the best authority that the QUEEN will have nothing to do with any new Government, and means to take up her residence permanently at Baden-Baden till the Conservatives return to power.

Of course you have heard that GLADSTONE goes at once into the Upper House as Duke of Midlothian?

I can't give you, off-hand, all the names in the New Ministry, but you may take it for certain that WILFRID LAWSON, CHAMBERLAIN, and RYLANDS are all down for something uncommonly good, while it is quite settled that BRADLAUGH goes to the Education Office, LABOUCHÈRE to the Admiralty, and LINDERWICK to the Woolsack. All the Lords in the Cabinet and the Household, still ungartered, are to toss up between them for the first vacant Garter.

One or two of the first innovations, of course you know, will be the abolition of the Queen's Speech, the suppression of the Reporters' Gallery, and the exclusion of the Opposition from the House on Government nights.

Here are a few items of HARTINGTON's programme, for the authenticity of every one of which I am prepared to vouch.

Universal suffrage to everyone, male and female, above twenty, who shall have resided a whole fortnight in a county or borough, and obtained a School-Board Certificate. The reduction of the expenses of the Navy to two millions a year; the equal subdivision of landed property; compulsory athletics; and the honorary banishment of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE to Monaco, for the purpose of studying the organisation of what is left of its military establishment.

Of course you have heard, too, that Canada is to go to the States, as a settlement of the fishery difficulty; while Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, and as much of India "as is disposed to accept its independence," are to be put up at an International Auction at Berlin, for the benefit of the Bulgarian Exchequer?

There was some talk of beheading BEACONSFIELD on Tower Hill, as an example; but the idea will probably be shelved, for fear of giving unnecessary offence to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Licensed Victuallers.

Following the precedent set in the case of WARREN HASTINGS, LYTON is to be impeached as soon as he lands at Southampton. The Tory Opposition, however, will spare no pains to shield him. As an earnest of their determination, they have, it is said, already entrusted his defence in the Lower House to the new and rising Member for Barnstaple, Sir ROBERT CARDEN.

Did I tell you that as soon as the money can be got out of the sale of the Channel Islands to France, Cyprus will be returned to the Porte, with a cheque for £2,500,000, and an apology?

Report says, too, that Ireland, with PARNELL, BIGGAR and O'DONNELL as its triumvirate, will be conditionally affiliated to the United States; while, in exchange for the privilege of coaling at Smolenak, Russian ships of war are to have the right to refit "in times of international disturbance" at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Sheerness, free of expense.

Taking things all round, the Session promises to be one, as our dear Ex-Premier would have said, "Both memorable and miserable!"

A DREAM OF CYPRUS.

SHALL OUR BEACONS-FIELD be darkened, shall our Beacon be snuffed out?

Shall the great heart of Jingo sink at the foemen's flout?
Stifled and swamped in evil hour by hair-brained GLADSTONE's windy power

Of vile verbosity?

Can India's Empress, England's Queen, give her Chief no redress?
Can the "Consolidated" Turk no gratitude express?

Must he retire to Hughenden, and end his days, to Bucks and men
A curiosity?

Shall Asia and Africa, India, Russia, the Cape,
Find no monumental tribute to give their feelings shape?
Is there no grandeur we can add, to crown a great life it were sad

Should not end greatly?

Yes, the world has one throne vacant, and history one page,
Both worthy of his filling, who recalls a grander age—
A throne that hard on Asia's shore displayed its empery of yore,

In splendour stately.

Jerusalem and Cyprus formed of old a dual realm,
Needs not to say more of the Kings who swayed its storied helm—
But that an ISAAC held its throne, once of a time, for pomp far known,

Who lived in clover,

Till England's stalwart Lion-heart out of him took the shine,
And to another sold the seat—of LUSIGNAN's high line—
GUY, the great GUY, who, when he dropt the Holy City's sceptre, popt

To Cyprus over.

Cannot BEACONSFIELD be asked to resume this ancient throne?
The Turners' Wreath might then be to a crown full-blown.

"King BENJAMIN," a title fair worthy of 'en 'his wearing were,
Of ring Mosaic!

For brass, with tin when blended, from Cyprus copper came.
From the sea-foam of Cyprus Aphrodite lit her flame:

To the bright realm of Brass and Froth, who could so well as he
shift both,

From lands prosaio?

Most "men of light and leading" would flock unto his court;
And Messieurs TRUEFIT's nice young men would thither re-resort,
To cut off monarchs' hair instead of priests' who'd keep theirs on
their head,

As they prefer to.

So might the present sad eclipse be turned to splendour new;
Sir STAFFORD might be sent to trim the Royal balance true;
And BENJAMIN THE FIRST might, straight, Turkish reforms initiate,
And Sultan spur too.

At Peace with Honour fancy paints King BENJAMIN reclined,
In a Scientific Frontier established to his mind,
O'er Samagusta's harbour fair,—with room for Earth's ships and to
spare,—

Stretched at his feet!

So might he close his evening in placid contemplation
Of the big words, and little wars, he gave the British nation,
Though what we'll do when he is gone, who shall say but D. T.
alone,

His organ meet!

Highly Appropriate.

IN view of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy being enforced in some of the struggling dependencies of the Ottoman Empire, MULY BEN HASSAN OSMAN EFFENDI, the Master of the SULTAN's Private Band, has composed a National March, with the initial bars



B A G A B A G G A G B



A TRIMMER.

Country Doctor (as they came from Church). "BUT NOW REALLY, BETWEEN OURSELVES, MANGLES, HOW DID YOU VOTE?"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, BOTH PARTIES THEY COME AND AXED ME, AND I SAYS TO ONE, SAYS I, YES, AND I COULDN'T SAY NO TO T'OTHER, SO I TAKES MY BALLOT CARD, GOES INTO THE BOX, SHUTS MY EYES AND MAKES A BIG CROSS, POPS IT IN, AND LOR' ONLY KNOWS 'OW I VOTED!"

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.

"He gets out of it by walking (his chalks)."—Translation by Bismarck.

(A Page from Somebody's Diary.)

MONDAY.—Very much annoyed to find that the spelling of a recent despatch is not in accordance with my own notions of orthography. Only one thing to do. Immediately tendered my resignation.

Tuesday.—On receiving a letter from the Emperor declaring that he had passed a sleepless night on account of yesterday's proceeding, determined to reconsider my decision. Stipulated as a condition, that three of the Ministers (whose behaviour in this matter has long been an

annoyance to me), should be diamised. The condition has been joyfully accepted, and to-night the Palace and the principal Public offices are to be illuminated in honour of my renunciation of my resolve of yesterday.

Wednesday.—Find that the Bundesrath won't consent to impose a tax upon children's postage-stamp albums! This, with the agony I am suffering from a confounded toothache, drives me nearly wild! Of course my course is clear! Telegraph my resignation on the score of ill health. I will teach them to brave me!

Thursday.—The Royal Family have paid me a visit, and on their knees have besought me to reconsider yesterday's determination. Her Majesty informs me that the Emperor-King declines all sustenance, and has worn his *picklehaube* constantly for the last four-and-twenty hours. Fears are entertained that His Majesty may not hold out the week. Reluctantly withdrew my resignation on condition that all the General Post-Office Commissaries should be degraded, and that a new tax should be imposed upon toys of every description. These suggestions have been gratefully accepted. I can see by the frequent and magnificent displays of fireworks at Berlin that my yielding has given the liveliest satisfaction.

Friday.—My Bill for preventing anyone from speaking in the Reichstag has been actually defeated! Of course I have sent in my resignation, and think seriously of seeking naturalisation in Russia. My annoyance is too great for words! Still I wish I hadn't flung my *heiduk* out of that third-floor window. This impatience is a weakness unworthy of a man of blood and iron!

Saturday.—Of course they have consented to anything and everything. Consequent withdrawal of my resignation for the present! The rejoicing caused by the announcement of my self-sacrifice Busch describes as beyond description. I shall take a holiday for six months! Germany and Europe must wait till my digestion has recovered from the effect of this week's annoyances.

Election Nursery Rhymes.

I.

DIZZY the Deep has lost his sheep,
And don't know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
Without the M.P. behind them!

II.

DICK* and BEN,
Bid up like men,
To buy the Companies' Water;
BEN came down,
In spite of the Crown,
And DICK came tumbling after.

* The Right Hon. RICHARD ASHTON CROSS.

"Sword and Pistol" in Paris.

A SENSATION trial in Paris—of a *cantatrice* charged with attempting to assassinate a man who had been her lover, but whom, having behaved very ill to her, she shot at with a revolver, and severely wounded—has terminated, of course, in her being found not guilty. An acquittal in such a case was the least that could be expected of a French jury. It is a wonder that their verdict was unaccompanied by a panegyric on the course the Lady had taken to avenge her wrongs, and that they did not reproduce the precedent recorded in Song of the British Captain in a similar case, who, when informed of the shooting of *Billy Taylor* by its spirited heroine, "werry much applauded her for what she had done!"



THE KNAVINA OF HEARTS.

A CORRECT COURT-CARD COSTUME, ACCORDING TO THE NEW MANY-COLOURED
PARISIAN DIRECTOIRES.

PROPHETS AND LOSSES.

PROPHESYING is a dangerous venture on the verge of a General Election. Only one prophet—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—has won honour in his own country, by the exact correspondence of the event to his forecast of it. He said that "the first day of the new Parliament would be the last of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government," and the only question now is whether Lord B. will not anticipate the new Parliament's assembling by performing the "*Hari Kiri*," or happy dispatch of himself as the Head of a defunct Administration.

One particularly unsuccessful, and, it must be added, unwise, prophet is he who launches his bolts from the most serene heights of Jingoism in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In an article of the number appropriately dated the 1st of April, and entitled "The Appeal to the Country," he nakedly puts the question—without the least hedge to dodge behind—"Lord BEACONSFIELD appeals to the country to say whether he is not the right man in the right place, his policy the only possible alternative to national humiliation and confusion?"

And the United Kingdom most distinctly and decidedly, with voice all but unanimous, save from the City and the Metropolitan Counties—from North and South, East and West, from its great manufacturing centres and its small agricultural

market-towns, from its cathedral cities and its industrial capitals, from its counties and its boroughs, its towns and its hamlets, answers as plainly as the triple tongue of Great Britain can answer—"NO."

Poor Prophet!

MORAL SONGS FOR ELECTION-TIME.

(After Dr. Watts.)

I.—PLAY (INNOCENT AND OTHERWISE).

ABROAD in the Boroughs to see the Blue Lambs,
And the Red Lions, rather too free of their dams,
Standing up for what both call their rights:
Or a knot of young roughs, whose right place
were the cage,
Of their hustling and horseplay well-earning the
wage,
Are not pleasant election-time sights.

If we'd been born Ducks, we *might* dabble in
mud;
Or Dogs, we might snarl till it ended in blood;
But we claim to be rational creatures;
And DIZZY and GLADSTONE, and such pretty names,
We ought to know better than fling, to our
shames,
Like mud, in each other's flushed features.

Not a harsh thing Blues do, or a hard thing Buffs
say,
But with Blue and Buff bills should be wiped
clean away.
They are fools who let foolish words hurt.
Not so roughs' rude horseplay, who fight and
throw mire,
Or, still worse, penmen's frolics, who fling about
fire
In Jingo Drawcansir disport.

II.—LOVE BETWEEN REDS AND BLUES.

Let Frenchmen fight with kick and bite—
They can't use flats, we know—
Let Turk and Russ take wrong for right,
It is their nature to.

But, Britons, you should never let
Such Party-passions rise,
As, even at Election times,
To—blank—each other's eyes!

Afghans, Zulus howe'er we treat,
Let's keep the peace at home:
Where Rads and Jingoes share the street,
To cuffs they should not come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a painful sight,
When fools, though of one family,
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard hustings-names, hot platform-words,
And blatant leaders' breath,
Take shape in Clubs, Lies' two-edged swords,
And mob-war to the death.

He's wise who tongue and temper schools
Through the election fight,
Nor holdeth all his foes for fools,
Himself still in the right.

Rivers of Wealth.

FROM recent correspondence touching the Metropolitan Water Supply, it appears that £95,000 is considered moderate as the price of an old Water Company share. At this rate the Thames may be regarded as one branch of Pactolus, and the Lea as another.

After Dissolution, Corruption.

HIC JACET,

Nor under a Glad-stone,
But a sorry Boord,
The Borough of Greenwich
Having gone to de Worms!

FOR SALE.

By Order of the Highest Court of Appeal.



THE complete stock of valuable machinery, tricks, decorations, properties, &c., of the Imperial Star Company, which is retiring from business, including—

Gorgeous costumes—among them, those of an Angel, Country Squire, Veiled Prophet, Medicineor Mystery Man, King of Cyprus, Empress of India, Sultan of the East, &c., &c.

A wonderful set of Marionettes (life-

size), with the Cabinet, wires, and apparatus for working them.

A choice assortment of Bogies, Ghosts, and Hob-goblins, with blue-fire tins, and lime-light apparatus complete—among them, the Czar of RUSSIA, Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, "Spectre Rouge," "Dismemberment at Home," "Degradation Abroad," &c., &c., &c.

Transparent show-boards with illumination lamps and fittings, and sensation mottoes—"Peace with Honour," "Scientific Frontier," "Gates of India," &c., &c. as good as new.

Also a Policy of Assurance in the Royal and Imperial Austro-German European Company. To be taken up subject to any claims upon it.

Also £4,000,000 fully paid up Suez Canal Shares, together with a large key (supposed to be that of the Gates of India).

Also a number of Salisbury Surprise Crackers, of a highly startling character (patented by the Company). To be sold without reserve.

Apply at 11, Downing Street; at the Office of the Patriotic Association, 46A, Pall Mall; or of GLADSTONE, GRANVILLE, HARTINGTON & Co., Solicitors for winding-up the concern.

BETSY'S GOOD-BYE!

BOHOO! Which it's bitter, it's bitter, as gall ain't the word by a lot, Angostury is simply not in it. Old England 'll go straight to pot, There! nothink can't save her, no nothink, my 'brella is busted and broke, Like the glorious gingham once waved by the valiant ex-Member for Stoke.

Poor Dewdrops! he's down on his luck, but not downer than BETSY. Ah! me! To think that the day arter all should be won by that W. G. As I thought was played out so completely, and therefore turned up once for all, And now here he comes right end hup, not a mossel the wuss for his fall!

And BENEX, my Russ-bearding BENEX, as chaffed him for being verbose, Has been wooficated from office. Oh, lor! it's a deuce of a dose! A pill as poor PRIG cannot swaller 'thout many a gulp and a groan, Which a stummicking WILLIAM's wild words ain't nothink to eating my own.

Which eat 'em I'll 'ave to, sperient, or else be left out in the cold. Oh BENEX, my 'igh 'earted 'ero, my patriot 'orty and bold! Our country's ongratefully sacked us, they're arter that WILLIAM like sheep, And the wildernedge now is our sojun, our portion to wail and to weep!

'Ow I swore as the country wes with you, and now all the towns is gone wrong, And the counties, wuss luck, follers soot, as I *did* trust to back you up strong; I'm a tryin' to soften it down, BEN, to show the best brains go for *you*, But I fear it won't do, my dear BENEX, I'm orful afear'd it won't do.

Gr-r-r! the bage and onthankful Philistines! The thought makes my tears to bust forth. Serve 'em right if they're reglar munched up by that bragian old Bear in the North!

Which I've swore sacking you, BEN, meant ruin, and now all my Bogies is blown, And 'ow I'm a-going to square it is more than to me is beknown.

"Safe-guarding the Hempire," won't do. "Perish Injy," don't fetch 'em no more,

"Antinationals," "British Bulgarians," "Thusters for Otterman gore," All—all my most choicest eggpressions of hinsult, and scorn, and disgust, Is as useless as broken pea-shooters or pop-guns whose barrels is bust.

If I'd stuck to the Woodman—but there, that's all rubbige and fiddlededee!—Had I jest cast my eye over 'istry, I might ha' surmized 'ow 't would be; Which Administrations is now but a sort of a match played by innings, And BENEX is bound to stand licked, when them Radicals tott up their winnings.

Old BETSY's a "practical" party, like BOB, which his surname is LOWE, As has pulled up his stakes jest in time. It's a blow, my dear BEN, it's a blow;

But wot's an old 'oman to do? I've one ankercher left as is dry, So I wipes my last weeps, and feels better. Good bye, my sweet BENEX, good bye!

THE BURNING QUESTION IN MIDLOTHIAN.—Our Faggots: Where have they gone to? Axe!

SPEECH AND SUBSTANCE.

(SCENE—A Medical Consulting Room. Physician and M.P.)

Physician. Suffering from nervous exhaustion and a sense of irritation in the larynx? No wonder, my dear Sir. Put out your tongue. Ha! Not much amiss after all its electioneering over-exertion. Talking at the rate of a long pamphlet a day for days together must have terribly tried that member—that member's member. Ha, ha! Tremendous trial of all the vocal organs. Lucky not to have got acute laryngitis. Narrow escape. Don't do it again, Sir—don't!

M.P. Well, Doctor, perhaps we did a little overdo it.

Physician. A little! Enormously. What an expenditure of breath, and that for a spare man like you. Dear me! 'Tis a mercy it hasn't pulled you down more.

M.P. In what way, Doctor?

Physician. By abstraction of vital force, my good Sir, and consumption of tissue. You talked not only politics, but ponderable matter away. The voice is formed by a wind as well as a stringed instrument. Words are breath. The products of respiration are water and carbonic acid gas. Think of the weight you must have lost in these substances alone. Fancy all the carbon precipitated from all the breath you wasted—I beg your pardon—used in speaking so many words. Imagine it exhibited in a solid form. I haven't time to calculate how much off-hand; but it would make an appreciable mass of charcoal. Or, let us say, if crystallised, the material element of that brilliant oratory would resolve itself into a large diamond. Why, Sir, you resemble the girl you have read of in the fairy tale who talked precious stones.

M.P. Come, come, Doctor, you are too complimentary.

Physician. Ah, but then there was somebody else, you know, who talked toads and frogs.

M.P. Oh, oh!

Physician. Well, well; it wasn't you, but the wrong man—the man on the other side. They all talk toads and frogs on that side. On yours, of course, everybody speaks gems. But, next time you speak, do, for goodness sake, speak fewer. I shall not prescribe you any medicine. Rest, at present, is all you require to cure the consequences of your *cacoëthes loquendi*.

M.P. Ah, Doctor, you don't know the necessities of political antagonism, and how much hammering it takes to beat an idea into the brains of an intelligent constituency. Thanks, dear Doctor, for your excellent advice with regard to precious stones; and now, in return, accept this honorarium of precious metal (gives him a fee).

Physician (pocketing fee). That was speaking concisely and to the purpose. Stick to that. [Consultation closes.]

SYNONYMOUS.—The Will of the People—The People's WILLIAM.

PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR A GRAND OLD WOMAN.—(See p. 168, No. 2022.)—We should have added to our last week's appeal for the proposed Drinking Fountain in honour of JANET HAMILTON, the Coatbridge Poetess of the Poor, that subscriptions will be received in London by Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, 25, Coal Exchange, who knew her, who appreciated her writings and her life's work, and has done his best to spread a knowledge, and secure a fitting memorial, of both. Let all Glasgow men, and all Scotchmen, in London, join in doing posthumous honour to one, who confers such honour on the "gude town" of St. Mungo, and the gude blood of Lanarkshire.



ELECTIONEERING CAUSE AND EFFECT.

SCENE—At foot of hill leading to the Castle, on road from Railway Station. Sudden stoppage of Carriage.

Noble Owner. "WELL, MARTIN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Coachman. "WHY, YOU SEE, SIR, JUST OF LATE THE 'OSSIES HAS GOT SO USED TO THE MEN FROM THE PITS WAITING TO TAKE THEM OUT, AND DRAG US UP THE HILL, THAT I CAN'T GET THEM TO GO ON NOHOW, SIR!"

COMFORT AND COUNSEL.

(From the P. M. G.)

My friends, 'twere the saddest of pities
If you couldn't pluck hope out of worry,
From London's and Westminster's cities,
Kent, Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey!

True, in this gain you reckon twice over
The votes City-premises give,
And the County votes, where in the clover
Of villadom, City swells live.

But that's a detail, like the scandal
That money-bags need not hold brains,
Though the Rads by the help of that handle
Pump mud on Conservative gains.

More intelligence, wisdom, wealth, knowledge,
Will be found in that area clustered,
Than in all England else—city, college,
Port, centre of industry—mustered.

This truth the Election shows clearest,
That of all England's cherished monopolies
Conservative faith is the dearest,
And the stronghold of that's the Metropolis.

Lambeth, Marylebone, Chelsea—that silly place!—
Southwark, Finsb'ry, Tower Hamlets, may claim,
Loosely speaking, in London to fill a place,
But, we all know, 'tis only in name.

Our Party's profound foreign policy
Is in London upheld just as far
As wisdom and wit beyond folly see,
And as wise writers foolish ones bar.

Out of high-cultured Intellect's focus,
Where stump-orator's froth has had away,
GLADSTONE's chatter and CHAMBERLAIN's caucous
May have won, for an instant, the day;

But that's a mere craze of the moment—
'Twill pass like a mist of the morn,
With its gains, not for substance but show meant,
And its Leader, that butt of our scorn!

Then up, in the name of the City,
To your BEACONSFIELD, Jingo, be true!
Take a hint from your foes—'tis a pity
If we can't breed stump-speakers too.

"The New Dictatorship."

SUCH is the title of a scathing article, in which the *Post-mortem Gazette* pours out its scorn on the silly believers in Mr. GLADSTONE, whose "pros and cons," we are told, resolve themselves into one simple question, "Whence and how is Mr. GLADSTONE to exercise the Dictatorship which the 'Voice of the People' has conferred upon him?"

"Dictator for Dictator," the Voice of the Country might reply; "better Mr. GLADSTONE than Lord BEACONSFIELD."

Punch takes leave to ask, if Mr. GLADSTONE threatens to overshadow his Liberal colleagues, how was it with Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Conservative Cabinet?

A PROBLEM.

To correct the "time of day" by the meridian of Greenwich, for that by the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

AN EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.—The Liberal Gains.



NINCOMPOPIANA.

Although unsuccessful as an Exhibitor, the great Mauld is getting known to Fam: through the exertions of his Literary Friends—and he receives august Foreign Visitors. But being a consistent Radical, he leaves his Model (a cheeky youth, who reads Charles Dickens on the sly) to do the Honours of his Studio.

The Grand Duke. "GOTT IN HIMMEL!—AND DOES MISTER MOWTLE EXHIBIT ZESE VORREKES OF ABERT AT ZE ROYAL AGATEMY, OR AT ZE CROSFENOR GALLERY!"

Model. "NEITHER, YER S'RENE 'IGHNESS! WE AIN'T YET COME DOWN TO EXHIBITIN' OUR PICTURES IN PUBLIC!"

The Grand Duke. "SOH! POT ZEN WHO SEES DEM!"

Model. "ONLY MR. PRIGSBY, YER S'RENE 'IGHNESS; AND MR. JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE, AND MRS. CIMADUE BROWN—BUT THEY GOES 'OME AND DESCRIBES 'EM IN LANGUAGE THAT 'EAVENLY, THAT IT'S ALMOST AS IMPROVIN' TO THEM AS READS IT AS A RIGHT OF THE PICTURES THEMSELVES!"

The Grand Duke. "ACH!—POT ZEN WHO PUTS DE BICTURES!"

Model. "MRS. 'ARRIS, YER S'RENE 'IGHNESS—AND MR. BROOKS, OF SHEFFIELD!"

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER III.

THE FLUTTERING COMMENCES.

MR. DICK BOILINGBROKE bursts into the Library. He is all wraps and newspapers.

"How are you, old boy?" he exclaims, with a sympathetic heartiness of manner which at once gives one to understand that all his doubts as to my being actually bedridden are dispelled. He has not yet determined whether to treat me as in the first stage of convalescence, or as a kind of deserter from the literary army, who, if not actually criminal, has at least obtained an extension of sick leave under false pretences.

"How are you, old fellow, eh?" he repeats, and shakes me warmly by the hand.

I thank him, and faintly reply—with an intense pity for my own state of health—"I am as well as can be expected."

I try to smile at my present feebleness, as though it were a mere nothing, in order to impress on him what an amount of agony I must have previously gone through to have brought me so low as this. He eyes me over critically. I feel that under this inspection I am

blushing nervously, which gives me a colour, and is at this minute the very thing I don't want. No matter how I look to other people who have seen me at my worst, and have pitied me,—they know what my real state is; but to a friend from London, who has just "run down," and is going to "run back again," and who will give his own report, from his own point of view of me, to my other friends in town—or, which is worse, to those who have been waiting to get some work (some uncongenial work) out of me for some time past—I sincerely wish I could appear like the dying *Smike* in the earliest editions of *Nicholas Nickleby*—frail, lank, reclining on a bench, and with a heavenly expression of resignation on his pallid features.

This is the imaginary portrait of myself as I should like to appear when Mr. RICHARD BOILINGBROKE comes down to see me at Motemoos on important business.

"Well," he says, after taking stock of me as though he were going to buy me, "You're not looking bad."

I smile faintly. I *had* hoped I *was* looking bad. And then I go at once, and with a considerable amount of pleasure, into a minute account of my ailments, commencing from some time previous to the attack, and bringing the history down to the present date.

"Ah," says DICK, when I've finished the story of my illness—"Yes—you're all right again now."

Except for strength, I admit—feebly—that I am. I am not going to be suddenly driven into rude health in this unsympathetic way.

"Well," he says, "I thought you'd got a little place of your own



"RES ANGSTÆ."

Paterfamilias (reading). "SEVENTEEN VALUABLE BEASTS POISONED BY EATING THE BRANCHES OF YEW——"
Materfamilias. "THU—T—T—THUT— OH DEAR! BUTCHERS' MEAT WILL BE UP AGAIN!"

here. I heard it from somebody—oh, let me see—yes, somebody who knows your doctor in town—the only person to whom I had mentioned my retreat was the doctor!—"and so, as I wanted to see you about a sort of rough-and-tumble comic piece for the Symposium."

"I start. "Have you taken the Symposium? I thought it was only a Music-Hall?" I ask.

"Yes, so it was," he replies. "It was first Baths and Wash-houses, then it was a Chapel, then it was a Music-Hall, and now I've taken it, and I'm making it into a sort of Variety Shop. It's out of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S jurisdiction, and it's licensed by the Magistrates. I've put up TOM GLYTTER as ostensible Manager."

"Good man, GLYTTER!" I murmur, approvingly.

"Yes," continues DICK BOILINGBROOK, "he's just the sort of chap for that place—understands shows thoroughly, failed himself several times, and is quite ready to carry out instructions. We shall have an Operetta to commence with—first-rate band and chorus—then a kind of concert of the best people—I've engaged SMASH as the chief comic—SMASH, the jolly SAM SMASH, you know—"

"I know," I say. Who can help knowing something about the Jolly SAM SMASH? Aren't the walls, everywhere, in the unlikely places, even down here at Shepton-on-Sea, where he honours us with his jolly presence for one night in the year, covered with advertisements and picture-posters of the jolly one himself, generally represented as with light curly hair, unhealthily pink cheeks, and a glass in his bright blue eye, blue trousers, brown coat, red waist-coat, and yellow gloves, taking off his hat to the public generally as he sings (the legend being underneath) *Have you seen my Mary?* "Oh, yes," I say, "I know the Jolly SAM SMASH. He's an attraction."

"Yes," says Mr. BOILINGBROOK, carelessly, "he is; and if he isn't, I'll soon get somebody else. Lots more where he came from. Then we're going to have a farce with MUGGER in it."

"MUGGER!" I exclaim, astonished to hear of the appearance of this great comedian, of whom the papers have prophesied such great things in Shakspearian Drama, in a farce at the Symposium Variety Theatre!

"Yes. Well, you see," he explains, "I'd engaged him at the St. Giles's, but when I sent the French company there, and couldn't fit him in with my other companies on tour and at the Palace, I thought as he was walking about doing nothing while I was paying him just on two thousand a year—"

"Two Thousand a year!" I exclaim, wishing I were MUGGER the Comedian—a Low Comedian, too!

"Yes," returns DICK BOILINGBROOK, "I'm giving him a sum that would pay about fifteen curates handsomely; and as we'd shunted the Divine WILLIAM at the St. Giles's *pro tem.*, and couldn't disturb the cast of the melodrama at The Prince's, I'm obliged to get something out of him at the Symposium."

He speaks of MUGGER as a sportsman speaks of his hunter that's performing the strange cannibalistic operation known as "eating its head off" during a long frost.

It appears that Mr. BOILINGBROOK wants me to do something for the Symposium—he will explain the details fully to me in the course of the evening; and also he wants a topical song for the Jolly SAM SMASH. It occurs to me that if I can get my topics sent from London, I shall have plenty of time to verify them here; and if my excellent friend the *entrepreneur* does not want to see me personally every other day, nor requires my attendance at rehearsal, I shall be able to continue my stay at Motemoss, and work as much at my ease as did Sir WALTER SCOTT at Abbotsford, the Post-Laureate in the Isle of Wight, or the late Lord LYTON at Knebworth. Even a "rough-and-tumble sort of farcical pantomimical piece," as Mr. BOILINGBROOK describes it, can be the amusement of the leisure hours of a seriously disposed literary man, who, at other times, will be engaged on an article for the *Quarterly*, a tragedy in blank verse, or an Essay on "The Life and Times of SENNACHERIB."

I am already beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing, and am gradually slipping away from my invalid moorings, when Squire COSSETT enters, and, after an introduction, invites my visitor to dinner.

"Come as you are," says the Squire, cheerily; "no dress."

Now, there is one peculiarity of DICK BOILINGBROOK—it is, that at a certain time in the evening he invariably assumes evening dress. No matter where he is, no matter how much or how little luggage he

has with him, one thing he never travels without, and that is his evening dress. If DICK BOILINGBROOK were crossing the Great Desert of Sahara, punctually at half-past six, or seven, he would appear on his camel in full evening dress, opera-hat, and all. As he says, you never know what may turn up—a ball, or a concert, or a theatre, or a party, or something to which you particularly want to go, but can't, because you haven't your evening dress with you. Now, supposing a man always wishing to be in readiness, and on the look-out, for some such excitement, then DICK BOILINGBROOK's rule is a necessity. The Squire, who regards evening dress as intended for special festivities, opens his eyes at the notion of anyone being invariably prepared for any such excitement, and, moreover, actually liking it and looking for it.

"When there's anything going on, I always go and see it," says DICK, pleasantly; immediately adding the question, "There's no theatre here, is there?"

"No," answers the Squire, inwardly thanking his stars there isn't—"not at Sheepston, which is only a sort of village suburb of Lambgate."

"But in Lambgate there used to be one," says DICK. "Let me see—it was built by MITTLAND, who was Dancing-Master to GEORGE THE FOURTH, and married TOZINI the dancer. It was called the 'Regent' when I was quite a boy, I recollect."

"Ah!" says our host, whose breath has been quite taken away by the knowledge of his native place displayed by his guest. "You are perfectly right."

"I knew I was," says Mr. BOILINGBROOK, in a parenthetical aside, nodding in an offhand and confidential manner to me.

Squire COSSETT continues—

"It was the 'Wellington' when I was a boy, but"—he goes on thoughtfully, as if trying to recall the history of this once celebrated place of entertainment—"but latterly, I rather think—"

"Yes," cuts in his informant, "latterly it got into bad hands, the licence was refused."

"It was," says the Squire, majestically, "and very properly so. I was on the Bench at the time."

"Were you?" returned Mr. BOILINGBROOK, nothing abashed by the intelligence. "I knew there was some difficulty, because PROBERT wrote to me, and wanted me to take it—but I didn't see it. Nothing to be done with it, I suppose?" he adds, interrogatively, looking at the Squire, as if his opinion would be valuable.

The Squire is flattered. He considers awhile, to convey the idea that he knows all about the capabilities of the "Regent," and its prospects, though I am perfectly sure that he has never once given the place a thought for years, and is uncertain as to its existence. His reply is, however, emphatically to the effect that nothing can be done with the "Regent"—that, in fact, he rather thinks it is already pulled down.

"And certainly," Mr. BOILINGBROOK finishes for him, "isn't worth building up again."

"You're not leaving us?" says the Squire, seeing DICK putting on his ulster.

"No, no," is the reply—"only half-an-hour; just go to my pot-house—change—and re-appear in gorgeous array. *Au reservoir*."

And before another word can be said, Mr. RICHARD BOILINGBROOK has quitted the library, has gone through the hall, and out by the front door, as if he had known his way about the place from infancy, and has vanished.

He came in like a hurricane, he has gone out like a whirlwind. We stare at one another helplessly. Presently, the Squire recovers himself sufficiently to look at his watch, and observe,

"Time to get ready for dinner."

"We needn't dress," I plead, relapsing into my invalid state.

"No," answers COSSETT, "you needn't. I must, as he's gone off expressly to dress. Haven't got too much time."

And with this, to my amazement the Squire, who never hurries himself, dashes madly up-stairs two steps at a time, as though he had been suddenly galvanised into action by BOILINGBROOK. His manner has undergone so sudden and so marked a change, in five minutes, since the "Regent" discussion that I should not be astonished if, on BOILINGBROOK's re-appearance, our host were to propose *proprio motu* a ramble into the town of Lambgate, just to see "what is going on." I retire meditatively to my room.

Mem. for Midlothian and Elsewhere.

Il y a fagots et fagots.

Tory } Fagots are not half so bad as { Liberal } ones.
Liberal }

ENTRANCE AND EXIT.

1874.—*Sanitas Sanitatum, omnia Sanitas!*

1880.—*Insanitas Insanitatum, omnia Insanitas!*

"YOUR BIRD'S-NEST TO ITS RIGHT USE."



DR. MACDONALD addresses to the *Daily News* an eloquent plea for nesting-birds:—

"The time of year has arrived when woods, coppices, and hedgerows are searched for birds'-nests by lynx-eyed urchins and professionals. Every likely tree, shrub, bush, and tuft of grass is closely examined, and when a nest is discovered it is at once pillaged of eggs or nestlings with a shout of triumph. Surely it is a pity that thousands of eggs should be taken away to be 'blown,' and put on a string like beads, rendering them practically valueless. Surely it is wicked to capture fledglings that soon die from want of proper food. Surely it is cruel to leave their disconsolate parents to mourn over the cold, deserted nest, since birds sorrow as keenly, as deeply, and as sincerely as any man or woman, over lost children."

But if birds'-nests must be taken, let them, at least, be utilised. What if they were converted into head-dresses, as in our initial illustration, with the parent bird stuffed, in the attitude of brooding her eggs? We often see, nowadays, young Ladies' heads of hair as rough as birds'-nests. Why not wear the hair smooth, and clap the bird's-nest on the top of it?

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF!"

(A Popular Poem. After Sir Walter.)

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Sharp be his axe, and resplendent its shine,
Long may the light of his fire-flashing glances
Fervently flame in the front of our line!
Heaven his strength renew,
Still keep him stout and true,
Gaily to battle, and greatly to grow;
While all true Englishmen
Send forth the shout agen,
"GLADSTONE victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

Ours is no stripling, no Knight of the Carpet!
Blooming at seventy, when shall he fade?
Him, of the People, in Peace or in War, pet,
Years cannot fetter, nor foes make afraid.

Firm as the fixed rock,
Braving the tempest's shock,
Faster he roots him the fiercer it blow.
England and Scotland then
Echo his praise agen,
"GLADSTONE victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

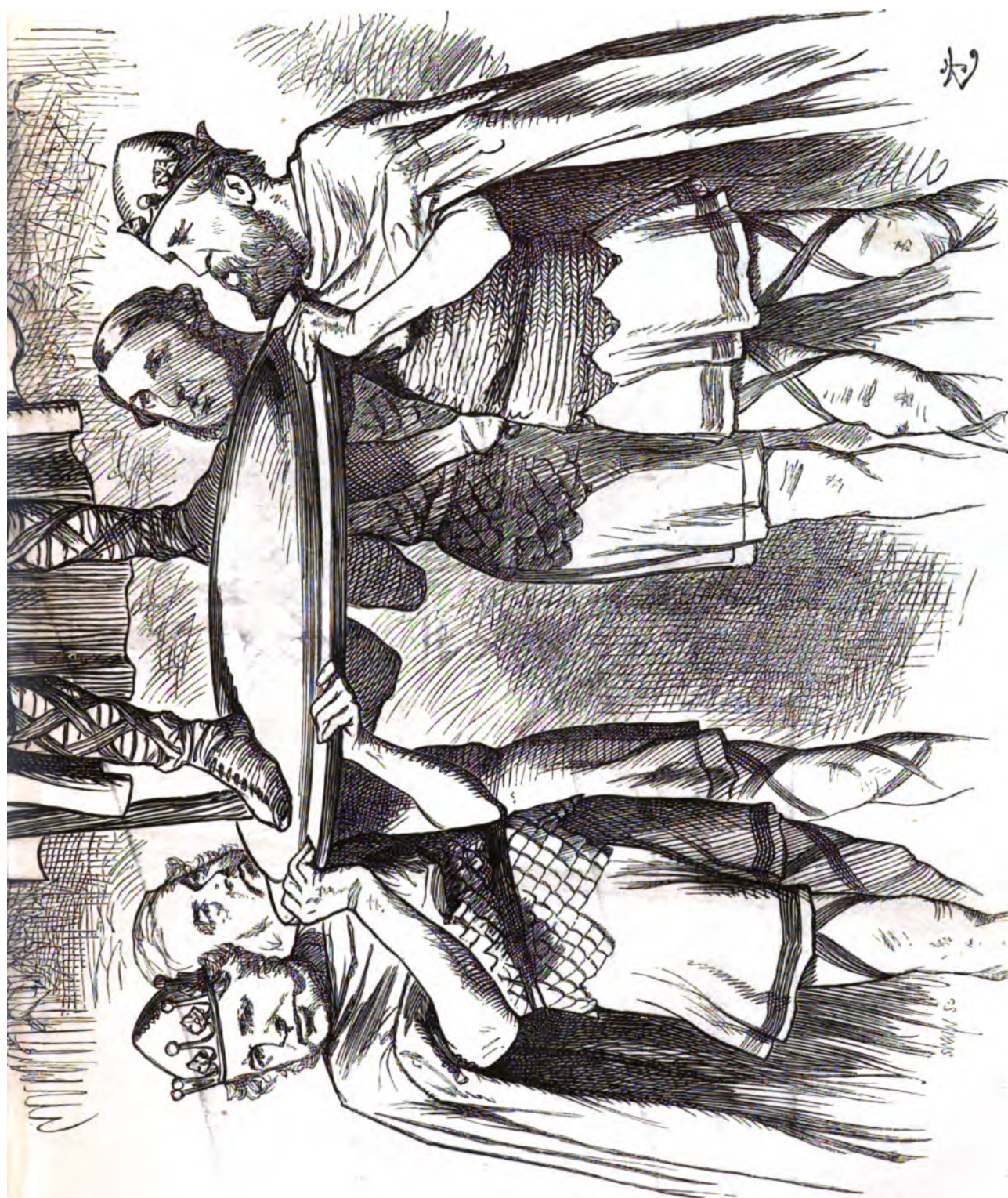
Far in Midlothian his pibroch pealed loudly,
And Torydom's shout to his slogan replied.
Dauntless DALKEITH there confronted him proudly,
But little the Veteran recked of his pride.

"Fagots" all prostrate laid
Long shall lament his raid,
Think of "Old GLADSTONE" with wonder and woe;
BUCCLEUCH's brave voting men
Shake when they hear agen
"GLADSTONE victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

Shout, bearers, shout, for the Pride of the Party!
Lift on your shoulders the evergreen Chief.
Stalwart at seventy, stout, hale, and hearty,
Who of his laurels will grudge him a leaf?

And there's a stripling gem,
Worthy the ancient stem—
Middlesex missed him, but Leeds won't say "No."
Loud shall all England then,
Shout for the pair agen,
"GLADSTONE and GLADSTONE's boy! Ho-ieroe!"





TRIUMPH!



SECOND THOUGHTS.

Candidate. "HOW MANY CABS AND CONVEYANCES DO YOU SAY THERE ARE IN THE TOWN, SMITHERS, AND HOW MUCH DO THEY ASK FOR ELECTION DAY?"

Steward. "ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED, SIR HENRY—THEY WANT FIVE POUNDS EACH FOR THE DAY—AND THEY'VE NEARLY ALL OF 'EM VOTES—"

Sir Henry. "HUM—HUM"—(does mental sum)—BLESS MY SOUL! THAT'S FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS! DO YOU KNOW, SMITHERS, I BEGIN TO HAVE VE'Y GWAVE DOUBTS WHETHER I'M A 'FIT AN' PWOPER PERSON' TO WEPWESENT THIS BOWOUGH!!"

EDISON'S LAST.

MR. PUNCH,

PEOPLE have become slightly sceptical of late about Edisonian inventions, but if that discoverer's alleged latest find be a fact, he has nearly as good as hit on the Philosopher's Stone. He is said to have found out methods, electrical and chemical, by which he can extract more gold from the rejected residuum of auriferous quartz than is obtainable by means of common crushing mills from the virgin rocks. At an expense of not more than five dollars to the ton he gets gold in the ratio of 1'4000 per ton of concentrated "tailings;" and he has contracted for millions of tons of "tailings." Unless the foregoing particulars are fabulous, Mr. EDISON will very soon be another Midas in respect of gold—though certainly not of brains and ears.

Is there, *Mr. Punch*, any possibility of a political EDISON? We know there exists a certain many-headed multitude whom aristocrats are wont to call the dregs of society, but for whom Mr. BRIGHT invented the more euphonious and euphemious title of "the residuum." Is it to be expected that among the Liberal Statesmen apparently on the point of coming in for a long term of power, a master-mind will succeed in devising some way to get the utmost possible electoral good out of these political "tailings"?

Such a possibility, I trust, *Mr. Punch*, you will not deride as the suggestion of a too sanguine optimist. Both as a staunch friend of the people and ally of the publicans, particularly those who keep coffee public-houses—of which two more, I rejoice to see, have been this week opened by the London and Provincial Coffee Palace Company—permit me to style myself, ever yours sincerely,

PUBLICOLA.

APROPOS ANAGRAM.—WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE—"As willing to lead on."

AFTER DISSOLUTION.

(Wed. April 14, 1880.)

AND is it true that after Death,
When dissolution and decay
Have quenched life's force and stopped its breath,
The dead once more revisit day?

Those who their Place no more shall know,
For whom life's Ministry is o'er,
Once, only once, though dead, may go
Back to the haunts they loved before!

There, the last office done with, grief
One sad assuagement finds; they meet
Once more their Visionary Chief,
A throng of ghosts in Downing Street!

Once more, like Ministers of State
In form, though force has fled, they hold
The hollow mockery of debate
On Phantom Projects, as of old.

Once more—but who shall seek to pierce
That dread Last Council's mystery?
Or say what grave themes they rehearse—
Dead ghosts debating how to die!

THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM'S ADVICE GRATIS (TO HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS).

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"

LONDON TOWN.

A LYRIC À LA MODE.

(With humble Apologies to Mr. D. S. Roselli.)



KENT-BORN HELEN, England's pride,
(*O London Town!*)
Had a waist a world too wide
For the height of her heart's desire.
Vinegar she in vain had tried.
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

HELEN knelt at Fashion's shrine,
(*O London Town!*)
Saying, "A little boon is mine,
A little boon, but my heart's desire.
Hear me speak, and make me a sign!
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"Look! my waist is in excess.
(*O London Town!*)
I would die to have it less.
Shape it to my heart's desire:
Fit for fashionable dress.
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"It is moulded like a Greek's,
(*O London Town!*)
One of Nature's spiteful freaks.
Pinch it to my heart's desire:
I am full of pains and piques.
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"See BELL FANE's, how slim it is!
(*O London Town!*)
Eighteen inches at most, I wis!

Poisons the cup of my heart's desire.
O that I should suffer this!
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"Yea, for straitness here I sue!
(*O London Town!*)
Antifat I find won't do;
Give me, give me, my heart's desire,
Three inches less, or at least full two.
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"BELL to outrival were so sweet!
(*O London Town!*)
E'en if my heart could hardly beat;
Heart-room is not my heart's desire,
But to bring hearts to my feet.
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"I have rivals two or three:
(*O London Town!*)
Sylph-like, slim of waist they be;
I'm forlorn of my heart's desire.
What thou hast given them give me.
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

"I am girthed like MILO's Venus;
(*O London Town!*)
(Could Greek sculptors but have seen us!)
O my rivals! my heart's desire
Is to win in the fight between us."
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

Fashion looked on HELEN's waist,
(*O London Town!*)
Looked and frowned with sore distaste,
Saw the sense of her heart's desire,
Said "This must be changed, with haste."
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

Fashion looked on HELEN's face,
(*O London Town!*)
Said, "'Tis clear you must tight-lace,"
And gave her there her heart's desire,
A corset new that should give her grace.
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

Fashion looked on HELEN's breast.
(*O London Town!*)
"Ne'er Anaconda more tightly prest
Than this new corset, thine heart's desire.
Take it and wear, it shall bring thee rest!"
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

HELEN took the proffered boon,
(*O London Town!*)
The first appliance made her swoon;
But what are pangs to the heart's desire?
She was one inch less than her rival soon!
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

HELEN turned upon her bed,
(*O London Town!*)
Turned in pain on her bed, and said,
"Death at heart, with the heart's desire,
Is better than being outrivalled."
(*O London Town!*)
Fashion's thralls ne'er tire!

DIZZY'S DICTUM, WITH PUNCH'S POSTSCRIPT.

"THE world is governed by Sovereigns
and Statesmen," and sometimes changes the
latter as well as the former.

CONSOLATION.

CHEER up, ye M.P.'s unseated!
Ours is but a passing ill!
Morally, we're not defeated—
England's heart is with us still!

'Tis but those confounded Voters
Misconveying Britain's will.
Their opinions don't denote hers—
England's heart is with us still!

'Tis the graceless working-classes,
Tom and HARRY, Bob and BILL;
'Tis the scum, the dregs, the masses!—
England's heart is with us still!

'Tis the sneaking petty tradesmen,
With no thought above the till;
How such avarice degrades men!—
England's heart is with us still!

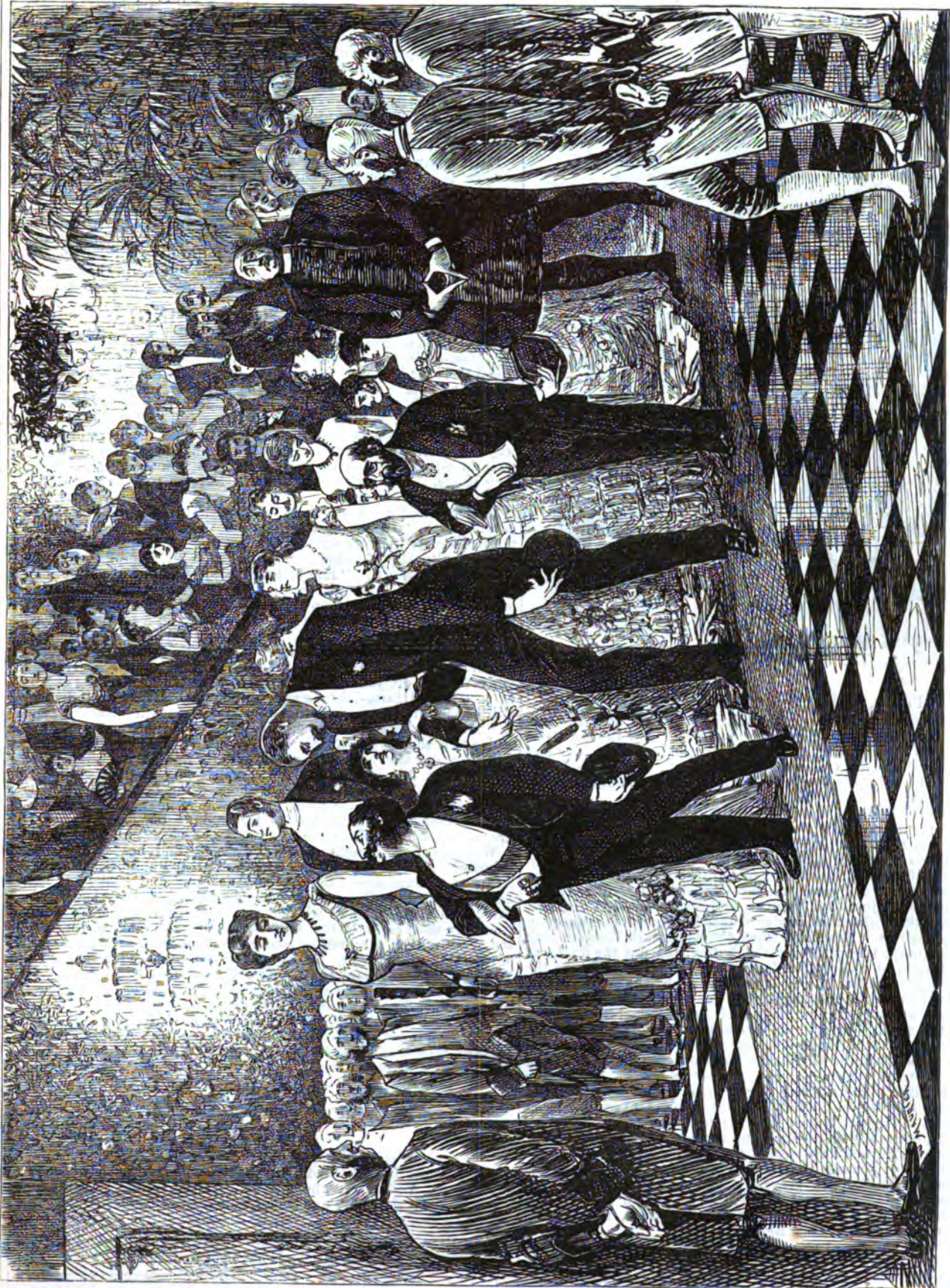
'Tis the herd, sans education,
Duties plain that won't fulfil;
But this gives us no vexation—
England's heart is with us still!

Spite of gold with which the Rooshian
Venal pockets seeks to fill;
Spite of GLADSTONE's elocution—
England's heart is with us still!

Though that vile disintegrator
(Much mis-called the People's WILL)
Goes and taps our lower strata—
England's heart is with us still!

Yes! Though BEN (whom I've a long time
Thought devoid of tactic skill)
Goes dissolving at the wrong time—
England's heart is with us still!

I will take my solemn davy,
Though we fall, like Jack and Jill,
Soon the Isle will cry "Peccavi!"—
England's heart is with us still!



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

OUR PROPHECIC INSTINCT ENABLES US TO FORESEE THAT THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY OF THE FUTURE WILL CONSIST OF TWO DISTINCT PARTIES—NOT THE TORIES AND THE WHIGS—BUT THE HANDSOME PEOPLE AND THE CLEVER PEOPLE. THE FORMER WILL BE THE HIGHLY-DEVELOPED DESCENDANTS OF THE ATHLETES AND THE BEAUTIES, THE SPLENDID CRICKETERS AND LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS OF OUR DAY. THE LATTER WILL BE THE OFFSPRING, NOT OF OUR MODERN ESTHETES—OH DEAR NO!—BUT OF A TOUGHER AND MORE PROLIFIC RACE. ONE THAT HASTEN NOT FOR SWIFTH, AND FOR WEAL STEADY IN A GOOD TEAM MARCH.

GUIDES WANTED.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Baywater W., April 14, 1880.

CAN you help me in a great difficulty? I am an arm-chair politician, and require a straight tip in politics. For the last three or four years I have been quite easy in my mind. I have only had to go to my Club (the Gunpowder and Glory), and there I and others read the only papers worth reading—two mornings and one evening.

There was the leading journal, perfectly infallible, and authorised to speak in the name of the Nation. For the last two years or more its Editor has been assuring me every day without reserve that the Nation has approved Lord BEACONSFIELD's conduct of affairs, such as the profoundly subtle agreement with COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, the splendid acquisition of Cyprus, the far-sighted Protectorate of Asia-Minor, the plucky, just, and humane subjugation of the Zulus and Afghans, and the brilliant tricks played upon Parliament in connection with these matters. Especially when the Southwark Election took place in February, I learned that the Nation had put the final seal to its ratification of an Imperial Policy, any lingering doubts in the mind of the said Nation having been dispelled by the circulation of Mr. COWEN's "remarkable speech."

Then there was my other morning guide, with "the largest circulation in the world," telling me much the same things in more turgid language. And there was my evening oracle, whose proud boast it is to be written by Gentlemen for Gentlemen, daily enforcing the same doctrine with a superb and scathing scorn of all who ventured to differ from it, which ought to have left no possibility of doubt in any well-regulated mind that Mr. GLADSTONE is an imbecile and malignant traitor, and his followers a few silly sentimentalists, not to say idiotic fools and impudent knaves.

All these able Editors have agreed that if the Liberal party ever had any chance of success, it had been shattered to pieces by the shock given to Englishmen generally, and particularly to a very large class called Moderate Liberals, by the harsh language of Messrs. GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, HARCOURT, and others, in speaking of the splendid services of Lord BEACONSFIELD.

If, therefore, there was one thing of which, at the beginning of March, I was more certain than of any other, it was this—that the Nation was about to pronounce a decisive condemnation of the disloyal and unpatriotic conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE and his foolish followers.

But then came the Elections. I am rather slow at taking in new

things; but even according to my three infallible Editors, and the gossip of my Club, something seems to have gone wrong. It is true that in one of my infallible oracles only the other day I read that what has happened is not inexplicable, and that "it may even be affirmed that the reaction is more moderate than might have been expected." That is all very well for the omniscient Editor; but how about his poor followers? Why did he not give me, and the many like me, who hang upon his words, a hint beforehand of what he knew so well was coming?

Could you kindly answer me these questions:—

1. Have my able Editors been deceiving me?
2. Or is it possible that they knew nothing about the real mind of the Nation they assumed to speak for?
3. Where am I, in future, to find the oracle which will tell me what I am to think on things in general, and foreign politics in particular?

I am, dear Mr. Punch, faithfully yours,

JOHN WETHERSETT.

SOLILOQUY ON SCHOOL SINGING.

MR. OLDBOYS (seated in an arm-chair, deposits newspaper on breakfast-table, and addresses himself). Hrumph! The New Educational Code for 1880 contains a clause providing for the teaching of singing by note in Elementary Schools. Does it, indeed, Sir? You don't say so? Singing by note! That is carrying "Elementary Education" too far, Sir. The Three R.'s may be all very well, Sir; though the street-boys learn them chiefly to read the lives of highwaymen, write your name on your gate, and do addition sums on your door-posts. But now, besides the R.'s, you are to have an M., Sir—Music. And, of course, you will have to pay for it, through the nose.

Music! What good will it do? (Resumes newspaper, and thence reads letter.) "In the next generation there will, no doubt, be a musical society in every village, which will tend to soften and refine our agricultural population!" Soften! as if the bumpkins weren't soft enough already! "England will become a musical nation, and our Educational Code will have been instrumental in promoting such a happy result." Happy! Sha-a! Nonsensical woman! That's one of your School Board Ladies, Sir! England a musical nation! Like Italy. In due time, then, England will export organ-grinders. In the meanwhile, we shall become an operative people. Your agricultural population, and your artisans, will work in concert; and wherever you go, your ears will be regaled with a working chorus of carters and farm-labourers, or mechanics. Every rural district will become an Arcadia, where the milkmaid singeth blithe, Sir, and the mower whets his scythe, Sir—by way of accompaniment—and every shepherd tells his tale, Sir, under the hawthorn in the dale, Sir, and the tales, of course, will be told in the shape of a song. Now, I don't mind hearing servants sing at their work, Sir, but they could always do that without being taught singing by note. Hrumph! Future point in a servant's character—plays the piano! Bosh! we want no GRISLIS, Sir, in our kitchens. "Greasy" are quite good enough for me!

Will music be taught at Board Schools, and not at Boarding Schools? And how about music in your great Public Schools, Sir? Are you to have music taught at Winchester and Eton? If not, Sir, why not, Sir? One reason, I should think, Sir, is that the scholars can do quite well enough without it. Another, that such teaching would, in most cases, be thrown away. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, Sir; neither can you make musical attainments out of an unmusical ear, Sir. As to ears, I dare say the framers of the singing-by-note clause in the New Educational Code, have very fine ears indeed; but I suspect their ears. I question if their ears, however fine, Sir, are as fine as they are long.

I tell you what, Sir. Instead of music, if children, who will mostly have to get their living by domestic service, were to be taught cookery, they would then be taught an extra to the Three R.'s, which you might call Reasonable.

Dishing, with a Difference.

(By an Old Blue.)

IN spite of respectable gigs
And legalised cabs, the fight o'er is;
And DIZZY, who once "dished the Whigs,"
Has now, woe is me, "dished the Tories."

THE LAST MAN IN THE UNITED KINGDOM TO BE MADE M.P.—
What the Orkneys and Shetlands have got to decide.

* * The Editor of *Punch* will be glad if the writer of a letter by "A CONSERVATIVE" (dated Birmingham, April 13), will, in confidence, communicate with him by name.



A YOUNG DARWINIAN.

Jack (to his Married Sister). "Hi! POLLY!! LOOK!!! HERE'S YOUR BABY TRYIN' TO WALK ON ITS HIND LEGS!!!!"

THE LAST SURPRISE.

(A Resignation Romance.)

"THE QUEEN has been graciously pleased to confer a Peerage of the United Kingdom on Mr. MONTAGU CORRY, C.B., by the style and title of Baron ROWTON, of Rowton Castle, in the county of Salop."—*Court Circular*.

"THAT will be all, my Lords and Gentlemen."

It was the Premier who spoke; and as, with satiric emphasis upon the concluding word, he pointed to the door of his official chamber, there was not a Member of the expiring Cabinet who did not recall, as if by instinct, the easy insolence that once triumphed at Berlin. They were visibly nettled, and their first impulse as men was to select their hats with icy indifference, and leave their leader to his reflections. But they were something more than men. They were place-men. Nor was this all. They were place-men who had not made a particularly good thing of it. At an hour like this the consciousness of such a fact came upon them with a force that defied control. They hesitated. Then they summoned courage and pushed forward their now weeping spokesman.

"To be an ordinary member of the Second Class of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, is extremely small beer, yet *this* is the sort of thing you offer your tried and trusted friends."

It was a respectable, middle-aged Statesman who spoke. He held a copy of the previous evening's *London Gazette*, on which his tears were falling freely, and his voice was thick with emotion. But the contempt with which he alluded to the great Colonial distinction was almost appalling. His late Chief eyed him sardonically, yet curiously. Then he again pointed to the open door.

"There will be a few home pickings for the rest of you!" he rejoined, coldly. "So once more, my Lords and Gentlemen, good day!"

THE LATE STAR-SHOWER.

By some strange oversight the following persons have not been gazetted to the honours attached to their names by recommendation of the Right Hon. the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, on retiring from office.

To be Knights of the Star of India.—All the swarthy Crossing-sweepers found within a radius of four miles of the Oriental Club, on account of their former services in British India.

To be Companions of the Bath (Civil Division).—Forty of the politest of the Attendants of the Metropolitan Wash-houses, on account of their services in promoting purity of election.

To be a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.—The Senior Holder of Her Majesty's Ticket of Leave, on account of services rendered in the Colony of New South Wales some forty years ago.

To be a Baronet of the British Empire.—An unfortunate Nobleman, recently languishing at Dartmoor, on account of services rendered to daily journalism from 1868 to 1872.

And to be a Knight Bachelor.—The Chief Assistant to the Deputy Beadle of the Burlington Arcade, to prevent jealousy, and because he may as well be decorated as any one else!

Two Brews—Bitter and Sweet.

THRICE quenched, the ALLSOPPS' sun had set.

But Fortune, favouring Beer,
Makes Hindlip's butt a Baronet,
And Dublin's Stout a Peer!
If Bass, thrice victor, lags behind,
The Whigs, like Fortune, must be blind!

"THE LAST MAN."

THE Parliament is now complete. Orkney and Shetland have returned their Member. It will now be apparent, even to the meanest capacity, why these islands are called *Ultima Thule*.

Late that evening the Machiavelli of his Country woke up with a start before his dying Buckinghamshire fire. His face was white with the terror of nightmare; and, with a loud laugh, that startled suddenly to his feet his Private Secretary asleep on the opposite side of the rug, he seized a map of the County of Salop, and struck it with his clenched fist.

"They say I have been niggardly!" he shouted, till the old rafters of Hughenden echoed again. "Niggardly! And they are right! MONTY, my boy, do you know what I mean to do for you?"

His companion regarded him sadly. "I haven't the slightest idea," he said.

"You haven't?" asked the great mystifier, his eye kindling with a sense of ironical humour. "Then, *I have!*"

And, with a smile in which demon and angel were strangely blended, the master spirit of his time launched his last surprise,—

"You'll laugh, MONTY, my boy, but, by Jove! it's a fact—I'm going to make you a Peer!"

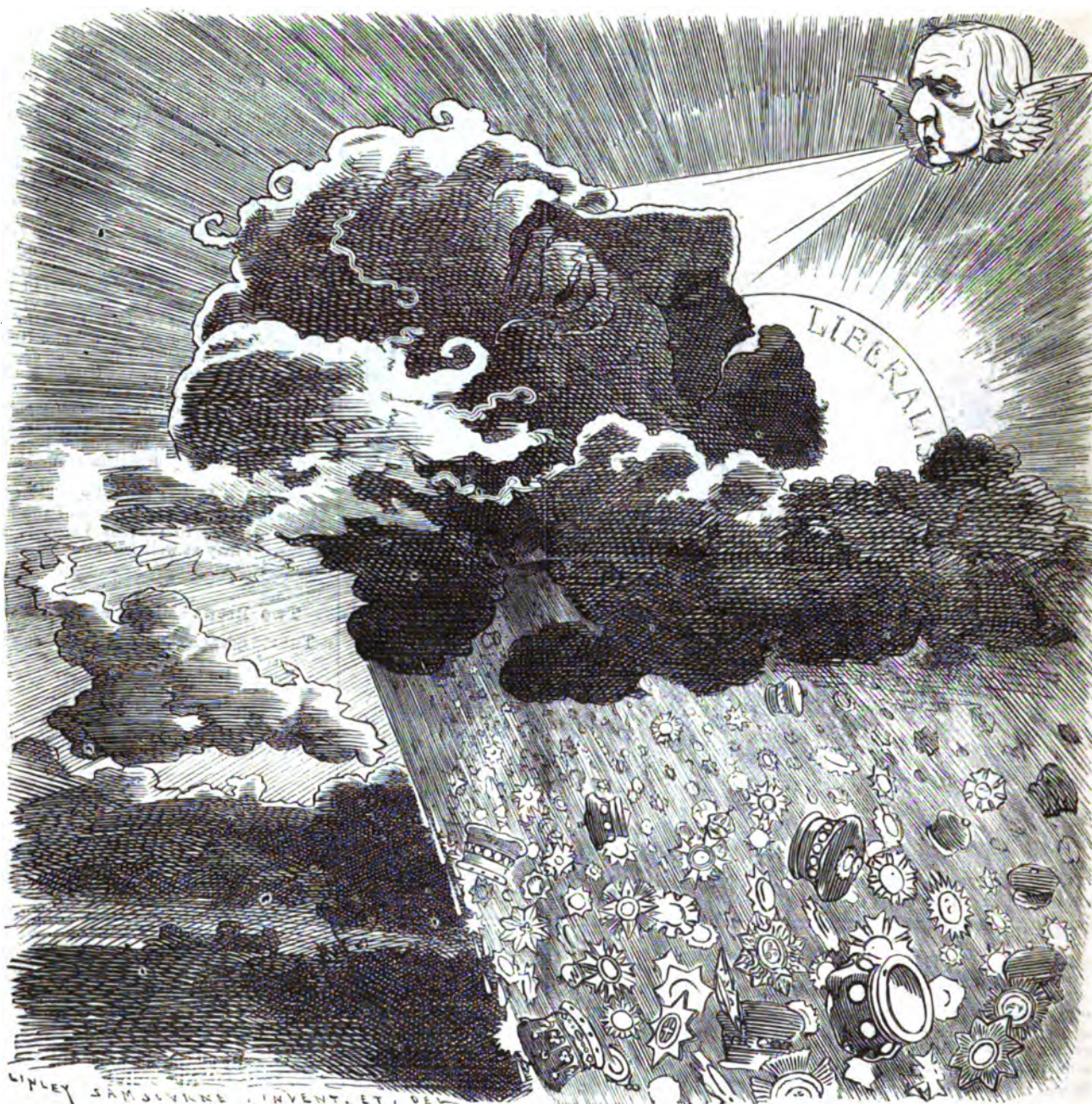
The Two Voices.

(By an ex-Minister.)

WHEN my voice and the voice of the people agree, I
Feel bound to proclaim it the only *Vox Dei*.
But when my voice opposes the cry of the rabble, I
Vox Dei am forced to pronounce *Vox Diaboli*!

BY ROYAL INVITATION.

ATLAS has once more taken the world on his shoulders; GLADSTONE is himself again—Prime Minister of England!



AN APRIL SHOWER.

OR, IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

FLUTTERING A DOVE-COT.

(An incident from the Diary of a Convalescent, told in a few Chapters properly belonging to the Series usually headed "Friends at a Distance," which has appeared from time to time in these pages.)

CHAPTER IV.

FLUTTER AND FINISH.

We all appear in evening dress—Ladies, too; and we find DICK BOILINGBROOK in the drawing-room, waiting to receive us! He has been there a quarter of an hour.

"I came in at seven," he says in explanation. "I was told that was your dinner-hour." Here he refers to me, and I corroborate the statement. The Squire apologises for his want of punctuality by saying that he thought Mr. BOILINGBROOK had so far to go, and to return, and to dress, &c., &c.

"Oh!" laughs Mr. BOILINGBROOK, "it doesn't take me two minutes to jump into my clothes. They're like the trick-dress of an entertainer—on in a jiffy, and out as somebody else."

We all laugh; and after this there might have been an awkward pause, which some one, on any ordinary occasion, would have broken by hazarding a mild observation on the weather; but Mr. RICHARD BOILINGBROOK suddenly produces all the papers he has brought from town, including the "illustrated comics" up to the latest date, and distributes them to the company. "I thought you'd like to see 'em," he remarks, in a good-humoured tone, as though he were treating a lot of children to picture-books; and we, who could and would have waited for them another month, and even then would have been entirely indifferent on the subject, thank him, examine them, dive into them, and so wile away the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner is announced, when we put them down anyhow and anywhere, and troop into the dining-room.

At dinner Mr. RICHARD is very polite, very entertaining, and



"SURTOUT POINT DE ZÈLE."

Comely Lancashire Widow (to zealous Curate, who is constantly hunting her truant offspring into the Board School). "I TELL YE WHAT 'TIS, YE NOAN COME ARTER T' CHILDREN, YE COME ARTER ME!"

makes himself highly popular. He has anecdotes of everyone of note, all more or less good, all more or less interesting, and all—which is the great point—appropriate to the subject of conversation, and humorously illustrating it.

The champagne flows freely; and as my doctor has told me that I can't take any better remedy than this, I can indulge with a clear conscience.

After dinner, when the Ladies have retired, the Squire's heart expands, and he treats BOILINGBROOK to some fine old port. I suddenly remember that I am an invalid, which everyone seems to have forgotten. I daren't take the old port; but being pressed by the Squire, I sip it for company's sake. Then coffee and cigars and a liqueur. The Squire is not a smoker, as a rule, and since I've been down here I've never felt inclined for it. But as they both smoke, I join them out of sheer sociability.

"Quite yourself again, eh?" says DICK, knowingly. "Not much the matter with you now, eh?"

I look grave, and explain that this is my first dissipation—out of compliment to him.

My host, who is not so lively as he was an hour ago, observes that this is the sort of thing I want to pick me up. Regarding him steadily, I come to the conclusion that he has some difficulty in expressing his ideas clearly, and is not quite certain what his ideas are.

In an interval of conversation, while BOILINGBROOK is taking a liqueur, I draw our host's attention to the clock, which marks the hour of ten; but our host's attention just now seems to be wavering. He is smiling happily, as if at some beautiful discourse.

"Just beginning the evening!" observes BOILINGBROOK, cheerily.

At this juncture the Ladies return from the drawing-room, to join us. They have exhausted all the newspapers brought down by Mr. RICHARD, and, what with the novelty of so much after-dinner journalistic study and the excitement of the unexpected visit, and the fact that it is already five minutes past their regular bedtime, they are very sleepy, and have really come to wish us good-night,—by way of a gentle hint.

The Squire, however, who is gradually waking up from a half-

dozy state, insists on their being seated. The butler brings in a tray full of soda, seltzer, brandy, whiskey, &c., &c.

DICK BOILINGBROOK is all politeness. What can he make for the Ladies?

The Ladies, after a few uncertain refusals, gradually yield to pressure, and express themselves satisfied with a very little. One of them observes that they didn't like to come down before, as they thought Mr. BOILINGBROOK and myself were talking business.

"We haven't yet, but we will," he says, "if you'll excuse us."

"Oh, certainly," is the Ladies' reply. And significant glances pass between them, intimating to the initiated that they have already been guilty of a false step in being beguiled into refreshment.

The Squire, who, under his wife's eye, has become more and more alive to the situation, now pulls himself together, and begs us to "talk shop" as much as we like, intimating, by taking up a sporting magazine three months old, which I am sure he knows by heart, that we shan't disturb him. I propose retiring to the library, but DICK is quite satisfied to remain here. In fact, I am sure he would rather prefer the presence of the Ladies than not, as he will manage to draw them into the conversation, and so mix business and pleasure.

Mrs. COSSETT professes herself deeply interested in anything connected with literature, and smilingly adds that she will be proud to be able to say that any great work was first projected in their house. The Squire agrees. The other Ladies look at one another, and dissemble a yawn by pretending to smile benignly, just as the clock strikes half-past ten, which makes the Squire start, and look round as if he had expected a ghost to walk in, and warn them, in a sepulchral tone, of its being the hour for bed.

"It isn't much to do with literature," says DICK BOILINGBROOK, mixing a glass of spirits-and-water for himself, and utterly unconscious of the general state of somnolence, "but I want him to write me a rough-and-tumble farcical pantomimical piece for the Symposium, and a good topical song for the Jolly SAM SMASH. I suppose you've not heard him?" he says, turning to Mrs. COSSETT.

No, Mrs. COSSETT hasn't. Nor has Squire COSSETT. Who, they would like to know, is the Jolly SAMUEL in question?

"Comic singer," replies Mr. BOILINGBROOK—"clever chap, not a bit vulgar; and *he*" (alluding to me) "knows exactly the sort of thing he can do. I want" (he goes on to me) "another song like the one you did for him before—what's its name?"

"Yes," I say, "I know." And I try to ignore the Jolly SAM as much as possible, so as to get to business, and, above all, to bed. But DICK sticks to the name of the song, and remembers it.

"I recollect," he cries; "it was '*Naughty Sally Slack*.' Yes."

I can't deny it; it was '*Naughty Sally Slack*.'

"Well," he continues, "that's the sort of thing, and all topical, with a regular good catch—'em-alive-O! chorus." And he beams round on the company, who, considering their state of struggle between politeness and sleepiness, are considerably astonished at my appearance in this new character.

The clock strikes eleven; and the Squire, who has been nodding over the magazine, as if he assented to every word of it, suddenly opens his eyes, shakes himself, laughs, starts up, pokes the fire, hesitates about adding more coals, decides that he'd better not, and subsides into his arm-chair once more.

DICK rises. He is evidently going. Mrs. COSETT rises; the Ladies rise; we all rise.

"Won't you take something more?" inquires our hostess, becoming quite lively again at the near prospect of being allowed to retire.

"Thanks," replies DICK, who hasn't the smallest idea that he is upsetting the domestic arrangement of years. "I think I will."

We all solemnly resume our seats. The Aunt, who is quite at a loss what to do with herself, at any time, without her work, and is now utterly helpless, cannot restrain a very decided yawn. A light seems to break in upon DICK.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you up," he says, pleasantly.

"Oh, dear no!" replies Mrs. COSETT, in the most cheerful manner possible.

The other Ladies, as a mild chorus, faintly echo, "Oh, dear no!"

The Squire says heartily, "Oh, no! we're not particular to an hour!" But his very forced effort at joviality ends in a half stifled yawn. He makes a feint of mixing a weak drink for himself, and then he listens to DICK BOILINGBROOK's conversation.

"Will you be able to run over to Paris the day after to-morrow?" he asks me, forgetting my invalid condition; and hardly waiting for my solemn shake of the head by way of reply, he continues, "I was in Paris the night before last, I had just run over on Monday,"—they stare at him, why, Paris to them means a preparation of six weeks, a stay of a month at least, and the subject of conversation for years,—and I saw *Les Pantouffles de Monsieur Chambertin*, which you might do something with for MUGGER. Capital part for MUGGER. You've seen MUGGER, of course"—this to COSETT, who nods doubtfully,—"Good low comedian; I pay him as much as would keep five curates comfortably,"—this statement interests

the Aunt, who is of an evangelical turn,—"but," he continues to me, "*Les Pantouffles* is nothing to *The Tabichkoff* at the Imperial."

"The Imperial, where?" I ask.

"Petersburg," he replies.

"Have you been to—?" gasps Mrs. COSETT.

"Petersburg?" answers DICK, before she can get the word out.

"Yes—let me see—it was last Tuesday week. I came round that way as I had some business at Vienna and Berlin, and it's better to see a person, if it's important, than to telegraph or write—"

We all agree to this.

"Yes," he continues, in a sort of pleasant cheery soliloquy addressed to the public, "I fly about a good deal; and while other people are *talking* about what they're going to do, I *do* it. I can generally make up my mind in half a minute, and then the rest is all detail. I'm on two or three private inquiry commissions at present—Government generally sends to me when they want correct information. I never give 'em theories, or my own fads and crochets, but just go into the £ s. d. of the matter, and reduce it to an *argumentum ad pocketum*."

Here he finishes his glass, and rises to put it on the table.

Once more we rise. A quarter to twelve. Fine opportunity for a yawning chorus; but we dissemble.

"You must be very busy," observes Mrs. COSETT, meaning to suggest that he might possibly be wasting his time now, and be over-fatiguing himself.

"Very!" echo the Ladies and the Squire.

"Pretty well," replies DICK; "but can just spare time to run down and see a friend. I shall be off by the first train to-morrow morning."

Here at last is a ray of light—a chance for the thin end of the wedge without any breach of politeness, and Mrs. COSETT avails herself of it.

"I am afraid," she says, "that we must apologise for keeping you up if you've got to leave so early."

"Oh no!" he says. "It makes no difference to me."

"I suppose," observes the Squire, in the hopes of forcing him to admit that he would be glad of one night's good rest in the quiet country, after all his work and travelling, "I suppose you have not much chance of going to bed very early in town?" By which the Squire evidently means that DICK probably can't get to bed, as a rule, before twelve.

"No," says DICK, cheerily, standing bolt upright, as lively and as wide awake as ever he is at mid-day—"No. I haven't been to bed before four o'clock in the morning for the last thirty years!"

I can almost hear the jaws drop as the entire party seem to utter a feeble groan, and stagger back to their chairs.

No one dare ask him if he'll take any more. No one likes to be the first to sit down again. We are thunderstruck. I remember how, but a very short time since, I might have said much the same

FAREWELL!

A MINISTERIAL MELODY—AFTER MOORE.



Yet he ne'er will forget the big Bill that he drew,
To bring all down upon him in concord undus!

And still, in the evening, when Ladies fill up
With the strongest of Hyson the five o'clock cup,

uns by Mr. Cross
of the Ratepayers
of London.

FAREWELL! But
whenever you
welcome the
hour

When the Pekoe is
fragrant in bou-
doir and bower,
Then think of your
CROSS who had
made the dear
brew

At the ratepayers'
cost even dearer
to you.

Should he ever re-
turn, not a hope
will remain
Of a scheme that
had doubled the
Companies' gain,

When they talk of Conservative Chiefs put
to flight,
My name will be greeted, and not with de-
light.

With each cup that you sip, and each pot
that you fill,
You'll return to the subject of Cross and
his Bill—

How I wish, when the talk is of water, not
beer,
One kind voice would murmur, "It wasn't
too dear."

Let the Whigs do their worst, there are
mem'ries of joy,
Tory Bills of the past which they cannot
destroy,
Thoughts of which will arise in our mo-
ments of care,
To remind us of laurels we once used to
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories
filled!

Like the vase where Thames-water hath
stood undistilled.

You may boil, you may filter the stuff as
you will,
But the scent of the sewage will hang round
it still!

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

How do you prove the Ottoman Empire a
Constitutional Monarchy? Answer. Be-
cause the SULTAN reigns, but does not govern.

thing only without the thirty years. "Where is the life that once I led?"

After this declaration there is a dead silence. It is at last broken by Mrs. COSSETT observing, "Well, I'm afraid we Ladies must retire, and leave you Gentlemen to stay up as long as you like."

I feel that with them my hopes of rest are departing, and that half of the beneficial effects of my stay at Motemoss will be neutralised at one fell stroke.

Fortunately it suddenly occurs to DICK BOILINGBROOK that there may be some difficulty about getting into his hotel should he stay out beyond twelve, "in which case," he adds, "you won't be surprised if you hear all your dogs barking. Only don't shoot a revolver at me out of your window. Good-night. When shall I see you in town?" he asks me.

Now, this is a question which is very difficult for any guest to answer in the presence of his host, unless the host answers himself

and says, "Oh, we won't let him go yet awhile," which in this instance Squire COSSETT does not, as he is evidently afraid that if I don't go to Mahomet, Mahomet will come to me. So I am obliged to reply that I shall be up in town next Monday (three days hence), when it will be for my host to interrupt me with, "Oh no, not as soon as that,"—but here again the interruption *doesn't* occur, and I am forced, willy-nilly, to make an appointment for next Monday in town to talk business with Mr. DICK BOILINGBROOK, when I had hoped to have remained at Motemoss for another three weeks, happily, quietly, meditatively, fed at regular hours, lazily.

Ah! Stay! Lazily!—there's much truth in that. It's developing into that—self-indulgently—lazily! No! better in this work-a-day world to imitate the Busy B—BOILINGBROOK—and be up (in town) and doing. So farewell, a long farewell to the Motemossians at Shepton-on-Sea, where the Dovecot is once more tranquil, and the Doves unruffled!

FEATHERING THEIR NESTS.



WITH pleasure we extract the following letter from the *Daily News* :—

"BIRDS' NESTS."

—Sir, very many of your numerous readers besides Mr. MACDONALD will be glad to hear that the Superintendent and the twelve Keepers of Epping Forest have received the strictest possible orders from my Committee to take every means in their power to prevent birds' nesting, bird snaring, and bird shooting within the precincts of the forest. Everything, in fact,

will be done that can be done to render the glades of Epping Forest as full of life as they are of beauty, nothing being allowed to be destroyed except venomous reptiles, such as adders or vipers.—I am, &c., JOHN T. BEDFORD, Chairman of the Epping Forest Committee.—Guildhall, April 17."

Bravo! Mr. Chairman. He evidently wants to make each tree in Epping Forest a school of harmony, with the birds as professors of music in all its branches. Mr. BEDFORD is a Nestor of wisdom, not a birds'-nester. He is well known as a Liberal, and now he has proved himself a true Conservative. Not only that, but he shows himself also a veritable disciple of St. Patrick, turning out all the adders and vipers from Epping Forest as energetically as did the Great Saint evict those tenants from the shores of Old Ireland. More power to his elbow!

So Epping Forest now will be
A very pretty sight;
"Birds in their little nests agree"
That Mr. BEDFORD's right.

Stupendous Star-Showers.

TALK of the greatest recorded August and November flights of aerolites, what are they to those of April, 1880? It is proposed to give this the distinguishing title of "The Disraelite Star-Shower."

They all rise in the region of "*Leo Britannicus*," and observers describe their brilliancy as anything but remarkable.

FOR MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S AMUSEMENTS-
LEGISLATION REFORM.

By whom ought Licences for Plays to be granted?
Evidently, the Poetic Justice of the Piece.

THE REAL REASON WHY.

(Our old friend Sairey G. confers with her Counsellor-in-Chief, Mrs. (P.M.G.) Harris, on the Cause of the Conservative Collapse.)

"The upper classes, with the exception of eldest sons and a few specially rich men, are showing a growing disinclination to marry. Whether this be owing to purely selfish reasons, or owing to professional refusers, professional beauties, professional married flirts, professional female welters in general, and Jezebels of all sorts in Society, it is difficult to say exactly. Probably the causes are mixed, but the fact remains; and with the result that the upper classes are being outbred by the lower, and that the descendants of the proletariat and the petty shopkeeper are likely to rule England."—"A PREJUDICED TOBY," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

DEAR MRS. 'ARRIS,

Right you are! I never knewed you wrong, no never! Bein', wotever BETSY says,—the spiteful cat!—that wise and clever. But here you do surpass yourself, the werriest wiper must admit it; 'Tis inspiragion, nothink else, the way you've bin an' gone and 'it it.

I've heerd a many regions give for this 'ere sudden topsy-turvey—Which turnin' up the Tories so permiskus-like is simply scurvy—But this bangs all; it's genius, Mum; it flashes on yer like a rocket, As ought to raise your name and put a somethink 'andsome in your pocket.

And who should better know than us poor Monthlies, Mum? Which, on reflection,

There's been a certain lowering in the tone of even *my* connection. Which hupper-crust it ever were, none o' yer workin'-classes, cuss 'em! As SAIREY don't demean 'erself to mingle with, much less to nuss 'em.

But yet I must admit my calls among the Duchesses, and so on, Is not quite wot they used to wos; and if this sort of thing's to go on, Our okkpyation won't be wuth a button, which, 'owever 'umble, It's bound up with the British breed, and when one falls the other 'll tumble.

It scares me, Mrs. 'ARRIS, Mum; it reglar puts me in a twitter; And I'm awer you're shook yourself, as well your feelinks may be bitter. The way things 'as bin going on, flooring your prophecies like winking! I wonder you've not lost your evingly temper, dear, or took to drinking.

For you and me to be so out, with *our* experience, is most riling: I trusted to the Upper Ten to do the trick, and turn up smiling; But shopkeepers and proly—wot's it?—*them* to go and fill their quivers, While those of Swells is empty!—Gr-r-r! it gives a poor old soul the shivers!

Which wot I mean to say is this, Jezebels or purfessional Beauties, Don't ought to hinder youthful Nobs from doing of their bounden dooties. We've 'ad a many blows of late; but of the Country's coming cusses The wust would be for it to lose its Nobles and its Monthly Nusses!

That dratted GLADSTONE 's bad enough;—it's lovely, dear, the way you alate 'im! But this is wus than WILLIAM's self,—the ojus reptile, 'ow I 'ate him! I shouldn't wonder after all if *he's* the cause of this miscarrying; Or praps may yet bring in a Bill to stop the Hupper Classes marryin'!

Jest like him, my sweet creeter, jest, bein' that 'errid wain and wilent, There 'll be no Hupper Suckle soon if sech as you and me keeps silent. But not while I've a voice, my dear! We're threaten'd with the wust of dangers,

If only shopkeepers and such goes in for "Welcome Little Strangers."

It's clear as us old women now must rouge us, and be hup and doin', Or nusses and the nation soon will go to hutter rack and ruin. Wire in! You 'll put it neater, dear, your turn was always literairey, "St. George's and Old England!"—*that* must be our cry.

Your faithful
SAIREY.

COLLECTIVE DECORATION (for the late-present Cabinet).—The Grand Cross of the Elections!



ÆSTHETIC INCONSISTENCY.

"Ain't I the Cheese, ain't I the Cheese!
Round by the Serpentine, under the trees!
Ain't I the Cheese, ain't I the Cheese!
As I walk in the Park with my pretty LOUISE!" &c., &c.

THUS (WITH APPROPRIATE ACTION, AND TO A RUDIMENTARY ACCOMPANIMENT OF TWO CHORDS IN C BY HIS FRIEND BOB TODESON) SINGS YOUNG LORD PLANTAGENET CADBURY, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. CIMABUE BROWN,—WHO, AS A RULE, WILL HEAR OF NONE BUT THE SEVEREST CLASSICAL MUSIC, AND WALK STRAIGHT OUT OF THE ROOM IF YOU VENTURE ON A COMIC SONG. THE C. B.'S SIT LISTENING IN SOULPTURESQUE ATTITUDES EXPRESSIVE OF RAPT ATTENTION, AND EVEN *ENCORE* THE NOBLE PERFORMER!

NO WONDER GRIGSBY, AN ACCOMPLISHED COMIC VOCALIST OF SOME THIRTY YEARS' STANDING, BUT WHO NEVER GETS A CHANCE OF BEING HEARD AT THE HOUSE OF HIS OLD FRIENDS, THE CIMABUE BROWNS, FEELS SOMEWHAT BITTER!

EDUCATIONAL REACTION;

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(A page from the note-book of Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

THE Annual Intellectual Sports of the Athletes of Thew-cum-Tusale Academy were held a few days since in the large recreation room attached to the establishment. As usual on such occasions, a number of friends and relations of the pupils assembled to watch the various contests. The sports were perfectly successful, and caused the greatest possible excitement. In spite of the silence in which they were conducted, the audience seemed to regard the events with the liveliest interest. Many of the brain-races were won by small boys, who, in the ordinary routine of school work, seldom come to the front. For instance, the Rule of Three Handicap for Lads under Fifteen was carried off by PUNY Junior—a youngster who, in the Educational Course Books, scarcely earns the name of athlete. This youth has never distinguished himself in any branch of learning. For the last three terms he has remained in the Junior Sack-racing Department. SWATTER Major, too, who was the first to pass the Examiner's Chair in Latin, although upwards of eighteen years of age, has not yet attained the honour of a place in the School Cricketing Sixteen. On the other hand, it was a little disappointing to find O'POLO (an Irishman, and the Captain of the Eleven) absolutely last in the French and German Exercises, when the butt of the Academy, FLUTTER Major, actually managed to secure the Second Prize for Mixed Mathematics.

However, victories and defeats were accepted in equal good part,

and winners and losers seemed to experience a common satisfaction. Thus it was that, amidst enthusiastic cheering, the wife of the Head-Master, Mrs. HARDISTY, entered the room at six o'clock to distribute the Prizes. On the completion of this interesting ceremony, Mr. HARDISTY delivered his address.

He had been greatly pleased to find that prowess in the fields did not always mean inaction in the study. (*Cheers.*) It was most important to all of them to keep their bodies in a state of the greatest possible perfection. Still, to attain this great object, it was not altogether necessary to neglect their minds. All play and no work made JACK a dull boy. (*A laugh.*) And it was, therefore just as well that, occasionally—say once a year—(*cheers*)—every one should desert athletics for pursuits of a more intellectual character. He himself did not pretend to excel in any of the sports in which so many of his young friends had distinguished themselves that day. ("No, no!") He frankly confessed that he knew more about cricket than Euclid, and infinitely preferred football to the Classics. (*Loud cheers.*) Still, he could appreciate excellence in every department, and it was gratifying to find that his pupils could afford time to relax their muscles in order that they might use their brains. But he strenuously counselled moderation. Intellectual sports were all very well now and again, but to devote too much attention to them would be a most dangerous proceeding. (*Cheers.*) His pupils would soon have to face the world, and their success in after-life would depend entirely upon their physique. Only in the fields could health be obtained, and jumping, racing, and hammer-throwing, must never be neglected for such mental recreations as Classics and Mathematics. (*Loud cheers.*) In a word, the body must never be



SUNSET.

(After B. R. HAYDON.)



"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

Artist. "OH, SO YOU THINK THE BACKGROUND'S BEASTLY, DO YOU?! PERHAPS THE CATTLE ARE BEASTLY TOO, THOUGH I FLATTER MYSELF——"

Friendly Critic. "OH NO, MY DEAR FELLOW! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY ARE NOT!"

sacrificed to the mind. Those who unduly taxed their intellectual strength would have to pay for the excess in weakened eyesight, cramped limbs, shattered nerves, and thinned blood. No, let his young friends take their pleasures wisely, their present business was Athletics—Culture might be safely left to the future. Dumb-bells and hurdles, leaping poles and water-jumps, were of far more importance to them at their time of life than all the works in the combined libraries of the two great Universities. (*Cheers.*) Unless they bore this in mind they would never be able to boast of having attained the object of the educational teaching of the Academy, and that object was expressed in the motto under the College Arms in Latin, possibly in compliment to the contests that had taken place that day (*laughter*), he meant "*Salus populi suprema est lex!*" (*Enthusiastic cheering.*)

The assembly then separated, greatly pleased with the day's proceedings.

TROUBLE AT THE TOWER.

AT an open-air meeting on Tower Hill, held a few days ago "to protest against the restrictions placed upon the public in regard to the viewing of the Tower of London and its interesting relics therein collected," on the motion of a gentleman named COX, it was unanimously resolved—

"That this meeting is of opinion that the free opening of the Tower of London without useless restrictions and red-tapeism is highly desirable and absolutely necessary, as the venerable fabric contains a million histories, which can only be properly studied and learnt, and converted to public benefit, by placing the building and its contents on the same footing as the British Museum, National Gallery, and other national collections."

In this opinion the liberal-minded and educated reader will concur, making allowance for some peculiarities in its expression. No doubt it is "highly desirable," if not perhaps quite "absolutely necessary," that the Tower of London should be freely open "without useless

THE BREWER'S ARMS.

"Armorial bearings were originally intended to convey a representation of great achievements."—*Blome's Heraldry.*

It being generally understood that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY intends to raise Sir A. GUINNESS to the Upper House, *Punch* submits the following Coat-of-Arms for the approval of the new Baron.

Quart-erly.

1st, *Azure*, three X's or transversely.

2nd, *Party-per-Pale* (Ale).

1st, *Potent*, a Bottle of Stout, *proper*.

2nd, *Counter-Potent*, a Pick-me-up, *proper*.

3rd, *Gules*, a Pot of Stout, *frothant, fizant*.

4th, *Sable*, Sir A. GUINNESS, dis-membered, *proper*.

The Shield is differenced by the Label (duly entered as a trade-mark) of the eldest son.

Sup-porters.—*Dexter*, a Vat-man, swearing *proper*.
Sinister, a Stout Barmaid, talking *improper*.

Crest.—On a Casque, or, a hog's-head showing its teeth, *rampant*.

Motto.

The Guinness Stamp is but the rank,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

Title.—Lord COOPER, Viscount de la Bere.

Work about Worms.

ON the painful subject of "Flukes in Sheep," Mr. T. SPENCER CORBOLD, F.R.S., writing from the "Scientific Club," has favoured the *Times* and the public with an elaborate communication, in which he styles himself "a worker in the rank and file of helminthology." The science of helminthology, amongst its numerous and interesting objects, includes the Tapeworm family (*Tenia*). Has Mr. CORBOLD, in the course of his helminthological researches, ever met with, and can he supply us with any account of the remedies for that terrible Tapeworm by which our official departments, Civil, Military, and Naval, are all infested, the *Tenia rubra*, or Red Tapeworm?

PUNCH congratulates his readers on the spread of one quite unobjectionable form of not only harmless but instructive Light Literature—Street Lamps street-lettered.

restrictions and red-tapeism;" that is to say the red-tapeism which has proscribed the restrictions.

Unquestionably also the Tower contains a great many, if not as many as "a million" historical memorials, which may be poetically called "histories," and can "only be properly studied and learnt," by being duly inspected.

The operation of those existing arrangements for admission to the Tower, denounced as "useless restrictions and red-tapeism," was illustrated by the Chairman of the meeting, Mr. HENRY JUPSON, who said that—

"To see the way in which visitors were treated there under the present system was to see a very sorry sight indeed, and the only way to thoroughly understand that system was to go to the Tower and judge for oneself. He had been there several times, the last occasion being Monday the 12th ult. It was a most bitterly cold day, and the East wind searched the bones of the visitors, who were waiting in the open air for fifty minutes to take their turn."

Why are HER MAJESTY's subjects, when they honour HER MAJESTY's Tower with a visit, liable to be put to all that inconvenience? And why is it that they are allowed to see so very little of HER MAJESTY's Tower? You frequently hear your friends ask, "Why are we not shown the dungeons?" In the Tower it may be imagined that there are a good many skeletons in the cupboards, some of the cupboards containing perhaps more than one skeleton each, but in what way can any skeletons in the Tower be more objectionable than the mummies in the British Museum? Is it true that the dungeons are haunted; that one prison-chamber still continues to resound at intervals with the groans of GUY FAWKES; and that the Tower Ghost, talked about from time to time, is an awful fact?

That the restrictions on viewing the Tower, which certainly seem to have been imposed either by red-tapeism or some other official foolishness, may be promptly abolished, a public-spirited Member of Parliament will, perhaps, as soon as possible, draw up a Resolution similar to that agreed upon by the assembly on Tower Hill, and propose it to the House of Commons.

THE BAGPIPER OF MIDLOTHIAN.

An Old Tale adapted to new Tunes. With Apologies to Mediæval Mythology and Mr. Browning.



MIDLOTHIAN 's in Scotland,
Where stands fair Edinbro's city,
Twixt the Firth of Forth and the Firth of
Clyde,
On the eastern and the western side,
A pleasanter region you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty
'Twas only a few brief months ago),
To see that district monopolised so
By Tories seemed a pity.

II.

Tories!

They 'd glamour'd the land with their gush
about glories
(Even gammoned some Scots, though they're
commonly oute),

And so tickled the crowd with thrasonical stories,
Their fuming and fluster,
Their bragging and bluster,
That the Liberals pined, and grew mumchance and mute.

SAMPSON. INV. DEZ.

OMNIBUS FULL AND FREE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, "R. B." calls attention to facts suggestive of a way by which the question between Churchmen and Dissenters concerning interment might easily be settled to the satisfaction of both sides. He says that "Mr. MORGAN does not seem to be acquainted with the condition of our Churchyards," which resembles that presented by the "Gravedigger's Scene in *Hamlet*," inasmuch that they having mostly been full "for the last 300 years," and English people having all that while "been burying their dead in the ashes of the dead," now there "scarcely ever is a grave dug in the remotest churchyard without bones, skulls, &c., being thrown up." "Moreover," adds "R. B.," "the level of all churchyards is considerably above the level of the church-floor." If all this is really the case, it speaks for itself, and as distinctly as possible tells Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, and everybody else who cares to be told, the two things the Legislature should do for the solution of this grave difficulty; that is, pass an Act to open the Churchyards to all manner of Dissenting bodies, and close them immediately against all bodies whatsoever; thus both opening and closing them to everybody without distinction of sect. So much for the present, from Yours everlastingly, YORICK.

Court News.

LORD HARTINGTON took a constitutional walk on Thursday evening last from Windsor Railway Station to the Castle. He politely declined the use of the perambulator sent to meet him. His gait and his gingham were much admired. His carriage was conspicuous from its absence. While waiting at the station for his return train, he carefully surveyed the new Liberal Platform.

Neat and Appropriate.

It is stated that at the last social Cabinet meeting, the Prime Minister read, with much pathos, the scene from *SHELLEY'S Prometheus Unbound*, ending with the couplet—

"Till they fail, as I am failing—
Dizzy lost yet unbewailing!"

Initials on a Rock.

OUR comic religious contemporary, the *Rock*, advertises itself as opposed to "Ritualism, Rationalism, and Romanism." These may be called the *Rock's* Three R's ahead. R for *Rock* is a Fourth; a Fifth is the Religion it sets up exclusive claims to; to which may be added a Sixth, the Risibility it provokes.

ONLY A LETTER.

Elected—L(iberals).
Ejected—J(ingoes).

THE ONLY CONSERVATIVE WINNINGS.—
On the "City and Suburban."



SIC ITUR AD ASTRA;
OR, HOW PELHAM JONES GETS INTO "SOCIETY."

HIS WIFE HAS A COMPLEXION OF DAZZLING BEAUTY, AND HE CONTRIVES FOR HER A HEAD-DESS CONSISTING OF A GILT SCORCE WITH WAX-LIGHTS AND REFLECTORS TO LIGHT UP HER FACE, AND SURMOUNTED BY A SILVER BELL TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

NEXT YEAR HE WILL UNVEIL AND ILLUMINE HER NECK AND SHOULDERS, WHICH ARE EQUALLY RESPLENDENT—AND SO ON, NO DOUBT, TILL HE REACHES THE HIGHEST RUNG OF THE LADDER.

III.

But at last those Liberals, all in a body,
To Council and Caucus came flocking.
"Tis clear," cried they, "that a Jingo's a Noddy.
And as for our Tory Government—shocking!
But the question is, what the deuce shall we do?"
At which the Big-Whigs looked wofully blue,
And as good as admitted that none of them knew.
But just as the Tories were all at full snigger,
There suddenly popped up the funniest figure;

Glad in Galashiels checks, grey, green, and red,
And a brand new gift silk-cap on his head;
And he himself was sallow and thin,
With keen clear eyes that could scathe or win,
And sparse white hairs and a parchment skin,
Scant tuft on cheek, no beard on chin,
But lips firm-clench'd as an iron gin;
And no Liberal soul could enough admire
The grim grey man and his quaint attire;
But the Tories scowled and gave vent to their ire.

Quoth they, "A new trick of the Arch-Deluder!
Let us muster and kick out this base intruder."

IV.

But he advanced to the Council table,
And "Please your Worship," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures—with ears—beneath the sun;
After me they are bound to run
In such a style as you never saw.
I'm willing," said he, "to try my charm
On the Tories—they're doing the country harm.
I'm also possessed of a spell, you'll see,
To strengthen limp Libs, who've gone weak at the knee;
The time-serving Rat and the envious Viper;
And they call me Wandering WILLIE the Piper."
And here they observed that he carried his pipes,
This man of the breeze-blown Galaashiels stripes,
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing.
But the Big-Whigs looked just a little bit cool,
Inclined to believe that the man was a fool;
Whilst the Tories yelled "You may do your worst,
And blow away till your Bagpipes burst."

V.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling a little sardonic smile,
As if he knew what music slept,
In his quiet pipes the while.

Then like a regular Scotch adept,
To blow the pipes his lips he bagged,
His fingers flew, ne'er a moment they lagged,
And e'er three notes the pipes had uttered
You heard as if all Scotland muttered;
And the muttering grew to a mighty roaring,
And out of their strongholds the Tories came pouring,
With many a grunt and many a groan:
And not the Tory hosts alone,
But the Liberal rats. There were swell rats, seedy rats,
Bold rats, timid rats, plump rats, greedy rats,
Nor the rats and the Tories alone came forth,
But the long-silent Radical hosts of the North,
Willingly, gleefully, shouting and cheering,
Heedless of "fagots," of jibe, and of jeering,
Grave old plodders, and gay young friars,
Grandfathers, fathers, sons, uncles, and cousins;
Greybeards, boys with scarce-budding whiskers,
Valiant voters, by twos, tens, dozens.
And as still that Piper (a plague on him!) played,
Not the North alone in his train was arrayed,
But the Voters flocked from east, west, south,
And the Midlands, withoch by that magical mouth;
Voters from counties, and cities, and boroughs,
From toil at the furnace, from work at the furrows;
Voters from mansion, mart, meadow, and mine,
Voters of all sorts and sizes, in fine,
Rushing and crushing, ran eagerly after
That wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.
Then the Big-Whigs stared, and the Tories stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to fashion a fetching cry
To rally those Voters hurrying by—
Could only follow with envious eye,
Hearts in the doldrums and heads on the rack,
That numberless crowd at the Piper's back,
A mighty flood whose resistless roll
Swept that Piper's foes from their place at the Poll.

So WILLIE has proved to be surest of wipers
Of scores out with Tories, who hate all such Pipers.
He has piped us free of the Jingoos—they're no miss!—
And he promises well. May he keep his promise!

Sally from Below Stairs.

THE subject of Vaccination has again turned up, and arguments are advanced anew for obtaining vaccine lymph from the Calf. Mr. JOHN THOMAS writes to say that he would prefer being vaccinated in the arm.

APPROPRIATE PERFORMANCE.—George Barnwell at the Gaiety.
"Very tragical mirth."

Now Titles are going, who's to have the Earldom of Earlswood?

BOLTED AGAIN.



THE Universal SARAH has again, under the gad-fly sting of criticism, kicked over the ropes, and fairly bolted from the Français. Her present address is St. Adresse, near Havre. She is determined to have so much, at least, of the saint about her.

The world has been informed that she has declared her intention of devoting herself to painting and sculpture, and playing no longer, after she has fulfilled her English engagement. But then (ask these abominable critics again) at her painting and sculpture has she not been *playing* till now, and will she not go on playing as much as ever? On this point, as on all, SARAH appeals from her critics to the public.

Some of the former declare that her present retreat to St. Adresse is mere matter of address.

As the French proverb puts it, "*Elle recule pour mieux sauter!*" or, in the words of the immortal WILLIAMS, she makes herself scarce, that—

"Being wanted, she may be more wondered at!"

The difficulty with this eccentric Lady is not to say, "*che Sarà?*" but "*che non Sarà?*"

Till she takes herself, her life, and her many arts *au sérieux*, there can be little chance of the critics doing so. *En attendant* she must be content, "*grande tragédienne*," as she would be willingly accepted, to pass for a "*farceuse*," who likes nothing so much as to poke fun at the public, and to mystify those who are simple enough to interest themselves about her vagaries.

NOT TOO LATE YET.

(*Apropos of a Monument not yet in the Abbey.*)

SAYS the Duke of W. to the Dean of W.,

"You see how things are going, Mr. Dean,
And e'en at this late hour I'll make bold to trouble you,
To ponder what these late elections mean."

"I must confess to me it's as plain as A B C,—

And to you the fact may not seem immaterial,—
That the People's voice is clear to all who care to hear.
'We'll have nought to do with anything Imperial.'"

Says the Dean of W. to the Duke of W.,

"There's something in the inference, your Grace;
I am open to conviction, and to stop all further friction,
Suppose we found the Prince another place!"

Marry in Haste, and Repent at Leisure.

As this is Leap Year, we may remind our marriageable readers of both sexes that the Germans call April 21 the "Buss-tag," meaning the Day of Repentance. Too many a British lad and lass after the April Fool game of "Kiss in the Ring," have had reason to keep their Buss-tag as a day of repentance ever afterwards!

NO MORE WANTED.

THERE is said to be an increase this month in one item of our imports from France—the Article of Jesuits—of which there is only already too large a stock in this country.

ERRATUM.—The "Apropos Anagram" in our last should have been printed —"WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE—As willing to lead 'em."



A REGULAR TURK.

Tommy (who has just been operated on). "I MEAN TO BE A DENTIST, WHEN I GROW UP."

Aunt Annie. "WHY, DEAR?"

Tommy. "TO HAVE REVENGE!"

MEDICAL M.P.'S.

DEAR DR. PUNCH,

REFLECTING persons have begun to see that, for legislation on sanitary matters and questions involving medical science, the services of a sufficient number of competent Medical Men such as yourself, Sir, are wanted in the House of Commons. You, of course, personally, are engaged elsewhere. In other cases the objection may be taken that physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners of eminence would find it impossible to attend to both their patients and their parliamentary duties. Vain would be the ring at the night-bell of an Honourable Gentleman accustomed to spend his night at St. Stephen's, after the usual fashion of the votaries of that protomartyr, and not to go home till morning, till daylight doth appear.

But the world knows nothing of its greatest medical men, like you know whom, Sir. Philosophers accustomed to think for themselves, declare their thoughts, and deviate from routine, thereby alarm the majority of both their Profession and the Public, get themselves reputed eccentric, and obtain a practice, if any, very select indeed.

A moderate number of Medical Members of that sort would suffice for the requirements of the House of it? Obviously by soliciting them to take seats, and paying them pretty handsomely when they take them, so as to make it worth their while to sit!

If those conditions could not be fulfilled, it might be found more practicable to introduce medical philosophy into the Legislature *via* the House of Lords.

Of the two Houses, a Physician or Surgeon, Physiologist and rational being, would decidedly prefer the Peers, on account of the reasonable hours wont to be kept in that House, as compared with the other. Also, because of the comparative brevity of Noble Lords' eloquence.

I enclose my card, by which your readers will perceive that I am at home from ten till twelve in the morning, and from three till five in the afternoon. In the meanwhile believe me your affectionate Brother Chip,

ASCLEPIUS JOHNSON.

1, Centaur Street, Chiron Place,
House round the Corner.

A Very Old Master.

A REPORT of a recent meeting of the Senate at Cambridge states that the candidate for B.D. "is required to be a M.A., of at least four years' standing from creation." At that rate, there must be Masters of Arts nearly as old as ADAM. Or does Darwinism rather require us to read for "ADAM" the first Anthropoid Ape, or Marine Ascidian?

IN THE TEETH OF THE LATE NORTH-EASTER.

Mr. Gladstone. First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer? Hum! Well, I suppose I can't say "no." But, consider a moment; wouldn't HARTINGTON, now—?

Marquis of Hartington. Oh, pray don't mind me! Anything will do for me. Here, I'll have India!

Earl Spencer. And a very good thing too; why, look at me, I'm only Lord President of the Council!

The Duke of Argyll. What? You grumbling? Why, I've only got the Privy Seal! What am I to do with the Privy Seal?

Mr. Bright. About as much as I shall with the Duchy of Lancaster! The Duchy of Lancaster! Do they think that they're going to muzzle me with that?

Mr. Chamberlain. If they do, they must regard it as of a far tougher material than the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade, indeed! That's it, is it? It doesn't sound like a Caucus, does it? But, ha! ha! You wait. You'll see!

Mr. W. E. Forster. Wait? One would have thought that waiting might have led to something a little better than the Irish Secretaryship.

Lord Selborne. Well, here I am again. And I don't mean to miss my chance this time.

Earl of Kimberley. Quite right: no more do I. No,—if there is any weak point in the Cabinet, it is certainly not—

Sir William Harcourt. The Home Department. My tact, discretion, and general diplomatic habit of mind would, perhaps, have been displayed to greater advantage in the rôle of—

Earl Granville. Foreign Secretary? Not a bit of it! I am, *par excellence*, the right man in the right place.

Mr. H. C. E. Childers. Most certainly. And, I wish I could say as much for myself. The War Office!—Why the very first thing I shall do will be to teach the permanent heads the Hornpipe!

Earl of Northbrook. Really? Well, I wish you would give me a lesson first. I learnt a good deal in India, but, alas!—not that!

Mr. Dodson. Well, my Lords and Gentlemen—we've all a good deal to learn. Even an efficient President of the Local Government Board isn't made in a day!

Nihilism Annihilated.

GENERAL LORIS MELIKOFF is reported from St. Petersburg to be "doing all in his power to finish as quickly as possible with Nihilism." Should he succeed in so doing, MELIKOFF will be entitled to change his name to FINISHOFF. Success to him in his endeavour to reduce Nihilism to Nil.

POST HOC ET PROPTER HOC.—A little Cross, he was. A grand Cross, he is.

A MAY MEETING.



President. Welcome, Sir! "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

Premier. Thanks! London's brightest May flow'rs, one might say,

Are those that yearly bloom upon your walls,
Art's annual blossomings.

President (aside). And Clubdom calls
This man austere, ungracious! (*Aloud.*) Sir, I hope,
Without o'erduily stretching your neat trope,
This year's pictorial parterre may please
The cultured taste that, like the Attic bees,
Has supped from classic chalices.

Premier (aside). They say
This man's mook-Greek! (*Aloud.*) The grace of the
old day,
The glory that was Greece, now lives again
On LEIGHTON'S Canvass.

W. H. L. J. P. M. B. L. N.



A YOUNG HOPEFUL.

"WELL, REGI, YOU DON'T SMOKE YET, I SUPPOSE!"

"NO; BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY 'JUMPING POWDER' ABOUT YOU, I'LL TAKE A PULL!"

Painter (aside.) He'll make FREDDY vain!
Enough of Hyblan sweets, my Cockalorums!
Methyglyn is the cloyingest of jorums.
President. We set you high last year—anticipation
Of that which now the verdict of the Nation
Makes an Art-dream no more.
Premier. I apprehend.
I stood before the Canvass of your friend,
And dreamed—it matters little what; the whole
Has come to pass.
Painter (aside.) "Oh, my prophetic soul!"
President. A splendid portrait of a splendid—
Premier. Hush!
Do not divide the laurels; let the brush
VELASQUEZ might have wielded take them all.
Painter. You're too magnanimous!
Premier. On yonder wall
A pendant master-piece now meets my sight,
From the same hand,—my noble friend, JOHN BRIGHT.
Superb, Sir! Art is happy most in this,
That the Arena's changing cheer or hiss
It need not echo, giving welcome hearty
To all.
Painter (aside.) When they are up!
President. Art knows not party,
But hospitality's old rule holds best,
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."
Premier. Fortunate I to be in time for this!
So pleasant a May-Meeting who would miss?
[*Exeunt mahoganywards.*]

BEER GETTING UP.

SIR HENRY ALLSOPP'S Ulster Hand having become a *fait accompli*, we understand Mr. BASS is about to adopt a Coronet for his trade-mark, in hope of a like result.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

Prefatual Arrangements—Letters from the Editor to Celebrated Novelist—Letter from Celebrated Novelist to Editor—Amicable settlement—Retraction—Interesting and Important Announcement.

Letter the First from Editor to Celebrated Novelist.

MY DEAR ANTONIO,

WE, the Modern Novel Co. (Limited), want a work from your pen. When can you let us have it?

Yours, EDITOR (*Novel Co. Limited*).

Chairman of the Modern Novel Committee.

Without prejudices.

DEAR EDITOR,

MY name is not ANTONIO. It is ANTHONY with the "h." There is no use in retaining the "h." But I like it. You want, you say, "a work from my pen." Do you? Good. Perhaps I'd better send you one of my pens if you think that can do the work, without the hand and head, and let me add, my good Sir, the heart to guide it. Now to business. What do you want? hey? In your next let me know what you do want from

Yours truly,

With lots of prejudice.

The Warren, Babey Buntingford.

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

From the Editor to the Novelist aforesaid.

MY DEAR TONY,

THE "h" will be all right when we print your name. You don't care about being Italianised, do you, as ANTONIO, no, that's your brother DODDLEFUS. Now, as you say—to business. We want a novel, not, if you will allow me the expression, in your novel style, but in your good old first-rate style; I mean, that style as applied to that class of subjects, chiefly ecclesiastical, by which you are known, for which as a master of fiction, absolutely unsurpassed, you are celebrated, and to which all your most ardent admirers and most sincere well-wishers do hope you will speedily return. Such a



OUR CLUB.

Member (bursting into Card-Room, 9 A.M.). "OH, WAITER, HAVE YOU—I FANCY LAST NIGHT I MUST HAVE DROPPED A FIVE POUND!"

Waiter. "HERE IT IS, SIR, 'SING'LAR THING, SIR,—SEE IT UNDER THE TABLE DIREC'TLY I COME INTO THE ROOM! 'LUCKY I GOT HERE JUST BEFORE ANY O' THE MEMBERS, SIR!!"

novel, in your genuine, easy-going, good old style of *The Chronicles of Barsellshire*, and *The Last Chronicle of Barsell*, with lots of Parsons, Deans, Bishops, and their wives and families; that is the sort of thing we want, and what the public demands from your pen—I beg your pardon, I mean from your hand, head, and heart.* (By the way, don't you write with a pen?) This, my dear friend TONY, is what we require, preferring such a work of genius to such other works of genius of yours as are represented, for example, by *The Prying Minister*, *How We Dye Now*, *Who Used his Diamonds*, and others too numerous, but not too humorous, to mention. Your terms are ours, and easy does it. The sooner you can let us have it the better, as from the moment the novel is announced, our doors will be besieged by anxious inquirers, and our letter-box choke full of communications from anxious pen-and-ink-quirers, who will waste reams of paper—"reams, idle reams!"—in bothering us to know when you are going to begin. So, my dear TONY, let us have your answer, and believe us (and me), yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR (Novel Co. Limited).

With less prejudice than ever.

DEAR ED. NOVEL CO. LIM.,

DON'T call me "TONY." I don't like it. TONY is only associated in the public mind with "LUMPKIN." If you insinuate I'm a Lumpkin, all is off between us. Retract "TONY," and I'm yours to command. As to your opinion of my former or present style, I won't take it even for what it is worth. Keep it to yourself; I have no use for it. You want a novel, on what you call an Ecclesiastical subject. That's the English of it, isn't it? Hey? You quote my titles incorrectly, and you omit *The Churchwarden*. Everyone liked *The Churchwarden*; and I think I've got just the thing for your readers, or rather for mine. How about *The Beadle*? Hey? Hasn't that the true smack about

* This part of our correspondence reminds us curiously enough of another correspondence with a similar object long ago, between the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. W. M. THACKERAY, and one of his leading contributors, Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. The former wanted a novel for the Magazine; the latter had commenced an Irish tale, when he was "civilly told" that what was expected of him was a story thoroughly English, and, "if possible, about Clergymen." History repeats its situations with new characters.

it? Hey? That's the man for your money. *The Beadle of Small-Beerjester Bowers*. Hey? How's that? You say terms are all right. That's business. Consider it settled. I'll do *The Beadle*, and throw in a couple of Bishops and a few new dignitaries for the money. Hey? Don't call me TONY again. I believe you my boy, and am yours bluffly,

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

With any amount of prejudice.

From Editor Novel Co. Limited to Novelist.

DEAR ANTHONY WITH AN "H,"

I RETRACT "TONY," and so all is on again between us. Not only believe me, but believe The Company Limited, which I represent, and which deals with you for this work of art (by my advice mind) that is to astonish England, Europe, and the world. Let us have the first instalment of *The Beadle*—it is to be *The Beadle* is it not?—as soon as possible, so that I may fairly announce it together with the correspondence which, of course, you have no objection to my publishing. Don't forget the Bishops, and the "few new dignitaries," and, if possible, make one of 'em an Archbishop. Don't omit the female element of the ecclesiastical life. Thoroughly English. You know how to do the trick. I am, or we are,

Yours most sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

Without prejudice—except in your favour.

(From Novelist to Editor.)

DEAR EDITOR,

WITH compliments. I don't approve of "doing the trick." I'm always prejudiced—in favour of honesty, truth, and justice. Every Englishman ought to be. Oughtn't he, eh? I refer you to my novel *The Churchwarden*; or, *Put that in your Pipe and Smoke It*? Not read it? Get it. In haste.

Yours,

A. D., 1880.

As Public.—A letter from Mr. ANTHONY DOLLOP protesting against the publication of the correspondence arrived, we deeply regret to say, too late to be of any use. In compliance, however, with the eminent Novelist's request, we at once retract as far as it is possible to do so, the whole of the correspondence in question, which we have only published in view of any difficulties that might subsequently arise between the high contracting parties.

In conclusion we, on behalf of the Novel Company Limited, beg to announce the appearance in our next of an entirely new and original novel entitled

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "*The Chronicles of Barsellshire*," "*Beerjester Bowers*," "*The Halfway House at Alinton*," "*Thorley Farm for Cattle*," "*Family Parsonage*," "*The Prying Minister*," "*Pearls Before Swine*," "*Who Used His Diamonds*," "*Rub the Hair*," "*The Way We Dye Now*," "*Fishy Fin*," "*Fishyas Wildux*," "*Dr. Thorne and David James*," "*Star and Garter, Richmond*," "*Rachel Hooray*," "*The Jellies of Jelly*," "*The Bertrams and Roberts*," "*Lady Pye-Anna*," "*Tails of All Creatures*," "*Arry Otspur*," "*Mary Greasily*," "*Vicar of Pullbaker*," "*McDermott of Balladsingerum*," "*Can't You Forget Her*?" "*He Knew He Could Write*," &c., &c.

A Discovery.

We read in the *Times*—

"Some documents seized at Barcelona show the existence of a considerable quantity of forged Spanish Bonds, believed to have the same origin as those detected some time ago on the Paris Bourse."

Spanish Bonds, then, are really worth something—they are worth forging.

GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY.

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)

View, in his full regimentals, precedes General Public. *Montez! Montez!*

At first starting I do not begin at the beginning, but direct public attention to the following numbers, by way of a preliminary eanter.

No. 204. "A Bite!" Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Sir FREDERICK should have chosen the Shakespearian line,—

"Flea! Flea'ence! Flea!"

Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 3.No. 217. *An Infant Phenomenon in the Lady Macbeth Sleepwalking Scene.* H. T. WELLS, R.A. It is called "Victoria Regina," and may be intended for "The Victoria." It may be a Victoria, but it's not a *Shay-d'œuvre*. No matter;—"All's wells that ends wells," as Crutch and Toothpick chaunt on All Swells day. Let's leave WELLS alone and pass on.No. 239. *Out of Order; or, Mechanical Doll with the Spring Broken.* J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Never mind, there's plenty more from the toy-shop where she came from, and it's never too late to mend.No. 250. *Judge us by what we are, not what we wear.* E. J. POYNTER, R.A. The subject is Venus showing a clean pair of heels to Æsculapius, who, with the skill of a doctor and the eye of a poet, is scanning her feet.No. 262. *On Board H.M.S. Bellerophon, July 23, 1815.* W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. BONAPARTE a prisoner on board the *Billy Rough 'un*, looking towards the coast of France. The Artist should have called this clever picture, "Going Nap."

No. 282. "Take a card—I won't look—you'll know it again," &c. MARCUS STONE, A. For this there should be a "Hail Stone!" chorus. A Precious Stone. A Gem.

No. 298. *On the Proul; or, Lionising an Artist.* BRITON RIVIERE, A. A most striking picture. But where was the Artist when he took the portraits of these terrific brutes? Behind a pillar? He calls it "A Night Watch." What a night watch he must have had of it! He must be a very bold Briton.No. 322. *The Right Honourable John Bright, M.P.* J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Eminent political person on a successful canvass. Admirable portrait. But it's not JOHN BRIGHT at his Brightest. He should have been taken "Orating," and every expression caught. Yet, for all that, 'tis a speaking likeness.No. 328. *Good View from a Private Box.* L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.No. 416. *Henry Irving as Hamlet; or, Knee Plus Ultra.* E. LONG, A. A three-quarter length, and quite long enough. The Artist felt the subject would scarcely bear E-long-a-tion, and perhaps he'll give us the remainder next year. "To be continued in our next." As *Hamlet* himself observes, "Very like, very like. Stay'd it Long?" &c. (Act I., s. 2). Of course the answer would be—Just sufficient time to have his portrait taken.No. 571. *The Incomplete Letter-Writer.* GEO. REID. Portrait of a Gentleman trying to think "What on earth he shall say" in his letter. The title is the "Provost of Peterhead," but the bothered and perplexed expression suggests the "Provost of Stupidhead." The Artist is doubtless correct: Ride and Right.No. 606. *Bessie, daughter of C. Andrew, Esq.* G. D. LESLIE, R.A. Pretty Lawn-Tennisian Picture. Pity she should be represented as a rackets sort of girl. What's the state of the game? "Fifteen—Love."

AYEAT emptor!—Look out, Picture-buyers! The Academy is open. The verdicts have been pronounced. Many who have acquitted themselves to their own satisfaction, have been hung; and the Unhung are no longer in a state of suspense.

Allow me to take you through the halls of dazzling light, and point out the objects of special interest. Where the Artist has made a mistake in his title, I have appropriately rechristened it; and where the description is inaccurate, or misleading, I have just thrown in a few touches to complete the pictures. Walk up! Walk up! Leave your sticks and umbrellas in the hall, purchase a catalogue, refer to the Guide from week to week for aid and assistance, pay your shilling, and be happy! Ladies and Gentlemen, *Suivez moi!* And my friends reply, "Lead on; we follow!" Eyes right and left! And so PrivateNo. 612. *A Hot Day at Cookham.* OTTO WEBER. It ought to be hot if you go to cook 'em. And there are such a lot of cattle to cook! More like Cowes. But why not call it an "Otto" day? Let us hope it is not by any means "Weber's Last."No. 613. *The Ebb Tide on the Bar.* WALTER J. SHAW. One of the best pictures in this year's Academy. The Artist henceforth to be distinguished as "*Sea-Shaw*." Visitors are particularly requested to see SHAW, when they will all agree with me, and no waverers among them. On dit, that this has been purchased by an eminent R.A. He was sitting before it; and, carried away by the sea-sentiment inspired by SHAW, began to hum to himself, or to himself,—"*Buy the Sad Sea Wave*;" and he bought it. This story may be told to the Marines. The title of the picture is a little puzzling to inlanders, who ask "where the ebb is tied on the bar?" and "how is the ebb tied on the bar?" and so on. But no matter—'tis a delightful picture, and "Ebbert of thee I'm fondly dreaming," Mr. Sea-Shaw.No. 614. "*No Bathing-Machine!*"—(but where are the Police?) Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Sir FREDERICK calls it "*Psamathe*." Very likely it is, but more suggestive of *Jane Shore*. What a subject it would have been for Mr. SANDYS! Every one must feel considerable delicacy in talking of this Lady, as no charitable person would like to speak of her behind her back; and yet they can't help it, if they are to speak of her at all.No. 654. *Gushers at Home.* FRANK DICEY. Two young Ladies kissing on the stairs. Quite a pair-o'-Dicey notion of fashionable "Angels' visits."No. 655. *Crenais.* Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. It should be called "*Demi-Two-light*," and the motto be DRYDEN'S line,—

"For little souls on little shifts rely."

A BALLAD OF THE BALLOT-BOX.

I'm as clear as a babe new-born
Of corruption, and of bribery,
As at Highgate I'll dare be sworn,
Or take my 'davy at Highbury.
If you likes you may stand me a pot,
'Cause that's nothink beyond congenial,
But to bribe me best offer not;
No, I'd not be so beastly venial.

Our Member, he says to me,
As he might have said to any man,
"BILL SMITHERS," he says, says he,
"A fi-pun note to a penny, man,
I'll lay you I don't come in.
Are yer game to take a shy at me?"
He spoke them words with a grin,
And playful he wunk his eye at me.

I says "Done; my chance is fair,
A good offer I never refuses."
Says he, "Now to win you declare,
And I means to pay if I loses."
So I did wot I possible could
In my own self-defence and puerstion,
Which the party I backed, when he stood,
Lost his wager and gained his election!

Wen he know'd his seat was sure,
He paid me the bet as I won of him,
Which my 'ands bein' perfectly pure,
The same was 'ansome done of him.
Now 'ere is the fi-pun note,
As I pockets without hillegality.
So don't you say I sold my vote,
Wich I 'olds clean agin morality.

THE LAST CRIME OF THE LATE GOVERNMENT.—(Let us hope so.)—"Ribbonism."



THE NEW SLEEVE.

Granny (from the Country). "BUT WHY DO THEY ALL SHOW THE TOPS OF THEIR ARMS IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER!"
Facetious Youth. "THE FACT IS, GRANDMA, THEY'RE ALL GOING TO BE VACCINATED AFTER SUPPER!"

CABINET-MAKING.

WILLIAM the Woodman lays aside his axe,
 And takes a turn at somewhat finer tooling.
 Deft Craftsman as he is, the work might tax
 The practised skill that follows lengthy schooling.
 Chopping down trees,—Upas or otherwise,—
 Is roughish toil, less asking mind than muscle,
 But here's a "first-class job," my boy, that tries
 More than comes out in mere athletic tussle.
 You find, of course,—it really scarce needs telling,—
 Shaping and fitting harder work than felling.
 Such lots of timber too! Shortness of stuff
 Is scarce more puzzling than such superfluity.
 Some fine of grain, some all too rough and tough
 To fit the rest with closeness and congruity.
 To shape all well, and joint it firm and fast,
 Use no unsound, and waste no good material,
 And make a neat, strong job of it at last,
 Fitted for purposes and needs imperial,
 Was stiff to work, still work you scarce could shirk, man,
 So buckled to like a true British workman!
 Most of your stuff's well seasoned, some too dry—
 Say some folks; better dry than green, however;
 And some that now for the first time you try
 Is wood unseasoned. Craftsman keen and clever,
 Let's hope in this you may make no mistake;
 That you may find it nor too soft nor knotty,
 Firm in the fibre, free from "sap" and "shake;"
 Of substance sound, of grain not loose or spotty,
 Taking the polish kindly, and not warping,
 Nor giving rival Joiners cause for carping.
 It does not look amiss, one may admit,
 Strong, shapely, well-squared. As for the inlaying,
 Perhaps that might have been improved a bit,
 Or so some quidnunc critics have been saying.

'Tis hard to please all! If it stand and hold,
 And bide the stress of heat and changing weather,
 The world will own this Craftsman old yet bold
 Has not forgot his cunning altogether.
 The Cabinet shows well, there's no denial,
 But, WILL my lad, remember it's on trial.

HOUSE DECORATION.—"QUOD EDIS EDE."

(From Mr. Punch's Lectures thereon.)

TAKE six pounds of red paint, a pail of whitewash, and an old hearth-broom. Thus provided, commence your dodo. Lay the whitewash freely on the upper portion of the wall, reaching as high as you can, and bearing in mind, if it looks patchy, that a *flat tone* is thoroughly inartistic. Now begin with your red. If you can't get the depth very uniform, remember that the line of beauty is never a straight one. Having gone up and down the staircase and round all the rooms armed with this reflection, you can begin your furnishing.

Don't have a carpet in the house, but rely solely on fresh straw. Nothing is sweeter, and you can always command a plentiful supply from empty Co-operative Store cases. Friends, on calling, will probably not come in as soon as they notice this. You, therefore, need not have that modern abomination, an iron umbrella-stand, in the hall. Nor, indeed, *anything else*.

If you possess a drawing-room full of early Victorian furniture, knock off its hideous excrescences with the meat-chopper. This will give it quite a Chipping-dale look. Don't forget that old things are the rage. Chairs going to pieces will serve your purpose. If anybody does call and proposes to stay, say, good-humouredly, "Come, I won't have my old furniture sat upon by *you*."

Don't buy china. Account for its absence by the remark that you are not going to let handsome things "go to the wall." If you feel you must have a few plates, cut them out of back numbers of the *Graphic*. Better still—decorate your walls yourself. You can do this most effectively with a burnt walking-stick. If hard up for a



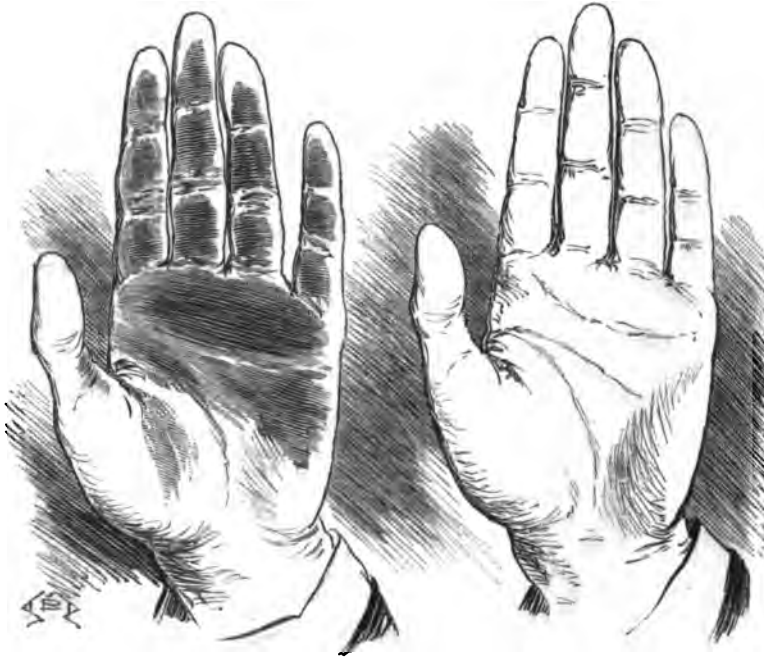
CABINET-MAKING.

HEAD CARPENTER. "I HOPE YOUR MAJESTY LIKES THE NEW CABINET. IT'S BEEN HARD WORK—SUCH A QUANTITY OF MATERIAL!"

THE QUEEN. "I SEE MOST OF IT IS WELL SEASONED—LET US HOPE THE NEW WOOD WILL STAND WELL!"

subject go to the Classics. Try VIRGIL, say, as something neat and appropriate, Dado and Æneas.

With regard to your bed-rooms—don't have any. This will make your house *most peculiar*—at the very smallest outlay. You will, by this means, accomplish the great end of modern artistic effort, distancing your neighbours. In fact, in the æsthetic race, it will be your own fault if, after having heard *Mr. Punch's Lectures*, you don't win in a Cantor.



WHAT COMES OF OPENING CARRIAGE-DOORS ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

UP AT ST. STEPHEN'S—DOWN AT HUGHENDEN.

AS DISTINGUISHED BY A BRITISH STATESMAN OF QUALITY.

(After Browning.)

Now I have plenty of leisure, leisure enough and to spare.
Better is this, far better, than Babylon's bother and blare.
Ah! what a life, what a life I have led for six Sessions there!

Something to see, by Jove, and to hear, more pleasant at least
Than Westminster's benches and babble. The eye and the ear may feast;
Though I rather wish that the wind wouldn't blow so much from the East.

Aha! I dare say *that* wish will be echoed by poor JOHN BULL.
Here I may lie on my oars, let the rival stroke try a pull;
I rather fancy he'll find that his hands are confoundedly full.
He has raised a most thundering cry, let us see if he'll bring in much wool.

But the Country, ah, the Country—the buds and the blossoms! Why
It is forty years or more since this spectacle gladdened my eye—
The Woods in the early spring-time! Oh, pleasant rurality!
I've longed for this often and often, and now I am free to fly,
Just in the nick of time, to the bowers of Arcady.
I really take it remarkably civil of Destiny.

What of St. Stephen's? Elections all over in April by rights,
But it will be far on in May ere they muster for party fights.
They've a rough bit of road before them: some of 'em will pant and wheeze,
Whilst I—I am doing the *dolce* here under Hughenden's trees.

Will they better my game, I ask you? Can they change it all at once?
Not e'en at the dictate of DILKE—that fellow is aught but a dunce.
If he really conciliates all, WILL will do most amazingly well;
But the Rads at the end of his "tail," if he snubs them, will rage and rebel,
And swear that Midlothian programme was nought but a sham and a sell—
Dear me! how exceedingly sweet these wild wood-hyacinths smell!

Won't they just have it hot down there! Won't CHAMBERLAIN spout and splash?

Make GRANVILLE's bland lips quiver, and HARTINGTON's cold eye flash?
That Brummagem Oracle, though, won't be easy to daunt or to dash—
Ah! it looks very promising now, yet how soon, it may end in smash.

All the Session long at St. Stephen's, what shall you hear if you linger?

(Eh? Yes, by Jove! that's the cuckoo. A quaintly significant singer!

Ah! those apple-blossoms! how pretty! how well with the young green they mingle!

One might dream that the Dryads were dancing down there in the green-misted dingle!—

Sophistry, squabble, stupidity, setting one's ears in a tingle;

Till August, or early September, the Lords and the Commons are shrill,

And drowsy drudges grind on at the Parliamentary mill.
Enough of the Session! I really *don't* envy Magniloquent WILL.

Ere you open your eyes in London the wretched street-ories begin,

And as soon as you're down to breakfast the letters come pouring in;

Then you must skim the news—skim-milk is scarcely so thin—

(The cream down here is delicious!) List to the Radical din

O'er another Conservative whipping, another Liberal win.
Then the comic paper pictures—they give it me awfully hot.

But their pillory isn't so bad as their praise—dull, sycophant rot!

The *Times* with its flabby support, the *News* with its acid rebukes,

Five flaming columns of GLADSTONE's, or four of the tip-tilted Duke's.

Then, there's SALISBURY's hitches to clear, or put a plausible gloss

On a stumble of goody STAFFORD, a blunder of bouncing CROSS.

Until—oh, fickle midge-swarm!—the Mob has its idol deserted,

By Midlothian's unctuous mouthing confounded—they call it converted.

They flock at WILL's heels in procession, and he goes smiling and smart,

With the fumes of applause in his head—and my epigram fast in his heart,

Bang goes the big Whig drum, rootle the Radical fife,—
Oh, *Aura popularis*! the hollowest humbug in life!

But here there is "holy calm." No echoes of hot debate
Come on the breeze, no sense of the thankless burden of State,

As a weary, weary Statesman his lazy length reclines
On a peaceful primrose bank, all under the scented pines!

The town is a horror to think of! The Country for me, not the City!

Statesmen can seldom be choosers of holidays—more's the pity!

Look! two-and-two fly the linnets, and there strut a couple of thrushes,

And was that a water-wagtail that wheeled there over the rushes?

How rosiely down in the sun-glint the apple-blossom blushes!

Ah, yes, this is pleasanter far than St. Stephen's clamours and crushes.

Trill-trill-trill! goes the lark! *Phew-phew!* that's the blackbird's fife!

Oh, a day in the Hughenden woods,—there is no such pleasure in life!

THE DIFFERENCE OF A LETTER.

(By a Disgusted Conservative.)

ONCE we used to hear of a Caucasian policy. Now it is a Caucasian policy which seems to be in vogue.

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

TALK about the difference between an Amateur and a Professional Champion! Which do you call the "Champion Bill Poster"?

NATIONAL OMNIBUS NOTICE.—Woolwich Infants Must be Paid For.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. (FIRST DROP.)



A FAVOURITE BRAND.

Thursday, April 29.—Wherein dwells the essence of anything, Parliament included? MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS has discoursed learnedly on essences—speculating, *inter alia*, wherein resided the essence of a Lord Mayor, or the essence of Sir JOHN CUTLER's famous stockings, which by often darning from silk grew worsted yet remained the same stockings.

If there be a body in which Parliament may be presumed to be quintessentialised, it should be Mr. SPEAKER. If there be one part of Mr. SPEAKER's substance or accidents in which his quintessence may be supposed to be concentrated, it should be his wig. When the House of Commons met this day, it had no Speaker. And when, in one act, the old Speaker was named, and a Brand New one chosen, he had no wig. It is hardly conceivable, perhaps, how, under these conditions, there can be any Essence of Parliament.

But, at least, the House of Lords met—as a House of Lords and Ladies—and we had a forecast of blessings to come, perhaps, hereafter, in the Lower House, in the spectacle of an Upper House with twenty Peers' Ladies, at least, to twenty Peers. The House looked all the prettier for its intermixture of sexes, the Ladies of creation being more ornamental than its Lords, particularly when five of them are arrayed in the fearful and wonderful costume of Lords Commissioners, scarlet robes cut in the taste of GEORGE THE FOURTH, surmounted by cocked-hats in the fashion of the Regency crowning the venerable brows of Lord Chancellor SELBORNE, the MACALLUM MORE, the Earl GRANVILLE, the Earl of NORTHBROOK, and Lord SYDNEY.

My Lords and Ladies—beg pardon, my Ladies and Lords—met, my Lords Commissioners seated in front of the Throne, and the Speakerless Commons—sheep without a shepherd—duly whipped in at the heels of MAX, not by bright flowers, as might seem appropriate to such leading, but by Black Rod, the Royal Commission opening this the Tenth Parliament of HER MAJESTY's reign was read, and my Lords Commissioners informed HER MAJESTY's Lords and Commons, that HER MAJESTY would, so soon as Members of both Houses had been

sworn, “declare the causes of her calling this Parliament,” (somewhat superfluous, methinks). “Meanwhile, do you, Gentlemen of the House of Commons, repair to the place where you are to sit, and choose you some proper person to be your Speaker.”

Whereupon Black Rod whipped out Commons, this time not at the heels, but close in the front, of MAX, it being the 29th of April.

Then my Lords Commissioners retired to disrobe, the Lord Chancellor ascended the Woolsack, Garter King-at-Arms presented the Roll of the Lords Temporal,—upper-crust, of course, uppermost,—and, my Lords began to swear—a thing they seldom do in that decorous Chamber. Considering the complexion of the new House of Commons, their Lordships, as Conservatives, may be pardoned for swearing.

But it was the first night of the New Parliament. Time brings about its revenges in this Olympian abode too, where things change not with the changing times. Even lordly heads “alter, as they alteration find,” and the Peers' Ministerial Bench receives new tenants.

Punch bids them welcome, and wishes them a good time.

Then to our faithful Commons—as yet inchoate and incoherent, limp, and gelatinous—like a lobster that has just changed its shell, and has not put on new hardness. Pretty, as Mr. PEYS would say, to see Members changing their sides, and looking about for new perches. Methought the difficulty of finding seats was over. Yet here it is again. Some evidently at a loss—some ready to slip in anywhere. The Liberals in a difficulty, having more Members than seats. The Conservatives uneasy, with seats to let, and no Members to take them. Home-Rulers divided. SHAW's brigade took up a strong position on the Ministerial side. The Member for Meath's tail coiled itself away among the Conservatives, who evidently shrank from the contact. Will they christen the intruders “PARNELL's Hermits”?

The choice of a Speaker is the first Act of Commons' re-incarnation; and there was no question as to the re-election of the Right Honourable HENRY BRAND—the right Brand all agree, one not to be improved upon!

The Gladstonian breadth of Sir THOMAS DYKE ACLAND proposed, and the cultured and venerable Conservatism of Sir PHILIP DE MALPAS GREY-EGERTON seconded him. It is the cheese that two weighty County Members—a Liberal and Tory—should join in this act. Sir THOMAS is best Devonshire; and Sir PHILIP is eminently *the* cheese, old Cheshire of the richest, choicest, and soundest quality. No voice was raised in opposition. Mr. BRAND humbly submitted himself to the pleasure of the House. Mr. O'DONNELL gave him the blessing of “a third party.” May that third party's dealings with the SPEAKER be confined to interchange of blessings! And Lord F. CAVENDISH, in the absence of the heads of Her Majesty's Government, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in his new character of the head of Her Majesty's Opposition, in which he came up smiling, joined fraternal hands in blessing over the head of the Brand-new-old SPEAKER. May his shadow never be greater. For last night there was no shadow at all; all was sunlight and *coulour de ross*.

May this first night's harmony be auspicious—the inauguration of a harmonious Session, in which the Jingo shall lie down with the Cosmopolite, and the Orange-man shall play with the Home-Ruler's whippers and claws.

Friday.—Her MAJESTY, by Royal Commission, put the Seal of her Royal Commis-

sion on Mr. SPEAKER, who attended and received the Royal Benediction, and claimed the ancient and undoubted rights and privileges of the Commons.

These Her MAJESTY, by the LORD CHANCELLOR, confirmed.

Then the Commons retired, Mr. SPEAKER leading his flock, like an Eastern shepherd.

Then, to my Lords swearing, enter Lord BEACONSFIELD; and, falling into the humour of it, swore too.

"So they're all swearing, swear, swear, swearing;

They're all swearing, in the Lords' House at Home!"

Lord BEACONSFIELD was observed to shake hands with Lord SELBORNE with special cordiality. So in the good old days of the P. R. the fighting men used always to shake hands before setting to.

(Commons.)—Met at two, to present their new Speaker to the Lords. And then when they came back, having, we suppose, caught the trick from the Upper House, the Commons began to swear, and were still swearing when *Punch* last heard of them!

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

(A Romance of the Latest Ministerial Movements.)

THE crisis had arrived. Lord HARTINGTON had called upon Lord GRANVILLE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had visited Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER had waited upon the Duke of ARGYLL. The Earl of NORTHBROOK had been in frequent communication with Mr. CHILDERS, and Lord WOLVERTON had been here, there, and everywhere. But, of course, the centre of attraction was the "long unlovely street," in which the new Premier was doing his utmost to entertain right worthily a swift succession of Royal Messengers from Windsor. Day and night the desirable family mansion was watched by an enthusiastic crowd, who cheered every fresh arrival, every new departure.

As night approached the patient throng eagerly purchased the early editions of the evening papers, and then first it was that a sentiment of surprise, not to say of disappointment, might have been felt to circulate through the crowd. It had been observed that amongst the many distinguished personages seeking admittance to the private residence of the Premier Elect, had been a youth whose features were unknown to fame. This young person, with all the fire, energy, and determination of early manhood, had been seen morning, noon, and night on the door-steps. Now he had followed Lord HARTINGTON into the hall; then he had been ushered in almost arm-in-arm with Lord WOLVERTON; and he had constituted himself a Volunteer Member of the suite of the Duke of ARGYLL. "Who was he? What had he come for?" were the questions muttered by the impatient crowd; and the evening papers, instead of satisfying the natural curiosity of the public, had provokingly ignored him. They were silent about his claims to a Parliamentary Under-Secretaryship; they did not even reveal his name.

"Here again?" angrily exclaimed the faithful hall-porter, as this persistent youth presented himself for at least the twentieth time at the Harley Street portals.

"Yes, and I tell you I *must* see him!" returned the intruder, with gentle but persistent firmness. "I am come upon a matter, as I may say, of life and death. You can put me somewhere, until he is ready to see me. I can wait."



STANDING NO NONSENSE.

'Arry. "PHEW!"—(the weather was warm, and they had walked over from 'Ammermith)—"BRING US A BOTTLE O' CHAMPAGNE, WAITER."

Waiter. "YESSIR—DEY, SIR!"

'Arry (caughtily, to put a stop to this familiarity at once). "NEVER YOU MIND WHETHER WE'RE DEY OR WHETHER WE AIN'T!—BRING THE WINE!"

"Put you somewhere?" repeated the door-opener, in a tone of impatience. "Where can I put you? The house is quite full. The Duke is in the dining-room having a late lunch; Lord HARTINGTON is taking tea in the drawing-room; Lord WOLVERTON is discussing a sandwich in the study; and the Royal Messenger from Windsor is —"

But before the sentence could be finished, the young visitor had darted away up a staircase, down a passage, through a conservatory, into a well-furnished library.

"The new Premier, I believe?" he murmured, gasping for breath after his recent exertion.

"Yes," was the reply. "But I do not know you. Why this intrusion?"

"Call it not intrusion, Right Honourable Sir!" exclaimed the youth, bowing to the ground. "The result of my visit will be of immense benefit to the human race."

"You are not the representative of an oppressed nationality?" said the Premier, glancing at his interviewer's well-brushed hat and well-cut clothes with admiration not



A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

On returning from the Theatre, the Thompsons find their Housemaid in great distress, with her Arm bound up in her Apron.

Mrs. Thompson. "WHAT IS THE MATTER, ANN! HAVE YOU HURT YOUR HAND!"

Ann. "W-W-W-WORSE THAN THAT, MA'AM!"

Mrs. Thompson. "NOT BROKEN YOUR ARM, I TRUST!"

Ann. "W-W-WORSE THAN THAT!"

Mrs. Thompson. "GOOD HEAVENS!—WHAT IS IT!"

Cook. "THE FACT IS, MA'AM, THE SILLY GIRL HAS BEEN TRYIN' ON YOUR NEW BRACELET, AND NONE OF US KNOWS HOW TO GET IT OFF AGAIN!"

unmixed with curiosity. "You have not the appearance of a Bulgarian or a Greek?"

"You go to Downing Street?" the young man asked abruptly.

"The news is public property," affably replied the First Lord of the Treasury. "At the same time I would not advise you, speaking conscientiously and with that profound sense of earnest responsibility which becomes a man, no less than a Minister, to base upon that fact any hope of preferment. The Cabinet is complete, and it would be impossible to offer you—"

"He does go to Downing Street!" murmured the youth in a tone of ecstasy, ere he continued, "but you had looked forward to a happy life in this noble, this desirable family mansion for many months—perchance years?"

"Certainly the change of residence—so sudden and unexpected—comes upon me with the effect of a surprise," admitted the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a smile. "And now I must pray of you to withdraw. The Royal Messenger from Windsor has a special claim upon my leisure."

"But one word," persisted the youth, positively shivering with excitement; "you will not leave these well-proportioned walls to solitude? This house must not become a desert!"

"Sir!" returned the Statesman, with hauteur, "my domestic arrangements are still incomplete."

"Then make me supremely happy," cried the youth, falling upon his knees, "grant me a boon!"

"A boon!" exclaimed the astonished Premier. "Who are you, Sir, and what do you want?"

"It is my mission to find homes for those who seek them, temporary or permanent, by the season or the year, or even the term of

years. In a word, I am a house-agent. May I be permitted to put this magnificently appointed mansion upon our books?"

A few minutes later the young man was hurrying down Harley Street in a condition of the wildest excitement. It was noticed, by those who observed him, that his eyes were full of grateful tears, and that his face was lighted up with an expression of happiness almost beyond humanity.

The Hardly-used Kelt.

INSPIRED by tenderness towards living things, Correspondents of the *Times* have been complaining that anglers in the Dee, the Tweed and other Scotch Salmon Rivers, for the purpose of landing the Kelt they catch, employ the painful method of "gaffing," that is, clicking them with a sharp hook. Angling may perhaps be so practised as to deserve the name of "the gentle craft," although in the hands of fishermen accustomed to gaff Kelt it seems but a roughish sport. Gaffing is, certainly, a practice which somewhat reminds us of what VIRGIL'S Prophetess saw in the infernal regions—

"Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea penas."

Still, if it be the only way to keep a hold on your Kelt when you have caught him, your Kelt may be excused; yet we should be sorry to come to it in Ireland.

A HAPPY RETURN.

MR. ADAM has been reinstalled in his former office, the First Commissionership of Works. ADAM's friends may now congratulate ADAM on his restoration to his official Paradise in Whitehall Place.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

To re-arrange Easter.

To revolutionise the spelling of the English Language.

To regulate and control the passion for Athleticism, and to settle a uniform code of laws for Athletic Sports.

To grapple with the multiform miseries, vexations, and difficulties which now beset the relations between Master and Mistress and Domestic Servants.

To satisfy all the parties concerned in the great question of Stores v. Shops.

To put down Intoxication.

To lighten the labours of Rural Postmen by authorising the Treasury to supply them with Bicycles out of the Public Funds.

To reduce the National Debt (after a while) to an inconsiderable amount.

To abolish the Income-Tax.

To bring down the Price of Butchers' Meat, Fish, Poultry, and other articles of daily consumption.

To encourage the Manufacture of Irish Poplin.

To reduce the Estimates several Millions yearly.

To subsidise the Coffee Taverns.

To perfect electric lighting.

To throw open Lincoln's Inn Fields.

To stay the erection of a certain statue in Westminster Abbey.

To prevent trichinosis in pork.

To appoint a Commission of Inquiry into Artists' pigments.

To free St. Paul's, and open the National Gallery all the year round.

To make deceased wives' sisters happy.

Besides such simple affairs as Extension of the County Franchise, Redistribution of Seats, Government of London, Local Taxation, Foreign Affairs, Finance, Ballot Laws, Bankruptcy Laws, Burial Laws, Game Laws, Liquor Laws, and the pacification and contentment of Ireland.

AN ABANDONED TEETOTALER.—
A Bohe(a)mian.



"SEMPER PARATA."

The Doctor's Daughter. "JANET, ARE YOU NEVER GOING TO LEAVE OFF THAT UNBECOMING OLD BONNET?"

Aged Villager. "WELL, MISS, I'VE WORE IT FOR THIRTY YEARS, AND THE VICAR SAYS I MAY BE TOOK ANY HOUR!"

A JAPANESE FIRE ASSOCIATION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

ALTHOUGH we, most of us, pretty generally well understand that Civilisation has been of late years considerable on the Advance in Japan, the British Industrious classes ain't, p'raps, quite altogether fully aware of the length our Japanese brethren has gone ahead of ourselves in the steps of Progress. A Japanese newspaper, the *Tokio Times*, informs them it may concern as how—

"Here is a vast City, containing a million of inhabitants, all peculiarly exposed to the extreme hazards of fire, and without a solitary steam-machine in use or existence—with hardly an efficient hand-engine at command."

Now, if I was a readin the Above out in Company, of course there'd be a Laugh, and cry of "Ha! ha! is that what you call Japanese progress?" But I should say just you wait and ear what follows:—

"It is an historical fact that during a conflagration in 1873, a steam-engine, brought to Japan on speculation, was put into operation with a success that showed how easily a dozen such could keep the City permanently free from peril."

So there, you see it ain't for want of nollidge the Tokio people remains unpervided with steam fire-engines. No; but read on, and see, and mark, learn and innerly disgust the reason why.

"In less than a week after the triumph upon which he had been vainly congratulating himself, the exhibitor found it desirable to leave the capital with his machine, which was straightway re-shipped to America. The experiment has never been repeated, and why? Because the firemen will not allow it. There is no other answer, and none is offered."

No; nor none Wanted. The firemen gets their livin by the fires. It's their work. Steam fire-engines would make short work of it. The Shorter the work the Smaller the Pay. Very well, then. Wot's the Firemen to do? Wy, to be sure, make the Land they lives in too Ot to old Speculators bringing fire-machines to take the Bread out of their mouths. And that they dooes; and 'tis the fact of their doin of it without bein habel to be Punisht for usin

HOMAGE TO BEACONSFIELD *à LA* RUSSE.

PUNCH has received the following direct from Russia. It is too great a curiosity in its way not to be published *verbatim et literatim*, not as a specimen of international courtesy in the wind, but as a sample of Russ dealing with the English language:—

"At the Redaction of 'Punch.'"

"They informe in many letters of supposed journey His Honour's Lord Biconsfieeld in all metropolis of principal country in Europa. If His Honour also in Moscow will come, the Moscow's patriots have a 'ceremonial' of Her advent prepared, that they sent you word for word.

"Moscow, April 18-30th, 1880.

"CEREMONIAL"

of pompous advent His Honour's the before prime Minister of United Kingdom's England, Scotland and Ireland and Indian Empire, Duc of Cyprus, marquis of Transvaal, count of Afghanistan, a baptized jew's BENJAMIN DIERABLI in primitive metropolis of Russian Empire, Moscow.

"1. When the train will approach to the railway-station, they congratulate His Honour with hissing.

"2. When His Honour will lass the wagon all the people begin to spit, turn her backs and continued to hiss.

"3. When His Honour take place in the carriage, that to follow from the railway-station to hotel, who wished can to make the honour to His advent strewing insted flowers with dead body of rats, putrid eggs, rotten aples, the pieces of broken utensils, etc. and all the people congratulate His Honour with relative cry.

"4. The rule 3 most be rigidly executed every time when His Honour will go about Moscow's streets.

"5. When His Honour will go to sleep, then for windows Her hotel must to meet all the workmans of Moscow's butcher's market (Okhotny Riad) and all the people who wish with her woman and children and begin to congratulate His Honour with the concert of saucepans, kettles, copper scales etc. From time to time all people must to cry, to break the vessel and utensil to make all possibility to noise till morning.

"6. Before the starting His Honour from Moscow most be executed the rules 1 and 2 of this ceremonial."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Tory Brewer. The Conservatives are showing their mettle at Oxford.

Liberal Do. Yes—base metal—though with the Hall-mark on it.

the Necessary Means, as I considers the Japanese's Point of Advancement in Social Progress. The *Tokio Times*, is, no doubt, an Organ of Cappital agin Labur, as it winds up with the followin Arbitrary and Tiranical observation:—

"Until the Firemen of Tokio are disbanded, their organisation broken, and their leaders rendered incapable of further conspiracies against the security of the community at large, no genuine protection will be possible."

Yes, it will. Genuine Protection will be perfectly possible. Protect the Workin Men. That's genuine Protection. Pay the Firemen enough to make it worth their while usin steam fire-engines so as to put fires out as soon as Possible and prewent 'em spreading. Pay 'em as I once heer'd a proposal to pay Doctors for the disease and Damage they saves you from, and not according to so many Visits they pays you, and the Lot of Fizzick they makes you swoller. Pay 'em for Results. Japan hasn't yet got to that Polish. But no more ain't we. More's the Pity. Sir, I don't suppose you'll exactly approve of all the Foregoin Communication; but p'raps you won't deny but wot there's somethink in some on it—leastways the latter Potion—which, therefore, I remain, yours Respeckfully, a Consistent Member of the Amalgamated Plummers and Glaziers' Union, at your Servis to command, and my name it is WILL: PUTTYMAN.

P.S.—By the Way, 'ow about the amount of provision the Metropolitan Board of Works allows to the Widders and Orfans of sitch Firemen as loses their Lives in the Preformance of their Dooty? It shouldn't be no mean Pityance, but the Ansomer the Better, with a view to Secure the Community at large Genuine Protection from Fire.

THE FUTURE IN ALL ITS MOODS OF HUMANITARIANISM (*Fine Prospect for a Reforming Liberal Majority*).—Positivism, Testotalism, Vegetarianism, Socialism, Communism, Fraternity, Free Love, and Phonetic Spelling.



HINTS FOR A NEW FASHION.

AT EASTER, SMITHSON TOOK HIS FAMILY TO HARTINGS FOR A FORTNIGHT, AND THE GIRLS WERE SO FASCINATED WITH THE BUSINESS END OF THE TOWN, THAT THEY ADOPTED THE WAYS, PURSUITS, AND AS MUCH AS THEY COULD OF THE GARB, OF THE JOLLY SUSSEX FISHERS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE NEW "COOK OF THE WALK" FOR CONSTANTINOPLÉ.

MR. ALEXANDER BERESFORD HOPE has supplied us with a picture of Parliament this week as a "Half-hatched Chick." "Essence of Half-hatched Chick" is not a pleasant idea. But Essence of Over-hatched Chick is worse. That is the essence which, in old times, used to be freely bestowed on culprits in the pillory, and is even now, occasionally, administered to unpopular candidates on the platform. At all events, the Half-hatched Chick has been heard chirping this week, if not to much purpose.

On Monday, May 3, the Peers met in what seems, just now, their normal character, as a Corps of Royal Commissionaires and Commons-Keepers, to proclaim a Recess for the provision of new pegs for the official holes in the Lower House, square for round, and vice versa, as the case may be. Till these holes are stopped, the vessel of the State being unseaworthy, my Lords will sit aboard her, in harbour, as Highest Court of the Realm, for declaring law, but not adventure on the high seas, as Highest Branch of the Legislature for enacting it.

(Commons.)—To Members merrily swearing enter Mr. BRADLAUGH,

and asks leave to say instead of swear, "as a person by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of an oath."

[Tableau! Sensation! Curtain! Exit MR. BRADLAUGH for the rest of the Act.]

Mr. BRADLAUGH being a legal Ulysses, conversant with the minds and manners of many courts and judges, says he has many times, since 1870, been admitted to affirm instead of swearing. He asks Mr. SPEAKER's leave to do so in the House of Law as in the Courts of Justice.

Mr. SPEAKER having his doubts handed them over to the House.

Lord F. CAVENDISH, treading in the path of Parliamentary Procedure, which—

"slowly broadens down
From Precedent to Precedent."

as the Laureate has said or sung, moved that the House, following the tracks left in the times of Quaker PEASE and Hebrew ROTHSCHILD, should appoint a Select Committee to sit on Mr. BRADLAUGH's case.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Master Freddy (from Eton). "WHAT LOTS OF ENERGY YOU'VE GOT, GRANDPAPA!"

Grandpapa. "PRETTY WELL, MY BOY, FOR MY TIME OF LIFE."

Master Freddy (languidly). "OH, BUT ENERGY'S SUCH AWFULY BAD FORM, YOU KNOW!"

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE seconded the Motion.

Mr. WHITBREAD weightily reminded the House that it was dealing with a weighty matter, which might affect the tenure of more than a seat in that House, *e.g.*, a seat on the Woolsack.

Mr. GREGORY felt a scruple whether this mixing up of questions as to Legal and Parliamentary Oaths and Affirmations might not somehow bring the House within whiff and wind of the Law Courts, to which, as an attorney—we beg pardon—a family solicitor, he may be presumed to have an objection.

Earl PERCY, as representative of the high lineage of the SMITHSONS, and Sir H. WOLFF, as representative of the still higher lineage of the Children of Israel, having a natural aversion to the Proletarian and Latitudinarian representative of the Northampton *sutors*, who have soared so far beyond their last, in their present, representatives, moved and seconded the adjournment of the House, at least till they could see the Motion in black and white, and discover whether they liked it any better in print than in Lord FREDERICK'S mouth and the Clerk at the Table's Manuscript.

Sir C. DILKE and Mr. WALPOLE deprecated delay, in the teeth of WOLFF.

Mr. BERESFORD HOPS said the House was only a half-hatched chicken, so had no right to be wholly chicken-hearted, though a mine HAD been sprung upon it.

Whereupon the PERCY and the WOLFF having done their utmost to divide the House, and failed, let their Motion be negatived without a division, and the House set to again for a "good swear." Then, by way of getting BRADLAUGH off the brain, several Orders were agreed to, several new Writs were issued for seats emptied by Office, and two for seats emptied by death; and Notices of Motion were given—

By Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF—second cry of WOLFF this Session—to call attention to our Treaty obligations towards Turkey.

By Mr. MORGAN LLOYD, for a Bill to Prevent Canvassing. (My dear MORGAN LLOYD, don't you wish you may get it?);

By Mr. MCIVER, to call attention to the operation of Free Trade on Manufactures and Agriculture in Ireland, and to move a Resolution. (What can move Mr. MCIVER's Resolution, who has still the courage of his belief in Protection?);

And by Sir WILFRID, to move a Resolution in favour of Local Option.

In shorter words, enter three M.P.'s on three hobby-horses—*pauant, prancant!*

N.B.—Mr. MORGAN LLOYD's is *not* a hobby-horse, but a Welsh pony, a very different animal, though as little likely to come to the half-way-house on the road to Purity of Election,

with the sign of "No Canvass," as the veriest hobby-horse that was ever trotted out on the Westminster Course.

Wednesday.—More parading of hobby-horses. Mr. CHAPLIN on Agricultural Holdings; Mr. PLIMSOLL, on Grain Cargoes; and Mr. RICHARD, on Disarmament.

The animals were not much admired, and their well-known points did not call for much remark—or, at least, did not provoke any beyond the familiar, "Ah! the old story!"

A squabble over the nomination of the Bradlaugh Committee, of which Lord R. Grosvenor brought down a list including all shades of opinion and legal lore, from the mild wisdom of WALPOLE to the perfervid genius of CHAPLIN, and from the ponderous erudition of HOLKER to the legal liveliness of HOPWOOD, and all ingredients of British blood, from the solid John Bull-headedness of MASSEY, to the Welsh warmth of WATKIN WILLIAMS, and the Irish fire of Captain NOLAN.

On Monday more names, said Lord RICHARD, would be added, if their bearers were by that time housed, as it was to be hoped they would be.

Sir H. D. WOLFF, as champion of orthodoxy, had opened the ball, or rather the fire, by announcing his intention of opposing the nomination of the Committee when and by whomsoever moved.

Hereupon a lively little teacup-tempest was stirred up over the question whether a Motion could be made to add names without notice of names given; Messrs. GORST and CALLAN, RITCHIE and McCULLAGH TORRENS, bringing their small tea-spoons to Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's big gravy ditto.

The SPEAKER being referred to, said no doubt the rule was that Notice of Names should be given, but the House might dispense with it; and Lord F. CAVENDISH, as *Deus ex machina*, suggested that Lord RICHARD had better keep his Notice of Names till Monday, and move the Committee the day after.

Here is a mighty craning at an imaginary fence. It is a mere cry of "Wolff"—not serious. The House has swallowed too many camels, Quakers and Separatists, Moravians and Jews, Latitudinarians, and Plitudinarians, Unitarians and Humanitarians, Anythingarians, and Nothingarians, to be now straining over such a gnat as poor Mr. BRADLAUGH, natural representative of the Northampton Shoe-makers, who object to the Immortality of the Soul, and spell the word indifferently with and without a "u" and an "e."

The time has surely passed when the House should seek shelter against objectionable beliefs or unbeliefs behind such delusive defences as oaths and tests. "Let the swearers swear, and the sayers say," the Law has proclaimed, for all Courts. Why, then, not for the High Court of Parliament—the Court of Courts—the very conduit and fountain-head of Law?

Let us hope that the Commons' Committee will be enabled so to report, and thus allow the troubled WOLFF to lie down with that brace of little ewe lambs—BRADLAUGH and LABOUCHERE! It is surely enough that Northampton has made a Member of Mr. BRADLAUGH, without the House making a martyr of him—and, as such, a much more prominent and important person.

A BRIGHT IDEA FROM PRACTICAL LANGLA-SHIRE.

How to get the most good out of the New Parliament. Put it on Peace-Work.

ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE.

SECOND VISIT.

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)



No. 4. *The Dean's Daughter*. G. F. WATTS, R.A. Which of *Dean's* daughters? *Effe* or *Jeannie*? Observe the background. Probably a valuable picture to somebody, but it might be sold in America for a "greenback."

No. 11. *Christopher*, son of *T. W. Erle, Esq.* JAMES SANT, R.A. Little boy with little fiddle, or a *Christopher* with a *Kit*. "Small and Erley."

No. 16. *The Olive*. PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. Girl with basket of olives, looking very serious. She has evidently tried one, having heard that it is "quite an acquired taste," and the taste she has acquired she doesn't like. This picture must be taken just before its companion Number, which is

No. 25. *The Vine*. PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. Which

naturally follows the *Olive*. Happy thought this—the *Vine*, after giving us the *Olive* as a *flip*, CALDERON. Very *vine* picture, Sir.

No. 27. *Mrs. Arthur Broadwood*. G. E. HICKS. Semi-grand.
No. 37. *Old Houses at Godalming*. JAMES E. GRACE.

"Here Nature smiling shows the winning Grace."

Pretty place for a river-bank holiday.

No. 39. *The Finishing Touch*. W. F. YEAMES, R.A. Green-room at private theatricals, in the Theatre Royal Backdrawing-room, South Kensington (late Brompton). The piece has been got-up economically, as they've evidently made their own dresses, and have dispensed with the services of NATHAN, the costumier, and CLARKSON, perruquier and "maker-up." The finishing touch wanted is the "one touch of Nature" which is not to be found among Amateurs. What on earth is the piece they're playing?

No. 40. *Children of a Larger Growth*—or, Elderly Babies building Castles in the Air with the contents of a superior Box of Bricks. FRANK DICKSEE.

No. 58. *Tenby Fisherwoman*. W. P. FRITH, R.A. Uncommonly fine prawns this morning. If this is a specimen of the Fisherwomen generally at Tenby, apartments for single gentlemen must be at a premium. She has caught her prawns, and now she's fishing for compliments. Ten buy! fifteen buy! twenty buy! any number buy—but don't be caught, like the shrimps, or you'll get into hot water.

No. 65. *Family Affection*. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. Much better have called it "Animal Magnetism." Charming effect of sunlight on Mr. DAVIS's calf.

No. 73. *Discontented With Her Lot*. THOMAS FAED, R.A. Girl, in an evident ill-humour, with a kitten in her arms, which she is unconsciously tormenting.

No. 87. *Late for Church*. G. A. STOREY, A. "Late for Church; or, So the Storey Goes," is the entire title. This represents a young Lady, first-cousin to little Swansdown, with anything but a *Common Prayer-Book* under her arm, at the door of a church, as I suppose; but wherever she may be bound for, the book is evidently bound for church. Notice the book-markers: though she is late, her places are kept. My reading of the Storey is that this is the portrait of a Lady-Help, and ought to have been entitled "Going into Service."

No. 83. *Plenty of Room in the Stalls*. WILLIAM LOGSDAIL. [N.B.—The reader is particularly requested to carefully compare the title here given with the one in the Academy Guide, and then to study the picture closely and decide which is the more appropriate.]

No. 63. *Master Willie Gabrielli*. G. GABRIELLI. "Do not forget your Gabrielli!" as they used to sing in "*Vive Henri Quatre*" in the good old gleeful days of EVANS's. Notice the remarkable room, with remarkable perpendicular floor. Master WILLIE is seated on a stool; but what is the stool on? On nothing, for what should be carpet is part of the perpendicular wall. So WILLIE's on nothing, or nil. Poor Willie Nilly!

No. 102. *Watching the Skittle-Players*. ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING. "Watching the Knife-and-Fork-Players," as the

portrait of this pig-headed Baconian philosopher is just close to the entrance into the refreshment department of the Academy—

"Whence, about midday, is wafted a fume."

as *Simon the Cellarer* sings. Pig and BROWNING are as naturally associated as Pork and Cracking.

No. 122. *A Delightfully un-Selfconscious Family Party*; or, "*As Merry as Greggs*." JOHN PETTIE, R.A. Of course these children are not *Pettie'd* and spoilt. "Take us as you find us," said the Lady to the Artist. "We're always in some attitude or other. It comes natural." And he did so.

AN ACTRESS WORTH SEEING.

"*La Traviata*" is a pretty name for a pretty woman gone wrong. As the Italian title of the Operatic edition of the younger DUMAS's *Dame aux Camélias*, it stands for about the most mawkish, unreal, unwholesome piece of sickly sentimentality that has ever been transplanted from even the luxurious French-Stage-growth of such vegetation to English boards.

For a long time the Lord Chamberlain put his veto on any English Stage-version of the *Dame aux Camélias*. If his key had never been worse used than to shoot the bolt against such sickly and sickening rubbish, the British Public would have every right to be obliged to him. How Mr. MORTIMER's *Heart's Base*, a version of this perilous stuff, came to be licensed—whether the Lord Chamberlain has grown less squeamish, or the British Public less particular—we know not. But after seeing it as now acted, with Madame MODJESKA in the part of *Marguerite Gautier*, *Punch* can safely say that Madame DOCHE did nothing more with the part, to account for the *furor* that brought Paris to her feet, than does Madame MODJESKA, a Polish performer, who, after crowning a native reputation as the best actress of her own country with a wreath won in the United States, now comes to ask for an English wreath to set beside her American one. The Press and Public of London have given her two; and *Punch* now gives her another.

Madame MODJESKA is not only a consummate but a charming actress. She has all the required resources of face and figure, voice and action, and perfect command of them, with the unmistakable stamp of refinement and good-breeding. She is old enough to be mistress of all her gifts, which no very young actress can be, and yet young enough to invest any part she plays with all feminine charms of look, and voice, most musical even in its broken English.

So much is certain already; though this accomplished Artist has as yet had only one string to play upon, and that a string which can give no true note, being out of tune with all truth of life and passion—at least, as English folk feel it. But Madame MODJESKA shows us how much a fine and finished actress can do to make even this discordant string discourse sweet and delicate music.

Punch has seen no woman's performance of recent times, Miss TERRY's excepted, showing such keenness of womanly sensibility, such grace, *finesse*, and feeling as Madame MODJESKA's in the scenes with her lover in the First and Second Acts, with her lover's father in the Third, again in the scene where she is insulted and spurned by her lover in the Fourth, and in the protracted dying scenes of the last. Her death, coming, as it did, after all that tedious harping on the same discordant string, was most touching, and the smile on her dying lips a thing to remember. With a limited gamut to run of impossible unselfishness and inconceivable self-sacrifice, diluted in the melted butter of sickly sentiment, she contrived, even with nothing better than this mawkish mixture to set before her audience, to be always interesting, and at moments intensely pathetic and passionate.

We can conceive no greater proof of the actress's power. A much pleasanter one would be her performance of a part more worthy of her ability. We have heard great things of her *Cleopatra* and her *Juliet*. Could she not find a stage for adequate presentment of either, or, better still, both, in London before she leaves us?

The United States may be proud that, at one and the same moment, London should have two Transatlantic reputations so justifying themselves as Miss GENEVIEVE WARD's and Madame MODJESKA's; and two Transatlantic pieces in such full run of popularity and prosperity as *The Old Love and the New*, at the Prince of Wales's, and *The Danites*, at Sadler's Wells.

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO EARL COWPER.

If he wants to be popular as Lord Lieutenant, he has only to shift his Kentish seat, and set up a "Rattling Court" in Dublin.

A NEW DEVICE FOR THE FRENCH REPUBLIC (By a Jesuit).
"Liberty, Equality, and no Fraternity."



HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

Sir Gorgius Midas (who has not been made a Peer). "WHY, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN TURN RADICAL, 'ANGED IF IT AIN'T, TO THINK OF SUCH SERVICES AS MINE BEIN' REWARDED WITH NO 'IGHER TITLE THAN WHAT 'S BESTOWED ON A HERMINENT SAWBONES, OR A HINGERNEER, OR A LITTERY MAN, OR EVEN A SUCCESSFUL HARTIST!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (sympathetically). "IT DOES SEEM HARD! BUT YOU'VE ONLY TO BIDE YOUR TIME, SIR GORGIUS. NO MAN OF YOUR STAMP NEED EVER DESPAIR OF A PEEBAGE!"

[And Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is, as usual, quite right.]

"SUAVITER IN MODO."

Bismarck. Well, GRANVILLE, *mon cher*, back again, after all!

Granville. As you see, my dear Prince—at my Countrymen's call.

Bismarck. What a change!

Granville. Which, however, I trust won't affect Our relations of mutual love and respect.

Bismarck. Oh, that goes without saying. But—well, what's your line?

Granville. The straightest is shortest.

Bismarck. You do not incline

To a *voyage en zig-zag*?

Granville. Oh yes, for a stroll;

But hardly when aiming at policy's goal.

Directness and frankness you like.

Bismarck. They are treasures!

Do I then understand you've changed men and not measures?

Granville. Ahem! That's a little bit absolute.

Bismarck. True.

But,—well, what the deuce are you going to do?

Maintain your position, or—

Granville. Pardon me, Prince,

That "or" is a little superfluous, since

There can be no alternative, seeing we're not

A mere *pouvoir fini*. Folks have said what is not

Who have said that the Liberal Party in place meant

A shop-keeping programme and England's effacement;

That's mere party *blague*, my dear Prince.

Bismarck. Oh, of course.

Granville. We intend to stand firm, but not ride the high horse.

Vous comprenez?

Bismarck. I think so. "Hands off!"?

Granville. To oppression.

But that don't mean reversal, or mad retrogression.

Bismarck. Changed *motif* combining with clear continuity

Will tax e'en a GRANVILLE.

Granville. Means more in congruity

With ends we ne'er challenged is all we shall try.

Bismarck. And how about "England's Ascendancy"?

Granville (smiling).

To quibble o'er terms were a trifle absurd;

But I think I may say we shall not use *that* word.

Why,

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Alhambra—The Folly—The Danites at Sadler's Wells—Burlesque at Olympic—An Operatic Line.

La Fille du Tambour Major is a genuine Comic Opera, well sung, well acted, and admirably mounted. There is nothing very new either in the music, or in the idea of the story, but the one is taking and tuneful, and the other is sufficiently interesting; the contrast of character is marked, the situations are dramatic, the business of the scene is lively and well-managed, the action never flags for a second, and the *coup d'œil* is strikingly brilliant.

Mr. FRED LESLIE is capital as the short-sighted Duke; but for a tendency to exaggeration, his performance would be the funniest thing I've seen for a considerable time. As it is, it is immensely amusing, and a critic in the Stalls at the Alhambra must remember that critics in that lofty gallery have to be pleased as well as himself. Miniature painting in the make-up, and "little touches" of character in the acting, will go for very little here with the general public; while anything like amateurishness, which can be tolerated in operatic entertainments of a more burlesque type in a smaller house, would be at once detected here, and be fatal to the Artist's success. Therefore, too, Miss FANNY LESLIE must be pardoned for overdoing the Drummer, and, this allowance being made, it only remains to be added that her little *Griquet* is full of life and energy,



“SUAVITER IN MODO.”

PRINCE B. “BUT, I SAY, GRANVILLE,—HOW ABOUT ‘ASCENDENCY,’ EH?”
EARL G. (*blandly*). “WELL, PRINCE, WE SHAN’T CALL IT BY THAT NAME!”

and is enthusiastically received by the crowded audience. Mr. W. CARLETON, as *Captain Robert*, is a great acquisition as the tenor of comic opera. Miss EDITH BLANDE is a magnificent Vivandière, amusingly contrasted with her little lover the Drummer. Mr. KEL-LEHER's absurd fop, *Marquis Bambini*, is an example of a most difficult small part artistically played; he knows exactly where to draw the line, and draws it distinctly. Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY sings and plays charmingly, and is the life and soul of all the Opera.

Mr. MERVIN has a conventional type of soldier in the Tambour Major, but he is thoroughly in earnest, and triumphs over the difficulties of what ought to be a most dramatic situation, but which, unfortunately, is the most weakly-written scene of the Opera. The music could not be better rendered than by the orchestral army under the *bâton* of Field-Marshal JACOBI, to whom also are due the training of the Chorus and the perfect *ensemble*. The first four bars of the March to which the French Army makes its grand entry for the final tableau, are, it seemed to me, note for note, the commencement of "*Twas in Trafalgar's Bay*," which is remarkable as a coincidence.

The Alhambra has scored a success, and I hope the same may be said of Mr. TOOLE at the Folly, with Mr. BYRON'S *Upper Crust*, though here again there is not much novelty either in the story or the characters. It is "Old materials carefully worked up to look as good as new." *Doublechick*, soap-merchant, who makes up for dropping his H's by putting them in again when least expected, is only twin-brother to the Buttermen in *Our Boys*—the distinction being that the latter was written for Mr. DAVID JAMES, and this is written for Mr. J. L. TOOLE, who is, of course, inimitably funny in his own peculiar way. We all cry "Hoorah!" as the song says, "*When Johnny comes Marching Home*." *Doublechick* is like the Rich Parient in the song of "*Villikins and his Dinah*," who, Mr. ROBSON used to inform us in one of his inimitable asides, was also "a large soap merchant."—

He has but one daughter, an uncommon fine young gal,
Her name it is NOHAH, scarce eighteen year old,
With a werry large fortune in silver and gold.

And then, of course, he wants to marry her to a title, and is struggling to get into what *Jeames* calls the "upper suckles," by the assistance of an impecunious nobleman, represented by Mr. JOHN BILLINGTON, who might have stepped right out of one of the pictures which illustrate the thrilling tales of the *London Journal* or *Reynolds's Miscellany*. There is the strawberry-mark on the left arm to finish up with, in the shape of a ring on *Walter Wrentmore's* finger, and the 'aughty Hearl acknowledges the nameless Orphan as his long-lost child. There is some really good writing in it which goes for very little, some carefully-led-up-to jokes which go for double their value, and a few old friends which receive a welcome "frosty but kindly."

Mr. TOOLE's part will never be so popular as his *Tottles*, nor as his *Chavols*. The "Nameless Orphan" can't achieve the popularity of "the Bard," and when *Doublechick* is not on the stage, in the First and Second Acts, there is not much to amuse us except *Sir Robert Boobleton, Bart.*, which is capitally played by Mr. E. W. GARDEN. The absurd row at the end of the Second Act brings down the curtain on a tellingly funny climax; but the merit of the piece is that its Third Act is its liveliest, though marred by a weak finish and an old-fashioned "tag." Mr. TOOLE's "get-up" as *Doublechick* is admirable.

I can strongly recommend all in search of moving incidents, an interesting story and stirring situations to go to Sadler's Wells for *The Danites*. The acting is very good, and the scenery and general mounting of the piece reflect the greatest credit on Mr. HALL the Artist, and the Manageress Mrs. BATEMAN. Mrs. MCKEE RANKIN—it's an awkward name—is very effective as *Nancy Williams* "the last of a doomed family" (doomed is not *John Broudie's* Yorkshire for swearing), and still more so when she is disguised as *Billy Piper*; this Lady shares the success with her husband, who plays the part of *Sandy*, "A Miner,"—not at all in a minor key. The story, in fact, may be described as that of a Miner and an Orphan. Mr. HARRY HAWK as *Washee-Washee*, the Heathen Chinee, an inevitable type in what *The Parson* (Mr. W. E. SHERIDAN) calls "the glorious climate of California," represents the broad comic element, and is very amusing. *The Danites* who have committed most of their crimes before the first rising of the curtain, get hung before its final descent, and from what is seen and heard of them, the verdict of the audience will certainly be "Sarve 'em right." I should think *The Danites* is a growing success, and ought to draw East and West to the Wells for some time to come. The scenes are based on BRET HARTE's sketches. By the way, why was this eminent American signalled out as the Representative of Literature generally at the Academy Dinner? Of American Literature certainly, but scarcely of Literature *in toto*. In reply, he read his speech from a manuscript, so that, after all, as he couldn't learn it, it wasn't a speech by *Harte*.

At the Olympic, Mr. BYRON's latest Burlesque is not of a political

character arising out of the late elections, though it might be so inferred from the title, which indicates his having, under a Liberal management, *trove a Tory* for his subject. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD has the only genuine Burlesque Company in London, and such a team as Misses NELLIE FARREN, KATE VAUGHAN, and the two EDWARDS, TERRY and ROYCE, can't be equalled just now anywhere.

Madame ALBANI is singing better than ever. Her *Lucia* was magnificent. The one Opera ought to be doing immensely. It certainly was on the *Sonnambula* night, when there was scarcely a seat to be had for love or money, or for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

HAZY MAY.



HESTNUTS and
apple-trees blow
in May,
Pear-trees blow
over cowslip and
daisy,

The hyacinth blows under hawthorn spray,
But the wind blows too, and the vista's hazy.
East and north-easterly airs prevail,
Lambs bleat, bull-calves bellow, and heifers;
The susceptible creatures rue the gale,
As poets and little pigs pine for zephyrs.

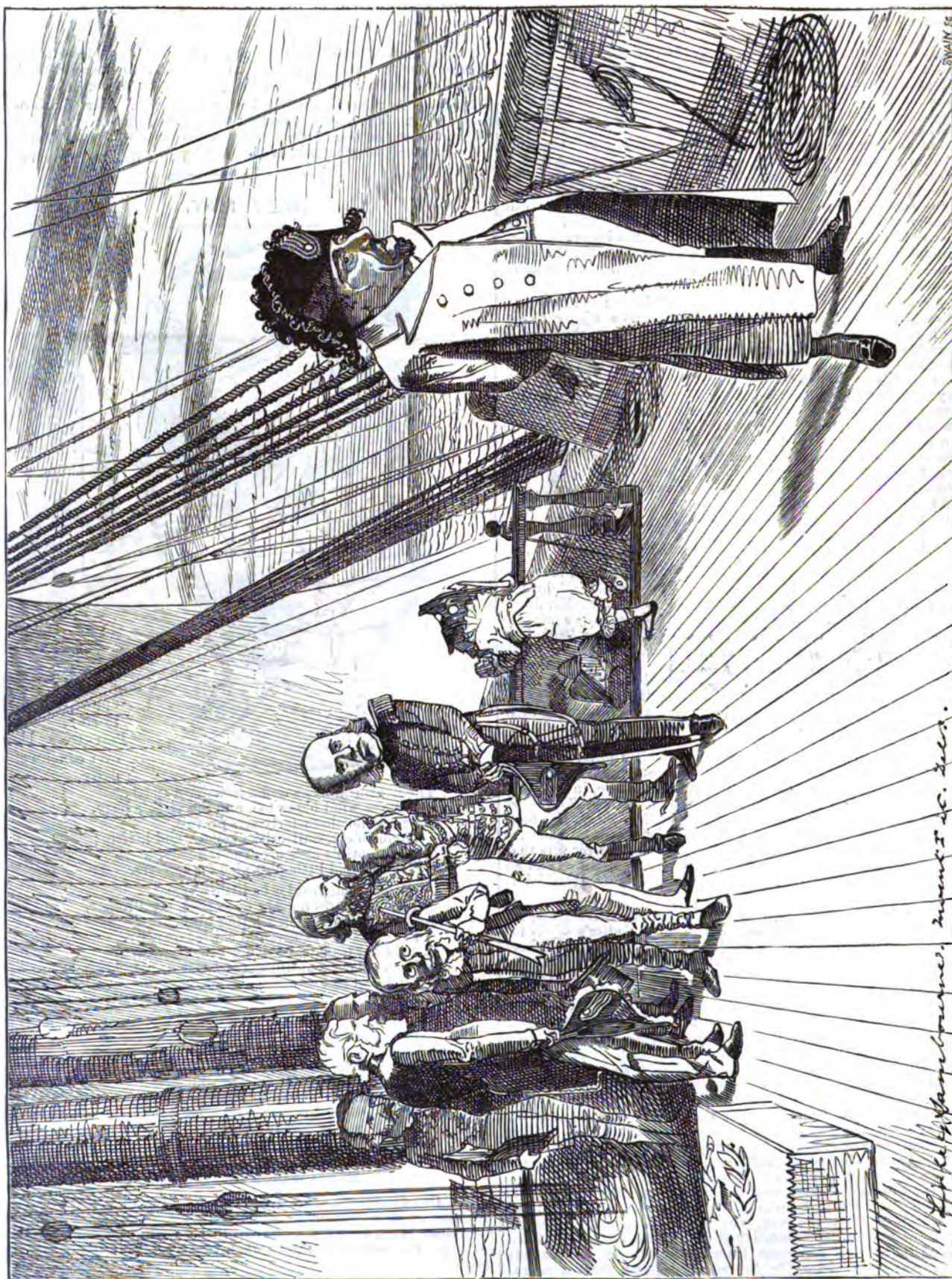
At times, though skies be little o'ercast,
The sun glares fiercely upon thee, my Brother,
And thou shiverest in a biting blast,
Parched one moment and chilled another.
Behold the leaflets, golden green,
In the blaze that illumines and warms not glowing;
They droop and they shrink, for all their shoen,
Pinched by the May breeze keenly blowing!

Lo, the foliage, verdure, and bloom,
In garden and grove and field that mingle,
Scathed by an arid and sharp simoom,
Which dries up the ground to shard and shingle,
And puffeth clouds of dust in your eyes,
Doing all that it can to drive you crazy,
While the song-birds are mute, not a cuckoo cries,
And May is in general bleak and hazy!

Reassurance for Radicals.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, who was until recently in a large way of business at Birmingham as a Screw-turner, has been turned into a Cabinet Minister by Mr. GLADSTONE; it being considered necessary, for the safety of the Cabinet, that he should be "screwed down."

METROPOLITAN MEDICAL AFFECTIONS.—Congestion of the British Museum and Determination to South Kensington.



Little Lord Rowton
(A good boy).

SUITE.

CHAIRBOOM.

SALIBURY.

CROOK.

SPALDING.

HICKS BACH.

NOTRE-DAME.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "OPPOSITION." (MAY, 1880.)

(With Punch's apologies to WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.)

Spoken by Chamberlain, in view of the fact.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.

(The Elementary School of the Future.)

SCENE—Interior of a Board-School room.
Master and Pupils discovered. Diagrams, Magic-lantern, Dissolving view and Lane-light apparatus, &c., &c., on the platform. Piano, with Accompanyist, in the corner.

Master (bowing his thanks for applause.) And now that you have duly appreciated my efforts to amuse, we will continue our lesson. Go on.

Promising Pupil (reading). "The ox produces meat."

Master. Stop a moment! Let us take the word "meat." When it is spelt m-e-e-t, it means the gathering of a hunting field. I will try to give you an idea of those who figure in such a gathering. (Disappears under his desk, and re-appears in trick suit of pink and leathers, tops and spurs. Applause.) Thank you! The huntsman gets on his horse, and blows his horn—thus. Now, Mr. BRASSY, if you please. (Accompanyist blows hunting calls on the bugle. Applause.) Thank you! Then he cracks his whip (uses appropriate action), and throws the hounds into cover. But, perhaps, as we have no pack here, I can best illustrate the situation by reciting the famous speech of Lady Gay Spanker in *London Assurance*, describing a run with the hounds, and its accompanying emotions. (Does so. Thunders of applause. Bows his thanks. Disappears under his desk, and re-appears in his usual costume.) Before we go any further, I dare say you would like to see pictures of some of the various kinds of oxen. (Applause.) Darken the room! (The room is darkened. The "Roast Beef of Old England" is played on the piano by the Accompanyist, and dissolving views are thrown upon the disc of a Kirghiz tribe on the march with their herds of oxen, a South-African Boer, "on trek," with his ox-waggons, the Gaur or Aboriginal wild Ox of India, the Yak or Mountain Ox of Thibet, a group of the Chillingham wild Cattle, the Durham Ox, &c. &c. Master delivers a neat little Explanatory Lecture with each view. The light is then readmitted.) And now we will resume our books!

Promising Pupil (resuming reading lesson). "The ox produces meat."

Master. So he does. (Looking at his watch.) And as I find we are come to dinner-time; so will I. (Loud applause.) Thank you! (Opens door, and sniffs.) I can see, or rather smell, that our mid-day meal is on the table. So now, my dear pupils, to the social board! And that the subject may be properly impressed on your minds, we will sing the good old song—the air of which the Accompanyist has just been playing—"Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!" and "Oh, the Old English Roast Beef!" with chorus from Classes.

[Loud applause, as the Scene closes in. Curtain.



IMPLICATION.

Young Lady. "WHY, JAMES, YOU'RE SPOILING THAT HEDGE!"

Gardener. "AH! THOMAS LAPHAM HE COME ALONG THIS MORNIN', AN' HE SAYS TO I, SAYS HE,—'WHY, JAMES, THERE BEIST A SPILIN' THIK HEDGE!'—'THEE BEIST A BIG LOIAR,' SAYS I, 'TUMMAS! THE MORE THEE DO TRACKLE AN' OUT THOMEN HEDGES, THE BETTER THEY BE!'"

ON BOARD H.M.S. "OPPOSITION."

Hicks Beach. On the old deck again!

Stanley. Oh, hang it, yes.

Rather a nuisance.

Hicks Beach. Not to say a mess!

Salisbury. Don't be disloyal, HICKS.

Hicks Beach. Stern Abdiel, no.

You'll ne'er rat from my Lord, you love him so.

Smith. Shipmates are shipmates!

Stanley. What salt-water pith!

'Tis nautical or nothing now with SMITH.

Cranbrook. You youngers chaff, but when it comes to battle, You won't get much save noise from a mere rattle.

Hicks Beach. Hark to the Hardy Norseman—a true Viking!

Salisbury. What will BEN do?

Cranbrook.

His attitude is striking

But unsuggestive.

Salisbury.

Silent, self-absorbed.

Say, is the sun that lately shone full-orbed

To set without one final blaze of glory?

Northcote. That seems scarce the finale for his story.

Cross. If one could understand him—which, at present,

I can't—'twould make affairs so much more pleasant.

But to look on, and see him stand like that,
Like—like—

Hicks Beach. Well, say a Sphinx in a cooked hat.
Cross. That's flippant. But it fidgets one. You see
It has its use, no doubt, has Mystery,
In fogging foes, but, when applied to friends,
I rather think 'tis apt to miss its ends.

Smith. Keep sailing-orders dark.

Cross. Ah! very true,
From enemies; but how about the crew?
If he had only given us the straight tip,
'Twould have saved me and NORTHCOTE many a slip.

Northcote. Speak for yourself, Sir RICHARD.

Stanley. Come! be fair.
How often has it bothered you to square
Your rosy talk, one day, with that his lips
Draped in the hues of darkness and eclipse
The next?

Northcote. Well,—yes,—he does run rather dark,
And I must own 'twas the reverse of lark
To square accounts with him, or for him.

Stanley. Just so.

GLADSTONE will have his work out.

Cross (viciously). I trust so.

Northcote (musingly). I only hope—

Cross. Hope what?
Northcote. Well—our strong point,
I said—I thought—but times are out of joint—

What wonder if as great a dislocation
Should be discovered where— Well, jubilation,
When premature, is dangerous. STRACHEY, LYTON—

Hicks Beach. Are you with the oracular mania bitten?
One Sphinx is quite enough. Oh, STAFFORD mine,
Don't, I beseech you, don't turn Sibylline!

Salisbury. What will he do?

Stanley. Ask ROWTON.

Cranbrook. Pooh!

Smith. Ah! well,
At fighting and finesse he's borne the bell
So long, that even now his brooding air
May cover—who knows what? Still, standing there,
Silent and shoulder-bowed, yet firm of foot
As though on these old planks he'd taken root,
He may mean mischief.

Salisbury. Humph! To whom, I wonder?
Will he again fall on his foes like thunder,
Or, owning final fate, last flout, resign
His office into younger hands? (*Aside.*) Say mine!
[Left looking on and looking forward.]

MISS BRADDON'S SCHOOL DAYS.

(Recommended to the School Boards of England by Mr. Punch.)

- 8 A.M.—Breakfast Class. Examination of Plates and Mugs in the Bread and Milk Consumption Exercises.
- 9 A.M.—Body-Strengthening Class. Examination in Athletics.
- 10 A.M.—Reading Hour.
- 11 A.M.—Writing Hour.
- 12 NOON.—Arithmetic Hour.
- 1 P.M.—Grand Dining Competition. Knife and Fork Class, under Two Standards. First Standard—Meat and Pudding Inspection. Second Standard—Working out Eating Exercises.
- 2.30 P.M.—Reading Half-hour.
- 3 P.M.—Writing Half-hour.
- 3.30 P.M.—Arithmetic Half-hour.
- 4 P.M.—Final Dismissal for the Day.

Vivat Regina! Money well spent, and health returned!

On the Newest Peerage.

MESSEURS. BRYANT and MAY need not fear for their hoards;
In safety henceforth they may tell 'em;
Match-taxing's beneath a LOWE high in the Lords—
"Ex luce," behold the "lucellum!"

"Sic transit Gloria Mundi!"

WE have heard for some years of the Yankees having licked all creation, but it appears that the defeat has now produced an effect on the marketable value of that article. The following advertisement lately appeared in the *Exchange and Mart*:—

WANTING MONEY, will sell the Universe. Good as new. 15s.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT LAST!



THE following correspondence has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. As the concluding telegram will have an especial interest for the Government just now, Mr. Punch has much pleasure in publishing the correspondence for the information of the public in general, and Lord HARTINGTON in particular.

*Office of the Indian Pickle and Preserve Company,
London Branch, April, 1880.*

DEAR SIR,

I am desired by the new Board of Directors to request you to furnish them with an explanation of the fact that in your Balance Sheet for last year you have omitted to include the cost of lighting the Company's premises.

From bills which have recently come in, it appears that had this item been included among the disbursements, the Company's books would have shown a considerable loss instead of a profit.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) C. SENSE, Secretary.

Office of the Indian Pickle and Preserve Company.

DEAR SIR,

Calcutta Branch, April, 1880.

I hasten to reply by return of post. The reason for the omission of the lighting account is obvious. The Balance Sheet was prepared in broad daylight, and the cost of artificial illumination was not present to my mind, as it was not then necessary. Unhappily, as you have practically found out, darkness *did* come on, and has since continued to recur regularly. Under these circumstances a charge for gas, oil, and candles, of course, became necessary.

Trusting that the new Board of Directors will be satisfied with this explanation,

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) B. HEAD, Manager.

Telegram from C. SENSE, London, to B. HEAD, Calcutta.

YOUR explanation not sufficiently full. Send additional particulars.

Telegram from B. HEAD, Calcutta, to C. SENSE, London.

HAVE no additional particulars. Beg to resign. Have offered services to Government. Excellent prospect of employment in preparation of next Indian Budget.

HOME-RULE IN JERSEY.

It is announced that a Bill has been laid before the Jersey States for consolidating the public debt of that island into perpetual *rentes*. Consolidate a national debt! Better liquidate it.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE TWO MEMBERS FOR NORTHAMPTON.

THE one weekly presides over the Revelations of Truth; the other strongly denies the Truth of Revelation.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

To Lady Florabella de Brabazon on her —th Birthday.

"WE SHIFT AND BEDROCK AND BEDRAPE US;
THOU ART NOBLE AND NUDE AND ANTIQUE."
SWINBURNE—"Our Lady of Pain."

TWIN SCREWS: TOO LOOSE AND TOO TIGHT.

LAST week the Undergraduates of University College, Oxford (some eighty in number), were rusticated, *en masse*, in consequence of an "outrage" committed by a tipsy fraction of the body.

After a "Bump-Supper," at which the bumpers seem to have too freely indulged in kindred bumpers, some of the boys, screwed themselves, determined on screwing up a tutor, who was senior Proctor into the bargain. That doubly dignified dignitary was therefore forced to make an ignominious exit through the window. This was very bumptious behaviour on the part of the boys, a wicked, but not altogether unnatural wind-up of a bump-supper, as *Punch* remembers such entertainments.

The names of the offenders were demanded, and as they were not given up, the whole College has been sent down. Thus for the sake of the silly few, the steady many have been punished. *Deprant reges, plectuntur Achivi*—"The fast men make fools of themselves, the common lot are rusticated." The foolish delinquents should, of course, have come forward; but as they had not the pluck to plead guilty, and take their punishment like men, it seems rather hard that three-score unoffending undergraduates should be made to pay the penalty of a stupid freak perpetrated by a handful of feather-brained and chicken-hearted asses.

Surely silly sport need not have been dealt with in such serious earnest—above all, should not have entailed such an indiscriminate distribution of punishment.

The Head of the College is an old school-master, which, perhaps, accounts for the weight with which he has come down on his "children of a larger growth." Respect for Tutors, who are senior Proctors, must be maintained, but it is a pity, all the same, to set everybody asking—"Would not some sentence less severe and less sweeping have better met the importance, as well as the justice of the case?"

ONLY A DONKEY.

At Birmingham a man was charged with allowing his donkey to starve to death in its stable, where it was found dead after the lapse of a foodless week, having eaten up nearly the whole of its wooden manger, and gnawed some brick-ends. The Defendant's excuse was that he had been too busy about the Elections to remember a donkey. The case created great mirth in Court, and the Defendant was ultimately fined five shillings.

He-haw!

I'm getting scant of breath and slack of jaw,
That bray would scarce evoke
The chuckle of the cad who spies a joke,
In everything about me, takes my voice
As type of a stupidity more crass
Than his, who oft hath made me much rejoice
That I was but an ass.

He-haw!

Who was it said that no one ever saw
A donkey dead? Some minutes hence, at rest
For the first time since I was foaled,
I fancy that my body stiff and cold
Will somewhat blunt the point of that rare jest.
Here have I starved for a whole week at least,
No, stop! Shall an ass lie? I've made a feast
On brick-ends and the timber of my manger.
More mirth, my masters! There is little danger
Of failure in materials for mirth
Whilst despot man—and donkeys—walk the earth,
Two or four-footed.
Long-suffering Issachars are sweetly suited
To sharpen jest's keen tooth on—better even
Than brick-ends! Seven days, and long nights seven,
Alone and foodless, save for timber rotten,

Simply forgotten!

How should Man think 'midst the Election's Babel
Of a mere donkey starving in a stable?
Stick and short commons, labour and low diet,
Are donkey's destiny—'tis Wisdom's fiat—
Shall a thick-hided brute, long-eared and humble,
Presume to grumble,
Or hope by Man—that humorist!—to be pitied?
And yet—*he-haw!*—had destiny but fitted
Asses for drudgery's duties more completely,
Hunger and cudgelling had come more sweetly.
There seems, I know not where, a slight mistake.
Man can't imagine how thick hides can ache,
And as for sheer starvation, pang and prick,
Not much allayed by gnawing wood or brick,
They're really quite ridiculously real.
I wonder is it Heaven's or Man's ideal
Of donkey life—and death—that is awry?

He-haw! I think I'll try

Just one more munch. The manger timber's dry,
Why did I dream of thistles? Of the grass,
Close cropped, yet juicy, whereon I, when young,
In fact, a long-shank'd little baby ass,
So many happy, happy hours did pass!
Oh, out on dreams! They add a pang to hunger,
And spoil these last tough splinters. Ah! my eyes
Grow dimmer, and how's this? I cannot rise,
E'en to the manger's height.

A sound? A step? A light?

Is it my master's foot? *He-e-hee-aw!* Alas!
All's silence, which that last faint feeble bray
Scarce breaks. I'm dying. Crowning jest, they'll
say,
Who see a sight men don't see every day,
Just a dead Ass!

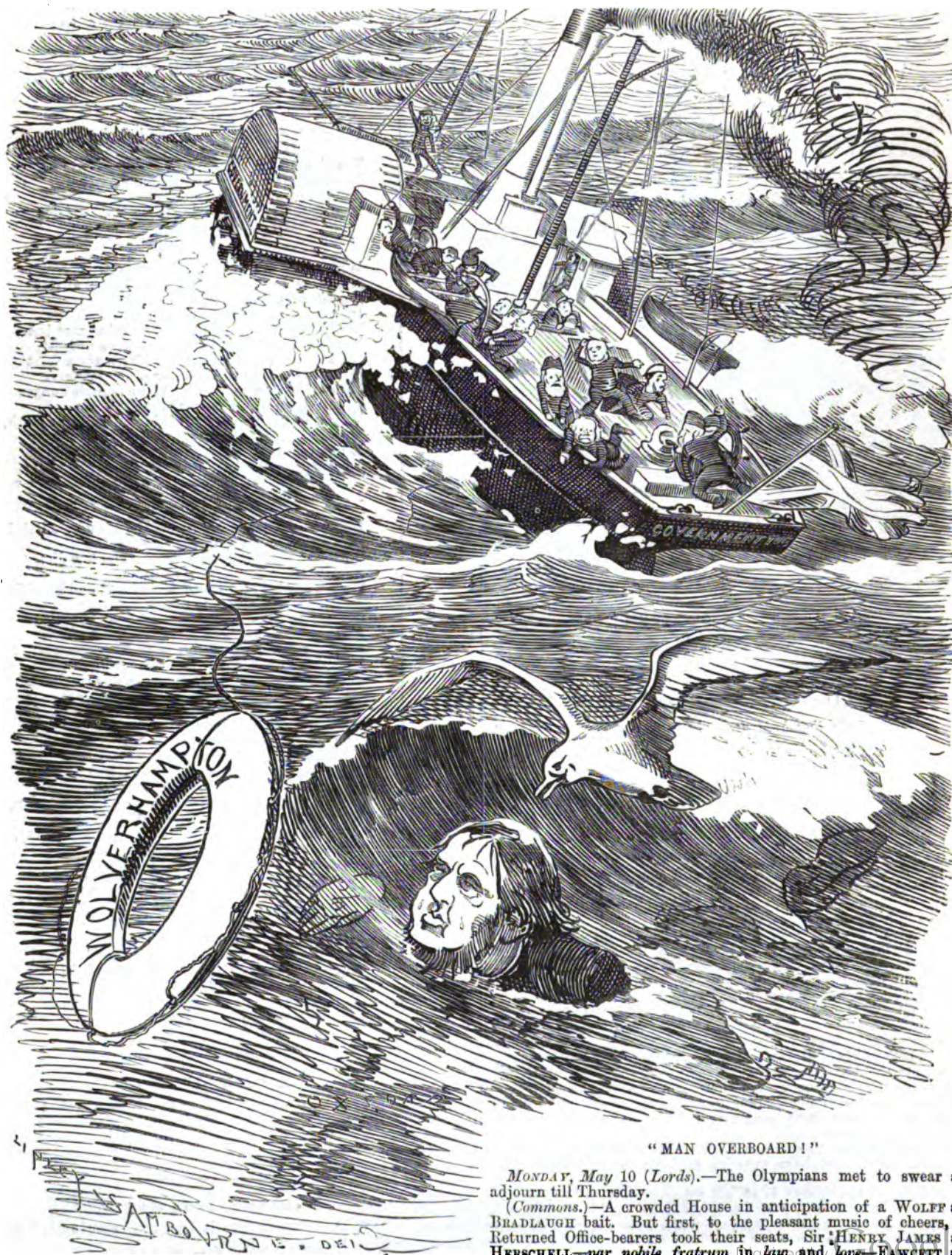
A "B-a-i-l" Miracle.

SINCE the apparitions at the Chapel at Knock, County Mayo, the shares of the "Midland," which has a station not far off, have improved nearly twenty per cent., and their receipts have risen to nearly one thousand pounds a week!

TWO EDGES OF AN OLD SAW.

"ENGLAND's necessity is Ireland's opportunity" (for evil).—DANIEL O'CONNOR.
"Ireland's necessity is England's opportunity" (for good).—FRANCES MARLBOROUGH.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"MAN OVERBOARD!"

MONDAY, May 10 (Lords).—The Olympians met to swear and adjourn till Thursday.

(Commons).—A crowded House in anticipation of a WOLFF and BRADLAUGH bait. But first, to the pleasant music of cheers, the Returned Office-bearers took their seats, Sir HENRY JAMES and HERSCHELL—*par nobile fratrum in law and love*—FAWCETT and BRASSEY, HOLMS and Lord CHARLES BRUCE.



A STRAIGHT "TIP."

Tramp. "WHOSE 'OUSE IS THIS, SIR?"

Gardener. "SQUIRE NOAKES'S."

Tramp. "DO YOU THINK I COULD GET ANYTHING THERE?"

Gardener. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW—THE LAST O' YOUR SORT GOT TWENTY-ONE DAYS!"

But where was HARCOURT? Echo answered "Where," and bur heading explains why. (Is it true that the venerable CHARLES VILLIERS goes to the Upper House, and that faithful Wolverhampton will furnish a life-buoy to the "Man overboard" without going to the Chiltern Hundreds for one?)

Meantime, to the cry of "*Floreat Aula*," HALL took his seat for Oxford, if not to music of barrel-organs, to chorus of loud and lusty Conservative hurrahs.

"Let's laugh, and quaff, and make good cheers,
Now Oxford's HALL is Westminster's."

Counter-cheers from the Government side as the young man from Leeds—"My son, Sir!"—took his seat, and the oath. *Punch* would like to know why the Benches were dissolved in laughter as the ex-Judge-Advocate kissed the book?

After oaths, notices—By Sir HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN to look into the short-comings of Short Service. An announcement much cheered by the Opposition, as a confession of failure of the system on the side of the parents that begat it.

Ultima Thule has its eye on India. SAMUEL LAING, ex-Indian financial Secretary, means to ask Lord HARTINGTON when he will help the House to look the yawning STRACHEY and LYTON deficit in the face from the vantage-ground of a thorough overhauling of Indian accounts.

Mr. BAXTER is going to call over the coals the Laws relating to the transfer, ownership, and tenancy of the soil.

"So, landlords and lawyers, make ready for me,
I'm for heckling o' Land Laws, says Bonnie Dundee!"

On Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, giving notice of nomination of the Bradlaugh Committee for to-morrow, the WOLFF all but flew at the SPEAKER, who begged him to wait till to-morrow, as that was the day for the Bradlaugh Bait, when the WOLFF could have his "run," with which assurance the WOLFF was, with much ado, "tailed off." (It is refreshing to find oneself involuntarily reverting to the vocabulary of the bull-ring and the bear-garden.)

Tuesday.—Notices to abolish—

By Mr. MONK, *congé d'élire*, for Bishops;
By Mr. RITCHIE, *congé de détruire*, by African Consuls;
By Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, the office of Advocate-General;
By Mr. P. TAYLOR, the use of the Navy Cat;

And to call attention—

By Professor THOROLD ROGERS, and Sir C. ROUNDELL, to the Oxford Commissioners and their reports.

By Mr. PAGER, to the maintenance of our roads, and the rates for their repair;

By Mr. H. J. BALFOUR, to a little bird in the India Office, who had been blabbing;

By Mr. COOPE, to the reasons for opening the National Gallery on more days, and for more hours in the day.

The SECRETARY of the TREASURY could not oblige Mr. CALLAN with any information about the Parliamentary movements of Mr. SULLIVAN, who declines to sit with him for Louth.

Mr. PARNELL, that Paris of Parliament, among the three constituencies that sue for his choice—Meath, Mayo, and Cork—has thrown the apple to Cork.

"Then, great Intransigent, of cheer be brighter,
And, thanks to Cork, upon the House sit lighter."

This pretty little lot of business and pleasure cut out for it, the House turned to the Bradlaugh Committee.

Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR added the Attorney and Solicitor-General to the list already given.

Then fiercely forth sprang WOLFF, and, unreprieved
By adverse looks, the Previous Question moved.

"The Cause of its Assembling undeclared,
The Bill for its First Reading unprepared,
With no Queen's Speech whereto its life to pin,
There was no House such business to begin.
Wherefore this haste, defying Faith's alarms,
To take affirming BRADLAUGH to your arms?"

PEASE was a Quaker, but some faith he knew,
And even Baron ROTHSCHILD was a Jew.
With Jew and Quaker you had something there—
Something whereby to hold, whereby to swear,—
Here all is void: a Nothingarian's fain
The Constitution to infringe or strain!
In this great battle Tories take the field,
Echo the cry of 'Wolf,' and scorn to yield!"

Returning from lyrics to law—

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out that the nomination of the Committee to inquire if Mr. BRADLAUGH was a person by law permitted to affirm, was a matter in furtherance of the Royal Message giving direction to Members of the House to take the oath. The SPEAKER might have disposed of the question, but having doubts had referred them to the House, and the House had taken the usual course to settle them—a Committee. The precedents were strictly in point. The House must be constituted before it could hear the Queen's Speech. This was the removal of a difficulty arising in course of its constitution.

Mr. STANLEY LEIGHTON backed the cry of WOLFF with a cry more strident. This was purely a legal question. The Committee might report that the Member for Northampton was at liberty to affirm instead of swearing. Then all the fuss would have been for nothing. Or they might report that in their opinion he could not affirm instead of swearing. In that case, his oath, if he took it, would be a mockery and a scandal. But the whole thing was a sham and a masquerade. They were only acting out the play in which ADAM and BRADLAUGH had been principal performers and GLADSTONE prompter. The Liberal leaders had bargained with BRADLAUGH and were bound to their bargain even with him. But don't let Conservative Members run their heads into the noose, and act "as the outnumbered minority of a Committee whose report was a foregone conclusion."

Sir R. KNIGHTLEY wanted to know why Mr. S. MORLEY's name was missing on the Committee? He had been god-father to the Bradlaugh Baby, and ought to stand to his sponsorship.

Sir J. HOLKER felt bound to back the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's view of the Law. This was business the House was competent to transact. But the reference was too wide. It ought to have been confined to the BRADLAUGH case. It raised the general question whether a person who had been admitted to affirm instead of swearing in Courts of Law in certain cases, could be permitted to affirm instead of swearing in Parliament.

Sir J. MOWBRAY thought the House was acting in an undignified hurry. In Baron ROTHSCHILD's case they had waited eleven years. Surely in BRADLAUGH's case they might have waited for as many days.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL reasserted the legal view already taken by acting and ex-ATTORNEY GENERAL.

A leash of Lawyers—GREGORY, GIFFARD, and JACKSON—said their say, generally in accord with the Lawyers who had already spoken.

Mr. O'DONNELL, as a Catholic Member of the House, relieved his mind by an acrid protest, turning on the argument thus summed up:—

"The sanctions to an arrangement founded on considerations of Divine Providence and immutable morality must have a very different weight—at any rate in the minds of Christian people—from engagements in no way strengthened or confirmed by any moral sanction whatever. Therefore, although the House might, on due consideration, deem it right to admit a Member who objected entirely to all faith in morality and in God, who explained religion as a disease of the brain and conscience as a nervous contraction of the diaphragm, yet the question ought to be brought plainly before the House; and no backstairs arrangements or electioneering contrivances ought to turn the responsible Government of a great Christian country from its plain duty to the Christian representatives of the nation. ('Hear, hear!') Catholics, he believed, entertained stronger ideas than many other people on the subject of the relations between Church and State, and he thought that question ought to be brought clearly before the House. The reference to the proposed Committee would simply result in a waste of time, for it carefully avoided the real point at issue, which must be eventually debated in the House, however the Committee might report."

This is, at least, intelligible; but Mr. O'DONNELL talked a good deal besides, that seems to *Punch* equally irrelevant and unintelligible, about "chicanery" and "manœuvring," and "shirking the real question at issue." Surely the House is doing anything but that.

Earl PERCY and Mr. NEWDEGATE warned the House they meant to have their respective says whatever the report of the Committee. And then the House Divided on the Motion that the Question be now put—171 Ayes to 74 Noes. A new Writ was ordered for County Meath. And then St. Stephen's School broke up till Thursday, the 20th, for its unearned Whitsun holidays.

The latest news is that the Committee has reported (by the casting vote of its Chairman, Mr. WALFORD) that Mr. BRADLAUGH is not a person who can be allowed to sit on affirming his allegiance, instead of swearing it. It is well the Collective Wisdom has a week to collect itself in. May it be wisely guided to any conclusion but the martyrdom of Mr. BRADLAUGH!

A PUZZLE FOR THE PEOPLE.



AMONG the various new undertakings advertised in the newspapers may have been noticed a concern bearing the somewhat remarkable description of the "Bilin Natural Mineral Water Company (Limited)." In the prospectus of this scheme its promoters inform us that Bilin is the name of a place in Bohemia. This explanation is needful as the Public will be likely to imagine the Bilin Natural Mineral Water to be Bilin Water from some hot-spring or Geyser. The wonder in their minds will be how the water, after being bottled for sale, can continue Bilin.

ROUGH NOTES FROM A DIARY.

VARIOUS mischievous and idle rumours having got abroad as to the origin of the PREMIER's now famous communication to Count KÁROLYI, Mr. *Punch* has much pleasure in finding room for the following. Being nothing more than a leaf torn from a rough scribbling diary, it tells its own tale.

In the hope and belief that its publication will help to clear the air, he has much satisfaction in giving it publicity:—

May 2nd, 9 A.M.—Disagreeable telegram from ELLIOT while at breakfast. German Band outside, playing, "*He is an Englishman*." Felt so worried, that I had a shilling sent out to them to shut up, and be off. Re-read telegram. ELLIOT wires that the Emperor called him out publicly from the Diplomatic Corps at the Reception yesterday. Tore off two of his decorations, and informed him that he had forbidden a new carriage-horse to be named after me. He then burst into tears, and ordered the mobilisation of the Second, Fifth, and Seventh Army Corps, informing him that he has forbidden at the same time the use of the Gladstone Bag in the Danubian Frontier Provinces. This is serious. Send off for GRANVILLE. Band still playing "*He is an Englishman*" round the corner. Feel altogether unnerved.

1 P.M.—GRANVILLE looking pale. Guess the worst. KÁROLYI is going. Offered his opera-box, subscription at MUDIE's, tickets for three Co-operative Stores, and Royal Academy Catalogue, half-price, to a speculative Nobleman, in confidence, only yesterday evening, at B——'s. G. tells me, also, he was seen being measured for a travelling Ulster at a well-known West-End tailor's this morning. This is very serious. Band playing somewhere in back street. G. upset, but offers to do what he can. Meantime, have sent band off to Belgrave Square to play the Austrian National Hymn in octaves. Have given them the number. Hope K. will understand the compliment. Very much worried. A distressing day.

May 3rd, 8:30 A.M.—Still distressed. Band outside since half-past six, playing the Austrian National Hymn. They went to the wrong number in Belgrave Square yesterday, but afterwards found the right one, and played "*He is an Englishman*" for two hours and a half, till removed by the police. This is very unfortunate. Have wired to G. to see the Count, at all hazards, and tell him that I will put something nice about him in next month's *Fortnightly*. Begged him to explain, in good diplomatic French, the difference between "responsibility" and "independence." Wires back, "Can't, without OLLENDORF." This is very unfortunate. To bed, miserable.

May 4th, 9 A.M.—Glorious news. Telegram from F. O., "All right. Squared him yesterday evening. Be with you at ten." Feel very happy. All my old energy returning. Band again outside playing Austrian National Hymn. Capital tune.

10 A.M.—G. has come. All is settled. Met KÁROLYI at a high tea, and, by great tact and well-timed attentions, in the way of muffins and cream and sugar, quite won him over. He disclaims all intention of going beyond four corners of Berlin Treaty. Is ready to say so if I'll apologise. Determined to draw him. I have only got to sign a "neat little letter," and the thing is done.

Noon.—Have signed letter; posted copy to ELLIOT. KÁROLYI's disclaimer most satisfactory. Ha! Ha! Happiest day since Midlothian. G. in capital spirits. Have sent out to band for "*He is an Englishman*" once more. Gave them five shillings. This is certainly the best move I've made yet. Hope J. B. will see it in the proper light. What will papers say? To bed early and radiant.

"THE BROAD END OF THE WEDGE."

(By Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

20th May, 18—.

YESTERDAY the new Government Office, commenced some four years ago on the Thames Embankment, was opened to the public for the transaction of business. As this novel *bureau* is unique, it deserves description.

It will be remembered by the rising generation that the building was first called into being to meet the needs created by the passing of the Imperial Metropolitan Gas and Water Supply Act. The original design had many architectural merits, but during the course of construction the plans had, from time to time, to be altered to meet the requirements created by the passing of measures of a kindred character. Hence the somewhat patch-work appearance of the new office, which, to tell the truth, is useful rather than ornamental. It cannot compare, in outward effect, with the neighbouring buildings.

For instance the Technical Education Museum (recently erected and endowed by the Municipality of London), is infinitely grander, and the Anti-Monopoly Fish, Fruit, and Butchers'-meat Co-operative Emporium unquestionably more picturesque. Still, backed and flanked by its screen of forest trees (transplanted last year from Kew and Kensington by the American process), it is far from an unæsthetic pile, and may well extort the admiration even of foreigners.

On entering the main building, the visitor finds himself in a suite of one hundred and twenty rooms devoted to the management of the Metropolitan Gas and Water Supply. London (Proper) takes a score of apartments, and the affiliated Cities and Boroughs (extending as far as York, Brighton, Bath, and Colchester), the remainder. Here the householder can obtain every information and assistance; can pay his latest gas-bill, or complain of his newest supply-pipe. Passing on through a short passage, an enormous hall is reached, which serves as the Central Office of the National Banking Corporation. This "combination" (to use a Yankee expression) is, of course, merely an elaboration of the Post Office Savings Banks' scheme. Still, as every one knows, the Corporation has taken the place in public estimation of the position once occupied by the Joint Stock Banks of Limited or un-Limited Liability, formerly so much resorted to. Beyond the hall are a few rooms devoted to the Government Metropolitan Cab Department. This scanty accommodation is in marked contrast to the three large wings that have been found necessary to accommodate the various branches of the Government General Amalgamated Railway and Steam-Boat Offices, by which the entire trade of the nation is now conducted. A corridor leads from this enormous branch-department to the rooms of the Perishable Food Controllers, which are next to the sanctum of the Chief of the Patent Medicine and Quack Nostrum Examiners. For the convenience of Lady Students for the Stage, there is a separate entrance to the Sock and Buskin Branch in the Strand, close to the Government Theatre and State Opera House. Test Rehearsals for declamation and deportment, are, for the present, still held at the Royal Albert Hall as the only enclosed area large enough for the purpose, now the management of the theatres has become a branch of the Government.

Perhaps the most interesting department in the whole building is the Sumptuary Laws Enforcement Office. The Commissioners have an entire block to themselves. In one of the rooms new dresses are registered. Here sometimes the most amusing scenes occur. The Registrar, who sits as Chief Judge, has made it a rule never to pass a costume of either an extravagant or unhealthy character, in spite of the tears and blandishments of the most emotional or captivating of *modistes*. His colleague, at the head of the House Erecting and Furnishing Department, is equally conscientious; and it requires builders and decorators of more than ordinary perseverance and astuteness to gain the Government sanction for a badly-constructed building, a tasteless scheme of decoration, or an insanitary scheme of house-drainage, or water-supply. The Furniture Design Department is also extremely interesting, as the Commissioners take the greatest pains that all the chairs, sofas, and tables brought before them shall be of the best quality, and in the best taste. "Reclamations" (as the French would say), are not unfrequently heard in the branch of the bureau charged with the licensing and pricing of this class of article.

The vast building has not yet been christened; but will probably bear the appropriate, if somewhat cumbrous, title of "The Government Universal Public and Private Business Transaction Office and State Department for the Extension of the Principle of Paternal Interference in Great Things and Small." This rather lengthy designation in the course of years may possibly be abbreviated by the Public into "The General Circumlocution Office."

SONG OF THE SPRINGTIDE.

(Not by Mr. Swinburne.)



O SEASON supposed of all free flowers,
Made lovely by light of the sun,
Of garden, of field, and of tree-flowers,
Thy singers are surely in fun!
Or what is it wholly unsettles
Thy sequence of shower and shine;
And maketh thy pushings and petals
To shrivel and pine?

Why is it that o'er the wild waters
That beastly North-Easter still blows,
Dust-dimming the eyes of our daughters,
Blue-nipping each nice little nose?
Why is it these sea-skirted islands
Are plagued with perpetual chills,
Driving men to Italian or Nile-lands
From Albion's ill?

Happy he, O Springtide, who hath found thee,
All sunlit, in luckier lands,
With thy garment of greenery round thee,
And belted with blossomy bands.
From us by the blast thou art drifted.
All brag of thy beauties is bosh;
When the songs of thy singers are sifted,
They simply won't wash.

True, the pictures in proud Piccadilly
And beauteous Bond Street are hung;
True, plaudits of LEIGHTON and MILLAIS
Fall soft from Society's tongue;
But what avail sunshine and flowers,
In paint upon Burlington walls,
When without all is dust-drift, and showers,
And whirlwinds and squalls?

True Clerical cohorts are flocking
To Exeter Hall in the Strand;
We see the episcopal stoking;
The Canon is loud in the land.
What then, when the only May Meeting
A fellow finds time to attend
Is the North-Easter's bolsterous greeting
At every street-end?

What lunatic lune, what vain vision,
Thy laureate, Springtide, may move
To sing thee—oh, bitter derision!—
As season of laughter and love?
You make a man mad beyond measure;
O Spring, and thy lauders like thee:
Thy flowers, thy pastimes and pleasures;
Are fiddlededee!



THE MUTUAL ADMIRATIONISTS.

(Fragments overheard by Grigsby and the Colonel at one of Grigsby's Afternoon Teas.)

Young Maudie (to Mrs. Lyon Hunter and her Daughters). "IN THE SUPREMEST POETRY, SHAKESPEARE'S, FOR INSTANCE, OR POSTLETHWAITE'S, OR SHELLEY'S, ONE ALWAYS FEELS THAT, &C., &C., &C."

Young Postlethwaite (to the three Miss Bilderbogie). "THE GREATEST PAINTERS OF ALL, SUCH AS VELASQUEZ, OR MAUDIE, OR EVEN TITIAN, INVARIABLY SUGGEST TO ONE, &C., &C., &C."

THE PIE AND THE PLUM.

Mr. Bull. What, WILLIAM, the old dish already? Come! This is too bad.

William. But look at this fine plum! Worth stooping for, I fancy, Mr. BULL. Even if it gives my enemies the pull To see me squatting here on this low stool.

Mr. Bull. Stool of repentance, eh? I'm not a fool To fidget about forms when matter's gained; But really, WILLIAM, I'm a little pained At your peculiar posture. People laugh.

William. Ah, don't you be too sensitive to chaff. My foes will make the most of it, no doubt; But this big plum that I have just pulled out Will prove of value, after hot Lord GEORGE And many a one who vows his very gorge Rises at what they call my retraction, Shall have cooled down again.

Mr. Bull. The situation Invites invective—

William. From the Tory scorner Of all the words and ways of WILLIAM HORNER. But then, you see, they always crab my game; Play high, play low, dear BULL, 'tis all the same. To drink up Esil, eat a crocodile, Would not disarm them, if I did it. Bile! That's what it is, and nothing will agree With a disordered stomach, don't you see!

Mr. Bull. Humph! That's your way of putting it; but I Confess I do not relish Humble Pie.

William. Bless you, this isn't Humble Pie at all!

Mr. Bull. The deuce it isn't!

William. No, 'tis what I call

Policy Pasty, with a well-glazed crust Of courtesy covering statecraft.

Mr. Bull. Well, I trust, Your taste regarding in whatever light, The world will not mistake my appetite. For Humble Pie, however well embellished By cook-craft, is a dish I never relished; And this looks too much like it, for my mind. A most unfortunate first course.

William. You'll find This Austrian plum good picking; and I stoop To conquer.

Mr. Bull. Do you mean to lead your troop To victory through the Caudine Forks? I'm sure You are forgetting—as you did before— That though to seem and not to be is bad, To be and yet not seem's almost as sad, Sometimes, in issue. Meekly munching there, You do not look imposing.

William. I don't care.

Mr. Bull. But I do. LAUNCELOT should not seem to creep, Nor hot ACHILLES ape *Uriah Heep* In act or attitude. Charge at full heat Followed so soon by what looks like retreat, May be fine strategy—but looks like blunder; And, seeing it, you really cannot wonder If foes exult. I trust that you mean winning. But this, in form at least, 's a bad beginning!

A Sure Sign.

THERE seems to be no doubt about the Revival of Trade. Prospects of projected Joint-Stock Companies begin to thicken in the letter-boxes of persons unlucky enough to be on a Professional Register.



THE PIE AND THE PLUM.

BIG WILLY HORNER SAT IN THE CORNER,
EATING HIS HUMBLE-PIE.

HE PUT IN HIS THUMB, AND HE PULLED OUT A PLUM,
AND SAID, "WHAT A SHARP BOY AM I!"

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TRIUMPH.

Frame Maker (in ecstasies). "BY JOYE! JEMIMA—EVERY ONE OF 'EM ON THE LINE AGAIN!"

HARD LINES!

A STATUE of BYRON, we are grieved to hear, is shortly to be set face to face with "the Great ACHILLES, whom we know;" that greatest offender ever blown out of who knows how many guns: that colossal embodiment of "*robur et æs triplex*;" that biggest, and most brazen-faced of "cribs" from one of the young men with the Horses of *Monte Cavallo*—so often mistaken by country cousins for a bronze likeness of the Iron Duke.

The pedestal of the Poet's statue, in Hamilton Place, is, we are told, to be inscribed with the single word—"BYRON!" Why this further cruelty? Is it not enough to set the Poet in the modern and more durable substitute for the pillory, but you must label him besides? *Don Juan* may have been a grievous crime against propriety, and even morality; but has it deserved *this*? Bad as BYRON's life may have been, it can hardly be said to have fairly drawn down the retribution that enrols him in that ignoble army of martyrs, the tenants of that enlarged out-door Chamber of Horrors, the hideous array of those heinous offenders against taste, the London Street-Statues!

A sect of enthusiasts is loud for the abolition of capital punishments; and yet we are content to go on sentencing our unfortunate celebrities in Arts and Arms to the infliction of æsthetic public infamy, so long as marble lasts, and bronze survives!

Our benighted and hard-hearted forefathers felt even the pillory too cruel. Shall we, who boast our enlightenment and humanity, retain its far crueller substitute—rotten eggs apart—the pedestal?

A Man of Metal.

SIR HENRY BESSEMER, addressing the Common Council, with the LORD MAYOR at their head, on being presented with the freedom of the City in a gold box in recognition of his great discovery, may say—

"Grapple me to your souls with hoops of steel!"

NO MORE PROSAIC LORD-LIEUTENANTS.

ROMANTIC imaginative Ireland does not need Politicians to govern her. She prefers Poets. Having once enjoyed SPENCER, she is now going to try COWPER.

A QUERY?—Since the HOME-SECRETARY lost his seat, what is his official standing?

THE NEW FIRM.

(A Card.)

GLADSTONE & Co., on succeeding to the business carried on during the last six years by BEACONSFIELD & Co. (Unlimited), in Downing Street, the Guildhall (City Branch), Constantinople, Afghanistan, the Cape, Egypt, and the Metropolitan Music Halls, have the pleasure of announcing to their numerous friends and supporters in all parts of the country, that the stock for home consumption, which, under their predecessors, was allowed to fall too low, will shortly be replenished with a choice and varied assortment of articles suited to the growing wants of the times. Several novelties are in active preparation, and will be offered to public notice at the proper season.

In the Foreign Department, GLADSTONE & Co. have been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of a Manager of great tact, ability, and experience, whose instructions to the Representatives of the House in every quarter of the world are confidently expected to produce prosperous results, and favourably to affect the future Dividends of the Firm.

A lot of Berlin-work still on hand. Must be cleared off within a very short period, and without further notice.

A new Agent has been appointed at Constantinople. All orders received by him will secure immediate attention, and will be executed with vigour and promptitude.

Colonial Produce of a superior quality.

The Indian Department will be under fresh and improved management. The Cashier's Branch will be remodelled.

GLADSTONE & Co. have the gratification of announcing that the Senior Partner has consented to undertake the Book-keeping Department. His vast knowledge and long experience may be accepted as a sufficient guarantee that all liabilities will be met as

they become due; that Deficits will not be mistaken for Surpluses; and that in making-up Balance Sheets, items of some millions in amount will not be omitted from the Accounts.

As large Land Agents, GLADSTONE & Co. hope to give satisfaction to their various supporters and clients.

Although extensive law-stationers, GLADSTONE & Co.'s law will be anything but stationary.

Farmers and Agriculturists may rely on their commissions receiving early and careful attention.

Shipping Orders executed with skill and despatch.

Schools dealt with on liberal terms.

The Undertaking Department will be at once rendered complete in all its branches. (Communications to be addressed to "O. M.," on the Premises.)

GLADSTONE & Co. feel that it is almost superfluous to mention their large stock of Scotch fabrics, all warranted to wear well, not to shrink, to resist any amount of pressure, and to keep their colours. They can also point with unqualified satisfaction to a most useful and important consignment of Welsh manufacture. Some samples of "Irish" can also be strongly recommended.

GLADSTONE & Co. solicit a renewed trial of their Ballot Apparatus.

GLADSTONE & Co. cannot refrain from drawing attention to their Birmingham and Sheffield goods, and also to an unusually fine example of Chelsea ware.

For further particulars, see Bills, which will shortly be issued.

10 to 12, Downing Street, S. W., May, 1880.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF EXASPERATION.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's last words at Oxford (on Saturday, 8th May, 1880).—"Good night, and God bless you, 'All!"

EXCELSIOR, EXCELSISSIMUS.



off" the Caucasus, and looked down on the rocky bed on which Prometheus suffered all the tortures of liver-complaint. He keeps the Himalayas we understand in reserve, as a monkey keeps a big nut in his pouch, "when mouthed, to be last swallowed."

It is, probably, to get his head, legs, and breathing apparatus in order for Dawalajeri, that he has been lately flooring the Andes, "polishing off" Chimborazo, Corazon, Sincholagna, and Antisana, and showing us where to spend a happy day, by passing twenty-six hours a-top of Cotopaxi, 19,500 feet above sea-level. He is now, by last advices per TUCKETT, —who plays the part of trumpeter assigned him by SHAKESPEARE, "It is my Lord, I hear his Tuckett,"—on his way to Cayambe, the mountain under the Equator—who must, therefore, one would think, be keeping up his perpetual snow under difficulties unknown to more northern mountains—to polish off, *en passant*, Saranen and Cotocachi. The latter, he drops out incidentally, is the volcano which destroyed Ibarra some years ago, ("but needn't flatter himself he is going to destroy me," and is reputed to be 18,300 feet high, ("till I take him down, and put him under his own feet and mine, in the boiling of a thermometer!")

This reducer of bad eminences, this active swallower of active volcanoes, this defier of the highest high-lines of fire and snow, as he has got into the habit of climbing heights impossible to ordinary man, has taught himself to live at them, and breathes the difficult

R. WHYMPER ought to change his name from WHYMPER to CROW, and take for his crest a Chanticleer, struttant, chantant, on a mountain reduced to a mole-hill.

There is no earthly eminence, good or bad, over which the great WHYMPER is not, already, or does not mean, shortly to be, entitled to crow, as its conqueror, climber, and chawer-up. He has long ago "polished off" the Alps, to use his own appropriate phrase, as a brigade-boy polishes off a biggish pair of high-lows. The highest mountain is indeed a high-low to him. He thinks nothing of taking down a dozen *aiguilles* in as many mornings, like the famous sailor who used to swallow pocket-knives. He has done brown —for all their perpetual snows—Monte Blanco, Monte Rosa, the Jung-Frau, and the Matterhorn, till these wretched monarehs of mountains, as they once called themselves, are reduced to the smallest potatoes, and crouch in whimpering submission at their conqueror's feet, as the lions used at VAN AMBURGH'S. He has "polished

air of the mountain-top as comfortably as the Fire-King, CHABERT, breathed the breath of the seven-times-heated furnace.

His only bother is that the toes of his Swiss-guides—the molly-coddles!—will get frost-bitten on Chimborazo, at 19,600 feet, and that the South Americans—lazy beggars!—won't follow in his footsteps, and get up their native mountains as he does. To be sure the miserable wretches have one excuse for not rising to the height of their situation. You can't see anything either at the top or bottom of these South-American ranges, for, as WHYMPER complains, it is thick fog every day and all day long in Ecuador, except for one hour from six to seven A.M. And even WHYMPER, extraordinary getter-up as he is, can't always insure even his own getting-up, say 20,000 feet, by that unearthly hour.

If ever a Gentleman was entitled to advertise himself as "in the perpetual snow line," WHYMPER is the man, a self, with no company.

We propose that the empire he has so proudly asserted over the old-established inaccessibilities of the world, should be recognised as a higher form of Imperialism—Whymperialism: that his prowess should be honoured by a Victoria Cross of his own, of iron with sky-blue points and a line of perpetual snow frozen into them; and a coat of arms found for him, with two ice-axes, borne saltire-wise, in chief, over a mountain bowing its head, diminished, and the motto "Sich a Gettin' up Stairs," or, if that be thought disrespectful in the vernacular, its statelier Latin equivalent, "Excelsior!"

THE LETTER OF LETTERS.

SUCH R., the First of the famous Three, seems destined to become. The New Educational Code not only authorises, but proposes to encourage Masters of Elementary Schools, by pecuniary rewards, to teach, in the form of Reading Lessons, Geography, Natural History, Physical Geography, Natural Philosophy, History, and Social Economy, besides an indefinite number of subjects under the head of "Etc." Not only the "Three R.'s," but as many more letters as you please, are included within the single "R." of "Reading." The abbreviation, "Etc.," clearly comprehends every letter in the Alphabet that can stand as an initial for any branch of human learning. The book to be read for exercise in "R." must be an Encyclopedia treating *de rebus omnibus et forsan quibusdam aliis*; "R." corresponding to *Rebus*. What "R.," the Ratepayer will say to this "R." for "Reading," and to "R." for the Regulation requiring him to supply "R.," the "Ready" to pay for it, remains to be seen. Perhaps another "R." for some illiberal individuals crying, "Rot!" or "Rubbish!"

Cook—Christian and Conservative.

THAT Bridport is one of the few homes of True Blue principle, its choice of a representative at the late Election shows. What a fine sense of the connection between Christianity and Conservatism, and of the comfort to be anticipated from a union of the two in Kitchen as well as in Hall, in that advanced locality, is indicated in the following advertisement extracted from the *Bridport News*:—

WANTED, for the Country, a good COOK, a Christian Conservative Widow, aged forty. An abstainer preferred.—Address, &c.



MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S ON MARRIAGE.

Gorgius Midas, Esq., Junior (who thinks of entering the holy state). "NOW THEN, MRS. T., GIVE US THE STRAIGHT TIP! WHICH HAD I BETTER SPOT FOR BETTER FOR WORSE!—MARY ROBINSON, WHO'S AS GOOD AS GOLD, AND A BEAUTY!—OR LADY JANE CADBURY, WHO AIN'T! THEY'RE BOTH TO BE HAD FOR THE ASKING!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "BEAUTY FADES, DEAR MR. MIDAS, AND MERE GOODNESS IS APT TO FALL! NOW, A TITLE LASTS FOR EVER, AND ONE DOESN'T TIRE OF HAVING A DUKE FOR A BROTHER-IN-LAW!"

Gorgius Midas, Esq., Junior. "RIGHT YOU ARE, MRS. T., AS USUAL!"

INDO-EUROPEAN MYSTERY!

In one of the "Sacred Books of the East," lately edited by Professor MAX MÜLLER, namely, the *Khandogya Upanishad*, first chapter and first verse, you will find these words—

"Let a man meditate on the syllable Om."

This precept you may possibly consider more concise than clear. In a note thereunto appended, however, the meaning of meditation on the syllable Om is thus expounded:

"Meditation on the syllable Om consisted in a long repetition of that syllable with a view of drawing the thoughts away from other subjects, and thus concentrating them on some higher object of thought, of which that syllable was to be made the symbol."

Om-m-m-m-m! Hum-m-m-m-m! These syllables are evidently much the same, and the long repetition of one makes a sound very nearly like that of the other. You occasionally hear it uttered in unison by British Nonconformists of the humbler class sitting under an energetic minister, such as Mr. STIGGINS.

"This concentration of thought the Hindus called one-pointedness."

That is to say, the concentration of thought upon the single point, Om. It is difficult, with unassisted vision, to see the point of that monosyllable; but behold it pointed out:—

"He who meditates on Om meditates on the spirit in man as identical with the spirit in nature, and thus the lesson is taught that none of the Vedas with their sacrifices and ceremonies could secure the salvation of the worshipper, but that meditation on the knowledge that is meant by Om can alone procure true salvation, or true immortality. Thus the pupil is led on step by step to what is the highest object of the Upanishads—viz., the recognition of the self in man as identical with the Highest Self, or Brahman."

"OURS" AND HOURS.

THE Cavalry Barracks at Knightsbridge are perfect, with the exception of one insignificant detail. The quarters of officers and men could not be better, and the horses seem to be thoroughly satisfied with their stables. The riding-school is admirable, and the mess-rooms and ante-rooms are quite too awfully æsthetic. And yet, to speak plainly, the place is scarcely up to the time of day. There is, to be sure, a magnificent clock-tower, containing an equally magnificent clock, but both tower and clock are so placed that the occupants of the barracks can see neither. It is rumoured that the regimental challenge has become a chronic "What's o'clock?" and the standing counter-sign, "Wait a moment, while I run out and see!" In fact, there has been so much shouting in connection with attempts to learn the hour at Knightsbridge, that the gallant tenants of the new barracks are likely to be permanently known, in spite of the periodical changes of the "Lifes" to "Blues," and "Blues" to "Lifes," as the Royal *Horse* Guards!

Anatomy at Fault.

"FALSE ribs" are defined in the Anatomical Manuals to be those "which have only one attachment." Allowing that all Women, as descendants of our first "rib," EVE, partake of her nature, this definition is unsatisfactory. In the existing state of Society, false ribs are those with more than one attachment.

CONSERVATIVE REJOICINGS.—Round the May-poll at Oxford.

AN APPALLING CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—A Screw'd Proctor!

When the Boashmen were on view some years ago at the Egyptian Hall, their exhibitor being asked by a spectator whether they possessed any object of adoration, replied, "No, Sir; every one of them believes himself to be the Superior Being." Perhaps this was what they had brought themselves to by a practice essentially the same as that of meditating on the syllable Om. Brahmin and Boashmen seem very much alike, especially Boashmen.

Ecclesiastical historians mention a sect of enthusiasts, named *ομφαλόφυχοι*, "men whose souls were in their navels," so called from being accustomed to get into trances by concentrating their attention on the umbilical centre. Do not the *ομφαλόφυχοι* seem to have practised a sort of meditation on Om?

At the conclusion of the Eleusinian mysteries the initiated were dismissed with the words *κόγτ' ομωτ*. Is the first syllable of *ομωτ* identical with Om, and if so, what does *κόγτ'* mean? "Conk" means "nose." In uttering those two mystic words, used the hierophants to apply their thumbs to the ends of their noses? That action suited to those words might then be conjectured to mean, "All my nose;" or much the same as "All my eye." Now Om, as we have seen, is convertible with Hum, and Hum is actually spoken Om by an Italian talking English, who pronounces our ordinary slang synonym for imposture Ombog. What, therefore, the Eleusinian mystagogue really said, in mystic speech, when he sent the mystified about their business, with a valediction which he wished them to take for a blessing, was probably "All Humberg!" Hence it would seem that the root of Humberg, in the Indo-European language, is the syllable Om.

WHAT SIR WILLIAM DID NOT PROPHECY.—That he would be Hauled out of his Seat at Oxford.

ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE.

SECOND VISIT (CONTINUED).

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)



No. 131. "*No Deception*." G. D. LESLIE, R.A. A stage peasant, out for a holiday, performs the Bowl of Fish Trick in the open air. All so nice and clean, and tidy and pretty. The Ladies in the porch say, "Oh, yes, we know how it's done; we've seen it before! Do go away, before Papa comes home!"

No. 141. *Preparing for the Festa*. HENRY WOODS. It sounds unpleasantly like making a bread-poultice. On

reading the title, and seeing the picture, this idea is dispelled.

No. 145. *Goathland Mill, Whitby Moors*. ROSE MARSHALL. What are Whitby Moors? Descendants of Moors washed white? or Provincial Christy Minstrels? Or are Whitby Moors any relation to Digby Chicks?

No. 147. *Cross and Crescent*. H. FABER BLUMEN. Perhaps one of the aforesaid Whitby Moors going to Bath. The Whitby Moor looks cross; and as he is standing by the water, he may be sniffing the water-cross-scent. (N.B.—Read the quotation in the H. R. A. Guide. Don't spare more than a quarter of an hour in trying to apply it, and pass on.)

No. 155. *Follow My Leader*. G. A. STOREY, A. Follow my miss-leader, apparently. It represents a scene in Colwell Hatchney on the festival of Founder's Day. Keep your eye on the boy at the back, who has cleverly got himself mixed up with the screen, in order to avoid observation. All young familiar faces—merry models. STOREY, like History, repeats himself.

No. 161. Tableau representing a theatrical pic-nic, with "property" pie and papier mâché plates. The only thing likely to be really stuffed is the dog. H. T. WELLS, R.A.

No. 169. "*Ticklish Times*." ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. "I'll go in," said the little Eastern; "but please don't tickle, it's not fair."

No. 170. "*Tottie*"; or, *the Child's Silent Protest*. W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS. "Look here," the child's eye seems to say. "I'm dressed up quite enough already, but you don't expect me to wear this white coat and rug that are lying on this chair—now, do you? If you do, you're more of a Herodian than a Christian, SYMONS."

No. 184. *Before the Battle*; or, *What a Confounded Nuisance!* JOHN PETTIE, R.A. The Knight, just "Before the Battle, Mother," finds that his armour pinches him over the instep, so that he can't walk, much less run. The armourer-shoemaker is sent for, who says, "Yes, I see, Sir, where it is; I'll let you have it back to-morrow." But it's too late; his regiment is assembling, and his company is requested immediately.

No. 199. *After Annibal Scratchy*. J. R. REID.

No. 200. "*Hard Lines*." C. W. COPE, R.A.

No. 211. "*Captives of His Bow and Spear*." PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. Evidently a very polite person to Ladies, whom he has captivated with his bow. The nearest kneeling figure is, however, giving him the cold shoulder, with which, strangely enough, he appears much pleased.

No. 212. *Portrait of the Painter*; or, *Watts His Name*. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

No. 218. *A Solo*; or, *Millais by Himself*. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 224. *Eighteenpence An Hour*; or, *A Ride on a Camel*. FRANK GOODALL, R.A.

No. 225. *Ladies' Compartment, First-class Carriage*. Engaged. A Tiresome Journey. ALFRED ELMORE, R.A.

No. 229. Somebody, who has been told he is so like the Prince of WALES, goes to a Fancy Dress Ball made up as H.R.H.; and he really is not very unlike him. J. BASTIEN LEPAGE.

No. 230. *Leading Strings*. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. A taking Picture, full of life and colour; but what a misleading title! Every-one acquainted with Mr. HORSLEY's love of music, only exceeded by his devotion to painting, would expect from the title of "*Leading Strings*" a collection of portraits of eminent violinists, beginning with Herr JOACHIM, with SAINTON and other *chefs d'attaque*. This is what "*Leading Strings*" should have led to.

No. 247. "*Ought we to Visit her?*" W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A. Mr. DOBSON calls it "*Mignon*," and "*What's the meanun' of it?*" ask the Cockneys. Anyhow we oughtn't to visit her.

No. 249. *His Grace*. JOHN PETTIE, R.A. Very light-headed person. Look at his hair. Is there an "e" omitted in the title? Ought it to be "*his Grease*"?

No. 268. *Hand and Glove*; or, *His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury*. GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. Here's the Archbishop, but where's his Grace? The Guide informs us the picture was "*painted for Lambeth Palace*." Everybody thought it was intended for the Archbishop, as it is more like him than Lambeth Palace. The style of the Artist is to be traced in every detail, specially in the nose, which is quite a Richmond bridge. The situation seems to be, "*Bother it! here I am dressed for a Court ceremonial, and I've only got one lavender kid glove!*"

"Oh where, and oh where is my little kid glove?"

Oh where on earth can it be?

With its fingers long and its buttons strong,

That I bought for two-and-three!"

Then it occurs to him that, being all right for one hand, he might buy an odd glove, as he goes along, "*second-hand*." This is an example of "*Doctrinal Economy*."

No. 275. *King Henry the Sixth, Part II., Act III. sc. 2. The Death of Gloster*. SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. To quote *Justice Shallow*—"The same Sir JOHN, the very same," and long may he be so. If this scene were on the stage, the defunct Duke at back would not be the real *Gloster*, but a double-*Gloster*. Notice the characteristic central figure of *Cardinal Beaufort*, in a sort of REMBRANDT glow, "all hot," the very impersonation of the Churchman who "loved the flesh," and who "delighted in broils"—as do many modern ecclesiastics—specially at breakfast. The horror of the situation has partially driven the colour from his damask cheeks, and left the tip of his nose a deepened sun-set red. Yet he feels that he is satisfied; that after going through a *menu* of evil courses, he has had his knife into the genuine *Gloster*, and now there is nothing left for himself but his own desserts. In spite of the excellence of all the other characters, the *Cardinal* is the central fire with which SIR JOHN has scored a hit.

No. 283. *Portrait of one of the Inferior Clergy turning his back on a distant See*. GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. N.B.—Examine the landscape. Very imprudent of him to come out on a bleak moor, without either hat or overcoat. It may be considerate for his parishioners, as he is sure to catch cold, and won't be able to preach on Sunday. And where was RICHMOND when the Curate went out?

No. 286. *Dutch Boat Becalmed*. CHARLES THORNEY. Pooh! Dutch Boat be-blown!

No. 303. *A Ram-shackle sort of affair*. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

No. 315. "*Cuckoo!*" JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Out for a lark, but satisfied with a Cuckoo. Delightful picture of a pair of kids about seven-and-three-quarters.

AFFIDAVIT AND AFFIRMATION.

AN Agnostic you call yourself, do you? Why loth, When such is your creed, to be put on your oath? Can an oath in your system be more than mere patter; And from that point of view what does taking it matter?

Yet to taking an oath why confine your negation, While accepting a solemn, so-called, affirmation? If unto the former there's no respect due, What solemnity, pray, has the latter for you?

After all, you're perhaps not quite sure of the ground Upon which you object by an oath to be bound, Have a conscience too timid for telling a lie, And but doubt the belief you profess to deny.

UNPARLIAMENTARY BEHAVIOUR.—That Mr. BRADLAUGH cannot take his seat in the House without swearing (*vide* Committee's Report).

COWPER'S "TASK."—To govern Ireland.

ERRATUM.—In the legend to our last week's cut, "*By Implication*," "trackle" should have been printed "hackle," and "Thomen" "Thornen."



A HOPEFUL CASE.

Patient. "THEN, ACCORDING TO YOU, DOCTOR, IN ORDER TO LIVE AT ALL, I MUST GIVE UP ALL THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Doctor. "I'M AFRAID SO—AT LEAST FOR A FEW YEARS."

Patient. "PERHAPS YOU'D RECOMMEND ME TO MARRY?"

Doctor (a confirmed Bachelor). "OH NO! COME, MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS ALL THAT, YOU KNOW!"

MORE MEN OVERBOARD!

It is Mr. PLIMSOLL, and not the Hon. CHARLES VIL-
LIERS—Derby, and not Wolverhampton—that will provide
the life-buoy for our "Man Overboard," of last week,
the Right Hon. W. V. HARCOURT. There is another
man overboard since then, Mr. M'LAREN, the Lord
Advocate, flung over by the Wigtown Burghs.

If this goes on, the Government Ship will be getting
short-handed, or a system of seats that won't sink will
have to be adopted, like that advocated for our ocean
and river steam-boats.

It is not every Minister cast adrift without a seat to
float him that can expect to find a PLIMSOLL ready to
surrender his seat to him, as a generous east-away has
been known to surrender his spar to a messmate whose
life he thought more important than his own.

Mr. PLIMSOLL thinks the cause he has at heart will
be better served by what Sir W. V. HARCOURT can do
for it in the House than by any efforts of his own there.
So he hands over his seat to the Home Secretary
battling with the waves without a spar, and himself
goes down, without a sigh, to the depths of private life!

The act becomes Mr. PLIMSOLL. Impulsive he may
have been, but his impulses were always generous and
self-sacrificing. The ending of his parliamentary life
is consistent with its tenor; it shows more consideration
for his cause than for himself.

Gain and Loss,

SHOULD venerable BOODLES disappear,
Now Boodlers must turn beggars and not choosers,
Whate'er his seeming triumph, it is clear,
That GAINER will be heaviest of losers!

"FORM, RIFLEMEN, FORM."

AND very "good form" it seems to have been, by the
official reports, at Brighton on Easter Monday.

ADDITION TO THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A QUAKERS'
WEDDING.—Friends will please to accept this intimation.

A SEASONABLE WISH.—May Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT
win his Derby!

ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE.

THIRD VISIT.

(By "Private View," of the R.A. Volunteer Corps.)

A Hint from Your Own Private Guide.—The Academy is crowded.
Turn to the right on entering, and commence with Gallery No. X.
You will then start cool and comfortable; and, with an unruffled
temper, you will arrive at Gallery No. I. Let us begin with Gal-
lery X. to-day:—

No. 1410. *Mrs. J. Major.* G. POPE. Having succeeded with
Mrs. J. MAJOR, the Artist may be induced, next year, to try Mrs.
D. MINOR. If he has luck, it may be D "on the line."

No. 1413. *Motes in the Sunbeam.* ALFRED W. HUNT. Allow
me to suggest a companion picture, "Castles in the air;" or the two
mixed together, as "A Castle in Ayr, surrounded by a moat on a
Sunbeam." So mote it be.

No. 1414. *Ophelia.* ANNA LEA MERRITT. What's in a name?
Merritt undoubtedly. The theatrical perruquier, from whom this
Ophelia hired her wig, ought to be ashamed of himself. Fortunately
for him, his name is not in the Catalogue.

No. 1425. *Wards in Chancery.* JOHN MORGAN. Not quite
colour enough in this picture. Does the Lord Chancellor wear a
scarlet robe when hearing two Wards argue their own cause in his
private-room? Isn't it rather a scene from some private theatricals,
or after a *bal masqué*? Judging from appearances, the longer these
Wards are kept in Chancery, the better.

No. 1432. *The Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's.* GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A. Profile only, showing one side
of the character. Observe the High-Church-light on his temple.
View of Richmond in the distance.

No. 1433. *Deputation of Villagers Presenting a Wedding Gift.*
JAMES HAYLLAR. Model villagers. Six of them have saved up
their money and bought a silver cup. They are evidently very
peculiar people. Observe the satin smocks of the two oldest inhabi-
tants.

No. 1439. *Early Morning: Venice.* CLARA MONTALBA. If CLARA
goes on at this rate, it will be *clara—clarior—clarissima!*

No. 1442. *Mr. Worrall.* CHAS. BRAGGER. He may be a Bragger
after producing such a likeness!

No. 1456. *For Ever!* HERBERT SCHMALTZ. "Don't you feel well?"
said the Lady in the yellow dress to the musician. "Let me see if
there is any green in your eye." She examined it closely, and then
observed, "Perhaps my dress has made you feel a little bilious. It
can't be helped; it's the only one I've got, and I'm going to wear it
for ever!"

No. 1481. *A Difficult Passage.* CARL SCHLOSSER. No. 1482. *Mrs. George Lewis.* RUDOLPH LEHMANN. The position of these two
pictures do credit to the dramatic instinct of the Hanging Committee.
The old Gentleman living at No. 1481 is playing a difficult passage
on the piano, and the Lady residing next door, No. 1482, is listening
with evident pleasure to the performance which she can distinctly
hear through the wall. Both Artists are to be congratulated.

No. 1505. *A Summer Flood: North Wales.* B. W. LEADER. This
will be a great favourite with children who will call it "a sweet
picture," reminding them forcibly of lemon cream and rock.

No. 115. *Race to Market.* TAHITI, *Society Islands.* N. CHEVALIER.
Queer sort of Society on these Islands. They really want a "dress-
ing" from a Society Journal.

No. 139. *Evangeline.* G. H. BOUGHTON, A. "Charming single
figure," as Mr. BLACKBURN justly observes in his capital illustrated
Guide. She oughtn't to be single; but, of course, *Evangeline* is
wedded to a Six-foot Hexameter. "I didn't know *Evangeline* was
so tall," said a young Lady. "Nor so green either," said Private
View, quoting the *mot* about CANNING's statue.

No. 142. *Sister's Kiss.* SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Second title,
"Go it, my Tu-lips!" The President's best this time.

No. 231. *Multiplication.* KATE PERUGINI. Arithmetical table-
turning. A spirited picture.

No. 304. *One of the Family.* F. G. COTMAN. This represents,
hoss-tensibly, asking a horse in to dinner. The young woman in the
corner is telling it the menu, so that the picture illustrates "The
Carte before the Horse."



Inebriate (who had somehow been precipitated from the top of Tram-Car). "WHA-SH MARR'E!—COLLISZE'N!"

Bystanders and Passengers. "No!"

Inebriate. "'XSHFLOSH'N!"

Bystander and Passengers. "No!"

Inebriate. "CAR OFF RAILSH!"

Bystanders and Passengers. "No!"

Inebriate (with grave composure). "THEN, IF I'D KNOW'L'T, I WOU—WOU—WOULD'L'T HA' GORE OUT!"

No. 360. *H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.* AUGUSTUS SAVILE LUMLEY. *Ecce Signum!*

No. 481. *H. C. Okeover, Esq., of Okeover Hall.* J. E. HODGSON, R. A. Elect. This portrait justifies Mr. Hodgson as one of the elect. Okeover Hall is, of course, 'All over oak. Mr. OKEOVER himself appears a little surprised at something. What is it? Is Okeover Hall haunted?

No. 482. Apparently the Lord Mayor at Margate, in the olden time, seeing a man in armour bathe (but consult the Catalogue). ROBT. HILLINGFORD.

No. 490. *The Last Days of Edward The Sixth.* ANDREW C. GOW. Very much obliged for the information conveyed in the title, which, at first sight, looks like a theatrical advertisement, announcing the final matinées of some successful historical piece. The unenlightened spectator would imagine, from the picture itself, that several cruel mediæval people had got a young invalid at a window, whence they were trying to "pitch him over" in answer to the clamorous demands of the populace below. The Last Days of EDWARD THE SIXTH must have been peculiarly uncomfortable ones for the person most interested.

No. 625. *Injyable Injia; or, Ruling the Roast.* VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. Scene in an Imperial Indian Circus. Distribution of prizes for the best conundrum. All hot! All hot! From a distance of three rooms off you can see this splendid Indian Pickle Show, which represents the Rajahs, the Maharajahs, the Pickle-jars, Begums and Begoshes, the Grand Chutnees, the Guikwars, the Jam-jam-jelly-bhoys, the Tom-Toms, the Indian Drums, the Great Panjam Drums, and the distinguished JARGEAR GUSTUS SALAR JUNG himself, assembled in Durbar, for which artistic triumph over intense difficulties the Artist has been invested with the historic title of The Great Daubhar of India. It is all glaring sun-light; the Indian Potentates look as brown and as hot as chestnuts a-roasting; and if even there were a shadow of a doubt thrown on the success of the scene, it would be felt as an immense relief to the sweltering concourse. In the centre are the professional Trump Players, who are invariably engaged for an Imperial Indian Rubber. Altogether quite an Imperial Valentine, and a work of praiseworthy Hindoostroy.

No. 948. *The Armada in Sight.* SEYMOUR LUCAS. Excellent title! So appropriate—as just the one thing that is not in sight is the Armada!

No. 1012. *Old Actors.* F. SMALLFIELD. PEG WOFFINGTON visits Manager RICH, and finds him in a rare position for a Manager—cultivating the *Mews*. Tabby or not Tabby.

No. 1026. *A Picture of Indigestion.* EDW. LADELL.

No. 1031. *Tragedy.* F. D. HARDY. Tragedy! I should think so. A party of seven—having come "with an order"—have been crammed into a private-box intended for four people only. Notice the two Gentlemen at the back. The one in the remote distance, who can't possibly see anything, without being rude, is wishing he hadn't come, and wonders if he can get away. It is a Tragedy.

No. 1046. *Out with her Beau.* G. A. STORREY, A. Portrait of a burlesque actress in classical costume about to make a hit.

No. 1072. *The Girl I Left Behind Me.* CHAS. GREEN. Nonsense! The subject of the picture is evidently the girl I can't leave behind me, because she will come. She is sticking to him like wax. Green as the Artist is, he ought to know better than to so mis-call his picture.

The Derby in a Nutshell.

(By Mr. Punch's Monosyllabic Contributor.)

UP! Fed! Off! Crush! Place! Train! Cards! Cheats! Row! There! Plod! Hill! Mud! Mob! Noise! Roughs! Rags! Drags! Lunch! Pops! Swells! Cads! Sweeps! Ring! Bets! Bell! Dog! Race! Hush! Roar! Howl! End! Sell! Wine! On! Dolls! Crush! Smash! Home! Boots! Bed!

Next Day.—B. and S., lots!!

ONE AND THE SAME.

ADOPTING PAR-NELL'S LEADERSHIP—(By the Irish National Party)
—As good as its Knell.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 29, 1880.



THE WEALTH OF YOUNG LOVE.

THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS.



So *Punch* takes leave to re-christen EDWARD FORDHAM FLOWER, one of the biggest-bodied, biggest-souled, and best-looking men in London, on the strength of his present crusade for the comfort of his fellow-dwellers in London.

He had already fought, and substantially won, a good fight for the Horses, in his *Bits and Bearing Reins*. He has now set himself to a task not less hard and not less urgent, the improvement of the paving of the London streets, miscalled "Macadamised."

MACADAM was a long-headed Scotch road-surveyor at Bristol, who died in 1836 at the age of eighty-one, and deserved to have inscribed on his monument—

"He found England's roads cobble-stone, and left them Macadam."

He thought and worked out the great and simple truth that the best way to make a smooth and durable road was to use for road-metal six-ounce stones that would pass through a two-inch gauge; he having proved by long and wide experiment these to be the stones best fitted to unite, by their own angles, without any use of sand or gravel, into a compact and impenetrable body.

Mr. FLOWER knew this sagacious Scotchman, who reformed the whole system of road-making, not in England only, but all over the world, wherever there are roads, and was but poorly paid for it by a Parliamentary grant of £2000, and the ultimate repayment of his expenses out of pocket.

He lived to see his principles everywhere adopted.

Had he lived till now, it would have been to see these principles nominally followed, but practically shirked, by nine out of ten of our road-contractors, and the violation winked at by almost as large a proportion of our road-surveyors.

It serves the contractor's interests to supply stones of a pound weight instead of six ounces, and of three-inch, instead of two-inch gauge, and to fill up the hollows left between such "base metal" with gravel, to be crushed flat by the steam-roller, worked up by the traffic, washed out by the rain, and finally carted off with the road-scrappings.

Then hey! for the hills and hollows all know so well, who travel London roads on wheels,—the horses, who pull carts and carriages, even more to their cost than the men who drive them and ride behind them!

Mr. FLOWER has devoted himself, at cost of much money, time, and trouble, to the exposure of these malpractices. They lie at the bottom of the dissatisfaction that now finds expression in the doubtful substitution of asphalt and costly wood, for cheap, durable, and useful Macadam. They are one main cause of the burden of

heavy road-rates, the bother of constant road-repairs, and the discomforts of rough road-riding.

And shall not the man who sets himself to right this wrong, who in his capital sixpenny pamphlet *The Stones of London* (published by CASSELL), has given us a likeness of MACADAM, a history of his road-reform, and an account of the gradual divergence from his admirable "*antiqua via*," made of stones of six-ounce weight and two-inch gauge, till our streets have become the rough and costly horse-traps that we know—shall not EDWARD FORDHAM FLOWER have his statue set up in the pages of *Punch* at least, if not in some great London thoroughfare, to keep contractors in check and surveyors at their work, as "the Colossus of Roads!"

Behold it here! It remains for our Vestries and District Boards to do their best to second his efforts by propagating his pamphlet, and putting in practice sound principles of road-making and right methods of road-repair.

THE DERBY LUNCH.

Gladstone. Well, here we are!

Hartington.

It's been a precious pull.

Granville. I feel quite empty.

Gladstone.

Well, the hamper's full.

Hartington. Full!—yes; but what a luncheon!

Gladstone.

My dear HARTY,

I did not plan it; 'twas that other Party.

They never started, and we got their hamper.

Hartington. Humph! A bad Derby feed's a regular damper.

Gladstone. It is, dear boy, and, trust me, I should never

Have laid in such a luncheon.

Gipsy (aside, ironically).

Ain't we clever?

Hah! Humble Pie's about the mark for you,

My ancient joker, or an Irish Stew.

Granville. There's lots of it, but everything comestible

Seems precious tough and deuced indigestible.

Hartington. How ever shall we manage to get through it?

Gipsy (aside). Jest hand it here, my Swells, and twig me do it!

I'd bolt the blooming lot like winking.

Granville.

Well,

It isn't taking to the sight or smell,

But we must make the best of it.

Gladstone.

Just so.

Next year it shall be nicer.

Gipsy (aside).

Shall it, though?

Don't be too cocksure, my old cove!

Harcourt (coming up dry and dusty).

I say,

Give us a drink. I'm parched.

Gipsy (chuckling).

Ah! he looks gay!

Granville. What, HARCOURT! Well, dear boy, you do look dusty!

Ha! ha!

Harcourt.

There, stow your chaff.

Granville.

Come, don't be crusty.

Harcourt. Have just walked over. Do let's have some fizz.

Grant Duff. Won't Cyprus do?

Harcourt.

No, MORT'S.

Grant Duff.

Here it is.

Sorry we haven't got some HALL'S Entire.

I know you like that tap.

Hartington.

How you perspire!

Harcourt (savagely). Why so would you, if you had trudged from town.

Hall (as Toul). My noble Sportsman, let me brush you down.

Done yer afore at Oxford. Recollect?

Harcourt. I say, will no one wring that rascal's neck?

Gladstone. Come, come! cheer up, Sir WILLIAM! And you chaps,

Don't be too prompt to chuckle at mishaps.

We may meet more of them.

Hartington.

I say, no croaking!

With such a smart turn-out 'twould be provoking

To have a spill.

Granville.

Depends upon the Whip.

Gladstone. Well, I have tooled you down without a slip,

Haven't I?

Hartington.

Humph! Some precious narrow shaves.

You're such a Jehu!

Gladstone.

He who never braves

A sleekish thing will never make a driver

Of aught but donkeys.

Granville.

Well, the sly contriver

Of the sweet joke of leaving us this lunch

Was a mad wag. A Mammoth's teeth might crunch

This Indian Pasty.

Hartington.

Fancy getting merry

On this South-African—D'ye call it Sherry?

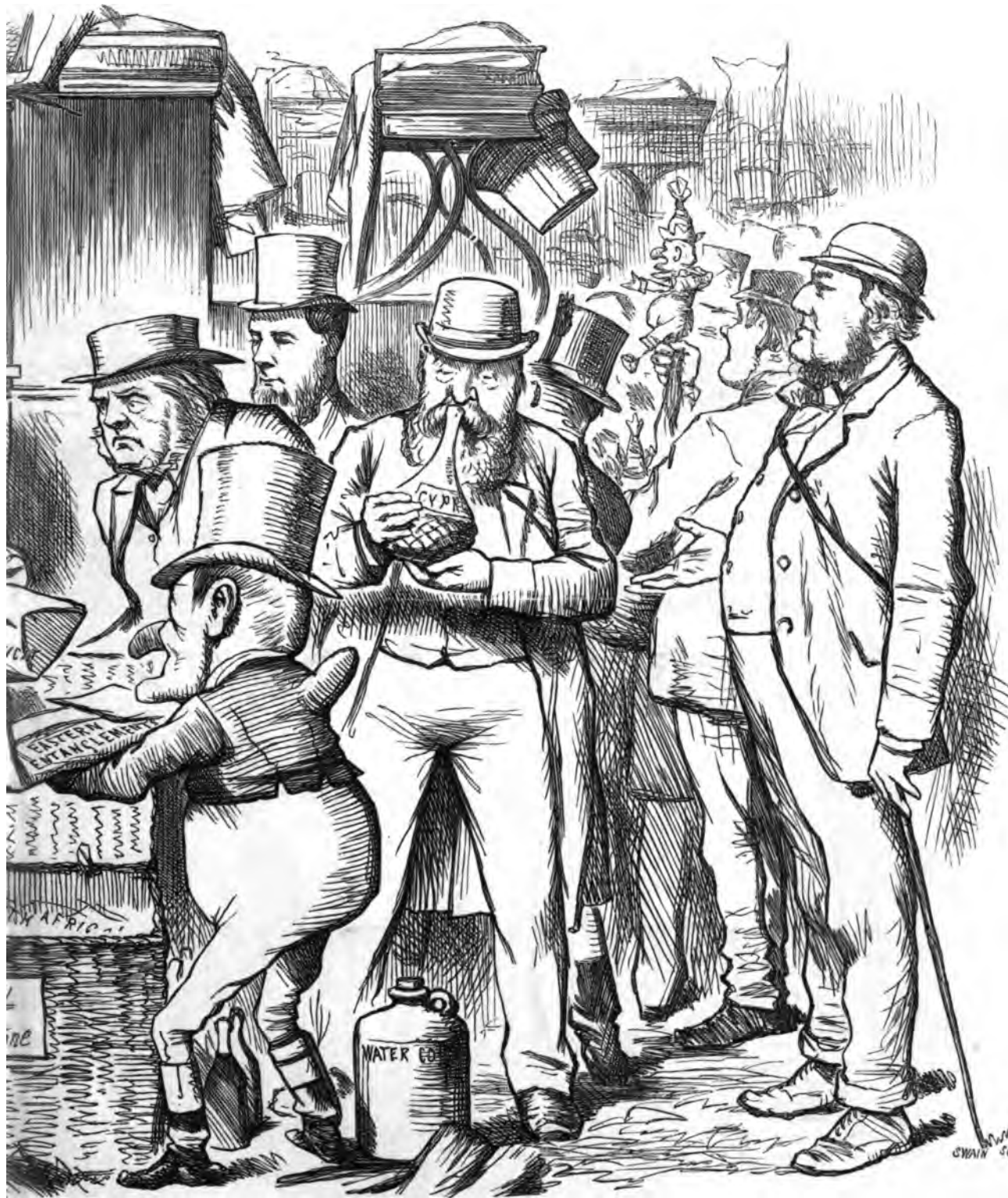


GIPSY QUEEN. "LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN.
AH, YOU'VE A WICKED EYE!"

THE DERB

HARTINGTON. "HULLO! HERE'S A
FOR THAT OTHER PARTY!"

GRANVILLE. "INDIGESTIBLE, I'M AF
OF IT!"



Y LUNCH!!

PRECIOUS LUNCH! IT WAS MEANT
RAID—BUT WE MUST MAKE THE BEST

HARCOURT. "I SAY, YOU FELLOWS, DO GIVE US SOME WINE! I'VE JUST
WALKED OVER!"

CHILDERS. "WELL, YOU WON'T LIKE THE FLAVOUR OF *THIS* TAP!—
ALMOST AS BAD AS HALL'S ENTIRE!"

Grant Duff. Or this confounded Cyprus, or bad Porte.
Gipsy (aside). Crab it and swallow it! Just like your sort!
 Better than Gladstone Claret.

Gladstone. Well, we're here.
 And though the prog's unwholesome, tippie queer—
 Here's luck, dear boys! No heel-taps, no wry faces!
 Next year, I'll cater.

Gipsy (aside). Yah! At next year's races
 You mayn't be in it, p'raps. You can't tool steady.
 The 'osses have begun to shy already.

(*Aloud, to Gladstone.*)
 My pretty Gentleman, do let me try
 To tell your fortune. You've a wicked eye!

Gladstone (solemnly). Ribald impostor, hush!
Harcourt (peremptorily). Now, you get out!

Gipsy (jeeringly). You can't get in!
Gladstone (briskly). Well, put the wine about!

'Tis just seven years since we were here together,
 And though the luncheon is queer, 'tis glorious weather!
 [*Left making the best of it.*]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, May 20.—To-day the new Coach started for the Session from the Queen's Head, St. Stephen's, Westminster, with everything in spruce, spick, and span order; WILLIAM, the old whip, on the box; HARTINGTON as guard, to look after the drag; the way-bill satisfactory, every seat booked, and all, let us hope, promising and presaging a pleasant and prosperous season!

To be sure, there have been a couple of spills, before starting,—but what is that among so many? HARCOURT has got a "leg up" already, and M'LAREN, let us hope, won't have to wait for one long.

The Queen's Speech?—Well, it was dull in prose—in rhyme *Punch* can't promise it will be livelier, though shorter it certainly shall be.

With the Treaty of Berlin we no more will play the fool,
 But mean to insist on a little less cry, and a little more (Berlin) wool;
 To which end with the Powers of Europe we hope to concert measures,
 And not wait, any more, on the Sultan's and Pashas' wills and pleasures!
 And, lest this should not suit LAYARD, we have had the happy notion
 Of converting Stamboul, that land of death into a land of GOSCHEN.

For the Afghanistan mess we'll rig the best stags that can be rigged for it;
 Look into the Indian Deficit, and see who ought to be wigged for it.
 Do what we can in South Africa to promote Confederation,
 And not take our hand off the Transvaal, through regard for that favoured nation.

Trade let us hope, is looking up, though the revenue doesn't show it.
 That we've little time left for making laws, I need hardly say, as you know it.
 But we mean to try and keep Irish peace without measures of coercion,
 Seeing that they chiefly serve 'gainst the law to keep up aversion.
 We hope to bury the Burials row, by giving Dissenters permission
 To be buried anywhere with the forms for which they make provision.
 We must renew the Ballot Act, and if Time but gives us tether,
 We mean to giv "fur" to the Tenants, while keeping the Landlords in "feather."

Fix employers' liability for damage to those they employ;
 And give all Borough-votes in Ireland who such votes would here enjoy.

Such is about the sum and substance of HER MAJESTY'S gracious Speech, over which the Ins and the Outs sat down, like Millennial Lions and Lambs, for a playful picking of holes that was more like fun than fighting.

But first there was the usual Moving and Seconding of the Address: done in the Lords by Lord ELGIN livelyly, and by Lord SANDHURST lamely: in the Commons, by Mr. ALBERT GREY, gaily and glibly, and by Mr. HUGH MASON, glumly and grimly; and then the Duke of MARLBOROUGH and Lord BEACONSFIELD, in the Lords, did the due amount of warning and verbal criticism, provoking the pleasant and prompt counter-sparring that might be anticipated from so accomplished a master of the noble art of self-defence as Lord GRANVILLE. The same offices of the opening night were discharged in the Commons, by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE for Her Majesty's Opposition, and Mr. GLADSTONE for Her Majesty's Government.

Only Mr. O'CONNOR POWER insisted on interrupting the harmony of the evening by a silly Amendment, turning on the omission from the Speech of all allusion to the Irish Landlord-and-Tenant difficulty, though everybody, even Mr. PARNELL, admitted that no dealing with the matter could have been possible in this fag-end of a Session.

Still the Home-Rulers must do something to justify their existence, so they divided 47 to 300. Much good may it do them. Let them, by all means, take for their motto "*Divide et non impera!*" if they like it.

Folly for Folly.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Berlin:—

"The Czar has forbidden the inhabitants of Libau to export wheat to China."

If the Emperor of CHINA is a very great fool, perhaps he will forbid the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire to export tea to Russia. But perhaps the Chinese monarch is too wise to be persuaded by Protectionist Mandarins or other stupid counsellors to make bad worse, by resorting to self-depriving Retaliation under the name of Reciprocity.

ADOLPHUS ON THE DERBY.



! THERE are some things—aw—don't you know,
 That tax a fellah's brains to spot.
 Horse-racin' now's a sort of show
 That's really little short of rot.

I like to see the fillies run

With graceful bounds along the course,
 Their flanks all shinin' in the sun.

There's nothin' prettier than a horse—

Exceptin' p'raps a pretty gurl

With fetahin' eyes and creamy akin,
 And gold-brown hair inclined to curl,
 And—aw—hum, well—and lots of tin!

But if a fellah's got a fad

To run his nag for stakes or fun,

Why need a beastly howlin' cad

Keep yellin' "Two to one bar one"?

And why should pale quill-drivin' snobs,

With groggy knees and pimply gills,

Who don't know racin' tite from coobs,

Come here in droves to chew their quills?

Of course the pimples ain't their faults;

But chemists live in all the towns.

Why don't they take some Epsom Salts,

And keep away from Epsom Downs?

Then gipseas singin'. Well, that's right—

Horse-chantin' is their reg'lar trade;

But why should sportamen take delight

In hearin' niggers serenade?

Black-legs, now, might be in the race,

And sportamen's hands ain't always clean;

But what's a dirty lamp-black face

To do with Horse? What does it mean?

The three-card trick's all very well;

Aunt Sally, too, wants skill and force;

But will some fellah kindly tell

What's all this got to do with Horse?



THE OLD JOCK UP AGAIN.



"IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BELLE!"

THE SCENE DEPICTED ABOVE IS NOT SO TRAGIC AS ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE. IT MERELY REPRESENTS THAT BEST OF HUSBANDS, JONES, HELPING THE LOVELY MRS. J. TO DIVEST HERSELF OF HER JERSEY.

THE OLD JOCK UP AGAIN.

Mr. Punch (Trainer) loquitur:—

WELL, WILLIAM, my plucky old man, I am glad
To see you once more in the saddle, of course;
But I hope you'll make use of the lesson you've had;
And not take too much, too soon, out of your horse.
Old Jock as you are, you've still need of the bit,
Take my tip; he's a donkey good counsel who spurns.
Mind, steady's the word when you steer the old tit,
And don't rush your hills, and hold hard at the turns!

You've "The Rad" to make running, he's good for the pace,
With young CHAMBERLAIN up, but he's only a boy;
Don't trust 'em too much, or they'll risk you the race;
Your own judgment and nerve you'll have to employ.
Don't be in a hurry to squander the field;
The course is a stiff one, your weight isn't light.
There'll be stayers behind who, be sure, will not yield
Without costing your colours a resolute fight.

Then the Irish Horse, WILLIAM, beware of that brute!
If he cannons he may knock you out of your stride.
PARNELL has the mount, but I don't think he'll suit;
I've not yet seen the Jock who Green Erin could ride.
Recollect that last spill, and be wary, deaf WILL;
We all know your prowess, none questions your pluck:
But "'tis dogged as does it," and strength without skill
Will not pay in the long run. Now off, and here's luck!

Idea for an Eisteddfodd.

MR. FLUELLEN AP THOMAS, has offered a prize of five-and-six-pence, and a cheese, for the best invective to be composed in the Cymric language in the form of an Ode against the impropriety of calling an insolvent sporting rogue and vagabond a "Welcher."

TO ANÆSTHESIA—SURE IF NOT SHORT CUTS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I SEE a correspondence in the columns of one of your contemporaries about "Insensibility to Anæsthetics." It was commenced by a Gentleman writing to say that "laughing gas" had no power to send him to sleep. This is not surprising. Why does he not try some stronger soporific, and on the other side of his mouth? Here is a list of excellent Anæsthetics quite at his service—the serious instead of the laughing order,

1. Sitting under the occupants of nine out of ten suburban pulpits.
2. Trying to attend to the reading of a night's papers at the Royal Society, or attempting to listen to a lecture at the Royal Institution from the Visitors' Gallery on a crowded Friday night.
3. Half an hour in the Patent Department of the South Kensington Museum.
4. An hour of solitary meditation in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.
5. Two hours with the Plaster Casts at the Crystal Palace.
6. An hour devoted to the contemplation of the Fish Tanks at the Westminster Aquarium.

The use of any one of these soporifics, or, at worst, any two of them taken in succession, should produce a state of utter insensibility. If, however, the patient by some inexplicable peculiarity of temperament still remain unaffected, let him take a course of two columns at a sitting of educational articles in any paper, daily or weekly, and if he does not *then* go to sleep, never again call me

Yours, knowingly,

WIDE AWAKE.

AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER.—The strictest orders have been issued, that no Ministerial Hamper at Epsom this week is to contain anything in the shape of a Sandwich.



RATHER TOO MUCH OF A TREASURE.

Lady (engaging Parlour-Maid). "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?"

Candidate (bridling). "WHICH I WERE CONSIDERED TOO GOOD LOOKING, MUM!—VISITORS WAS ALWAYS A TAKIN' ME FOR MISSIS, MUM!"

JUST IN TIME.

MR. PUNCH has reason to believe that at the moment when the criminal responsible for the late outrage at University College, Oxford, confessed his guilt, the Head of the College had under consideration the following "List of Pains and Penalties," with a view to the maintenance of discipline amongst the men under his control. They will now be reserved for further consideration.

CRIME.

Appearing in the High at prohibited hours without a cap and gown.

Refusing to attend Lectures.

Missing morning chapel.

Applying for an "ager" without sufficient reason.

Omitting to cap a Proctor.

Daring to smile impudently in the face of the Master himself!

PUNISHMENT.

Deprivation of pudding in Hall for three days.

A good wiggling from the Head for the first offence; a box on the ear by the Senior Tutor in Camera for the second; and restoration of the mediæval punishment of the rod in Hall before the Head and assembled members of the College for every repetition of the outrage.

Five days in the corner behind the high table during dinner time.

Bread and milk for a month, with daily confinement in the Scout's cupboard.

Immediate expulsion. Speedy diffusion of the news of the disgrace in all the leading papers, and infliction of a fine of £100 to £300 upon the culprit's parents, according to their means.

Too terrible for publication!

A FEW RACY PROVERBS.

Own man may take a horse to Epsom, but twenty won't make him win.

It is a long course that has no turning.

It is the early tout that picks up the tips.

A little knowledge of horse-racing is a dangerous thing.

What's the odds so long as you're happy?

Too many starts spoil the horse.

The better the race, the better the steed.

One man's horse takes another man's poison.

Every Derby day has its dog.

Think before you bet.

One man may back a horse, when another may not be able to hedge.

Be the race short, or be the race long,
A fool's book isn't worth an old song.

Your money on the right horse.

The worst of steeds must start.

The proof of the hamper is in the luncheon.

No horse like a dark horse.

There's many a slip 'twixt the spur and the whip.

A betting man dreads the wire.

Least laid is soonest paid.

Set a Jockey to catch a Jockey.

Turf tries all.

Beaconsfield to the Rescue!

PUNCH congratulates the Great Educator on the spirit of his address to his discomfited pupils at Bridgewater House on the 19th. Never was the "magic of patience" better inculcated, or more necessary. This is true Conservatism—whose motto should be, "Keep your temper, bide your opportunity, and conserve your patience till you can put it to profit." Such is Lord BEACONSFIELD's political strategy, briefly stated. Well may Lord BEACONSFIELD believe in "the Conservative working-man." Is he not himself the most working man among Conservatives, the most Conservative among working men?

A HINT FOR GOSCHEN.—To close the Eastern Question—*Fermez la Porte!*

SOLDIER AND SUTOR.

THERE lately appeared in the *Times* this characteristic example of "CAVALRY CRITICISM."

"SIR,—On looking at the equestrian statue of Lord NAPIER of Magdala (No. 1685) at the Royal Academy, I observe that the spur on his right heel is buckled in an impossible manner, the tongue being downwards instead of upwards. This will offend the eye of every cavalry soldier who looks at it, and has not even escaped that of

"Your obedient Servant,

"May 16."

"YEOMANRY ADJUTANT."

Though the writer of this is, as he would modestly say, "only" an Officer of Yeomanry, his criticism is worthy of any Cavalry Officer of the Line. The true military eye is ever apt to be offended by any mistake in details of such immense importance as a buckle or a button. This is quite right, so long as the gallant heroes stop there. It is to be hoped that the "YEOMANRY ADJUTANT" will be wise enough not to go beyond his spur in any future criticism he may venture on. Probably Mr. BOEHM knows as much about spurs and buckles as he does, and may have something to say on his view of this important question.

TOPSY-TURVEY COSMOGONY (*Evolutionist's Motto*).—"Spects I grow'd."

NOTE FOR THIS MERRY MONTH OF MAY.—Lilac lacking.

CULPA NOSTRA.—Punch owes, and hastens to pay, an apology to one for whom he feels the highest respect, GEORGE ELIOT. It was another Lady bearing the name of Mrs. G. H. LAWES, who lately married a Mr. CROSS. Punch regrets that a paragraph connecting GEORGE ELIOT's name with that marriage should have found a place in his columns.

*. Owing to press of matter, Mr. Punch is obliged to defer for this week the opening of ANTHONY DOLLOP's Novel, "The Beadle."

FRED ON PRETTY GIRLS AND PICTURES.



DEAR GUS,

I'm not top form at writing, but seeing you're laid by the leg—Beastly bother that cropper on *Bugler*!—that horse must have been a bad egg!—I will drop you some chat, as I promised. Don't look for TED's rattle, I beg!

Awful fellow that TED at his letters!—he writes for the *Scanmag*, you know; And his style never falls below "par."—Not my joke, heard him putting it so—And the "pars" in the *Scanmag*—he does them—are proper, and chock full of 'go.' Only paper I care to grind through, never preachy, or gushing, or slow!

"Terse and tart!" is TED's motto, he says; and he does touch 'em up, Gus, indeed!

"The *Slow* is the only Gehenna that's left in Society's Creed;" That's another of TED's apophth—Oh, come, I really can't spell it, old man! Means maxims, you know. Well, I think, having prowled from Beersheba to Dan,

That Society isn't far wrong. Dan, dear boy, was the Grosvenor, with me, And Beersheba was Burlington House, both as beastly slow holes as can be. Talk of valleys of Dry Bones! I tell you the specimens "down in Judea," Must have been precious dry to beat Bond Street on Saturday morning at three,

"Why go?" Well, the Scraggington girls, who are nuts upon "motives" and tones,—

Who go in for wasp-waists and Roserri—though he's a bit "fleshy," BELL owns, (Which is very much more than *she* is, for her flesh scarcely covers her bones,) And gush till their eyes grow like saucers concerning that fellow BURNES JONES—Are up, and I have to escort them, worse luck! Oh, dear boy, *how* I gape! Why there isn't one out of the three has a bit more of sense than of shape. If one of those paint-spilling chaps had a clothes-prop to pose and to drape With a few yards of tight-twisted serge, BELL would beat it for alimness and angles.

I give you my word I'm so sick of her sausage-skin dress and her bangles, Her voice which is always a gasp, and her hair which is always in tangles, I'd like, yes, by Jingo, to dose her with one of Medea's worst messes, Or choke the last "oh!" from her thorax with one of her own snaky tresses.

Art's rot. I've arrived at that sweeping conclusion by rigorous roads, And I'll stick to it, Gussey, my boy, though they prod me with critical goads. Pretty girls, nicely painted, I grant you, are all very well, in their way, Though one pretty girl on your arm is worth twenty on canvas, I say; But the deuce of it is they *aren't* pretty, these painters' she-creatures. A hag With a face like a sea-sick consumptive's, a neck that's a regular scrag, For a beauty is rather *too* rich; sets a fellow adrift to be told, By a similar guy in the flesh,—what there is of it—open and bold, That the pea-green presentment is Psycho or Venus. It strikes me, dear boy, Though classical trash and stone figures are things I could never enjoy, Those Greek fellows were far better form than to worship a woman whose skin Was the colour of stale sorrel soup, and whose hand was as limp as a fin.

No, the painters can't paint pretty girls. As for anything else, such as pigs, And babies, and buttercup gatherers, buffers in full-bottomed wigs, Rustics, female and male, digging things, in a style in which HOMER never digs, As though they were posed for a tableau, and stockingless ohits dancing jigs, Historical Swells in their war-paint, and landscapes all wheel-rucks and twigs—

It's all bread and butter and bunkum. Dare say there's some use for a saint, P'raps even for babies and boors, but I really don't think it's to paint. Bad enough to put up with such bores in the flesh, but to hang them in rooms, Where elbow spread's not to be had, and the skirts brush the dust up like brooms,

Till the small of one's back is one ache, and one's neck has a horrible crick,—Oh, it's just purgatorial penance, a draw in advance on Old Nick!

Art's rot! Give me Nature, dear boy, wearing "Sixes" but pretty and plump. The worst is that girls dress up now to the daubs of each dashed High Art Pump.

The lemon and sunflower lot, sour and gawky like GWENDA and GLADYS, They're two of the Scraggington girls—crack-jaw names the last final fad is—Are out of the race by a mile. I was looking with one, at a smudge,—

At least so the thing seemed to me, though I do not pretend I'm a judge,—
"How supremely intense!" groans the girl. "How intensely disgusting!" says I.
"You're a Philistine, FRED!" she remarks, with no end of contempt in her eye.
"But what is the subject?" "Oh! subject, in Art, is no object," she said.
"Gad, GLADYS," I cried, "there you're wrong, you are putting the tail for the head;
"I should say such an object as that is no subject for Art." But, dear boy,
A man with a fresh-broken leg is not likely this trash to enjoy.
We are going to Bond Street again, almost envy you stretched on your bed;
Four hours of MAKART and BURNES-JONES beats a fracture!
Yours, wearily,
FRED.

FIRES IN SURREY.

'ARRY's Spring depredations are confined to the Hawthorns and chestnuts. But Surrey is worse than 'ARRY. Its roughs are firing its commons, setting the gorse blazing over hundreds of acres, and leaving a blackened waste, where but now all was spring green and golden blossom.

This is mischief all the more irritating that it is either wanton and malicious, or the mask of other mischief more insidious and demoralising if less conspicuous. Some say that these fires are the work of poaching rogues who take this means of drawing keepers and cottagers in one direction, that they may pursue their little game of stealing pheasants' eggs in another. Others say it is the work of labourers irritated by curtailment of common privileges enjoyed so long that they had assumed the character of rights in the eyes of those who used them.

In any case these fires leave ugly scathes and scars on the face of the country at its fairest, and, worst of all, within the range of some of *Punch's* favourite walking and sketching haunts, all about Dorking, and Leith Hill, and Holmwood, with their wild stretches of fir-forest, and gorsy common, and lovely birch and beech copse. Only the other day we heard of a painter—a friend of the human race—whose house at Holmbury was with difficulty saved from the black jaws of one of these Surrey incendiary fires.

If only *Punch* could light upon the sneaking kindlers of these fires, how he would like to inflict summary justice on them, before handing them over to Mr. HARDMAN, the excellent Chairman of the Surrey Bench—the harder the man the better fitted to deal with such rascals!

Punch would be almost tempted to pitch a few of the scoundrels into their own fires. That would be at least giving bits of the waste to feed the flames!

PICKPURSES.

FROM some recent correspondence it appears that the thieves in our thoroughfares have lately turned their especial attention to "purse-snatching." For this ladies are described as offering every facility by a habit they have lately adopted of carrying their purses in their hands as they walk the streets. One observer declared that he and a friend, in the course of a walk from the Army and Navy Club to Grosvenor Square, counted no less than seventeen ladies thus carrying their purses. This fashion may have been suggested by the example of the legendary little pigs that ran about ready-roasted crying, "Come, eat me!" So, "Come, pick me!" is the cry of these purses in their fair owner's hands. Wearing your heart on your sleeve, for daws to peck at, is a practice which *Othello* condemns. What would the Moor have said to carrying your purse in your hand, for London thieves to "grab at?"

Quoth the Basuto.

"Am I not a man and a brother?"
Asked a Governor *Punch* could well spare.
"Nay," said the Basutos; "quite tother."
'Tis by name, not by nature, you're *Frere*."



A LOVE-AGONY. DESIGN BY MAUDLE.

(With Verses by Jellaby Postlethwaite, who is also said to have sat for the Picture.)

RONDEL.

So an thou be, that faintest in such wise,
With love-wan eyelids on love-wanton eyes,
Fain of thyself! I faint, adoring thee,
Fain of thy kisses, fainer of thy sighs,
Yet faintest, love! an thou wert fain of me,
So an thou be!

Yea, lo! for veriest faintness faint I, Sweet,
Of thy spare bosom, where no shadows meet,
And small strait hip, and weak delicious knee!
For joy thereof I swoon, and my pulse-beat
Is as of one that wasteth amorously,
So an thou be!

Shepherd art thou, or nymph, that ailest there?
Lily of Love, or Rose? Search they, who care,
Thy likeness for a sign! For, verily,
Naught reck I, Fairest, so an thou be but Fair!
E'en as he recks not, that hath limnéd thee,
So an thou Be!

[The Colonel declares that the whole thing makes him sick. Grigsby, we regret to say, has set J. P.'s poem to music of his own—whereof more anon.]

ATHEISTS AND ASSES.

(Considerations for the Collective Wisdom.)

A MAN who imagines and declares himself an Atheist most probably does but believe he disbelieves that which in truth he only doubts.

If he has any doubt concerning the belief he denies, then, in so far as it is doubtful to him, he must fear it may be true, and be proportionately afraid to tell a lie.

He must necessarily have some doubt about Atheism unless he is a dogmatic Atheist.

A dogmatic Atheist is the only thorough Atheist possible.

To be capable of being a dogmatic Atheist, a man must be the most unreasoning of dogmatists.

In other words, he must be the greatest of fools.

A thorough, genuine, dogmatic Atheist is therefore a very uncommon fool indeed. How often do you suppose you have ever met with one?

If you have to deal with such an out-and-out Atheist, how are you to discover his Atheism, if he doesn't choose to let it out? He can keep it to himself and hold his tongue.

Query: What if you altogether abolished oaths, and, for the oath, in every case where it is now required, substituted a simple adjuration to speak the truth? Is it likely that the number of lies told, and false declarations made, would be increased so much as by one?

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—What Next?

DIARY OF A FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

Monday.—Left Paris for London. *Traversée* too horrible for description.

Tuesday.—Too ill to attend to business. Requested the Foreign Secretary to excuse me until to-morrow.

Wednesday.—Just starting for Downing Street when I received a telegram from President, requesting my immediate attendance in Paris. *Traversée*, if possible, more terrible than before.

Thursday.—Too ill to attend to business. Requested the President to excuse me until to-morrow.

Friday.—Request from the President that I will go back to London immediately. Purposely missed the train, which would have been but the prelude to another *traversée* too horrible for description.

Saturday.—I see now why no Frenchman will retain the Ambassadorship to London a day longer than he is absolutely compelled to do so. Resigned, accepted the Presidency of the Senate, and escaped for ever more *traversées* too horrible for description!

The Common Lot.

PORTUGAL has had one great poet, CAMOENS. She has been accused of not appreciating him. A most unjust charge. She has awarded him the normal treatment of great poets. After denying him bread in his lifetime, she is now giving him a stone, in the form of a splendid Tercentenary resting-place for his poor old bones!

NOTICE GIVEN OF A NEW STANDING ORDER (by Mr. Punch).—That every Member shall be enabled to sit down.



CHOICE OF EVILS.

Duckwidge and Pottles meet. Many years had passed since they were at School and College together. Duckwidge invites Pottles to Dinner "in a quiet way."

Duckwidge. "NOW WHAT WILL YOU DRINK, POTTLES! WE HAVE HERE SOME"—(holding Decanter against the light)—"YES, THIS IS 'EAST LONDON'—THAT BY YOU, I THINK, IS 'NEW RIVER.' PERHAPS YOU TAKE SPARKLING——" (to Serving Maid.) "MARY, DID YOU BRING UP THE SELTZER AND APOLL——" (Pottles gesticulates dissent.) "NO! WELL, I ASSURE YOU YOU'LL FIND THAT 'NEW RIVER' AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT—AH—WATER!!"

["By Heavens," as Pottles said at the Club that night, "the man was an irreconcilable Lawsonite!"]

THE PROPOSED VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

W.O.C. 14,000,147.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH, having been informed that the Volunteers desire to hold a Grand Review in Hyde Park, begs to say that he cannot give his consent to the proposal unless the Citizen Soldiers agree to be bound by the following regulations:—

1. Field Artillery on no account to be allowed to unlimber their guns on the flower-beds.
2. Battalions of Infantry, unable to find room elsewhere, not to be permitted to form up in the Serpentine unless due precautions are taken to save the water-fowl from unnecessary alarm.
3. Light Horse, who may get mixed up with carriages in the Drive, to be subject to the usual traffic regulations under the directorship of the police.
4. Regimental Bands finding difficulty in securing sufficient space during the march-past of their corps not to take up positions in the trees adjoining the saluting-point, without the consent of the Park-keepers.

If the Volunteers agree to the above rules, Field-Marshal PUNCH will be glad to see them reviewed in Hyde Park—if they can find no place better suited for the purpose:

By Order (signed) TOBY, D.A.G.

Intelligence Department, War Office, Pall Mall.
June 1, 1880.

THOSE WHO RUN MAY READ.

A PROCLAMATION of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "Hands off" Policy. On the face of the Westminster Clock under repairs.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Times Advertisement:—"Governess required. English, French, German, Music. Liberal salary."

Three hundred applications received. Fifty selected applicants invited to be interviewed.

Advertiser (addressing hungry half-hundred):—

"All those who are over twenty-seven may retire." [*Exeunt ten.*]

"All those who do not profess the higher mathematics may retire." [*Exeunt fifteen.*]

"All those who do not undertake the rudiments of Latin may retire." [*Exeunt five.*]

"All those who are not prepared to teach counterpoint and harmony may retire." [*Exeunt ten.*]

"All those who do not undertake to ground in oil and water-colour painting may retire." [*Exeunt seven, leaving three.*]

Advertiser. "I offer five-and-twenty pounds."
[*Exeunt two, leaving one, face to face with the liberal salary!*]

Nihilism Next the Throne.

HERE is what comes of marrying a Russian Princess! We read in *The Cork Constitution* of Wednesday, May 26:—

"The Duke of Edinburgh will be in command of the fleet of ironclad coast-guard vessels that are to cruise next month for revolutionary purposes."

After this, what are we to expect but Ireland "up" for Home-Rule, and the Duke of EDINBURGH at the head of it, with PARNELL as his Prime Minister!

"VERD ANTIQUE."—Ripe old Stilton.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray," "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry 'Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDerinott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

DEEDLER'S TRUST.



R. SIMONY SIMPLER was a few years since the Beadle in charge of the Cathedral of—let us call it Small-Beerjester. The ancient office of Beadle—or as it is spelt in the old chronicles, and in the charter—grant of the Barons de Bœuf-et-de-la-Bierejestre, "Bedell"—as it existed to within a very recent date, was peculiar to the quiet cathedral town of Small-Beerjester.

The appointment was in the gift of the Right Tooral-Looral-Rooral Dean, who, with the Vicars Choral—so named in old times from the somniferous effect of their intoning—conducted the singing. It had certain duties attached to it which prevented it from being an absolute sinecure, while, to add to its emoluments, there was nothing in the original charter to interfere with its occupant's holding at the

same time several other lucrative offices. And thus it came to pass, that, at the time of the commencement of our story, Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER, who having been privately ordained, so as to be duly qualified for any ecclesiastical preferment that might be offered him, was not only Beadle of Small-Beerjester Cathedral, but was also Verger-in-Chief, Professional Chief Mourner or Clerk of the Corse, and Percentor of the Cathedral. This last office—which is quite distinct, and not to be confounded with that of Precentor—constituted him *ex officio* Master of Deedler's Trust, the celebrated charitable foundation of Small-Beerjester.

Now there are peculiar circumstances connected with the Percentorship of this Cathedral which must be explained. It is through his hands that all the accounts of the Cathedral expenses, both outgoings and incomings, must pass; he receives certain fees on all appointments; taxes all the salaries; accommodates the Bishop and dignitaries with petty cash for cab-hire, fourpenny-bits for tips to porters, and temporary loans at a fixed rate of interest; he may change the choristers' notes at a small discount; he is entitled to a per-centage on the letting of all the stalls in the Cathedral—of which a box-plan is kept at the Poor-Box Office; he receives another considerable per-centage on the entrance fees paid to Vergers, and on all gate-money; and is the only person legally empowered to take toll from the Cathedral Bellringers, and permitted to sell the commission of Triple Bob Major in the Bellringers' Volunteer Corps to the highest bidder. And, besides all these sources of emolument, which make the Percentorship valuable, it is associated with the Mastership and administration of Deedler's Trust, to which I have already alluded, and the history of which must now be presented to my readers.

In 1300 there died at Small-Beerjester one JEREMIAH DEEDLER, who had made his money in the town by card-sharpping. The sheepish persons whom he had fleeced to the greatest extent were the objects of his continual ridicule, and were termed "Deedler's Butts"; but many others of his fellow-townsmen sought his instruction in the

Confidence Trick, and, becoming his pupils and apprentices, were thenceforth styled "Deedler's Pack." JEREMIAH himself was most



hospitable, and, if any strangers visited the town, he was always ready to take them in; as he was invariably at home, and never found out. In his latter days he purchased some ecclesiastical preferment, and was known far and wide as "The Knave of the Cathedral;" to which was added the proud title of "The Lord of the Aiales."

So when he died he bethought him of the Butts and the Pack, and left his house and lands for the support of fifty-two old men, thirteen of whom

should be superannuated Card-sharpers, and the others perpetual Butts. He also appointed two houses for them to live in; the larger, to accommodate the Butts, being called the Almhouse; and the other, for the superannuated Card-sharpers, the Legshouse; and having thus arranged for the Alms and the Legs, he further appointed that the Master's residence should be handy. And, as late in life, he himself, in consideration of his wealth, had been made Percentor of the Cathedral, he willed that thenceforth the Mastership of Deedler's Trust should go with the Cathedral Percentorship.

It was much to be The Beadle of Small-Beerjester; it was still more to be Beadle, Percentor, and Master of Deedler's Trust, with all the advantages. We believe that Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER, in his quiet, unostentatious way, enjoyed this position amazingly; and did not grudge himself one single farthing of his well-gotten receipts. Who has not felt the same? Who has not been glad to receive fourteenpence for his shilling, and pocketed the change without a murmur? Change is essential to everyone, and the more we have of it the better for all of us; so we won't quarrel with kind, conscientious Mr. SIMPLER for accepting all he could get, saying nothing to anybody, and pouching every penny that was placed in his hands. We must remember that Deedler's Trust itself arose out of the confidence which was reposed in DEEDLER by his fellow-townsmen, about whom there was a good deal of repose, while the pious Founder was himself invariably wide awake.

The fifty-two pensioners received sixpence-halfpenny daily, which the old Butts were allowed to lose, if they liked, to the superannuated Card-sharpers, or at the end of every week to play so many games at Loo, limited strictly to eighteenpence,—and all games to finish at midnight on Saturday, on pain of a heavy fine, which there and then would be paid to the Master.

The prosperity of such an establishment is not surprising, and the property had increased to an almost fabulous extent when Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER had been appointed to the Mastership through the powerful influence of his son-in-law, Archbeacon OVERWAYTE, who, when Curate of St. Wunstun-the-Less, had fallen in love with and married the elder of the Beadle's daughters, named respectively NEVALEEN and MORLEENA.

In other dioceses than that of Small-Beerjester the office held by Dr. OVERWAYTE would have been termed "Archdeacon," but here in Small-Beerjester, the chief ecclesiastical luminary, after the Bishop, is by special charter called an Archbeacon.

Archbeacon OVERWAYTE was a magnificent man, well-built, up-standing, with a grip of his walking-stick that showed strong determination of character; and when, clad in his waterproof gaiters, which outlined the classic contour of two such sturdy calves as no one could hardly expect to see out of the neighbourhood of Cowes, he strode from one side of the street to the other, the inhabitants of Small-Beerjester, eyeing his ecclesiastical antipodopolos with reverent amazement, found a place for him in their imaginations as a mighty wonder of the world, and exclaimed as with one voice,

"This is the Goloshes of Roads!"

Dr. OVERWAYTE was by no means a bad man; neither was he a heavy or a dull man; but he possessed exactly the solidity and brilliancy requisite for the position he occupied in that part of the See over which he had to shed a lustre. Though he himself never descended from his elevation for such duties as it seemed to him his inferior Clergy could do for him, and though he

could throw a light on all such parochial questions as his parishioners might choose to bring within the circle he illuminated, yet it was especially as an Archbeacon that he shone.

When the Archbeacon put down his foot, and uttered one of his favourite expressions, "On my soul," everyone knew he meant what he said—and more; for he put down his foot as firmly as if he intended to put down something he considered a nuisance, and it was to many a wonder that a man even of his inches had got one foot remaining, so often had he put it down. But these good folks forgot that the Archbeacon invariably put down his right foot, and so whatever might happen to that, he had always one left.



In consequence of this habit of planting his feet firmly, the Archbeacon's Garden was a curious and interesting sight. He had planted his feet so often, and so successfully, that on both sides of his favourite garden—walk there had sprung up quite an avenue of boot-trees. Under

their shadow he and his father-in-law, the Beadle, would walk gravely up and down discussing the affairs of Small-Beerjester.

No two men could be more dissimilar, physically and mentally, than are the Archbeacon and his father-in-law. Mr. SIMONY SYMPLE is a small man, now verging on sixty years; but though verging on this age, no one ever mistakes him for a Verger: his hair is rather greasy, than grizzly; his eyes so mild and watery, that he is compelled to carry glasses. At his age a couple of glasses is quite as much as he can carry, and these are generally fixed on the bridge of his nose, while his eyes are fixed on the tip—which is too small for him ever to dream of giving any of it away, even at Christmas time, to the Bishop's Butler—and this obliquity of vision prevents him from ever taking a clear and distinct sight. His hands are those of a scholar, with quotations at his finger's ends; when not officially attired, as the Reverend Esquire Bedell, or Beadle of Small-Beerjester, Mr. SIMONY SYMPLE somewhat scandalises his more clerical brethren, by appearing in a brown-pot hat, with a red riband round it, into which is jauntily stuck a yellow feather, a coloured shirt, grey knickerbockers, top-boots, and, though not addicted to tobacco, in any other shape than that of building three castles in the air, which end in smoke, he will insist on wearing what he calls a "birds'-eye choker, to suit his wind-pipe."

His appointment to the Perceutorship enabled him to indulge his taste for music to such an extent, that the Cathedral authorities said that a wise thing on their part would be to send his name in to the Dean, and let him be presented as Precentor, which office happened to be vacant at the time. Mr. SIMPLE, with characteristic modesty, accepted the situation, and at once selected twelve deaf old Pensioners from the Pensioners on Deedler's Foundation, to whom he gave lectures on the Music of the Ancient Hebrews, with admirable illustrations on the harp of that oppressed nation, which he handled with considerable skill. To him is due the introduction of the organ into the Cathedral services, the general improvement of Cocoa-fibre Matins, a little variety in the too-even-song, and the doubling the number of the Choristers, originally twelve, who now appear in beautiful white linen every Sunday, much to the satisfaction of the Excellent Precentor, who asserts that there ought to be always twenty-four sheets in every Quire. He has also composed a hymn for State ecclesiastical occasions at Small-Beerjester, to be used when, as Chief Verger of the Cathedral, he carries a silver poker before the Bishop, commencing with the line, "As Verger clad." The good Bishop is very much attached to his old friend the Beadle-Verger; and whatever the ceremony may be, observes that "He cannot stir without the poker." In the evening the two old friends play poker together,—the poker being the silver one, used officially in the day-time. They sit opposite each other, before the fire, and throw the poker to one another, until the Bishop's wife, Mrs. DOWDIE, comes in brusquely and sends both the old men to bed.

Being of JOHN WESLEY's opinion, that the Devil ought not to have all the lively tunes, the excellent Verger has written a merry march, in "Tempo di Poker," which he considers suitable to the occasion. He has also composed a Cathedral Anti-pew-System

Chorus, in Italian words, beginning, "*Non Pew Minster.*" From long practice on his favourite instrument, he has acquired a habit of playing an imaginary harp of the Hebrews, with both hands to his mouth, whenever he is troubled or worried; which, however, is not very often.

Whether the Dean and Chapter entirely approved of their Perceutor's innovations, was a matter of no little dispute within the ecclesiastical circle of the town; but, after some consultation on the part of the above-mentioned authorities, the Dean came to the conclusion that it might be better to wait for some favourable opportunity for turning over a new leaf, "which," he said, "we may be able to do at the conclusion of our present Chapter," and which we also may do before the commencement of our next.

THE ROCK AHEAD, AND THE ROCK UNDER-FOOT.

MR. PUNCH, as the sturdiest of Protestants, is, perforce, the staunchest upholder of that right of private judgment which is the corner-stone of Protestantism. On that stone stands Mr. Punch's Protestant faith alongside the Roman-Catholicism of Lord RIFON, and the Atheism of Mr. BRADLAUGH. Every Protestant is bound to respect the absolutely unfettered liberty of opinion which invests all forms of belief or unbelief with the same inviolability as his own.

If Northampton chooses to elect Mr. ICONOCLAST BRADLAUGH to represent it in Parliament, and Mr. GLADSTONE chooses to select the Roman-Catholic pervert Lord RIFON for Governor-General of India, Punch, as Protestant leader, and *à fortiori*, every one of Punch's Protestant followers, is bound to accept the choice, without protest on the score of opinion.

He may treat the opinions as indicating something he does not like in the men, but it is for that something, and not for the opinions, he should oppose them.

Unless, indeed, the Ultra-Protestants of the National and Patriotic Clubs, who are now, we are told, engaged in getting up demonstrations in and out of Parliament, against the appointment of the Marquis of RIFON to the Viceroyalty of India, are prepared to go the length of maintaining that adhesion to the Roman-Catholic Church is to be, *ipso facto*, a disqualification for the office.

In that case, they had better move for the Repeal of the Roman-Catholic Emancipation Act at once, and go in for the restoration of the Test and Corporation Acts when they are about it. The one step is the sequel, logical and legislative, of the other.

Your toleration of the opinions you don't like in other people, is the essential condition of other people's toleration of the opinions they don't like in you. We, none of us, can have it all our own way; so we compromise by allowing everybody to have it his own way in religious or secular opinion. The right of private judgment is the principle of Protestantism. And the liberty of private judgment in the adoption of opinions is a bar to the right of public condemnation for the exercise of them.

A BALLOON BELOW ZERO.

(As proposed for the projected Expedition to the North Pole, at the General Meeting of the London Central Arctic Committee, held the other day at their offices, 107, Fleet Street.)

SING, up in a Balloon in the circum-polar regions!

How can passion for discovery make aeronauts to go
Where the temperature's enough to freeze Terra-del-Fuegians—
Thermometer for weeks and months chill zero far below?

Hyperboreans themselves coughs defying paregorio

Might dread that they would catch where the normal British nose
Will, sure, have frozen out of it so much of its caloric
That Jack Frost would grab at that, as well as fingers, ears,
and toes.

Let me on bitter winter nights betwixt the sheets lie snoring,

Or sit and smoke in comfort by a fire of blazing coal;
Whilst I pity those adventurers who've northward gone exploring
Up aloft in a Balloon, in the hope to reach the Pole!

EPICURUS CODDLES.

Wanted One Ejusdem Farinæ.

LET us hope that the election of Signor FARINI to the Presidency of the Italian Chamber of Deputies may help the clearing up of Italian Parliamentary difficulties, which seem even worse than our own.

Yet, perhaps, if we too had a FARINI, he might help to a "friendly Zulu" of the South-African difficulty; one of the worst of the many *damnoza hereditates* left by Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government to Mr. GLADSTONE'S.



RIVALS IN SOCIAL SUCCESS.

SCENE—Staircase of Ducal Mansion. *The Duchess at Home.* "Small and Early."

Mrs. Jones (a new Beauty, with more surprise than pleasure). "WELL, I NEVER! MR. AND MRS. ROBINSON, OF ALL PEOPLE!! AND HOW CAME YOU HERE?"

Mrs. Robinson (a still newer Beauty). "WE DROVE, DEAR MRS. JONES. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU CAME ON FOOT!"

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT: OUR OVERTURE.

A Dithyrambic Ode in distant imitation of D. yden.

FOR harmony, for heavenly harmony,
The universal cry is loud!
Shall Europe a mere jostling crowd
Of jarring atoms longer be?
Not so! A tuneful voice is heard on high
(It is mellifluous GRANVILLE's).
Harmony hath been drawn from jangling anvils,
And shall not nagging Nations yield,
Spite of the sneer of Cynic BEAUFIELD,
To Music's soft compulsion,
And the mild Magic, bland as an emulsion,
Of the smooth *bâton*-wielder, calmly sure
Of the success of his new Overture?

What passions cannot mighty Music quell?
First-fiddle GOSCHEN knows the score right well;
And if that tiresome turban'd cymbal-clasher
Turn too obstreperous, and try a smasher
On sounding brass inopportune, he
Under sharp suasion's screw must settled be;
Or should the Turk be stirred to passion—well,
What passion cannot mighty Music quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Erst stirred France to arms,
But hushed is her anger,
For her Peace hath charms.

The double double double beat
Of the loud Russian drum,
Is soothed to a mere murmur mild and sweet.
(Who hints 'tis all a hum?)

In the soft trill of the Italian flute
Prejudiced ears perchance false notes discover,
But Peace's hopeful lover
Swears 'tis as true as erst Amphion's lute.

The Austrian double-bass,
(Suggestive of nought base, or double-dealing,)
With the Teutonic Ophicleide soft stealing
In happy unison upon the ear,
Shall lend the symphony a crowning grace.

Can there be cause for fear
That e'en a Bull of Bashan, or a Stentor,
(Though for a Concert creatures somewhat queer,)
With coarse cacophony or careless jar
Could aim to mar

The *adagio* of such a gentle Mentor?
But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
That deft first fiddle's praise?

Notes inspiring perfect love,
Notes to make the nations raise
Harmonies worthy of the choir above!

GRANVILLE can tame to peace each warring race,
And keep each player in his place,
Sequacious of his wand:

At least that is the chief's serene and sure hope:
Shall we not hope that lately clashing Europe,
Will tune up sweetly at his mild command?
Till Peace shall wave her olive-branch before us,
And all the Nations join with voice and hand,
In one sublime harmonious grand chorus!

Late the arch lord of vaunting phrase,
Races to wrath did move;



THE "EUROPEAN CONCERT."

TUNING-UP FOR THE ENGLISH OVERTURE.



FLATTERY.

Artful Snip. "DEAR ME! VERY SING'LAR, SIR!—EXACT! THE MEASUREMENT OF THE 'APOLLER BELVIDERE,' SIR!"

[Customer orders a second Suit.]

But now they sing great GLADSTONE's praise
In tones of all unwonted love!
BRACONSFIELD's "Peace with Honour!" had its hour;
Time robs such sounding phrases of their power,
Now WILLIAM's note of unison is heard,
And Europe, heart and voice, is stirred
To love, and warble—like a bird!

BEFORE THE DAWN.

(A Parliamentary Romance.)

"The House is too small for its purpose, and the accommodation for Members, on a full night, is lamentably insufficient."—*Daily Paper.*

WITH a measured tread the night-watchman left the dark and now deserted Lobby of the Commons, and entered the House.

All was hushed as lo! the stillness of the tomb, and when the reflective official turned the gleam of his bull's-eye upon the worn and tattered leather of the empty benches, it was with a sigh of relief.

"They have had another rough night of it," he murmured to himself, "and some hundred and fifty of 'em must have sat on each other's laps. But it's over now!" He picked up a velvet collar, some severed shirt-fronts, half an Ulster, and the wrecks of several hats as he spoke. "Poor Gents," he said, with a bitter smile, as he turned over in the moonlight these melancholy evidences of the previous night's sharp struggle for seats, "poor Gents, it isn't right to serve 'em like this. Why, they'd be better off in a cabman's refuge!"

There was no Speaker in the Chair now. He was not called to order for this flash of sarcasm; but a feeble cry of "Hear! Hear!" that seemed to come from under one of the back Opposition benches, warned him that he was not alone.

In another instant he had bounded over the table; and the piercing ray of his lantern was illuminating a dusky something that was now creeping out, slowly, on all fours, from under the fifth row of seats.

To seize the intruder, hurl him to his feet on the floor of the House,

MORE SEATS AND SHORTER HOURS.

Mr. Punch has, with much sympathy for the poor sufferers, been studying, in his excellent contemporary the *Lancet*, some very painful revelations of the treatment of poor shop-girls, employed at the great Mercers', and Linen-drapers', and other marts for the sale of women's wares, or "wears," as the word should be spelt, so as to include both the garments of Lady-customers and the wear and tear of the shop-girls who serve them.

When the cracking of a joke is likely to help the removal of an abuse, *Mr. Punch* is content to crack his joke and await the results. But this subject of seats and shorter hours for shop-girls, *Mr. Punch* feels to be quite beyond a joke.

The thoughtlessness of the more or less fine Ladies—they are all alike—who, by their patronage without protest help to keep alive what is at once a petty torture on the strong, and a great sanitary evil for the weak, as well as the unfeeling greed of employers who sanction and superintend the torture, and perpetuate the evil for their own benefit, lie out of the pale of *Punch's* pleasantry. He can be angry over it, but not pleasant.

Public opinion has been directed to the matter. Science has signalled the mischief, and insisted on a remedy. A country where humanity interposes on behalf of an over-driven cab-horse, will surely not go on suffering hard-working, weak and defenceless girls to be driven to death with impunity. It is only in a percentage of these shops that we come upon this inhuman practice—over-driving young women, and not allowing them the means of resting their weary limbs. Yes—there is one other place in which seats are not allowed. That is the House of Commons, but there the torture is only inflicted on one-half of the Members. In houses of business the better class of employers repudiate such stupid and short-sighted inhumanity. Let the public, the Ladies in particular, look out for the shops in which these practices do not prevail, and confine their patronage to them. In this way even the most unfeeling employers would learn practically that humanity, like honesty, is the best policy, and act upon the principle.

AN OXFORD MIXTURE. PEPPER AND SALT (of the Earth).—HARCOURT and PLIMSOLL.

and held the now gleaming lantern within an inch of his face, was the work of a second. But the Bobby had scarcely put the stranger through this, to him, familiar ordeal, when he fell back with a respectful bow.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said. "One of the new Members pushed under the seat in the scuffle, by mistake? Allow me."

The Bobby began to brush him down as he spoke. The stranger looked at him with a curious fire in his eye.

"I was not pushed there by mistake," he said, coldly. "I crept there by design."

The iron tongue of old Big Ben above told the hour of three.

"By design!" exclaimed the Night-watchman, interrogatively.

"Yes," continued the other, wearily, "I have been on my legs ever since I was returned; but I am determined to sit down at last. I have come early to secure a seat for to-morrow's debate!"

The Father of Roads.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, quoted by Mr. E. F. FLOWER, was wrong in its statement that MACADAM, the Father of Road-making, was ever a road-surveyor at Bristol. He was an active Ayrshire magistrate and trustee of roads, who wrote J.P. and D.L. after his name, and it was not till he was sixty years old that his attention was first turned to the investigation of the scientific principles of road-making.

His son and grandson—MAC MAC, and MAC MAC MAC-ADAM—were successively made Surveyors-General of the Roads of the Kingdom. Would that the family still presided over the roads of the Metropolis, and that London were once more able "*Stare super antiquas vias*," of the Macadamite period!

A Change for the Better.

WHILE HALL for HARCOURT Oxford takes,

On Beer for Brains of faith a pinner,

HARCOURT, for Consolation Stakes,

Walks o'er the course—a Derby-winner!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE week has had its Derby Day, and its Derby Dog in the person of Mr. BRADLAUGH. That "unsavoury" representative of Northampton, as he has been called, and he certainly seems to stink in the nostrils of Sir H. D. WOLFF, Sir H. TYLER, Mr. O'DONNELL, and a large number of Members, has already had the honour of two Select Committees, and *Punch* would not like to say how much of the



DANGERS OF DOGMATISM.

Brown (a mild Agnostic, in reply to Smith, a rabid Evolutionist, who has been asserting the doctrines of his school with unnecessary violence). "ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME TO BE A CHRISTIAN!"

House's time and temper. If notoriety is Mr. BRADLAUGH's aim, he has got it to his heart's content.

But, before coming to the Iconoclast, let *Punch* dispose of the short, but sharp and not sweet, passage of arms in the Lords (*Friday, May 21*) over Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to Count KAROLYI.

LORD GRANVILLE defended his chief, with his usual bland but not blunt weapons. Mr. GLADSTONE had been misled into accusation by a false report and an unfounded belief. On finding out his mistake, he had withdrawn his accusation in what the Emperor of AUSTRIA had properly described as "the letter of an English gentleman."

The Earl of SALISBURY (always a model of the proprieties and the exactnesses himself, and so naturally a stickler for them in others) thought the accusation shameful and shameless, and the apology humiliating from one in Mr. GLADSTONE's position. The Government talked of a "European Concert." It would probably end in a European crash. (Not unlikely, perhaps; thanks in no small degree to Lord SALISBURY, and if he could but once more have his way.)

LORD KIMBERLEY denied that Mr. GLADSTONE meant to throw himself into the arms of Russia; (the Bear being, indeed, the last animal of the European menagerie we should have thought likely to inspire a taste for such a performance.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD was astonished that twenty-four hours had been allowed to elapse in their Lordships' House without comment on Mr. GLADSTONE's letter. He would not stop to inquire if his accusation of Austria was, or was not, "a passionate expression of vindictive memory." (H'm—cumbersome rather than cutting; don't you think so, my Lord, now you see it in print?) Though humiliating to England, and perhaps satisfactory to Austria, his letter would not guard this country against a policy that might endanger the peace of Europe.

The Duke of ARGYLL regretted the letter, but thought it had been misrepresented—not by *Punch*, who in last week's Cartoon recognised the plum in the pie). Ninety-nine hundredths of the Treaty of Berlin were copied from the Treaty of San Stefano.

(*Commons*).—Bradlaugh-baiting. On the Iconoclast presenting himself to swear, oath in one hand and book in the other, the grim WOLFF—"that beast of heavy paw"—who has struck once, stood ready to strike again, and objected to the oath being administered.

Mr. DILLWYN wanted to know if any Member might interfere between another Member willing to swear, and his taking the oath.

The SPEAKER knew of no such case.

Sir H. WOLFF said that by common law an Atheist could not take an oath; and Mr. BRADLAUGH had avowed himself an Atheist. He moved, and Mr. FOWLER seconded, that Mr. BRADLAUGH having claimed to affirm, on the ground that the oath was not binding on his conscience, ought not now to be allowed to take it.

Mr. GLADSTONE reminded the House that this was a judicial question. A Select Committee was the proper tribunal to consider if the House had the power now claimed.

And then the House proceeded to show by a heated interchange of strong opinions that it was eminently unqualified for a judicial decision, and the debate was adjourned till Monday on Mr. O'DONNELL's motion, till Members could see in print the proposed reference to the proposed Committee.

Questions on the Indian Finance miscalculation of four millions. Lord HARTINGTON deprecated discussion till official explanations had been received and examined.

Mr. GRANT DUFF explained, that it was not intended to recall Sir BARTLE FRERE. Sensation.

(Mr. GLADSTONE, whispered Liberal Members, is at liberty to eat his own Midlothian Humble Pie—but does Government expect its supporters to swallow a big South-African specimen of the same unpalatable *pâté*?)

Then to the Report on the Address.

Mr. BALFOUR wanted to know if the screw was going to be put on the Porte, and the Anglo-Turkish Convention to be modified if not thrown over?

Mr. GLADSTONE said the music of a European Concert was the only sound likely to reach the deaf ear of Stamboul. Whatever the Government might think of the Convention, it was a binding instrument, and must be maturely considered, with a view to the harmony of the European orchestra.

Mr. O'DONNELL (who seems for the moment to have taken the wind out of the sails of Mr. PARNELL as Irish mischief-maker-general), said foolish things about Irish distress, warning the Government that if they backed Irish landlords in the assertion of their legal rights there would be wild work in Ireland this winter.

Mr. FORSTER said the first duty of the Government was to enforce the law, and see that the people obeyed it. Let Irish Members do their best to aid them. Let Irish landlords not be extreme to insist on their rights before next harvest, and the Government would do its best to prevent the recurrence of such suffering.

Mr. COURTNEY gave vent to the feelings of many on the Government, side of the House on the non-recall of Sir BARTLE FRERE, and the acceptance of the policy of Annexation of the Transvaal.

Mr. GRANT-DUFF defended the Government. Sir B. FRERE was doing good and urgent work now, and a sharp eye would be kept on him. Annexation had been necessary to preserve peace and prevent civil war.

Mr. CHAPLIN said this was the biggest recantation that the Cabinet of Recantations had yet given birth to.

Finally the Address was agreed to, and the House adjourned, after a lively night, at a quarter to two.

(The Government is clearly having its work cut out for it. Its supporters should have patience. But it is really too early to set them down to Humble Pie. No wonder they wince.)

Monday (Lords).—South Africa on the tapis.

LORD CARNARVON was glad the Government meant to stick to Confederation and Transvaal Annexation, but they must mind what they were about.

LORD KIMBERLEY would have been thankful if their predecessors had not left the Colonial Secretary such a troublesome South-African legacy, but they must make the best of it. The supremacy of the Crown must be maintained, and Confederation forwarded.

LORD NORTHBROOK officially announced the abandonment of all hope of the *Atalanta*, and the nomination of a Committee to inquire into her fitness at all points of structure and equipment for the service she had been sent on.

(*Commons*).—Mr. LABOUCHERE gave notice of a Bill to smooth the way for Brother BRADLAUGH.

Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, crying like Wisdom on the House-tops, proclaimed from the gallery how half the House had one point in common with the angels. When asked to sit down, they could only answer, as the cherub answered St. Cecilia, "*Hélas! nous n'avons pas de quoi*."

BRADLAUGH-bait resumed. The House, generally, very hot, heady, and excited, proving that the Collective Wisdom is anything but a competent tribunal for decision of

a judicial question affecting one who outrages its feelings and insults its beliefs, and that Mr. GLADSTONE had taken the right course in referring the question to a Select Committee.

Sir H. WOLFF's Resolution was negatived by 289 to 214. The debate was adjourned for further consideration of the terms of reference.

Tuesday (Lords).—Petitions against the appointment of Lord RIFON, a Roman Catholic, as Governor-General of India, and Lord KENMARE (also a Roman Catholic) as Lord Chamberlain. Lord ORAMORE AND BROWN thinks that the gold key and the keys of St. Peter have no business on the same coat. Of course that high Protestant champion presented the petition.

(**Commons.**)—"How about Flogging in the Army?" asks Mr. J. COWEN, (whom *Punch* congratulates on his recovery from the effects of the too affectionate squeeze of his Tyne-side constituents).

Mr. CHILDERS said they stood by Lord HARTINGTON's last year's opinion, but, before turning the cat out of the Provost-Marshal's kit, they must be provided with a substitute for the obnoxious animal.

Rampant cheering from the Opposition, exultant over every case in which the Government finds a stumbling-block in one of its inherited difficulties.

Mr. R. POWER in a facetious speech Moved the Adjournment over the Derby Day; and Sir WILFRID LAWSON also in a facetious speech opposed the Motion.

The irrepressible CHAPLIN preached a sermon on the text, "All on the Downs." Half the horses that would start to-morrow, including the favourite, would carry Liberal colours.

Mr. CHILDERS said the only effect of not adjourning would be to keep the SPEAKER—*infelix Theodosius!*—and the Clerks at the table with nothing to do but dream of the Derby from 12 to 4, and Sir WILFRID was defeated by 285 to 115.

The reference to the Bradlaugh Committee was enlarged, and then the House, gladly dropping that unsavoury subject, bore joyously away to the Cape.

Mr. FOWLER deprecated disarmament and harsh treatment of the hitherto loyal Basutos.

Mr. GLADSTONE, in furtherance of Mr. GRANT DUFF's Monday explanations, made the best case he could for the Basuto disarmament, which would be followed by a measure creating a Native Militia, for the acceptance by Government of their predecessors' policy in the Transvaal—which he had never, even in the heyday of Midlothian eloquence, promised to reverse—and for the non-recall of Sir BARTLE FRERE, now engaged in a special and all-important task—confederation. When that was settled, the Government would have to consider his position generally, and their duty in relation to him. Sir BARTLE was a high-minded man, and rather than keep his place with a rope round his neck, would, in all probability, save the Government further trouble by resigning, (or so *Punch* reads between Mr. GLADSTONE's rather exuberant lines).

Rather than let the House come to the Deceased Wife's Sister, whom some Hon. Members appear to regard with only less horror than Mr. BRADLAUGH, Hon. Members were condemned to listen—no, not to listen, but to empty the benches—for several hours wearisome waste of wind over Land Titles and Transfer. After they had swallowed a long and strong dose of GREGORY's mixture, lasting for a good hour, Colonel MAKINS—who has the makings of an excellent Obstructive—took up the running with Mr. BERNARD HOPE. At last, even the Colonel's discursiveness and HOPE's vagaries being exhausted, the Motion was withdrawn, and the House received a thin sprinkling of Members to hear Earl PERCY move the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into Prehistoric Monuments, with a view to a satisfactory Ancient Monuments Bill, (as if the subject had not been threshed out thoroughly already by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, his Select Committee, and the Society of Antiquaries.)

Poor Sir JOHN, whose Bill has been already eleven times before the House, was not there to rise a gallop on his pre-historic hobby; but the Motion served the purpose of stopping the way against the Deceased Wife's Sister, who was finally knocked into the middle of who knows what week, by the Kitchen Committee—of all the Wife's Sister's many foes! Thus, by dint of talking against time till half-past twelve, the Deceased Wife's Sister was put on the shelf—and Colonel MAKINS and Mr. A. B. HOPE made happy!

Wednesday.—The House was on the Hill and the Grand Stand, taking and laying the odds, luncheon, fizzing, and generally employing itself in the manner most unbecomingly Collective Wisdom. But there are still cakes and ale, Sir WILFRID, and will be, when you are reduced to your pure elements of dust, air, and water. Yesterday all these elements, save the last, were to be had in abundance, and of the best quality, on Epsom Downs.

Thursday (Lords).—*Punch* takes off his hat to the Lord Chancellor. Lord SELBORNE has buried the Burials' question. In an excellent speech he introduced an excellent Bill, laying for ever, let us hope, this troublesome and ugly ghost of *Odium Theologicum* in grave-clothes. When this Bill becomes law, as it surely will, and the sooner the better, the dead may sleep in silence, or with such "Chris-

tian and orderly religious service" at the grave as their friends may think fit. Would not "orderly and religious" have sufficed?

(**Commons.**)—WHALLEY's perturbed spirit will be relieved to hear that Lord RIFON, so far as Mr. GLADSTONE can find out, is *not* a Jesuit. (But—"quis custodiet custodes?"—asks the unquiet ghost of the late M.P. for Peterborough, "Who will assure me that Mr. GLADSTONE isn't one?")

Mr. GLADSTONE won't promise Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY that he shall have a new House of Commons built for him and his seatless fellows, right off. (It is true the present House is absurdly inconvenient; that it only seats a little more than 300 of its normal 653, and that rich as it is in mediæval heraldry and oak panelling it is alike poor in acoustics and accommodation. Still a new House will cost a great deal. And we are so poor!) And those other fellows were so reckless!

Serjeant SIMON and Dr. CAMERON wanted to limit the privilege by which an early hat is allowed to do duty for an absent head. Mr. WALTER wanted a new House, more suited to the Times; but Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir W. BARTHELOMEO thought that when the rush of green hands had subsided there would be room for the Collective Wisdom. It shrinks wonderfully with wear and tear.

Mr. SHAW-LEFEBVRE reassured anxious Members about the composition of the Atlanta Committee, and the searching sweep of its inquiry.

Sir W. HARCOURT—whom *Punch* congratulates on the agility he has shown in availing himself of the Derby life-buoy—brought in the first instalment of Game Law Reform, in his Bill giving the occupier the concurrent and inalienable right to kill ground-game. Nobody seemed disposed to stand up for landlords' rights in "fur," though Mr. CHAPLIN characteristically thought that the effect of the measure would very likely be to increase the number of rabbits. But how will it be when we come to landlords' rights in "feather?"

THE WINK OF THE EYES AND THE TIP OF THE NOES.



R. R. POWER, the other day was kind enough to give the House of Commons a tip for the Derby. His "selection" ran second. This was not very surprising, as "the Devil" usually gets a good place at Epsom during the Summer Meeting. But the proceeding may form a precedent, in which case we may expect to find in the Notice Paper a string of queries like the following:—

Questions.

MR. P. TAYLOR. To ask the Secretary of State for War if he is able, without injury to the requirements of the public service, to give the straight tip about the Royal Military Steeple Chase.

LORD HENRY LENNOX. To ask the Chief Secretary

for Ireland if he knows of any Celtic player good enough to win the Lawn-Tennis Championship at Wimbledon.

MR. SAMUEL MORLEY. To ask the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs a question about certain entries for the Grand Prize at the Paris Races.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT. To ask the Vice-President of the Council whether he can give any information to the House as to the probable form of the Elevens in the coming Eton and Harrow match.

Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS. To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty if he would object to the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the feasibility of improving the arrangements as to course and time of starting of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

And Sir WILFRID LAWSON. To ask the Secretary of State for India whether he can recommend anything in his stable as really safe for a place in the Leger.

CULPA NOSTRA.—*Punch* has been too quick to acknowledge a mistake and accept a correction. It was to the Authors of *Adam Bede*, after all, that a Cross Matrimonial was awarded, on the 5th ult. at St. George's, Hanover Square.



SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

EFFIE READS ABOUT TADPOLES, AND WONDERS WHAT ON EARTH THE HORRID
LITTLE CREATURES CAN REALLY BE LIKE!

OUR SUNDAY—(DOWN EAST).

N.B.—*Permission to include these lines in the Programme of any Sabbatarian Penny Reading may be obtained from Mr. Punch.*

WHICH is the day that should be blest,
And to the weary, work-opprest,
Bring wholesome pleasure, peace, and rest?
Our Sunday.

Yet which the day of all the seven
To our sour lives adds sourer leaven,
And leaves poor folk most far from heaven?
Our Sunday.

When gutter-brats of tender years,
What filled our childish souls with fears
Of father's curses; mother's tears?
Our Sunday.

What makes the sound of prayer and praise,
Heard 'mid our foul and filthy ways,
Like echoes of an empty phrase?
Our Sunday!

What day down East,—where day's half night,
While West-End wealth enjoys the light,—
Most feeds the public's frowze and fight?
Our Sunday!

What, when the week's toil stills its din,
Proclaims each simple pleasure sin,
And, preaching grace, provideth gin?
Our Sunday!

What, when we strive up from our sink,
Our souls with nobler things to link,
Bart all,—but one bar labelled drink?
Our Sunday!

And, when of this world we are clear,
What is it, in another sphere,
Won't be flung at us, as 'twas here?
Our Sunday!

OPPOSITION GLOSS.—Polemical Language:—Language
used to bring Voters to the Poll.

"THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES."

THE Annual Debate on the Vote for Secret Service failed to reveal all the mysteries of this mysterious Fund. Those who crave for further information on the subject should master the following details, which will give them some idea of the sort of service which year by year is rewarded and encouraged out of the public money. For obvious reasons initials only are given in some of the cases.

Cost of the chronometer (the very best that could be manufactured) presented by the G—t to S—L P—L, Esq., in gratitude for his services in resigning his seat for D—y in favour of Sir W—M H—T.

Cost of presents sent out per Right Hon. G. J. G—N to the principal inmates of the H—m of the S—n of T—r, to induce them to influence H. M. to give a favourable hearing to the propositions of the A—r E—y. The presents included Worcester china, Honiton lace, Paisley shawls, large selections from the stocks of Messrs. HOWELL AND JAMES, and HUNT AND ROSKELL, sets of lawn tennis and croquet, complete sets of the works of Lord B—p and Mr. G—E, and a varied assortment of sweetmeats from Messrs. FORTNUM AND MASON.

Cost of a complimentary present of a hog'shead of the very strongest Burton Ale to P—E B—X.

Expenses of Detectives employed to ascertain the exact amount of damage done by hares and rabbits, both by day and night, on certain selected farms in England and Wales, under the personal supervision of the H—M S—Y.

Opera-boxes, bouquets, and baskets of early strawberries, for the female relatives of wavering supporters of the G—t, on the eve of important divisions.

Cherry brandy, feathers, costumes of beads, materials for crewel work, and a selection of the best Blue-books for doubtful Natives of South Africa.

As bribes to Afghan Sirdars,—refrigerators, dust-coats, dry champagne, pale ale, mineral-waters, blue and white china, and ingots of bullion from the vaults of the Bank of England.

We could say much more; but this, surely, will suffice to open the eyes, and close the purses of the poor tax-payers!

DIARY OF THE BRITISH FARMER OF THE FUTURE.

MONDAY.—Hard at work in the Mulberry Plantation. Consulted the Government Inspector about the threatened plague amongst the silk-worms.

Tuesday.—Got in the Rose harvest. Prepared the stills for the distillation of next year's Otto.

Wednesday.—Spent the day amongst the imported grapes, superintending the mixture of native perry and uider with Peninsular produce.

Thursday.—Tried my new process for milking by machinery. The cows, to my satisfaction, seemed readily accustomed to the noise of the apparatus.

Friday.—Took a ride through the ground I still reserve for the growth of oats and barley. The straw counts for something, but I think I shall put the soil to a more profitable use next year.

Saturday.—Went up to the County town to do some marketing. Brought home next week's stock of foreign flour and meat for home consumption.

Sunday.—Drove to church. Spent the afternoon in writing to my sons now settled as old-fashioned British farmers in America.

Copyheads for Voters that Will Be.

A CLEAR conscience lasts longer than a bread-and-beef ticket. Welcome the Electioneering Agent, but do not burn his coals. Wish everyone's good health, but drink nobody's.

You can show your respect for your party flag without dressing your wife in it.

The sixpence that buys a single vote will sometimes sell a whole borough.

Accept the Candidate's assurance, but refuse his new hat. Never sell your political birth-right for a gallon of porter. Tell the truth and astonish the Commission.

NOT SO EASY.—What shall we do with "OUIDA"?—Weed Her!



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Lecturer (on the Classical Essayists of the Last Century—most interesting). "WE TALK OF FOOD FOR THE MIND, AS WELL AS OF FOOD FOR THE BODY,—NOW A GOOD BOOK—"

Sporting Man (interrupting—he found it rather slow). "EAR, 'EAR!—ANY GENT WANT TO DO ANTHINK OVER THE HASOOT CUP!!"

CERTAINLY NOT!

MR. PUNCH, who, ever solicitous for the health and recreation of his poorer pent-up brethren, has for some time past had his eye on the iron railings that shut off from any public use, or, indeed, so far as he can see, from any use whatever, the pleasant freshness of Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been favoured by a "Benevolent Bench" with the following excellent reasons for suffering things to remain as they are. The public, he urges, should not have access to the Square—

Because they will be far more at home in Clare-Market;

Because, if they want fresh air, they have only got to walk as far as Battersea Park for it;

Because how are solicitors of eminence to carry on their business within hearing of the voices of little children at play, and more particularly the little children of a densely peopled neighbourhood;

Because if the place is invaded by nursery-maids, local barristers will find it impossible to keep up their afternoon practice at cricket;

Because there will be nothing to prevent a couple of military bands from playing daily in the centre from one to seven;

Because it is the only spot in London where the Master of the Rolls can catch butterflies in his robes without attracting notice;

Because the expense of keeping the walks in order will be bringing the Honourable Society continually into the County Court;

Because the Authorities can not possibly spare a couple of policemen to look after what goes on in the gardens of the ground;

Because Judges in Chambers will no longer be able to grow their own mignonette;

And lastly, because that Radical, Mr. Punch, is at the bottom of it.

A CHANCE FOR THE TURKS.

SIR JOHN STRACHEY, having thoroughly mastered the principles of Oriental Finance, has offered his services to the SULTAN to restore the balance of revenue and expenditure in Turkey.

A DANGEROUS ECONOMY.

THERE still remain Railway Directors whom fatal accidents have not yet induced to provide their carriages with the necessary safeguard of

"CONTINUOUS FOOTBOARDS.—Major F. A. MARINDIN, R.E., has reported to the Board of Trade the result of his inquiry as to an accident which occurred on the 29th of March at Camden Town Station, on the North London Railway."

That is to say, an accident whereby a man only twenty-six years old—therefore presumably agile enough—in alighting from a second-class carriage, fell between the train and the platform, and sustained such injuries that he died of them in a few hours. The accident which killed him was a preventible one, *teste* Major MARINDIN:—

"This is an accident which would not have occurred if the carriages had been fitted with a continuous footboard in place of the upper steps, and I trust that this fatality will induce the company to reconsider the recommendation which I made when reporting on a very similar fatal accident which occurred at Haggerstone Station on the 21st of August, 1878, and to make this alteration to all their stock."

Let us earnestly hope, for the sake of Directors more solicitous about dividends than their passengers' safety, that Major MARINDIN will never, in consequence of another "fatality," have to recapitulate the above statement in evidence on a trial in an Assize Court of offenders forewarned of homicidal negligence.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT (not likely to be abolished, whatever Mr. Bright may say).—Investing in worthless Securities.

ONE PADDY WHO FINDS HOME-RULE TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—The Padiashah!

AFTER THE RACES.—The real Derby Drags:—Headaches and Empty Purses!



AN INVIDIOUS GROWL.

LUCY. "WHO'S THAT GRAND-LOOKING LADY TALKING TO MR. TODERSON, PAPA?"

LUCY. "HER GRACE!" HOW CAN YOU NOT HAVE SEEN HER? A DUCHESS, D.D., &c.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY POLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine, or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry 'Olspar," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

A REFORMER.



HERE is living in Small-Beerjester a young man, surgeon, apothecary, and general medical practitioner, named JOHN BOUNCE; and as JOHN BOUNCE will occupy much of our attention, we must endeavour to explain who he is, why he is, where he is, what he is doing, why he is doing it, and why he doesn't do anything else but what I make him do.

JOHN BOUNCE determined to settle, himself and everybody else, in Small-Beerjester, and had put up in his window three enormous glass

bottles filled with different coloured liquids, a plate on his door with "JOHN BOUNCE" &c. on it, and on each side of the door a shining bell-handle, with "Night Bell" on one, and "Day Bell" on the other, all made out of his superfluous brass, of which he invariably kept a stock ready on hand. The Cathedral dignitaries were highly disgusted with the plate at the door, it having been considered their prescriptive right from time immemorial to have a plate at the Cathedral door only. The Archbeacon himself was highly incensed; but, as for an Anglican clergyman to be incensed at all savoured strongly of Ritualism, Dr. OVERWAYTE smothered the flame that had been awakened in his ecclesiastical breast.

At this time JOHN BOUNCE has been three years in Small-Beerjester, and, I believe, is highly popular with the liberal, or free-thinking, portion of the community, whom he is always treating; doctoring them for nothing when they are quite well; generously giving away dozens of fine old crusted black draught which he has had in bottle for years; and distributing, on the Derby day, Epsom salts to all who are going to the Races; and without regard to creed, or opinion, he treats Dissenters for dysentery, and Presbyters for presbytery, and only charges the canons for the occasional powder with which he supplies them. He has, I may be allowed to add, been elected a member of the Small-Beerjester Town Club, and has exercised his rights as a committee-man and an apothecary, by "pilling" all the opposition practitioners. He has been heard to say that nothing will succeed in Small-Beerjester but strong drastic measures; that the old Cathedral community wants a thorough purging of all its abuses; and that his motto, both as reformer and apothecary, must be "*Aperientia dose it.*"

No wonder that Dr. OVERWAYTE should stigmatise JOHN BOUNCE as a demagogue; and I, for one, can certainly excuse the Archbeacon for flaring up at the notion of such a firebrand within the shadow of Small-Beerjester Cathedral.

Archbeacon OVERWAYTE has all the angularity of an ancient Saint in the side-light of a stained-glass window with all the insularity of a modern English Bishop. He is always the same. A classic—nay,

one would almost be tempted to say,—a Homeric figure; but, unlike HOMER, the Archbeacon never nods—he invariably bows, and that with such an air that people would mistake him for an Archbishop instead of an Archbeacon, and allude to "his grace."

The Archbeacon never committed the fatal mistake of allowing anyone to see him out of his ecclesiastical dress. Even his wife had never, as yet, experienced that sudden shock to her faith which, in the majority of instances, must follow upon the first glimpse of a great divine in his *robe de nuit*. The Archbeacon had invented a sleeping costume which he termed his "knightly attire," and in this, "armed," as he said, "nightcap-à-pied," he represented the Church Militant.

How many of us does not the ecclesiastical costume—the everyday apparel—of an Archdeacon, a Dean, a Bishop, or an Archbishop inspire with a secret reverential awe? We may not choose to acknowledge it, and we may pretend that we do not care a button for the Dean's gaiters; or we may be inclined to make disparaging remarks as to the maker of the Bishop's hat; but we are dazzled by the sheen of their polished shovels, which reminds us of what a Frenchman would allude to as "their knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew *Tongs*," and would represent to the mind of a Biblical scholar the brilliant gloss on many a hard text. Their very gaiters are in themselves eloquent sermons on the fatted calf; their clean white ties are symbolical of the purity of their domestic bonds; their collars, shirt-fronts (when visible), and snowy wristbands suggest sublime thoughts of the surplise population; and their aprons, whether episcopal or archidiaconal, teach us the salutary lesson that we are yet children, and must never separate ourselves from the apron-strings of Mother Church. Yet were any of us to meet an Archdeacon, or an Archbishop, in a Turkish bath, should we not chatter and laugh before him, make remarks on the heat of the place, point out that he might go further—that is, to the third room—and fare worse; and even offer him a cigarette, without recognising his archidiaconal or archiepiscopal character? In the Paradisaic condition of bathers at the Hammam could any of us distinguish between a Curate and a Cabdriver, a Bishop and a Butcher, a Prebendary and a Policeman? Be this as it may, it is certain that the Archbeacon of Small Beerjester had never given occasion for the slightest diminution of that reverential awe which, whether in private or public, the female Archbeacon—or Archbeaconess—should invariably feel, and display, in the presence of her husband. Everyone, from the Bishop of Small-Beerjester down to the sexton's boy, feared the Archbeacon—everyone, that is, excepting the Bishop's better half, to whom I shall presently have the pleasure of introducing my readers.

"My dear," said the Archbeacon to his wife, as he drew off his hose at night, "I wish I were a fireman."

"Why?" asked Mrs. OVERWAYTE, drowsily, from under the bed-clothes. At that moment had the Archbeacon expressed a wish to be a waterman, or a Baptist, it would hardly have aroused her dormant energies.

"Because," replied the Archbeacon, stooping in hand, "with my hose I should extinguish JOHN BOUNCE, once and for ever."

"Extinguish fiddlesticks, you old Archfogety!"—(Mrs. OVERWAYTE was never much more familiar than this in addressing her husband)—"It's more likely that JOHN BOUNCE is the fireman, and not you."

"How is that, my dear?" inquired Dr. OVERWAYTE, evidently perplexed by his wife's observation.

"Why, you Archnoodle"—(she was never more familiar than this with her husband)—"aren't you the Arch-beacon, and haven't you been utterly put out by JOHN BOUNCE? Yah! Shoo fly! Don't bother me!" And she snuggled her head under the pillow, as the Archbeacon muttered something to himself in praise of *Othello's* conduct towards *Desdemona* in the last scene of that exquisite play.

"Bless her!" murmured the Doctor to himself. He was evidently much put beside himself, but he had a greater trial yet in store for him, for in another moment he would have to put himself beside her.

The Archbeacon, as I have already said, was not a bad man, but he did not love JOHN BOUNCE, who, it was more than whispered, had already taken steps to inquire into the administration of the Cathedral revenues as well as that of Deedler's Trust, which, from a mere few hundreds a year has gradually swelled into some thousands.

It had occurred to Mr. JOHN BOUNCE to ask himself why the Reverend SIMONY SIMPLER should hold the important post as well as the important gold knob'd stick of the Beadle, and also receive the emoluments of Chief Verger, Percentor, Precentor, Organist, Organ-blower, Head Sexton, and Master of Deedler's Foundation, when, at best, he should merely be the Beadle—an office which had been done away with in most Cathedral towns, and only remained as an exceptional privilege in Small-Beerjester—and not even in orders.

JOHN BOUNCE at once went to his lawyer, Mr. FISHY. He had no great respect for this gentleman; but Mr. FISHY, who, as a solicitor, had no chance of ever sitting on the Judges' Bench, was well up in the ordinary forms of law. JOHN BOUNCE only wanted a lawsuit from

his lawyer, just as he did a walking-suit from his tailor, 'because he couldn't make it so well himself.

"I'm going to attack the Cloth, FISHY," said JOHN BOUNCE—alluding to the Small-Beerjester clergy.

"The Cloth, by all means—just the very stuff for a suit," said the



acquiescing FISHY. Then he advised several letters at six-and-eightpence apiece (reduction on taking a quantity) to TYTHE, MINT, CUMMIN & Co., the ecclesiastical attorneys who had charge of old JEREMIAH DEEDLER'S will and the original deeds of the Foundation Trust.

In the meantime a great deal had been going on in Small-Beerjester between the Bishop, Mrs. DOWDIE his wife, the Archbeacon, and Mrs. Archbeacon, Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER, and his remaining daughter, Miss MORLEENA. But important and essential to this history as was every word uttered, yet it is a matter for thankfulness to the writer, the publisher, their reader, and my readers, that it is impossible to relate everything done and said by the heroes and heroines, or how could any novel be written under at least twenty volumes, which, were I once at work with my pen in my hand, would be no more trouble to me than playing a dozen games of whist with a clever partner, and inferior opponents, or than following the hounds on a thoroughly trained weight-carrier,—yet unless my employers had bound themselves to pay for my labour at so much a volume, without limit as to quantity, pages, or size of type, I should simply be wasting my time, without proportionately contributing to the pleasure of the readers of my novels, who agree with my publisher's opinion, and consequently with my own, in sticking to the principle of "One novel down, t'other come on," "A short book, and a merry one," "A quick burst over an easy country, a kill, a find, and away we go again with a fresh fox!"

In the present case, so little have I overheard of all that was said in Small-Beerjester, that I live in hopes of finishing my work at full gallop, with a running pen, dashing over the paper as hard as I can go, never losing the scent, and being well up at the finish of my task somehow, anyhow, in about eight chapters at most, completing in a short time that pleasantest of all well-remunerated literary jobs—a Novel in one Volume—when three were expected!

From Editor of Novel Co. Limited to Anthony Dollop, Esq.

EXCUSE me, Mr. ANTHONY GALLOP—I should say DOLLOP—but the Novel Company, on whose behalf I made the engagement, distinctly expected from you a three-volume Novel. You'll excuse me, Sir, but that was the understanding. Yours sincerely, Ed. (for Novel Co. Limited).

From A. D. to Ed. of Novel Co. Limited.

'Twasn't so nominated in the Bond. Was it, hey? If your Company distinctly expected it, why didn't they distinctly express it? Hey? Understandings are never understood. So much was agreed on for my Novel. That's all I ask for, and what I mean to have. Yours, A. D.

From Ed. of Novel Co. Limited.

THE Publisher won't touch it under three volumes. The Company admit that the number of volumes was not expressly stated, but hope you'll be guided, as a Court of Law would be, by precedent and custom.

Yours affectionately, in your own best interests, Ed. (for Novel Co. Limited).

A. D. to Ed. of Novel Co. Limited.

DON'T see it. You can cut it up afterwards into volumes, can't you? Large print, and each the size of one of the *Handy-Volumes Shakespeare* series, with the type used in children's sixpenny story books, illustrated. That'll do you. A. D.

From Editor of Novel Co. Limited to Anthony Dollop, Esq.

If we don't "cut it up" the critics will. Really, to publish a novel of yours

in three Tom Thumb volumes with spelling-book print, would be too ridiculous. You can't be serious. At least, you *can* be serious, but you're not now. You don't see the matter with our eyes. Come, my dear DOLLOP, be amenable, and I'll try to get the Company to order another in five volumes. Come. Yours most warmly, Ed. (of Novel Co. Limited).

From A. D. to Editor of Novel Co. Limited.

THEY can do as they like about ordering more novels in more volumes. No matter how many volumes—it's *all one to me*. I'm not to be gammoned. As to critics "cutting up," they never cut *me* up. Can't. Nothing to cut up, but plenty to swallow at a gulp. As to seeing "the matter with your eyes"—bless your eyes! I see everything through my own specs.—the only specs I go in for, as I only work on a certainty. That's best, hey? Don't bother me, and take the goods the gods provide. Yours certainly, A. D.

LOCAL OPTION AND OPIUM.

MR. PUNCH, YEE ONNER,

LAST Nite I drempt a curious Dream. I drempt I was at a Quaker's Meetin—that there Sittin of wot they calls their "Yearly" old the other day about the Opium Question, wen the Sperrit moved Sir EDDARD FRY, Mr. PRASE, M.P., and other Friends, to old forth on the orrible consequences of Opium in Chiney, and what a Shame it is for the Hanglo-Hingian Guvment to incurridge growin and ixportin of that there Pernishus, piasuns, and pestifferus Drugg among the pore Chinees.

I drempt as I was goin away hoo should I meat but BILL GLADSTONE. "Ullo, BILL," sez I to im. "Ullo, BONNY," e sez to me. "Now then, BILL," I sez to him, I sez, "there's Ned FAY and JOE PRASE and a lot more of them Quakers a goin to Deputation you about this 'ere Opium and Chinees biness. Now then:—wy do the Chinyemen ruin their constitooshuns, body and mind, by stultifyin themselves with Opium?" "Wy?" sez BILL, and e thinks a minit, "Give it up," e sez, fancyin as ow I was axin of im a Riddle. "Cause wy," I sez, "they ain't a got no Beer nor Sperrits to drink, but only Tee, and doesn't injy their proper propotion of Intostication Lickers. That's wy." "Well," e sez (I drempt all this ere, mind yer), "praps there's somethink in that." "Ah, isn't there just!" I sez. "Wot sed Friend FAY only jest now? That Sir TOMMAS WADE, Brittish Ambassador to Chiney as wos, declares the abit of usin Opium 'more degradin and more opeless than even inwetterate gin-drinkin.' Werry much the wus of the two, I should say." "Praps 'tis," sez BILL. "Now," I sez, "wot if they wos to partake of gin, or any other oleosome sperritohus Lickers in modderation? Praps they'd leave off goin to ixcess in Opium to the same ixtent?" "Praps they would," sez GLADSTONE, "but I should say chepe Claret would be better for them than gin, which they're a economical people." "Blow yer chepe Claret!" I sez. "Yer don't call that a Intostication Licker, do yer? No. It ain't the strength fit to be a sukkseedanium for Opium. Wot they wants is somethink short, or anyways beer." "Wotever it is," sez BILL, "it must be a matter of private interprize—mishonary interprize, eh, BONNY?" "Right you are," sez I, "but talk of mishonaries, wot did I ear jest now? That Prince KUNG, the Chinees Prime Minister, ditto to you, BILL, should say, 'Take away from us your opium and your mishonaries.'" "Well," BILL sez, "it is too bad, sartinly, a sendin of 'em opium and mishonaries too." "Send 'em the rite mishonaries and the rite stuff," I sez. "Gin and true religion," he sez. "Right you are agin, BILL," I sez.

"No, no, BONNY," sez BILL, "that's a comin' of it a leetle too strong. But I so fur goes with you, that I don't know but what privation of liquors may leastways werry possible drive people to Opium. 'Cause why, for instance there's them unspeakable Turks, as that duffer MAHOMER forbid to take wine." "That's wot makes 'em so unspeakable," I sez. "But now, BILL, look here. Jest you pint out all that there, the terrible effex of Opium as attends teatotalism, and the shokin' sperritual Destitootion of sich unappy Abstinence nations as the Mommetans and Chinees, and mind and foece it wel into the Eds of Onnrrable Members bimeby, wen your Carlise Friend, WILFRID the Waterman, brings forward his blessed Local Hopson Bil in the Ouse of Commons."

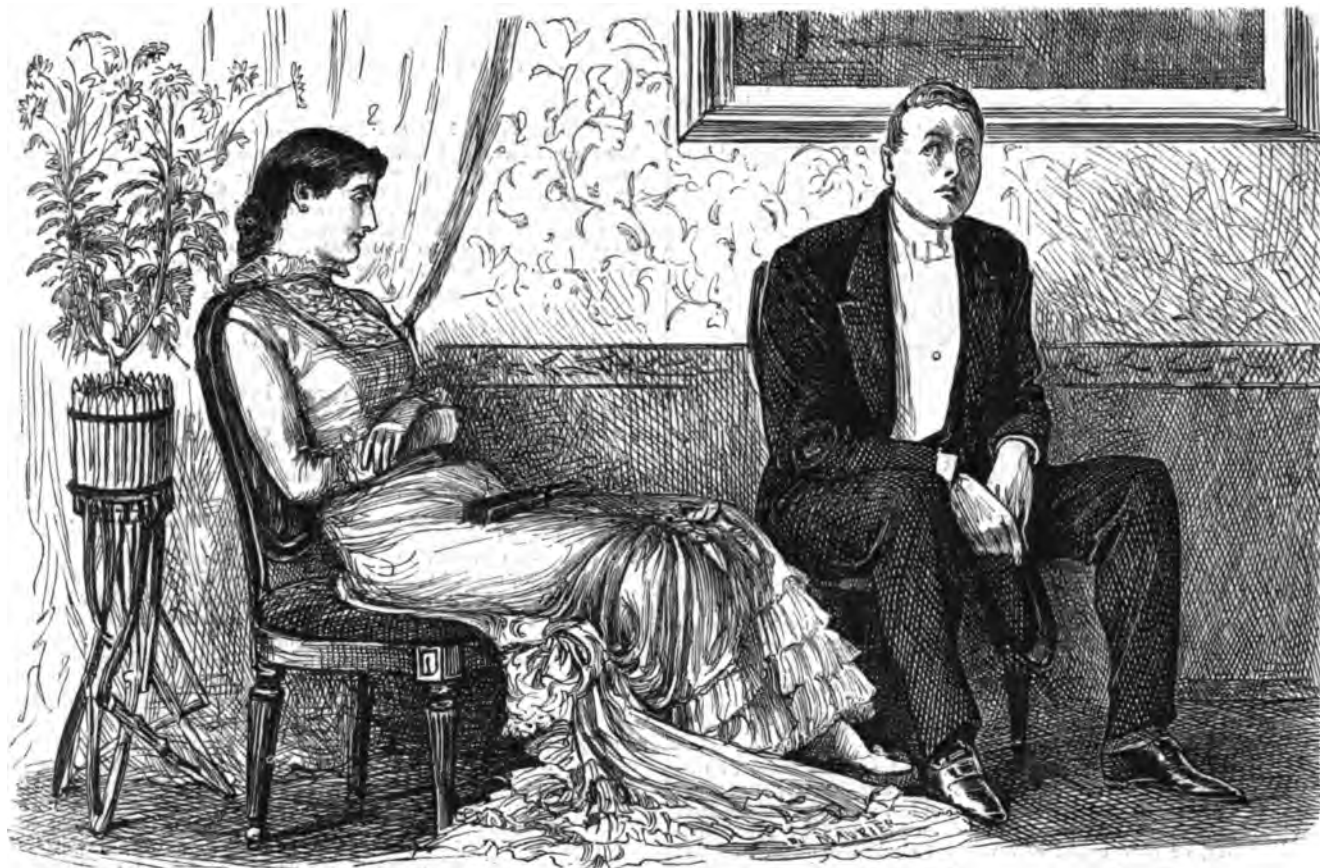
So sayin', on a Sudden I awoak with a start, and, lo and beold yer, it wos all a Dream! Here endeth the Wisdon of your obegient umble Servant to command,

BONTFACE BACCUS BUNG.

Advice Gratis.

(A Nursery Rhyme for Stranded Managers.)

JACKS and Jills
Won't fill your tills,
However much you vapour.
So take it down,
And save the town
From floods of useless "paper."



BREAKING AN AWKWARD SILENCE.

Mrs. Montague Smart (suddenly, to bashful Youth, who has not opened his lips since he was introduced to her a quarter of an hour ago). "AND NOW LET US TALK OF SOMETHING ELSE!"

OLD BOOTS.

John Bull. Well, WILLIAM, and what do you think of them now, This same pair of boots you've so long been abusing? Speak up, man. D'ye think you can manage, somehow, To furbish them up into fitness for using?

William (eyeing them dubiously). Well—ahem!—hardly know—don't quite like to decide

Till I've given the pair a complete overhauling. They are not quite the work I should look on with pride. Their maker was not too expert at his calling.

John Bull. Humph! You're getting quite mealy-mouthed; you late so loud

In declaring that BEN was the veriest botcher.

William. Why you see times have changed. I've no wish to seem proud.

For your custom's return I have long been a watcher; I knew it must come; but, the change being made, What need to keep on pitching into my rival?

John Bull. Why, none, to be sure. Only chaps in the trade, Who hold you of th' unfittest a case of survival, Declare that, despite of the shindy you raised, You are now going in for their stuff and their measures.

William. Pooh! don't you believe them. The fellows are crazed

At losing your custom which everyone treasures.

There's nothing like Liberal Leather for wear,

And nothing like Liberal Cut for good fit, Sir.

These boots—well, of course it won't do to go bare,

But you'll find it all right if you'll just wait a bit, Sir.

John Bull. Whilst you patch and repair? That's but cobbling, at best.

Is that quite what you promised when out, my stout Crispin?

William (cheerily). Of course not! (Regarding boots contemptuously.)

By Jove! were these boots, now, the best

BEN could find you to wade and chase Will-o'-the-Wisp in?

Too bad! Why they've not even water-tight soles;

The stitching is poor and the uppers are perished;

The tops too, though tawdry, are riddled with holes. Too long, my dear BULL, you that cobbler had cherished. 'Tis well you have sacked him.

John Bull. But what will you do? That's more to the point, I imagine.

William. Precisely.

To make a new pair that are worthy of you Must take me some time, so I think you'll do wisely To wear these meanwhile. I will touch up the tops, Patch the soles here and there, stitch this split upper leather: Can't alter their shape, they will always be slops;

But they'll do for awhile just to keep out the weather.

Meantime I must put you a new pair in hand.

I've the length of your foot, and your old last is handy.

John Bull. That's right; but I hope you will quite understand,

Though I like a neat fit just as much as a dandy,

I cannot stand pinching! Verb. sap., my dear WILL.

William. I twig. Give me time, and I'll suit you, I warrant,

Only do not believe I'm devoting my skill

Just to copy BEN's botchings—that's fudge the most arrant.

IN THE THEATRE.

(Oxford Commemoration Questions. By One of the Non-initiated.)

Is this the Sheldonian, or a cheap Aquarium?
Why do they request the Vice-Chancellor to sing a comic song?
Is the gallery rented by out-patients of a lunatic asylum?
Will the winner of the Newdigate Prize really dance a break-down?

Are those split-peas pattering on the Senior Proctor's forehead?

Do the Ladies in yellow really object to three cheers?

Why are all the jokes over thirty years old?

Do you think the Gentleman who is reading the Latin Essay could

manage "My Grandfather's Clock?"

Are the Distinguished Foreign Visitors likely to make head or tail of the whole thing?

Is any one much the better for it?



OLD BOOTS.

COBBLER WILLIAM. "A BAD CUT, AND POOR STUFF, MR. BULL, BUT WE MUST MAKE THE BEST OF 'EM! WE CAN PATCH THE HOLES—AND GIVE 'EM A NEW SOLE—AND TOUCH UP THE TOPS A BIT! MEANWHILE, WE MUST GET ANOTHER PAIR IN HAND. I'VE THE LENGTH OF YOUR FOOT!!"

THE ASCOT MEETING.

(By Mr. Punch's "Society" Reporter.)



ON the occasion of this important gathering there was, as usual, a very strong field. All the best county stables were represented, and a large contingent arrived from town. Most of the colts had been beautifully groomed before putting in an appearance, and a large proportion of the fillies were as fresh as paint. The following were the principal events of the first day's racing:—

BEAUTY SELLING STAKES. (Two Seasons Old Course.)

Lady Matchmaker's Lovely Girl, by Innocence out of Leading-Strings	1	Dead heat.
Viscount Rowdyboy's Proposal by Courage, out of Unlimited Champagne	1	
Mrs. Brasen-Face's Rouge-Dragon	2	
Mrs. Snowdrop's Pearl-Powder	4	

Eight others ran.

Betting. 10 to 1 bar one.

Rouge-Dragon and Pearl Powder were the first to make the running, leaving Innocence quite in the back-ground. Proposal got off badly, and seemed inclined to play the rogue. Nearing home Rouge-Dragon and Pearl-Powder were found to want staying power as was expected, and were easily beaten by Innocence, who came in with a rush, having evidently been carefully trained by her owner. Proposal cleverly caught up the favourite at the post, and turned the race into a dead-heat. The final contest has been arranged to come off after the St. George's (Hanover Square) Meeting. Rouge-Dragon and Pearl-Powder a bad third and fourth. The rest beaten off.

THE SECOND-RATE FLIRTATION PLATE.

Mrs. Grass Widow's Impudence by Licence out of Bounds	1
Mr. Tenterfour's Fascination by Gallantry out of Office Hours	2
Miss Bridget's Coquetry by Butter out of Middle Age	3

Betting.—2 to 1 on Impudence, 25 to 1 against Gallantry, 500 to 1 against Coquetry.

Impudence maintained the lead from the first, and won by several lengths. Fascination, although placed second, found the pace much too strong for him, and Coquetry walked in with the crowd. The rest of the field were lost. It was universally admitted that the competitors in this race were of very little value.

THE MONEY BAGS HANDICAP (Eighteen Hundredth Year).

Lord Chalkstone's Needy Earl by Blue Blood out of Credit	1
Mr. Cotton Lord's Heiress by Cash out of the Gutter	2

Betting.—1000 to 1 on Needy Earl.

This was a very hollow match. The remainder of the entries were so heavily weighted that they never even showed at the start. As a matter of fact Needy Earl might have walked over, as it was well known that the Heiress had passed into the hands of Lord Chalkstone by private arrangement.

LATEST BETTING ON THE COURSE.

THE GOLDEN RING (with a Title and \$20,000 a-year added).

2 to 1 on Sister to Croesus (w.)
25 — 1 against Milliner's Pride (t. and off.)
50 — 1 — Venus Unadorned.
100 — 1 — Fat and Forty.

THE HEARTH AND HOME STAKES. (A Selling Handicap.)

1000 to 1 against Professional Beauty (offered—no takers).

PAYS-BANS-DIEU TONGUES (with Sir H. Tyler's compliments).—Those that dare say a word for BRADLAUGH.

IN MEMORIAM.

James Robinson Blanché,

SOMERSET-HERALD,

POET, DRAMATIST, AND ARCHEOLOGIST.

Born in London, February 29, 1796. Died in Chelsea, May 30, 1880.

I SEEK the humble house in which he died,
The quiet street stirred with unwonted stream
Of friendly equipage and funeral pride
Of black coach, black-plumed hearse, and sable team.

I cross the narrow passage, to the room
Where he fought out life's latest, hardest fight,
And through the darkened windows' decent gloom
Mark how about the coffin all is bright:

A gleam of pomp and pageant at the last,—
Collar of eses, tabard, hat, and sword,
Laid on the bier—insignia of the past,
With his life's best-loved labour in accord.

And marks of friendship, old but not outworn,
Crosses and crowns of pure and fragrant flowers;
Fit garnish for his coffin, as 'tis borne,
Through smile of sun, and kindly fall of showers.

His life lay half 't the dim and dusty past,
Among old books, arms, buildings, records, plays,—
Grey wreckage by Time's tideless sea up-cast,
To tell of earlier sailors and their ways;

Half in the theatre's full light of mirth,
Helping the clouds of work-day care to chase,
Bringing the welcome brood of fun to birth,
To old-world legends landing a new grace.

Herald and humorist—party-per-pale,
Of solid learning, deep in arms and arts,
And lightest lore of farce and fairy tale;
And for his cognisance a Heart of Hearts,

That while he ministered to mirth abroad,
Still kept the hearth of love alight at home:
As husband, father, winning unsought laud;
Not his the motto, "At Rome as at Rome."

Duty's stern rule he laid down for himself,
Though meting it for others with free hand;
Liberal of labour, never keen for pelf,
A life that in the fullest light could stand

And fear no challenge, 'twas so pure and brave,
Unselfish, and unassuming, and true;
None knew but loved him, who so freely gave
To whose sought, of all he had and knew.

He saw his children's children, growing old
With young lives and young loves about his knee;
And when on those he loved life's storms beat cold,
There was his heart and hearth, and there was he,

Prompt from earned rest to turn to toil again,
As hard in age's eve as manhood's day;
Happy that well-spent life had left clear brain,
Strong with strength trained in duty's rugged way.

Heaven spared and stayed him, while he did its best;
And his long even drew serenely down,
Still working—and his last was of his best—
With love and honour his grey head to crown:

And if pain laid sore pinch on him at last,
He had his brighter times, when to old mood
Of sunshine out of sickness' shade he past
To a life's close, untroubled of fret or feud.

Not one unkindly thought is in the train
That follows the old herald to his grave:
His work will live, though light, of flawless grain—
Diamond dust, that time shall sift and save.

GREY SHIRTINGS (latest quotation).—Manchester to Bombay,
"Learn to labour, and to weight."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH should have noted, last week, a brief note, but with a big echo, that rang through the dark vaults of Corporation Castle. It was

GLADSTONE the Giant-killer sounding the horn of inquiry and rousing the Giant Sentinels of the Civil Hold wherein the ancient and quiet Livery Companies hold high festival! Has the Hour come, and the Man? It was not for nothing that the City said, "No" to him and his at the General Election.

*Friday, May 28 (Lords).—*To Lord ORANMORE and BROWNE once more nagging at Lord RIPON, Lord NAPIER of Ettrick and Lord NORTHBROOK showed somewhat superfluously from the stand-points of an ex-Governor of Madras, and an ex-Governor-General, how far apart from the battlefield of sectarian strife lay the domain of Indian Vice-Royalty.

*(Commons).—*A long wait, followed by a rush of questioners.

Sir CHARLES DILKE could fortunately set the perturbed spirit of Mr. LABOUCHERE at rest, by the assurance that England was under no extra-Parliamentary engagements to any foreign Power.

Mr. CHAPLIN might take it that Mr. GLADSTONE had called the Anglo-Turkish Convention an "insane instrument." But then the instrument was in the European Concert, and must be taken into account in the orchestra, sane or insane.

A long and barren fight over the composition of the Bradlaugh Committee. The Opposition, who have eleven to the Government dozen, besides two Home-Rulers, complain, *mirabile dictu*, by the Liberal lips of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, that the Committee includes only two Nonconformists, one Catholic, and no Scotchman. Considering that their own eleven numbers ten English Churchmen, and an ex-Irish Attorney-General, while the Government dozen includes three Non-conformists, one Roman-Catholic, one Jew, and one Member for a Scotch Borough, though not a Scotchman, Mr. G. O. TREVELYAN—"Caledonia's ipsis Caledonior"—this complaint is rather cool. Though the Motion for adjournment, moved by Sir H. D. WOLFF, and seconded by Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON—"Arcades ambo"—was defeated by 256 to 100, the Irreconcilables mean to have another hammer at it on Monday, before the Opposition Eleven, and the Ministerial Eleven, with one added, go in for their match.

Then to Supply. Three hours wasted on Irish Secret Service Vote, of 25,000. Mr. PARNELL withdrawing his Motion on being assured by Mr. FORSTER that he hoped to keep to his determination not to use any of the money in any way his conscience disapproved of and trusted next year to be able to get rid alike of the Vote and the need of it. Let Irish Members give their best support to law and order, and Irish Secret Service Money might soon be an ugly memory of the past. "So mote it be," says Grand-Master PUNCH.

Monday (Lords).—An edifying little Education debate, Lord NORTON urging a return to the sweet simplicity of the Three R's, and discouragement of the "fancy subjects," which now help to addle pupils' heads and to fill teachers' pockets, ex-President Duke of RICHMOND, *con.*, and Lord SHERBROOKE, late LOWE, now exalted, speaking for the first time from his higher sphere, *pro*. He, too, is the friend of the three R's. His testimony to the way the greatest of them fares in the primary schools is of value. Having always had a National school-boy to read for him, he has never come upon one that could read well. (At the same time, it has been asked, not unfairly, how many Eton and Harrow boys of the same age as his National School Sixth Standard-bearer would he have found able to read better?)

Lord SPENCER was all for keeping apart the fields of primary and secondary education.

Lord ABERDARE bore valuable testimony to improvement in the three R's; but when is common sense going to take the reins for our guidance in Primary Education and Preliminary Examination?

(**Commons.**)—You want to know "What Government is going to do about the London Water Supply?" asks the Home Secretary—just come aboard dripping, but lively. Not take up Mr. CROSS's dropped Bill—that may be considered as "written off" with an ignominious "no effects" across it. We propose a Select Committee to inquire, not only into the existing supply and its fair value, but whether a better supply could not be got from independent sources. ("Bully for you, Sir WILLIAM!" though you are taking another "harassed interest," on your shoulders.) The matter was not primarily one for the Imperial Government. If there were a Metropolitan Governing Body, water supply would be *their* business. Suppose the present Parliament set about creating such a body? ("Bully for you again, Sir WILLIAM!" But what if the "harassed interest" this time should take the shape of Gog and Magog?)

To Mr. WHALLEY much exercised about the treatment of CEFWAYO, Mr. GRANT-DUFF brought the comforting assurance that he would have the fullest measure of liberty compatible with his condition—whatever measure that may be.

A desultory debate on the late Government's dealings with Irish famine; and a final fight over the Bradlaugh Committee, to which Sir W. BARTELOT wants to add Mr. OTWAY, Lord ELOHO, Mr. SHAW, and Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD—two bitter partisans, a Home Ruler, and a moderate Liberal.

Mr. GLADSTONE resisted, in a well-reasoned speech, which Sir STAFFORD NORTECOTE unaccountably charged with "passion," an ugly word which was not like Sir



REGULATION.

Portsmouth Barber (to Naval Officer, who has had his hair cut). "BEARD TRIMMED, SIR—YES, SIR,—GUNNERY OR TORPEDO, SIR!" (Customer looks surprised.) "WHICH THE TORPEDO HORFIOERS GENERALLY HAS THEIR BEARDS PINTED—AND THE GUNNERY GENTS WEARS THEM A LITTLE MORE ROUNDED, SIR!"

STAFFORD, and which the House insisted on his withdrawing. There never was a fairer Committee struck, and if the Whips never did worse, none could ever say black was the white of their eye.

The funniest thing in the discussion is the sudden solicitude on the Opposition side for the due representation of Nonconformists on the Committee, at which Mr. RICHARD poked very fair fun.

The end was the defeat of Sir WALTER's attempt to weight one scale of the Committee's balance, by 267 to 148.

And now the Bradlaugh Committee may set to work, and the sooner it gets its disagreeable business disposed of the better. The temper that has been imported into its appointment, has, certainly, not cleared its way to a judicial entry on its inquiry.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord CAIRNS's Land Bills were read a Second Time, with a warning that the Government did not promise them support, intending to deal with the subject as a whole themselves as soon as possible.

(**Commons.**)—The very unsatisfactory bottle of Cyprus, which so offended the nostrils of Mr. CHILDERS in Mr. PUNCH's "Derby Lunch," uncorked by Mr. RYLANDS. He is for remedying all the evils which the late advisers of the new "*Diva potens Cypri*," Her Gracious MAJESTY, have established or introduced there, as forced labour, arbitrary exile, limitations on land sales and the systematic depression of the Greek tongue and Greek tribunals under Turkish. Finally Mr. RYLANDS wants to know whether we couldn't introduce the Cypriots to the blessings of our own election system.

Perhaps if Cyprus knew all we do, it might not be so eager for this latter boon, however grateful for the others.

Sir CHARLES DILKE gave a full and frank answer, about as satisfactory as answer could be, on this very unsatisfactory "dependency," or "acquisition," or "experiment," or "model farm," or "place of arms," or whatever the ex-Homoeof Venus and fantasy of Fakreddeen should be called.

The island is to be turned over from the hands of the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office. They do know something there about governing "dependencies," and have constitutional apparatus in stock of all sorts, sizes, and shapes. Something may be found to fit even Cyprus. Sir R. BIDDER had already received instructions to do all he could in the way of easing the chafe of arbitrary laws, and healing the fret of harsh ordinances.

Mr. GLADSTONE topped-up with the pithy *resumé*, "That our main duty and business in Cyprus is to bestow good Government on the people."

This is *not* the Fakredeem point of view, let Sir STAFFORD say what he will.

A squabble over the Merchant Shipping Bill Committee. The late "Ins" have had their own pull in their Select Committees so long, that they can't submit to the change of balance in the House; and seem to want, in effect, a majority for the minority, instead of the time-honoured proportion of parties approved by cycles of Leaders and consecrated by generations of Whips.

Wednesday.—The British Working-man is no longer to have to choose between his vote and his virtuous.

Mr. A. DILKE brings in a Bill to extend polling hours in all Boroughs till eight in the evening; and Sir W. HARCOURT promises him Government support.

Earl PERCY is not to have his Select Committee on Ancient Monuments. The subject has been committed to death. Here is excellent Sir JOHN LUBBOCK in the House; and here is his Hobby waiting for him, saddled and bridled. Why should Earl PERCY stop the way?

Thursday.—The last shriek of the High-Church birds of ill omen over the removal of the Burial Ground Bogle.

The Bishop of LINCOLN, the honestest, blindest, and most unreasonable of Clerics, found fit voice for the Church's most extravagant claims and most unreasonable fears.

The Bishop of BATH AND WELLS made a good second to LINCOLN, hardly less blind, less bigoted, and less irrational in his fears. If this brace of Bishops had prayed for a lay-third of their own kidney, they had him in Lord CRANBROOK.

The two Archbishops, the Bishop of LONDON, Lord DERBY, and the LORD CHANCELLOR spoke on the side, and in the tongue, of reason and charity, and the Lords showed that their voices have weight even with Olympian minds, for they passed the Second Reading by 126 to 101, the majority including ten bishops.

They may add Lord PUNCH's "Content!" and make it 99 in favour of burying a root of bitterness, where none should ever have been planted, in the churchyard.

(*Commons.*)—There is a big question on which masters take one view, men another. Are masters to be liable for injuries done to their workmen when no personal negligence of the employer can be shown? "Yes," say the men. "No," say the masters. "When there is negligence on the part of those invested by the masters with authority," says the Government Bill, introduced by Mr. DONSON. It takes the *via media* between the masters' demand for non-liability in all but cases of employers' proved personal negligence; the men's for liability in all cases where negligence can be brought home to anyone.

The masters found voices for their fears of what the proposed change of the law would do to cripple enterprise and frighten capital, in Mr. KNOWLES, Mr. STAVELAND HILL, Mr. E. WATKIN, and Mr. DAVIES.

The men urged their claims to more protection against negligence, and relaxation of the rule of "common employment," through Mr. BURT, Mr. MACDONALD, and Mr. BROADBENT who, in a manly manner, brought to the discussion the experience of a working stone-mason, and was listened to respectfully, as every voice of practical knowledge is listened to in the House of Commons. The ex-Attorney-General and the present spoke from their "briefs," against and for the Bill.

Mr. COURTNEY weighed the measure in the philosophic scales between master and man.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE attacked the Bill as a dummy, and Mr. GLADSTONE defended it as a measure sound in principle, though open to modifications in Committee.

Mr. CRAIG and Mr. CROSS wanted it referred to a Select Committee.

But in the end, after a long but not unprofitable night's talk, the Bill was read a Second Time without division, and the first step taken to the settlement of an old and irritating question as to which men's demands are very likely excessive, but masters' fears are certainly exaggerated. Railway servants, above all, no stand in need of more protection, and more provision in the shape of compensation for families bereft of breadwinners by the working of rules, and arrangements which make risk of life an inevitable condition of employment.

ON FIRST SEEING LORD SHERRBOCKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(By Lord B.)

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!"
King Lear (Folio of 1623).

WITH NOT FAITH ENOUGH TO SWEAR BY.—MR. BRADLAUGH.

WANTED A CHILD.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
Is there any chance of our ever having at the Education Department some one who has ever seen a CHILD? It would be such an excellent change! None of the late Lords of the Council have been able to picture to themselves what a child is like! I know, dear Mr. Punch, that you and I both want the million to be educated. But it is not generally known that gutter-children do not hear much at home about Botany and 'Ologies; and a very small proportion of their parents read the *Nineteenth Century*.

Now the want of education at home makes it more difficult for the children to learn at school. In the good old days of 1870 our children did learn to read, write, and cipher well, and thus had the key of knowledge in their own hands. But now their poor little brains are addled with a multitude of subjects (not one of which they know enough about to be of much use), that such common matters as the Three "R.s" are in danger of going to the wall. Please, then, dear Mr. Punch, do ask the new Lord to make an effort to secure the sight of a child! I understand that it would not be difficult.

Yours, affectionately and respectfully,

SCHOOL MANAGER.

I take no notice of the way in which Pupil Teachers are being injured by over-work, as I understand it is desired to diminish their number. But surely this is cruel sport. Why cannot they be put away without so much suffering?

SOUVENIRS OF THE SULTAN.

THE SULTAN, on the departure of Sir HENRY LAYARD from Constantinople, presented his Excellency with "two pieces of antique china." Encouraged by the gracious reception of these valuable articles, his Majesty intends offering the following little *souvenirs* to the illustrious personages whose names are attached to them.

To the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone.—A curious collection of old Hatts of shocking quality—once in use in Bulgaria and the other provinces of European Turkey.

To the Emperor of Austria.—A piece of the original draft Treaty of Berlin. Very curious.

To the Czar of Russia.—A series of Turkish Bonds with their equivalents in Russian ditto (in one frame).

To the Prince Von Bismarck.—A book of valuable old recipes for the treatment of sudden and convenient indispositions, including "The Padisha's Toothache."

To the President of the French Republic.—A Plan for the Regeneration of Turkish Finances (3rd Edition), for use of a French Syndicate, accompanied by a request for a trifle on account.

To the Khedive of Egypt.—A batch of his Highness's sisters, and his aunts and his cousins—already refused.

And to Mr. Punch.—His Majesty's autobiography—for publication when a very bad joke may be wanted to fill a column.

THE LANDLORD'S LITTLE GAME.

No opposition can be offered to the Ground Game Bill except by some extremely harebrained Tory.

THE STATE OF THE NAVY.

FOREWARNED is not forearmed, as yet, to the completeness requisite for national insurance.

HERALDRY AND HORSEFLESH.—The Winner of the Derby upon Epsom Downs—*Head d'Or* on a Field Vert.



"À PROPOS DE BOTTES."

Elderly Adonis. "BY THE BYE, FRANK, I WISH YOU'D GIVE ME THE ADDRESS OF YOUR BOOTMAKER. I NEVER SEEM TO GET HOLD OF A FELLOW WHO CAN MAKE MY FEET LOOK DECENT WITHOUT PINCHING THEM!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE ALL ABROAD.

At Aix-les-Bains—The Season—Adjectives—The Future—The Present—The Casino—The Country—The Bains—The Director—The Doctor—Douche—Sarah B.—Sarcey—Mistakes—Gush—Le Gaulois—Tout-Paris—Snoring—Starvation—Plenty—A Delusion—Remonstrance—Promise—Au Plaisir.

SIR,—I write this to you from . . . a Casino! No, Sir, Your Representative has not gone wrong, and yet he spends his days and nights at a Casino—the Casino d'Aix-les-Bains (Savoie)—a Casino, you see, quite out of the reach of the Middlesex Magistrates, and, as I myself am, quite out of the smoke, and fog, and dust, and heat, and whatever else you have, including *les odeurs* in London. This is a Casino, *pur et simple*, and includes billiard-rooms, *cercle*, *café*, *salons* for music and dancing, and a prettily laid-out garden, where we walk, smoke, and read; and where, when we've been very good for a week or so, the Director treats us to fireworks, and the National (English) Anthem.

Once a week there is a ball; and later on, when the more serious have finished their course, and returned to their several native lands, there will be balls on a more festive scale, and a second Casino open, called the *Villa des Fleurs*, where there will be theatrical performances, Concerts, and *tables de jeu*—the "*jeu*" *en question* being *baccarat*. Such is the prospect for the Parisian Season at Aix-les-Bains; and, no doubt, judging from the commencement, it will be very gay, very brilliant, very hot, and chalkily dusty, enchanting, delightful, magnifique, pyramidal, and, in fact, worthy of any other laudatory epithets. For as long as a language possesses adjectives, why not employ them? As, for instance, when I read of the *Villa des Fleurs* being surrounded by a "*parc immense*," and I walk round it in something under ten minutes. "Well," I say to myself—"there are adjectives: use them while you can."

Our motto here is, "Go it, you cripples!" But I am glad to record that after a very few weeks the sticks and crutches disappear; but then the people who used them also disappear; and so "the Cure" is not danced; and the dancing is but a poor affair at the beginning of the season. When the French arrive, however, it is quite another pair of shoes; in fact, several other pairs of shoes, with quite different feet in them, and nimble legs to match. They don't come here, *Les Parisiennes*, *et les Parisiens*, bless you! for the benefit of their health, but simply *pour s'amuser, pour se distraire*.

But even in this present serious time, when my compatriots are here, like

hams in a pickle-tub, solely and only to be "cured," it is impossible to be dull at Aix. There are excursions for every day in the year; endless beauties in every direction; and the more you see, the more you would wish to see, and the longer you would like to remain.

M. JAQUINOT is the very King of Directors, or I should say President, and the *employés*, the *Doucheurs*, the *Porteurs*, *Commissionnaires*, one and all, most civil, attentive, and obliging. M. JAQUINOT himself, returning to his native land after nineteen years of exile in England, is a model Republican, rightly comprehending the meaning of *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*; generous, considerate, only anxious to grant to all that freedom which he asks for himself. The Directorship at Aix is a Government appointment, and in these unsettled times it is at least one good sign that the right man should be put in the right place. Were the Senators and Deputies all like M. JAQUINOT, a *modus vivendi* could soon be found, Extreme Right could shake hands amicably with Extreme Left, and all live happily ever after.

But this letter is not meant to be either a disquisition of the political situation, nor a Guide to Aix-les-Bains, as, for full details of the place, I refer anyone to Docteur BERTIER's Blue Book—I mean his book with a blue cover—and to Doctor BERTIER himself, who will send anyone to the Douche in less than no time. By the way, were Messrs. HALÉVY & Co. and M. OFFENBACH here, I would suggest to them the libretto for a new *bouffe opéra* to be called *La Grande Doucheuse*.

No; far from the madding crowd of London, I am particularly interested in reading French accounts of Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT's second visit to the Gaiety; not that I am inclined to rave about *Aer*, but because I am curious to ascertain whether the generally sharp and intelligent critics belonging to the French papers know anything more about London and Londoners—not to say English—than they did ten or fifteen years ago. The "*sportsmen*" as a rule do; but the French journalists, whether it be M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, M. VITU, or Monsieur Anybodyelse, certainly do not.

That the "gushers" of the English Press should excite M. SARCEY's derision is perfectly intelligible, and we have a great deal too much of this criticism in *excelesis*; but in supposing that only the Parisian critics possess the art of writing so as to be read between the lines, M. SARCEY is quite wrong, and only right when he admits that his inability to detect this subtlety in his English *confrères* may possibly arise from his want of a thorough acquaintance with the English language.

The "niceties" of the English language are as various as the "nastinesses" of modern French literature, of which *Nana*, *Le Nabab*, and *L'Assommoir* are specimens.

Now here, at Aix, on our Club table I find *Le Gaulois*, an excellent journal. The correspondent signing himself "TOUT-PARIS," in giving an account of the difficulties which Mlle. KALB had to encounter before she could get a lodging, describes the English sleeping in the hall of the Langham Hotel "*ronflant comme les Anglais seuls savent ronfler*."

Oh, dear! Haven't I a night-mare, or night-mail recollection, of a fat Frenchman, one hot summer's night, grunting like a pig, blowing like a grampus, as he slept the sleep of the unjust from Calais to Paris, only awaking to relieve his throat, and to growl at the admission of any air into the carriage. But should I therefore conclude that he was snoring *comme les Français seuls savent ronfler*? *Ex uno disce omnes*? Certainly not. Of course, it's a sore point with every one: no one owns to snoring. As to the *cuisine*, M. "TOUT-PARIS," seems to be still under the delusion that we only eat "roast beef"—he actually spells it correctly—boiled potatoes, and "*mutton-shops*."

He says, "*Leur estomac parisien*"—he is speaking of the unfortunate French actresses condemned to serve out their time in London—"Ne se fait guère à la cuisine Anglaise. Le roast beef et des pommes de terre cuites à l'eau, c'est le fond de la cuisine, comme 'god-dam' est le fond de la langue"—and then meeting Mlle. KALB in Regent Street, "*En quête de nourriture moins substantielle et plus variée*," he can only pity her as "*la pauvre affamée*," but, evidently, does not know his London *au bout des ongles*, and so is unable to inform her that at the Café Royal, in this very Regent Street, the poor starved *artiste* could procure as good a French dinner as she would find at any Parisian Restaurant;—that the hospitable VERRY's was open to her; that there was within hail KETTNER's, in Church Street, Soho; and,



CONSCIENTIOUS.

Conductor (declining a Tract which was offered him with his Fare). "VERY MUCH OBLIGED, MUM, BUT WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO TAKE ANY PERQUISITES WHATEVER, MUM!!"

finally, the Continental Restauration at the Waterloo Place end of the same Regent Street. Why doesn't Mr. MAYER, the active *entrepreneur*, compile for the use of the French artistes visiting London, a *Vade mecum*, telling them where to dine? M. TOUT-PARIS goes on, "*Une fois encore, des amis sont venus la tirer d'embarras et consoler son estomac*,"—poor dear!—"en lui envoyant un tas de petites friandises qu'elle s'est mise à croquer à belles dents. Oh! les prunes vertes, les pommes acides,"—I really do pity them! how could they have played at night?—"les abricots pas murs, comme tout cela hautait sa gourmandise rassasiée de mutton-shops."

Now, will some kind person find out M. "TOUT-PARIS," and just give him a club-dinner, or even a dinner at that small restaurant in the Strand, near the Vaudeville Theatre, I forget the name? Ah, M. "TOUT-PARIS," had you been here, in Aix, during the last week, you would have seen four Englishmen, who having fondly expected a real French menu at the *table d'hôte* déjeuner of a first-rate French hotel, were cruelly disappointed at being served with fried soles done to a mere chip, a few straggling shapeless somethings, neither *côtelette* nor chop,—perhaps they were the real "mutton-shops,"—and, at another time, with slices of cold ham and chicken, without any salad—such slices as might represent the *débris* of a supper that even the waiters had not thought it worth their while to take away in their umbrellas. Then, when, in obedience to the demand of one of the party, a salad was made, Heavens! what an amount of crude *vinaigre*! And yet this was at a hotel where the same party of Englishmen—*quorum pars parva fuit*—ordering a private dinner, gratefully recognised in the result the artistic work of a *vrai cordon bleu*. Now would my compatriots have been justified in at once asserting that bad salads, ragged outlets, and vinegar were the *fond* of the general cuisine? or that because some Frenchmen always seem to be clearing their throats, no matter whether in a club-room or a church, that, therefore, all Frenchmen have this pleasing habit? He must be a very narrow-minded Briton who arrives at such a conclusion; one of those extraordinary beings in wonderful tourist suits, veritable *Anglais pour rire* accompanied by *les jeunes blondes misses*, who talk loudly in Club Reading-Rooms and in Catholic Churches; who walk about during the most solemn services, and who cause a great amount of trouble by their insular underbred bearing.

There are *les Français pour rire* in London, just as there are *les Anglais pour rire* in Paris, only that we in England take such specimens as exceptions, while the Frenchmen take our exceptions as the rule. Compare Mr. GEORGE SALA's letters from Paris with anything that any French journalist has written about London within the last ten years, including M. ASSOLANT's *English at Home*, which is far from being faultless by any means.

In protesting against this superficial judgment, methinks, my Liege, I do not protest too much; but if I have set down aught in malice, I will make a pilgrimage to the Grande Chartreuse, some thirty miles from here, and in the solitude of those mountains I will retire to my monastic cell, or cellar—for I shan't get any further—and imbibe the veritable religious spirit, and your readers will rejoice at having heard the last of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Cercle d'Aches-les-Bones (Savoie).

P.S.—I must now get out my chaise—I mean, my *chaise à deux porteurs*—and be chaired all the way up to the Baths, like a popular Member after an election. I inclose sketch.



EN ROUTE POUR LES BAINS A AIX.

HARES AND RABBITS BILL (AMENDED).



A QUESTION OF ABSORPTION.

HARES and Rabbits may be killed and taken by any of the ordinary methods, except dynamite or the catapult, from April 1 to Feb. 29, at any hour between sunrise and sunset convenient to the occupier, or, where there is a "concurrent right," to the owner.

The month of March to be a close time for Hares.

Hares and Rabbits may be taken by moonlight under certain conditions. Apply at the Home Office.

The occupier may kill the Hares and the owner the Rabbits, or *vice versa*, as may be mutually agreed by a deed-poll enrolled in the Court of Chancery; or the occupier and owner may go out together and kill both Hares and Rabbits at the same time, in the exercise of their concurrent rights.

The occupier may borrow the owner's dogs; the owner may request the loan of the occupier's ferrets. The owner's gamekeepers will always be at the service of the occupier (except between September 1 and February 1), but the occupier must pay the keepers' wages and expenses, and the cost of any repairs required to be done to their liveries so long as they are in his employment.

Neither Hares nor Rabbits may be shot, coursed, netted, or snared by the electric or any other artificial light, without a special licence from the Lord of the Manor, to be obtained fourteen days beforehand.

Any Hare or Rabbit found, after the passing of this Act, on grass-land, in growing corn, or in turnips, will be destroyed without further notice, unless born on the estate.

Hares and Rabbits may not be killed on the same day, except on Bank Holidays, Saturday afternoons, and the HOME SECRETARY'S Birthday.

The occupier's "agents" may be his son, grandson, uncle, nephew, son-in-law, or brother, or any of his wife's male relations, provided they are twenty-one years of age, born or residing on the premises or within a ring-fence, able to read, write, and shoot, and not Quakers, Moravians, or Separatists.

It will not be compulsory on the occupier to provide luncheon for the owner when the latter is exercising his concurrent right—but it will be etiquette to show the owner some hospitality, and to accompany him in his excursion over the property.

Hares and Rabbits killed and taken under the provisions of this Act may be consumed on the occupier's premises, or distributed as presents, or sold to licensed dealers.

If the owner waives his concurrent right, the occupier must present him once a year with a rabbit pie, tastefully decorated, or a tureen of hare soup, at the owner's option, as a complimentary acknowledgment.

The rural Constabulary to have power to kill and take either a Hare or Rabbit if it crosses their beat during the night, but the animal so slain will be the property of the nearest occupier, or occupier and owner, if they have concurrent rights.

Hares and Rabbits found trespassing on lawns or in private gardens without a special licence from the occupier tied round their necks, will be prosecuted according to law.

For the purposes of this Act, the word "Hares" means also leverets, and the word "Rabbits" means both conies and bunnies.

This Act not to apply to Welsh Rabbits, the "Hare with many Friends," currant jelly, or onion sauce.

Wherever in this Act the pronoun "his" occurs, it signifies also "her;" in like manner the plural is to be interpreted as including the singular; and the words "occupier" and "owner" equally apply to tenant and landlord, without prejudice.

This Act may be cited for all purposes as the "Hares and Rabbits Act, 1880;" and it must be so quoted on the collar of all pointers, greyhounds, lurchers, terriers, and other dogs kept by the occupier for the destruction of ground game.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barrellshire," "Beerjester Brewera," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arny Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladengerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

CUPID AND PROMETHEUS.



NO NOW looms before me the Novelist's great, but inevitable, difficulty. Miss MORLEENA SIMP-LEE, the second daughter of the Reverend Beadle-Perceator, and younger Sister of NEVALEEN, who became Mrs. Arch-beacon OVERWAYTE, must be described. JOHN

BOUNCE, who was in love with her, though he had barely admitted the fact to himself, still less to her, could have painted her portrait for us, and she would have come off with flying colours. But I am not JOHN BOUNCE, and I have got to describe Miss MORLEENA.

In person she was scarcely so stout as her sister would have led you to expect, had you received your information from her; but, at the same time, she was of a rather finer type—when,

as the chief compositor of the Beerjester Local Gazette described her, "when she was well set up, with big caps"—than you could have anticipated, had you heard to the contrary.

Her face would have been beautiful, had it not been for a development of cheek, with which nature had gifted her. Her nose was of the Bluecoat Boys' School model, and would have been recognised by any of those scholars as a Grecian. Her hair, which was copious, was something between auburn, and a carat-golden hue—a sort of negative, ending in a very decided knot.

She had a well shaped head, so strikingly Well-shaped, indeed, that any Lady seeing her for the first time engaged in reading a sentimental novel, which would easily draw tears from her eyes, might have feared for her being afflicted with water on the brain.

I fear that unmarried Ladies of thirty-five will set down MOR-

LEENA for a gusher, and think that there is anything but truth in the depth of that Well-shaped head.

Dear Spinsters, you are wrong; though I fancy that girls of twenty and old Ladies of sixty will probably be right in their appreciation of Miss MORLEENA's character; for the young female hearts and the old female heads know, how, when their tears welled up to their eyes, their nature was bettered down to their deepest depths.

Miss MORLEENA had a lurking suspicion that JOHN BOUNCE loved her. I think that most of you, my dear Ladies, in her position would have come to the same conclusion; though the conclusion is not to be arrived at in this Chapter. JOHN BOUNCE had waylaid her in



dark corners, on the landing, in the shrubbery, coming through the rye, in the lane when the clock struck nine, and, I admit, he had put his arm round her waist, had squeezed her, and had prevented her making any observations by demonstrating what was the real meaning of what the clergy were always denouncing as mere lip-service. If any young unmarried lady of forty-five reflects what she would have done in similar circumstances, or what she may have done when tried in the like manner, I am sure she will not severely blame MORLEENA for not crying out at the top of her voice, and needlessly alarming the neighbourhood. Perhaps she was kissed: I do not say she was, I do not say she was not; but I give my solemn word and positive assurance, that, if such a catastrophe did happen, as she told nobody about it, and JOHN BOUNCE never mentioned it to a soul, it went no further. And, if it be true that "A kiss in time saves nine," I do not think that any Ladies, of an economical and prudent turn of mind, would be inclined to find fault with MORLEENA.

Such was the state of affairs in this quarter when it occurred to JOHN BOUNCE to inquire into DEEDLER's Trust, to set his lawyer FISHY to work, and, above all, to bring down on the Small-Beerjester Dignitaries the thunder and lightning of that all-powerful organ of the Press, the Penny Prometheus.

The Prometheus was just at this moment looking about for some object at which it could hurl its latest invented imitation of the deadliest thunderbolts, while shaking its sheet-iron thunder, and sending its office-made cannon-balls rolling about the printing-office, which sounded to the outer world quite like the genuine thing, terrifying the simple public with such terrific flashes of their liquopodium torches as made ordinary men quake and tremble, startled the holders of high office, shook dynasties, and brought to their knees the boldest politicians.

The Prometheus had lately been engaged in scathing diatribes on the unexampled severity of the weather, and the intolerable nuisance of a continued East wind. Their articles on this, as it had come to be called Eastern Wind Question, had lashed the people of the British Isles into a perfect frenzy. The Penny Prometheus had solemnly declared that the subject of the East wind must be thoroughly ventilated; that an Act of Parliament was immediately required, even if the Queen's Prerogative had to be enforced, in

order at once to regulate the Barometers; to re-arrange the weather-charts; to place under arrest the Governors of the Royal Observatory; and to issue a strictly impartial, unprejudiced, and unimpeachable Committee to inquire, once for all, into the worse than extraordinary conduct of that high official, "who," said the *Penny Prometheus*, "seems to forget that he is only the servant of the public, and responsible to the public for the due adjustment of tides, times, equinoxes, gales, showers, sun-rises, and sun-sets, and who, no matter what his social position, no matter what revelations might be involved, no matter what private ruin might result, or what grievous, but just punishment might be incurred, must be here and now deprived of that grossly misdirected authority, with which he has been entrusted, and which has been so long and so unworthily exercised by him in his official capacity as Clerk of the Weather."

The *Prometheus*, having exhausted the Eastern Wind Question, had seized with avidity on the Small-Beerjester scandal, which, as represented by Mr. JOHN BOUNCE to little TOM TIDDLER—small physically, but a very giant of the press in his moral weight and unbounded influence through the *Penny Prometheus*—promised a rich harvest for some time to come, until a war, an agrarian outrage, a difficulty with Turkey, or a startling murder, should occupy their columns. So the following article appeared in the very next number of the *Penny Prometheus* :—

"When that noblest Roman of them all, MARCUS CURTIUS, surnamed CORIOLANUS, from whom so many generations of Corry O' Lanuses proudly trace their historic descent, thrust his bold Roman hand into the burning brazier, defying the tyranny of the proud PYRRHUS in the presence of his devoted mistress, THISBE; when SEXTUS TARQUINIUS mounted his noble bare-backed steed in the Circus of old Rome, and, sacrificing himself to appease the fury of the immortal gods, plunged into the abyss, and, antitype that he was of the modern SQUIRES BANCROFTIUS of the Haymarket, thus did away with the pit, which was thenceforth closed to the public as heretofore it had been close to the public; when ALARIC, King of the Huns, wearing his nine-gallon'd casque, fought desperately for the liberty of his people against the hordes of TIM MOORE the Tartar, which, in their turn, fell under the yoke of the great Siamese Prince-Brothers, HENGIST and HORSEHAIR the Corsair; when DAMON and PHIDIAS preferred suffering the most excruciating tortures to giving the lie to their blameless lives by accepting office under a monarchy they despised; and to produce but one illustration from the history of our own country, when the ill-fated MARY, Queen of Scots, refused to give up her historian BOSWELL to the fury of her sister, the Tudor Queen BESS of England, who shook her to death in her bed without being able to obtain from her devoted victim the ring for which GEORGE BARNWELL had died and WALLACE bled,—all these, and a hundred more, shining examples of the glorious heights to which human nature can attain, prove only too sadly, and, alas! too surely, the dreadful deterioration of our own race, in our own day, in our own age—we write it with a blush of burning shame on our brow, that seems to suffuse even the very ink that stagnates in our pen as we pause in horror at the phenomenon presented to us—in our own Christian country, in this nineteenth century of boasted cultivation, of scientific progress, of Higher Education and School-Board Committees, as exemplified in the present wantonly shameless administration of that ecclesiastically-guarded, and so-called, Charitable Foundation known as 'DEEDLER'S TRUST,' in the Cathedral City and under the very eye of its Most Reverend—Heaven gave the mark!—Most Reverend Father, His Lordship the Bishop of SMALL-BEERJESTER."

Then, after giving the history of the Trust, which, as my readers are already acquainted with it, I will not repeat here, and having, on the whole, fairly stated the case, though, of course, with a certain pardonable party bias, which left the facts pretty much as they were in the main, the *Prometheus* went on to attack the present abuse, and to invoke immediate and unhesitating legislation :—

"Did the Pious Founder, the benevolent old Card-Sharpener, JEREMIAH, or, as later writers have it, JEREMY DEEDLER, when he made this most generous and charitable bequest to his fellow-townsmen, for the comfort of those infirm, incapable, helpless, and truly pitiable old pensioners, the Deedler's Butts and the Deedler's Pack,—so carefully named in the deeds, grants, charters, and devices of this well-considered Institution, this Heaven-inspired donation,—did the Venerable Founder, we ask, ever for one moment contemplate that the ample provision he had set aside out of his lifelong hard-earned gains, for the support and comfort of future retired and impoverished Cardsharppers, when increased at an annual rate of something like three hundred *per centum*, would be quietly appropriated by the very man who should have been the first to denounce so iniquitous a theft,—yes, we use the word advisedly, and challenge the Master of DEEDLER'S TRUST to give the lie to this plain, straightforward, open charge made in the sight of Heaven, and before the whole civilised world,—that these vast revenues, which should have gone to solace the last days and smooth the pillows of poor broken-down old Cardsharppers—Heaven help them!—should have simply gone to minister to the luxurious tastes, to pander to the sordid avarice, to swell the

crop of the Ecclesiastical Turkey-poult already gorged to repletion; to fatten the *Porcus Presbyteros* and others of the swinish Circcean herd lazily grunting out their lives, as they bask in the episcopal sunlight, or lie under the holy shadow of the ancient buttresses of the glorious and venerable Small-Beerjester pile which JEREMIAH DEEDLER himself loved so long, so truly, so dearly, and—alas! for human depravity!—so uselessly?"

"But," continued the *Prometheus*, "it is demanded by the voice of Justice crying aloud in our streets, that this clerically Sybarite, this Reverend LUCULLUS, this Presbyter Pluralist who rejoices in the name of the Reverend SIMONY SIMPLER, should disgorge his ill-gotten gains, should give up the treasure, without abatement of one jot or tittle, which he has been amassing in his ecclesiastical rookery for the last ten years. The Reverend SIMONY SIMPLER must and shall be called upon to render an account of his Mastership of DEEDLER'S TRUST, and, at the same time, it will be pertinent to the issue and opportune to the inquiry, to ask, and to insist upon an answer from those who are incriminated by the charge itself,—how comes it that this ecclesiastical personage, this clerk, this Reverend Mister SIMONY SIMPLER, was, by a private ordination, enabled to hold at one and the same time the posts, no less important than lucrative, of Per-centor, Pre-centor, Verger-in-chief, Male-Sexton, Chief Chimer, Triple-Bob-Major, and, above all, Beadle of Small-Beerjester? With the Greeks, half Christian half Pagan as they were, such mal-appropriation, such robbery as this, would have been impossible under the hard-handed, clear-sighted rule of ARCHIMEDES THE SCREW; while in Spain under PHILIP THE TASTY, in France under LOOSE THE ELEVENTH, in Germany under even the mild rule of WELLASTERN THE SLOW, or in Saxony under FIREBRAND THE FURIOUS, in Russia under the tyranny of the Don and the Knipper, or even among the ancient people under the sovereignty of AGRIPPA, such an abuse as this would have been impossible, or, if attempted, would have been punished in an off-handed, off-headed way, which would have settled the matter summarily, and brought condign punishment on the offender, no matter how exalted his position. In the name of justice, of humanity, in the name of England, in the name of our vaunted civilisation—aye, in the name of Christianity itself—we call upon Government unflinchingly, unhesitatingly, and peremptorily, to issue a Commission of inquiry into this Mystery of Iniquity, into this gross ecclesiastical scandal. The Commissioners will have an Herculean task before them, but were it seven times the labour of the Pantheon stable, were it the seven heads of the Hydrant over and over again, yet the cleansing must be thoroughly performed, the Monster must be slain once and for all, so that the pure light of Heaven, and the fresh breezes of Truth and Honesty, of Virtue and Charity, may nurture and ripen the ancient Foundation until the last remnant of abuse shall have been done away with, and Plenty and Prosperity be the bright future in store for the recipients of the just bounty of the pious JEREMIAH DEEDLER, whose heart and soul were in the Solemn Trust which he had confided to the keeping of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of his own well-beloved town of Small-Beerjester."

I must ask my readers to imagine the state of poor Mr. SIMPLER'S mind after reading the above article in a copy of the *Penny Prometheus*, which an intimate friend in London forwarded from town with the article in question marked in blue ink, so that he should on no account overlook it.

Mr. SIMPLER laid down his muffin untasted; he could not bear the sight of his coffee; he refused sugar, and sat before the fire vaguely playing an imaginary Hebrew lyre, with both hands to his mouth, as was his habit when troubled or vexed. He knew that two hundred thousand millions of the *Prometheus* were daily sold, and that it had the Largest Circulation in the World! Two hundred thousand million readers in two hundred thousand million different places would read this accusation against him; and two hundred thousand million hearts would swell with indignation at the inhuman robbery perpetrated by the Beadle of Small-Beerjester. The Shah of PERSIA would p'aha' it, the Emperor of PERU would peruse it, the Emperor of GERMANY would gibe at it, BISMARCK would bound at it, the Khan of TARTARY would kick at it, the Emperor of CHINA would choke at it, the Archimandrite of MESOPOTAMIA would mourn over it, the Sultan of TURKEY—ah! what would he think of it! Would it not be a stumbling-block in the way of his conversion to Christianity? And then the Monarch of the Anthropophagorian Islands, who would be as sure to devour this article as he would have devoured the writer could he have got hold of him—what effect would it have upon him, whether he digested it thoroughly or not?

He consulted the good old Bishop, Dr. DOWDIE; and the two old friends sat over the fire in the episcopal study for an entire evening,—when the Bishop's wife, Mrs. DOWDIE, was absent from home,—sipping their port wine, eating sponge-cakes, and silently cracking walnuts, while the tears trickled down their cheeks as they thought of all the trouble that this unprincipled person, Mr. JOHN BOUNCE, was thus bringing upon them. And that the difficulty was already exercising other minds besides theirs, will be evident if my readers will permit me to be their guide to a *sanctum* where we shall hear something not very much to Mr. JOHN BOUNCE'S advantage.



“FROU-FROU!”

Professor Tristan (who has been chatting with Mrs. Lovelace—to Captain Lovelace, who has been waltzing with Mrs. Tristan). “WHAT A LUCKY FELLOW YOU ARE, LOVELACE! YOU CAN DANCE WITH MY WIFE, AND YOU’RE MARRIED TO YOUR OWN!”
[Mrs. T. is telling Mrs. L. that to dance with Captain Lovelace is like being in Heaven!]

THE TWO GARDENERS.

Ben (aside). Phewh! Ain’t he a pegging away? (*Puff! puff!*)
 Now I call this pertikler good fun.
Ah, WILLIAM, my vigorous woodman, you’ll have a stiff back ere you’ve done!
Werry eager to collar my crib, you was, WILLIAM. You’ve done it no doubt;
But aren’t you beginning to feel a bit sorry you got me chucked out?
Sunday best and pipe on the quiet, like this now, is really not bad.
Lor! ain’t he a-laying about him! Don’t envy you, WILLIAM my lad. (Puff’s complacently.)
William (aside, digging desperately). Oh, blarm that there BEN! He has left me a regular beast of a job.
But there, though he’s smart in his chat, he was always the laziest lob.
He keep a big garden in order? Lor bless yer, my dear Mr. BULL! Where’s the use of a chap, who won’t dig, and the weeds never troubles to pull?
Ben (aside). Ah! WILL’s getting waxy, I fear. (*Puff! puff!*)
Doesn’t seem to know where to begin.
I’ll wager a trifle his shirt is beginning to stick to his skin.
Wire in, my dear WILL! What with weeds, cloddy soil, rambling roots, and the rest,
You’ll find that to put things all ship-shape will put all your power to the test.
(Aloud.) Well, WILLIAM my pippin, how goes it by this time?
William (pausing and mopping). Hullo! are you there?
Ben. Thought I’d give you a friendly look-in, as I chanced to be (*puff! puff!*) taking the air.
William (grimly). You look up to the nines, I must say. Sunday best, I suppose?
Ben (airily). Ah, jest so.
Enjoying my holiday greatly. A pipe and a stroll, don’t yer know.

You look a bit fagged like and heated, my WILLIAM, and yet, after all, You don’t seem to be making much headway, now do you?
William (indignantly). Well, BEN, I do call That remark most owdacious. Why, hang it, you left things in such a vile mess,
 That—
Ben. Well, you were sweet on the job, and I’m sure, mate, I wish you success.
I was just in the midst of it like, you were in such a hurry, you see; With a little more time I’d have made a good job of it.
William (contemptuously). Fiddledees! Just look at the stones and the stumps, ill-kept pathways and clod-cumbered beds,
 The rubbish heaps, tangles of brushwood, the flowers all hanging their heads,
 The weeds stiff and staring! Good Lord! there is work for a whole gang of men.
You never tried clearing or pruning. Such work isn’t gardening, BEN.
Ben (cheerfully). Well, well, you can now try *your* hand. I am quite sure you’ve got plenty of tools;
 That’s right, bend your back to it, WILLIAM: it’s bound to get stiff if it cools.
A pipe and a ramble are more to my mind than a spade or a pick; I’ll toddle a little bit further. Ta! ta! [*Strolls off.*]
William (digging furiously). He’s the nerve of Old Nick!
 [*Left hard at it.*]

Mysteries of London.

A SKELETON in the cupboard is a so-called skeleton that visitors of course expect to be shown if taken completely over the house and home of even the most respectable and best-regulated family anywhere; but now also in the Metropolis at least, and a decent and even fashionable part of it, the explorer must not be astonished by the discovery of a skeleton, properly so called, in the cellar.



LABOUR AND REST.

EX-HEAD GARDENER (retired from business), "WELL, WILLIAM, YEE DONT SEEM TO BE MAKIN' MUCH PROGRESS—DO YEE!"
NEW HEAD GARDENER, "WHY NO, BENJAMIN; YOU LEFT THE PLACE IN SUCH A PRECIOUS MESS!"

THE DUTCH PLAYS AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.



"In matters dramatic the charms of the Dutch Are perfect *ensemble*, and sharpness of touch,"

is a new and more complimentary form of the old derisive couplet which suggests itself to Mr. Punch's mind, after seeing the performances of the representatives of the Rotterdam Dramatic Company. Dutch Actors! Nine men out of ten will probably laugh at the idea. The tenth man, if haply of a judicial mind, may perhaps ask, "Why?" and pause for a reply, which he will hardly receive in a more

satisfactory form than broken references to *Mynheer van Duuk*, breadth of beam, nautical and otherwise, VOLTAIRE'S time-worn epigram, dykes, heavy dancing, and pottle-deep potatoes. A visit to the Imperial Theatre will somewhat surprise, if it do not abash, people of Podsnappian prejudices.

If, indeed, powerful and finished acting alone could draw Society to see plays, rendered in a language unfamiliar to it, the Imperial would now be rejoicing in crowded audiences. "But where is the use of going to hear Actors, of whose tongue you cannot understand a word?" is Society's not unnatural query. Mr. Punch's reply is, "Go and try for yourselves." The intent and earnest interest evinced by audiences the major portion of which are presumably as ignorant of Dutch as of the Acadian dialect, is at once a tribute to the power of this admirable Company of Actors, and a proof that it is quite worth while to pay them a visit. With the aid of the English text-books, freely distributed, any one may follow, with fair understanding, the progress of the piece—a task rendered easier than might be imagined by dramatic action, too appropriate to be wholly unintelligible, and facial play too expressive to be easily mistaken.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the performances, however, is their perfect *ensemble*. The stage is always well set, and well managed; and the Actors, one and all, co-operate with intelligent care, and unobtrusive energy. Their postures and groupings are natural, their gestures naïve and vivacious, their facial-play expressive and appropriate. There are no staring, stalling supers; the subordinate characters speak well, stand well, look well, listen well, and fit well into the general picture. In such smaller matters as the comical dumb-show of a pair of childish sweethearts, perched apart upon a stool, or the speech and bearing of a serving maid in a dungeon, all is studied, and yet natural, unforced, but carefully finished.

"Dutch pictures put upon the stage, in fact," suggests the reader, perhaps. That, and something more than that, *Anne-Mie* (*Anglice* Mary Ann), is a presentment of Dutch peasant life Teniers-like in its realistic setting, but full of picturesque freshness and unhackneyed emotional force in its rendering. A proud and vindictive peasant father, a betrayed daughter, a crime unconsummated but remorse-bringing, a long separation and a late reconciliation, are dramatic elements that have before now been dished up for the delectation of the British play-goer. Let the British playgoer, however, try them, and more—in Dutch. He will hardly be disappointed. Miss BEERSMAN, an actress of much emotional force and great facial play,—(perhaps sometimes a little exaggerated in the matter of eye-rolling),—and favoured with a rich and sympathetic voice, plays the part of *Anne-Mie*, the betrayed peasant-girl. At first, and in the quieter scenes of the play, she does not greatly impress, and certain physical peculiarities which may be described as antipodal to those of the great SARAH, might perhaps lead a ribald cynic to echo Lord BRACONSFIELD'S ironic allusion to Batavian grace. When, however, passionate intensity and tragic force are required, she rises to the occasion and displays the powers of a considerable actress.

As *Mario-Antoinette* also, in a Dutch version of GIACOMETTI'S drama of that name, Miss BEERSMAN, in the earlier scenes seems scarcely the ideal queen of our youthful fancy and numberless

Academy pictures. Indeed, the felt drawback in the whole of this play is, that certain Dutch characteristics hardly lend themselves happily to the expression of that airy grace and fine-gentleman frothiness associated with French Court-life before the Revolution. Both in the Queen and her courtiers, male and female, there was a *souppçon* of quite un-Gallic heaviness. But in the more moving passages of the drama this defect, on her part at least, was forgotten in the real power and impressiveness of the impersonation. She was well supported by Mr. D. HASPELS, who, as *Louis the Sixteenth*, very vividly rendered the King's strange mingling of volitional irresolution and dignified fortitude.

The scenes of the *émeute* in the Tuileries, the parting between the King and his family, the Queen's alternations of passionate pleading and tigriah defiance when the villainous *Simon* prepares to wrest the Dauphin from her, and her final preparations for death and passage forth to the scaffold, were rendered with fine and effective force, and received warm plaudits from an only too scanty audience.

Mr. A. VAN ZUYLEN is a robust, hearty, and effective actor; Mr. ROSSIER FAASSEN, as *Dijkzen* the peasant-father of *Anne-Mie*, and also as *Simon* the Cobbler, in *Mario-Antoinette*, played with much unexaggerated power and vivacity; and Mr. J. HASPELS, as *Jan Schuif*, was a very unconventional and almost pathetic "villain." Of the other performers many are worthy more extended mention, and all may be said to fulfil their parts adequately. Dutch domesticities which are frankly and spontaneously affectionate; Dutch *weeing* which is quaintly hearty; Dutch dancing which it were flattery to call elephantine; Dutch arms, bare, plump, and akimbo; Dutch ankles, well-shaped and well-stockinged; Dutch dresses which are queer, and Dutch scenery which is—Dutch: all these may now be seen by untravelled eyes at the Imperial Theatre, doubtless drawn from—and to—the life. There, likewise, may be learned Dutch ideas of dramatic finish, unforced humour, unstrained passion, and historic impersonation, for all which, perchance, people and players not Dutch might gather some harvest of profitable hints. In fact, the Rotterdam Dramatic Company may be welcomed from considerations beyond those of mere international courtesy, and Mr. Punch, who was pleased with his visits, heartily wishes them all the success which they certainly merit.

ARGUMENT À LA FRANÇAISE.

DURING the last fortnight duelling has become the rage in France. An example set by M. ROCHEFORT has been followed by a number of imitators, and the mania seems daily on the increase. Although Paris fashions generally find their way to London, it is satisfactory to think that this absurd custom is not very likely to find a hearty welcome in England. Still, as the national motto is, "Ready, aye ready!" it is best to be prepared for all contingencies. Under these circumstances Mr. Punch has drawn up a few rules for Seconds to be observed in all "affairs of honour." It would be trenching on the special domain of the Medical Officers at Hanwell and Colney Hatch to offer any suggestions to Principals. He acknowledges, however, that these hints intended to be of service to the lesser actors in the farce of duelling are not original, on the contrary, they are an adaptation—not to say a translation—from the French.

1. Remember that the commencement, continuation, and end of a hostile meeting is theatrical effect. The more "attitude" you can throw into the affair the better. Thus, let the preliminary steps be as long as possible. Let your correspondence with the "other side" be verbose and virulent. Study "sounds" and allow "sense" to take care of itself.

2. Having consumed ten days in settling what could have been as easily arranged in as many minutes, fix upon an hour and place of meeting. In selecting the time you will suit the convenience of the publishers of the evening papers. The place should be near a telegraph office, so that a full and authentic account of the meeting may be dispatched to the proper quarters immediately the "incident" is completed.

3. When you have your men face to face, give them their weapons. Should pistols be chosen, it will be as well to remove the bullets, not only for the safety of the combatants, but for those immediately in their neighbourhood. Should swords, on the other hand, be selected, then place your Principals at a distance from one another, insuring equal security to both.

4. After a combat, lasting not quite half a minute, interpose, and declare that honour has been amply satisfied.

5. Should one of the Principals through his own carelessness receive a slight scratch, you will immediately bind up the wound with sticking-plaster. N.B. Be careful to carry a small packet of this useful article in your right hand waistcoat-pocket.

6. On your return from the scene of action, deluge the papers with narratives of the affair, and remain satisfied with the consideration that by your agency the hostile meeting has been conducted with the maximum of bluster, and the minimum of danger.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"A PENNY FOR HIS THOUGHTS."

Friday, June 4 (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON suggested the enforcement of insurance against sickness and old age, under public guarantee, by means of a compulsory payment to be made by young men between the age of eighteen and twenty, of, say, 1s. 3d. per week. An abortive conversation ensued.

Lord CAMPERDOWN called attention to the Metropolitan Water Question. Then followed another abortive conversation, which having concluded, their Lordships adjourned.

(Commons.)—Mr. PEASE gave notice of intent to ask leave to bring in an Interference with Personal Liberty Bill—a Bill dealing with the question of Sunday Closing in the Metropolis. Wouldn't it be better to open Museums and Art Galleries than to close Restaurants? Instead of a Sunday Closing Bill, Mr. PEASE, couldn't you propose a Sunday Opening Bill?

Mr. GRANT-DUFF stated that the Cape Parliament was competent to deal with a prisoner of war, such as CETEWAYO, provided they had the sanction of Her Majesty's Government. This was said in reply to Mr. WHALLEY, Member for Peterborough, his initials G. H. W. too—*sanctum et venerabile nomen*—who returned to the charge on ex-King CETEWAYO's behalf. Still sticking to CETEWAYO.

The PREMIER promised Sir HENRY JACKSON that the "dawdling system" on which the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain has so long

been proceeding at a snail's pace, shall receive the earnest attention of Government. Sir HENRY JACKSON, who had moved a resolution urging the Ordnance to crawl faster, declared himself satisfied with having taken so much by his motion.

Mr. PEASE, by delivering a protest against the traffic with China in Opium, as a source of Indian Revenue, induced a disputation on that subject in effect very similar to that drug. It included the customary moral objections and mercantile answers—nothing more, except a remark, made by Mr. GLADSTONE, that this was not the first time this Session he had noticed a tendency to allow feeling to run away with reason. The discussion of Opium ended in nothing except, of course, an appropriately soporific influence, under which the House presently adjourned to bed.

Monday (Lords).—Lord CAMPERDOWN, animadverting on the finances of Cyprus, called the tribute of £100,000, we were to pay the Porte for that Island, "black mail." Wouldn't the Noble Lord have been nearer the mark if he had called it *backsheesh*?

Lord GRANVILLE replying "vicariously" for Lord SALISBURY, his predecessor, explained things; and promised papers for which Lord CAMPERDOWN had moved.

Lord SALISBURY spoke for himself. We had imposed no additional Turkish debt on the Cypriotes; and we had, by quadrupling



AFFILIATING AN ÆSTHETE.

Pilcoz, a promising young Pharmaceutical Chemist, has modelled from memory an Heroic Group, in which Mrs. Cimabus Brown is represented as the Muse of this Century, crowning Postlethwaite and Maudle as the Twin Gods of its Poetry and Art.

Postlethwaite. "NO LOFTIER THING HAS EVAN EMPLOYED THE SOULPTAH'S CHISEL!"

Maudle. "DISTINCTLY SO. ONLY WORK ON IN THIS REVERENT SPIRIT, MR. PILCOX, AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE THE TRULY GREAT!"

Mrs. Cimabus Brown. "NAY, YOU HAVE ACHIEVED IT! OH, MY YOUNG FRIEND, DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT YOU ARE A HEAVEN-BORN GENIUS!"

Poor Pilcox. "I DO!"

[Gives up his pestle and mortar, and becomes a hopeless Nincompoop for life.]

their trade and commerce, proportionately increased their means of paying. Have we, indeed, though?

Lord SPENCER closed a discussion on the state of Ireland, started by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, as to what the Government meant to do when the Peace Preservation Acts had expired. He said they intended to rely on the Common Law, and on certain Acts not about to expire.

Their Lordships then discontinued their labours.

(Commons.)—Notices of Motion from Mr. BRAND, Mr. E. HOWARD, Mr. ELLIOT, and Mr. GREY, condemning the Hares and Rabbits Bill as proposing to interfere with freedom of contract. Of course, amidst Opposition cheers of Ministerial Mutineers. Some Liberals are Liberal Conservatives in a special sense—Liberal on all points, save one; the Conservation of Game, but Conservatives only North-north-West; in the Game Laws quarter: when the wind is southerly, they know a hawk from a hand-saw, and buff from blue.

Ministers had thirty-six questions to answer, and underwent above an hour's catechism, doubtless diaphoretic.

On going into Supply, Mr. GORST desired to know what course the Government, having committed itself to abolish Flogging in the Army and Navy, were going to take with the Cat. The principal Members of the Cabinet, last Session, had voted the lash a "brutal and degrading punishment." Liberals had issued "disgraceful placards" to the same effect at Birmingham. Now, then, Ministers were bound to speak out. What did they mean to do?

Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, amid cheers, said they meant next year to introduce an Amended Navy Discipline Bill, in which flogging would be omitted as an authorised punishment.

Sir H. WOLFF asked what punishment would be substituted; but got no reply. (Make the Services pleasant enough, Mr. SPEAKER, and then wouldn't the Sack be a sufficient substitute for the Cat?) Mr. CHILDERS clenched the conversation, which followed by proclaiming that the Government would not shrink from the declara-

tions they had made in opposition—he meant, in particular, opposition to Flogging. After a little more talk about Ironclads, and other maritime matters, the House at last got into Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE stated the Government programme, which was virtually that of Mr. W. H. SMITH. This being so, Mr. SMITH naturally expressed approval of it; and, after an irrelevant row, of an Obstructive nature, occasioned—would you believe it?—by Mr. FINNIGAN and Mr. BIGGAR, some business, after all, was got through, and the House adjourned.

Tuesday (Lords).—A Bill, of more utility than interest, having gone through Committee, and another Bill (Irish), of the same quality, passed, Lord MORLEY, in reply to Lord BURY, said that, for reasons given by the Home Office, and Office of Works, there would be no Volunteer Review in Hyde Park.

(Commons).—Sir WILFRID LAWSON asked the Government whether it was true that they did not intend to propose any vote to complete the sum, of which £500 had been already taken on account, for the salary of Sir BARTLE FRERE. "It was quite true," replied Mr. GRANT-DUFF. The functions of Lord High Commissioner had devolved upon Sir GEORGE COLLEY, who received a large salary for the office. The Government didn't think it right that the money should be voted twice over. But, Mr. COURTNEY inquired, hadn't Sir B. F. been relieved of his Lord High Commissionership before the introduction of the Estimates? And doesn't he continue to hold the same position in South Africa after that he held before? Mr. GRANT-DUFF answered, that he believed such was the case. Hereupon it would, perhaps, have been unparliamentary to demand—What afterthought made you reduce his salary?

Mr. CHILDERS repeated in substance what Lord MORLEY had said in another place respecting the Volunteer Review.

A Motion, proposed by Lord PERCY, to enable Purchase-officers forced into retirement by the Warrant of 1877 to bequeath money justly due to themselves, but at present, if they die, lost to their



COMPLIMENTARY.

Britisher. "WELL, SAM, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE WAX-WORK?"

Yankee Friend. "WELL—I GUESS THEY'RE UNCOMMON LIKE AN OR'NARY ENGLISH PARTY!"

families, was withdrawn; the proposal will, however, receive the anxious consideration of Mr. CHILDERS.

A long discussion, on Motions by Mr. LEIGHTON and Mr. PAGET, touching the maintenance and custody of lunatics, ended in an engagement on behalf of the Government, by Mr. PEEL, to institute a partial inquiry by means of a "Hybrid Committee," into the separation of criminal from pauper lunatics. Now a hybrid is a mule. Which will be the donkey half of the "Hybrid" Committee? Of course, it cannot consist partly of criminals and partly of lunatics, with whatever congruity such a Hybrid Committee might be appointed to inquire *De Lunatico Custodiendo*.

An Irish Debate on a Resolution moved by Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY to transfer some of the duties of the Chief Secretary for Ireland to the Irish Law Officers having ended in nothing, Mr. HUBBARD was added to the Select Committee on the London Water Supply; let us hope in order to the effectual improvement thereof.

Wednesday (Commons).—Second Reading of Married Women's Property Acts Consolidated Bill, moved by Mr. PALMER. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL made objections to it, and expressed doubts whether the Bill would not go farther than its promoters intended. Will it go so far? Will it reach a Third Reading? Will the Married Women's Property (Scotland) Bill, moved by Mr. ANDERSON—will any of the several Amateur Bills, also moved after the talk about those others, live to become Acts? The House, as usual, on its Crotchety Day, rose betimes.

Thursday (Lords).—The Earl of KIMBERLEY explained to Lord CARNARVON that, in reducing Sir BARTLE FRERE's salary, the Government had simply withdrawn an allowance which had been made to him for travelling to parts of South Africa now no longer under his control. He had been informed of it in a despatch, and told that he should be liberally recompensed for any extraordinary expenses he might have to incur.

After conversation of ephemeral interest, if any, their Lordships forwarded several Bills a stage.

(Commons).—Sir WILFRID LAWSON gave notice that he would, as soon as possible, move an Address to the Crown for Sir BARTLE

OUTCRY ON OPIUM.

(By Dr. Isaac Wattles.)

BEHOLD the *Phylloxera* preys,
Voracious, on the vine;
And vineyards waste *Oidium* lays;
And so precludeth wine.

A mischief seems ordained to rot
Potatoes; strange to think,
Because they yield men food, and not
Intoxicating drink.

As grapes, potatoes in like wise
A two-fold plague doth smite,
The which is wondrous in our eyes—
A Beetle and a Blight.

Whereas the baleful poppy grows
Exempt from canker, free
From every kind of insect foes;
As healthy as can be.

No fungus with disease can strike
That plant, no pest annoys;
No Colorado Beetle's like
Your Opium crop destroys.

Oh, that some worm, or grub, or fly,
Would that fell weed subdue,
Though physic we should lose thereby,
And likewise revenue!

Doomsday Map.

THERE is supposed to be some hope that the large scale map of England, commenced by the Ordnance Office some twenty years ago, will perhaps be completed, engraven and all, so as to be ready for use, in the concluding year of this century—if this century is ever to conclude. For, unless Dr. CUMMING is out in his reckoning, time, by that time, to speak as Home-Rulers in their homely way, will be no more, and the Ordnance map will then, even if possibly brought out, be of no service to anybody. In the meanwhile we shall remain possessed, as preceding generations have been, of a Doomsday Book, compiled in expectation of the "crack of doom" for service *ad interim*, but what upon earth can be the good of a Doomsday Map that will not be published before Doomsday?

FRERE's recall. Fancy the Local Option Anti-Publichouse Legislator moving an Address to the Crown! Shall we rather say, the Crown and Cushion? Mr. RYLANDS, amid cheers, announced that if he (LAWSON) did move that Address to the Crown, he (RYLANDS) would move the Previous Question.

The House went into Committee of Ways and Means, and now came in the sweetest morsel of the night, or, taxpayers, the bitterest, if you will; anyhow, the great event—the Supplementary Budget, introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE. Of course, it abounded in figures, the sum of which is one penny added to the Income-Tax. (See the incomparable Work of Art prefixed to this record.) Moreover, the Licence Duties on the sale of alcoholic liquors are to be increased, and a Licence Duty will be imposed on private brewers for permission to brew beer; for, hear, O ye farmers, and hear, hear, O husbandmen, the Malt Tax is to be abolished for you at last, and commuted for a Beer Duty. Who is your Friend now? Are you not bound to WILLIAM for ever?

The Supplemental Budget had been necessitated by supplementary expenses. Increased taxation was also requisite to supply the loss anticipated from commutation of Malt-Tax, and reduction of Wine-Duties, under arrangements to be made with the French Government in the interest of Free Trade. The new provisions, in addition to those already made by Sir S. NORTHGOTE, would raise the wind to the amount of £381,000, revised surplus. Such were the main particulars of a speech, including very many more, and, if doing equal credit to the speechifier's head and heart, doing the latter a very great deal, and, by the ciphering it comprised, demonstrating the former to be eminently what WILLIAM's colleagues, had WILLIAM been a Waiter, would have called "A good chalk head!"

Farmers, this night in the Commons was quite your own. The Budget having been agreed to, on came your Hares and Rabbits Bill, of which the Second Reading was moved by your other friend, Sir W. HARCOURT. Debate on your Ground Game Bill, on the Motion of Mr. BEARD, adjourned.

THE CONSERVATIVE POSITION.—The Lines of Tories Vedras (Over the Left).

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsetshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wildus," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry Otapur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE ARCHBEACONRY.



Y reader must now be requested to leave the two old friends together, and accompany me on a visit to the Archbeaconry, and ascend to the bed-room where we have already been once before and still would go, concealing ourselves, as is the privilege of a Novelist and his readers who follow him closely, in the wardrobe, up the chimney, behind the curtains, or, in short, anywhere, provided that we can see without being observed, and listen without being heard.

The Archbeaconness is at her toilet, giving the last touch of a burnt hair-pin to her eyebrows, and the last puff of pearl-powder to her matronly cheek, while a loud splashing in

the adjoining apartment announced that the Venerable Archbeacon himself was at that part of his daily morning service which would be best described as his Absolutions.

"It's all your stupid fault, Archbeacon!" said his amiable spouse, continuing a conversation on which her husband's slushing had thrown a sudden damper.

"God Save Our Gra-cious Queen!" gasped out the clear voice of the Archbeacon, half shrieking half singing in his bath, as though he were suffering a martyrdom for his loyalty; and then he appeared at the door in a bathing wrapper, like a wet ghost, while he attacked his head with a rough towel.

"Did you hear?" asked Mrs. OVERWAYTE, sharply.

"I did, my dear," replied the Archbeacon, "but I was just sponging myself—"

"Oh, it's all very well, Archbeacon," said the lady, interrupting him impatiently. "While you are sponging yourself and not attending to me, you'll have my father and my sister MORLEENA, with nothing to live upon, coming to sponge upon us. With our family, we can't stand that."

"But my dearest ticksywickys—" began the Archbeacon, smiling at her fondly from behind his towel.

"Don't ticksywickys me, Archbeacon," retorted his spouse, "but just attend. If you let them come sponging here, I shall throw cold water on the proposition at once, and so I tell you beforehand."

"My own sweetest loveydovey—" commenced her husband, beginning to shiver, now that the effect of the first friction had gone off.

"Hold your stupid tongue," said the lady, giving him a rap on the head with her bunch of household keys, which made the Archbeacon dance again. "Hold your stupid tongue, or I'll warm you!"

The Archbeacon paused, knowing that, if she kept her word, the process would be too violent for his constitution.

Mrs. OVERWAYTE continued:

"If you hadn't advised MORLEENA against hooking JOHN BOUNCE, and if you hadn't been donkey enough to give my father the Percentorship, instead of keeping it yourself, you old Noddy,"—here she repeated her former movement with one key only, which made the Archbeacon sing out in another—"nothing of this sort would have happened. But now there's only one thing for it."

"What? my own petsy," inquired the Archbeacon, submissively, but dodging away skilfully, in order to avoid a quick *con spirito et fortissimo* movement, set in all the keys at once, which threatened his uncovered and naturally unprotected head.

"Why, Noodle, don't you see?" was the lady's energetic rejoinder. "Go to law, fight this JOHN BOUNCE. Get MORLEENA to humbug him into dropping the whole business. My sister's sharp enough."

"It runs in your family, my darling," murmured Dr. OVERWAYTE, jumping out of the reach of the keys immediately after having uttered this remark, and hiding himself within the showerbath curtains.

"I'm sharp enough for you, my man," retorted the lady, following him up, and pulling the string of the bath, which brought down a deluge on his head, and, when he had recovered from the shock, made him scream to be let out.

"I'll let out at you," she went on, "if you don't attend to me. MORLEENA will adopt my advice. BOUNCE will be fooled; he will have to give up his persecution, pay his own costs, and be kicked out of Small-Beerjester. Then MORLEENA will drop him, and we'll get somebody else for her, with money, and—"

"Yes," interrupted her husband, looking out for a second, "and I'll see the Bishop—" But he drew in his head again as quickly as possible.

"See the Bishop, indeed!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of deep disgust. "You might Bishop the See yourself, if you had half a head on your shoulders. Just notice your own stupid self in a looking-glass! No, the Bishop's nobody. I'll square Mrs. DOWDIE, get the Governor placed in a thorough good sincere—little to do and plenty to get—where he won't be in our way—"

"Hear, hear!" said the Archbeacon, from within his bath.

"And all you've got to do, instead of playing at being a hippopotamus up in your dressing-room, and sponging and gasping and sluicing and hopping about like a lunatic,—all you've got to do is to go up to Town, and put the whole case in the hands of Sir ISAAC ALPHREZZE, the Attorney-General, prosecute the *Penny Prometheus*, make 'em give up JOHN BOUNCE, and have him transported at the next Assizes. You'll do this, Archbeacon?"

"I promise and vow!" he shouted, earnestly. "And now, if you'll allow me to come out—"

"Oh yes," she replied; "and, when you do come out, mind you come out strong."

And so the excellent lady descended to family worship, where, among her children and servants, and in the absence of the Archbeacon, who only occasionally conducted the service officially in the Cathedral or his own Church,—though this was just about as much as his wife could permit without interruption,—she read the morning devotions, which consisted chiefly of verses and responses compiled out of the hardest names to be found in the Old Testament, with some extracts from the Communion Service, and a modern hymn, of five verses of five lines each, three of which rhymed and the two others didn't, fitted to an amateur Gregorian Chant limited strictly to three notes.

The OVERWAYTES were a blessed, happy, thriving family, and, from the Archbeacon's appearance in the breakfast-room, with erect head, clear, unruffled brow, determined air, and powerful step, as I have already described him to my readers, no one would ever for a second imagine that such scenes as the one of which my readers and myself, concealed somewhere in the bedroom,—a secret entirely between ourselves and the bed-post,—have been the silent witnesses, were of constant recurrence during the tranquil night and the peaceful morning, in the comfortable Archbeaconry of Small-Beerjester.



"MYNHEER VAN DUNK."

"OH, DON'T DRINK IT, JACK! IT WILL MAKE YOU SO THIRSTY!"
 "WHAT'S THE ODDS! THERE'S PLENTY MORE!"

It was clear the case against his father-in-law, the unhappy Beadle, was progressing; Mr. BOUNCE and Mr. FISHY his lawyer were doing their worst; the Church and State were in danger, and all the Archdeacon had to do was to write a letter, and put the matter in the skilful hands of his friend the Attorney-General, Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE.

And now let us observe the Archdeacon at breakfast, a meal absolutely necessary before composing such an official document as the one he had determined to send to Sir ISAAC.

The furniture of the breakfast-parlour, where Doctor and Mrs. OVERWAYTE are seated, is a model of ecclesiastical upholstery. The walls are covered with such serious and allegorical subjects, taken from sacred History and Hagiology, as, for instance, "*Robbing Peter to Pay Paul*," "*The Dance of St. Vitus*," "*The Conversion of the Three Persents*," "*The First St. Leger*," "*Five Thousand People taken in at St. James's 'Haul'*," "*The Hermit's Regular Bell*," "*St. Simon Without and Within*," "*Moses after the extinction of the Candle*," "*The Sporting Prophets*," "*Bel's Life and Pendragon*," "*The Three Blind Mice*," "*S. Accordion Weeping over the Dead Bones in the Black Sea*," "*First Meeting of SS. Anonyma and Anonymus*," "*White Bishop Mating a Black Queen in Three Moves*," "*Pharaoh's Host and Pharaoh's Guest*," "*The Bishop's Uncle taking the Bishop's Pawn*," and many other interesting studies. Over the Gothic oak mantelpiece was carved in coloured letters the motto, "Tithes pay the Dealer," only, of course, it was in old English characters.

Everything on the table was of solid brass, wrought in a variety of Gothic patterns, huge candlesticks of the same metal stood on the floor, and on the side-board, on which were arranged special ecclesiastical dishes for the Archdeacon's breakfast. There was a *fricassée* composed entirely of "Parson's Noses," which was the only part of the chicken that Dr. OVERWAYTE would touch; while curried in rice were those rich extracts from many shoulders of mutton, "The Pope's Eyes;" a rook-pie cold was always kept ready in case any of the inferior clergy should drop in on business and be asked to partake of the worthy Archdeacon's meal; young beardless oysters fried crisply as "Flying Angels" stood side by side with the hottest possible "devils;" the amount and variety of loaves, accompanied by a corresponding quantity and equal variety of fishes, reminded the guest of the wealth of the Land and the extent of the See; the history of the Ark was kept before the Archdeacon's mind's eye by slices of Ham; and the times of persecution by the savoury smell of a broiling hot steak; while a snow white napkin encircling a pasty, within which was a capon whole, was intended as a memento of the truth that what might appear all fair without, might be all fowl within. Such was regularly the Archibeaconal fare.

Yet, after doing ample justice to the feeding from morning to night, I have always found the Archbeaconry a dull, sleepy, heavy place. In the enforced absence of Dr. and Mrs. OVERWAYTE between meal-times, the children, though very nice and pleasant before their parents, made themselves peculiarly disagreeable to a visitor, who could get no peace even by retreating to his own room, where he would be pretty sure to find his coming jocosely anticipated by the junior members of the family who had been "making hay" there, leaving two or three of their number hidden in cupboards, under the bed, or beneath the dressing-table, to frighten the occupant of the room into a fit by suddenly starting out upon him when he would be least prepared for such a shock. It would be useless for the guest to inform the parents of their children's misconduct, as they put them on their honour to speak the truth, and then took their word against the visitor's. I have myself been awoken by the youngest child sprinkling me from a watering-pot. When I asked him subsequently what could possibly have been his motive for this proceeding, he replied that he thought it would make me grow; a flower was in a bed and was watered with a watering-pot to make it grow; and as I was in bed why shouldn't the same process be effective; at all events, he concluded, if it had not made me grow, it had made me shoot up quite suddenly, in fact as his elder brother, who was watching the fun from the door, observed, it was a case of "cometh up like a flower."

On the whole, therefore, I do not find the Archbeaconry a pleasant house.*

After finishing the devil, which he invariably left to the last, the Archbeacon retired to his study, intimating that he would see no one, as his whole time would be thoroughly employed in writing the official letter to Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE, the Attorney-General.

On entering his sanctum at his usually dignified pace, and with his stately step, he first of all proceeded to double lock the door, and having ascertained that he was secure from intrusion on this side, and that he was not observed from the window, he suddenly threw off his Archibeaconal coat and apron previous to performing a quiet "walk round," ending with a double-shuffle and break-down, and an attitude expressive of the most careless enjoyment; then he spread out his writing paper on his desk, and placed a few dictionaries and books of reference open on the table; having done this he unlocked a tin box labelled "Ecclesiastical Suits," and chuckling to himself drew therefrom a variegated velvet lounging

* *Editor to A. D., the Author.*—Pardon my intrusion, but why do you change about from "We" to "I"? It is rather confusing, as it makes the Novel apparently written by more hands than one. Couldn't you stick to the first person singular, or plural, whichever you like, and not alter it? And while I am on the subject, it's the same with your tenses. Sometimes, in describing one and the same actor or situation, you employ the past and the present indiscriminately. It is puzzling. I only speak in your own interests. Yours most sincerely, ED.

Reply from A. D. to Editor.—I can look after my own interests myself. Thank ye. My tenses depend on my moods. I am singular, perhaps; and if the use of the plural is singular, that squares it. Only one hand is engaged—the right. I'm good with my left, as those know who provoke me by interference. "We" write as "I" like; and we like what I write. Bah! My way's my own, and there's an end on't.

Digitized by Yours sensibly,

A. D.



LIVE WHILE YOU MAY.

Timid Passenger (as the Gale freshened). "IS THERE ANY DANGER?"

Tar (ominously). "WELL, THEM AS LIKES A GOOD DINNER HAD BETTER HEV IT TO-DAY!"

coat lined with satin; this he put on, stretched himself out on an easy chair, and yawned comfortably. Then placing the dexter finger of his right hand against his nose, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and closing one eye, he stepped on tiptoe across the room, and unlocked the oak chest standing in a dark corner, labelled *Sermons on Moral Subjects*; thence he produced a new pinkish-coloured number of the *Sporting Times*, the *Referee* itself, or an odd copy of it, with the latest betting, and the newest number of *La Vie Parisienne* (directed to the Very Reverend the Archbeacon, under cover of the Foreign Church Missionary Society's official wrapper); and from a secret receptacle in the wall he brought out several volumes in yellow paper covers, the works of such eminent ecclesiastical writers as DAUDET, ZOLA, MONTÉPIN, and other distinguished foreigners. Having made his selection from these, he carefully replaced the remainder in the drawer, and taking a very large cigar from a box in a patent safe, he threw himself back in his arm-chair, and prepared to enjoy his morning.

He had scarcely got to the hundredth page of his foreign literature, when he was aroused by a knock at the door. Jumping up with the rapidity of lightning, he threw the end of his cigar into the fire, the newspapers and books into the safe, taking care to lock it and put the key in his pocket; then he lighted a brazen pastille-burner full of the strongest incense, crammed about a pound and a half of anti-tobacco lozenges into his mouth, resumed his Archibaconal coat and apron, and before a third knock could be given he had seated himself at his desk in the blandest way, requesting his unexpected visitor to walk in.

The visitor was Mr. JOHN BOUNCE, who in announcing himself, informed Dr. OVERWAYTE that the door was still locked on the inside.

"Can't see you," was all the Archbeacon deigned to reply, as he extinguished the incense and opened the window.

"Of course you can't," was Mr. BOUNCE's very natural rejoinder. "Of course you can't while there's a wall and a locked door between us."

The Archbeacon threw the door open, and admitted the Reformer of Small-Bearjester.

"What a horrid smell!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?" "What does that signify to you?" inquired Dr. OVERWAYTE, haughtily.

"I don't know," replied Mr. BOUNCE, carelessly.

"You don't?" rejoined the Archbeacon; "then I'll tell you. The odour that you have perceived signifies to you that I am justly incensed at your conduct."

"How, Archbeacon?"

"How! By daring to come here, into my *sanctum sanctorum*, disturbing me at my work, upsetting my calculations and meditations, and—and—in short,"—and here he rang the bell—"get out!"

"But, Archbeacon—" began Mr. BOUNCE.

"Get out!" exclaimed Dr. OVERWAYTE, now thoroughly roused.

"Get out! I'm not at home."

"I am," Mr. JOHN BOUNCE retorted, with a jaunty air.

"Are you?" exclaimed the Archbeacon, who was by far the more powerful man of the two. "Then—there!" And lifting his leg with such force as to burst two of his gaiter-buttons, he sent Mr. JOHN BOUNCE flying through the window on to the neatly-cropped lawn. Then turning to the butler, who had answered the summons, he said, "I rang for you to show Mr. BOUNCE the door, but it is unnecessary. You may retire."

The Reformer and lover of MORLEENA, who was anxious to propitiate the man whom he fondly hoped to make his future brother-in-law, rose from the ground, and leaning on the window-sill, said,

"I came here, Dr. OVERWAYTE, with the strongest feeling—"

"And you'll go away with the most painful," laughed the Archbeacon.

"You don't know why I came," continued Mr. JOHN BOUNCE.

"But I know *how* you're going," replied Dr. OVERWAYTE.

"I assure you," said JOHN BOUNCE, almost choking with passion, "that if it were not for the warmth of my attachment—"

This was more than Dr. OVERWAYTE could bear.

"Warmth!" he cried indignantly. "Here, boys! here's a gentleman wants cooling!" and so saying, he clapped his hands three times and closed the window, as a discharge from several

squirts and garden-engines hidden from view, but worked by the Archbeacon's children, who had been silent witnesses of this interview, drenched the unfortunate Mr. JOHN BOUNCE from head to foot. I think Mr. JOHN BOUNCE had as little cause for liking the family at the Archbeaconry as I had.

The Archbeacon turned away from his window with a triumphant chuckle; a glow of satisfaction was on his face as he turned towards the iron safe; but suddenly the colour forsook his cheeks, his figure visibly shrunk within his garments; his knees trembled as he saw standing before the open safe, sternly confronting him key in hand, yellow French literature, sporting papers, and the choice cigar-box under her arm, the justly indignant countenance of Mrs. OVER-WAYTE.

"My dear—" he stammered apologetically.

"So you Arch-idiot," she began, and she was never much more familiar in addressing him even at times of the greatest excitement; "this is how you spend your time and money. Give me all your keys at once."

The Archbeacon, completely crestfallen, surrendered them at once.

"Now," said the Lady, "you write the statement of affairs to Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE—while I"—and she paused.

"What, my dear?" the Archbeacon ventured to inquire.

His wife continued with calm determination—

"While I search every drawer, and every cupboard in this abominable den! Ugh! you Arch-humbler!"

Could Mr. JOHN BOUNCE have witnessed this scene, my dear readers, don't you think he would have been more than repaid?

However, he did not; but having dried himself as best he could by running after the boys, or rather in the direction whence their laughter seemed to proceed, and failing in all his attempts to find anyone except a Gardener who, having been out all night raking, was now breakfasting early on a succulent pea-stalk, and recovering from his astonishment at being collared by the irate JOHN BOUNCE, treated him to a dose of hoe-meopathy on the side of his head, which would have felled any ordinary man. JOHN BOUNCE felt that he had met his match, and must strike him on the edging of the bed, in fact on his own box. As the gardener had just made his own bed, so JOHN BOUNCE felt he ought to make him lie on it.

The Gardener, as might have been expected, fired up, but aimed too high; then seeing his antagonist's hand, he imagined that spades were trumps, and sounded them loudly, in order to summon the other domestics to his assistance.

But JOHN BOUNCE was too quick for him; and, catching sight of the door close by, lifted the latch, made a bolt of it, and fastened it on the other side.

Then he rushed up the lane to his own house; flew upstairs, four steps at a time; frightened his Sister MARY into such tight fits, that she didn't get out of them again for several days, and seizing his hat, and brushing it violently the wrong way, exclaimed,

"I'll go, NAP!"

And, without vouchsafing another word to any one, he dashed down to the front door, and violently let himself out, as much as he could, until he reached Mr. SIMPLER'S house. Here he paused, went round the place with his hat, and collected himself to any amount.

Gentle Reader, did you ever have a tussle with a Gardener, and then brush your hat the wrong way, out of sheer vexation? Did you ever find yourself reduced to a nonentity by a smack on the side of your head with a flat spade? Such was JOHN BOUNCE'S feeling now.

"If she refuse me!" he murmured to himself between his set teeth—they were a double set, which, as a General Practitioner and Dentist, he wore for the sake of advertisement—"woe to the whole lot of 'em! But if she accepts"—and here an honest smile showed his false teeth—"I shall forgive her brother-in-law's, the Old Archbeacon's rudeness, and tell Lawyer FISHY to drop the action against the Master of Deedler's Trusts, and the Ecclesiastical dignitaries of Small-Beerjester."

Then as he rang the bell, Mr. JOHN BOUNCE felt an odd sort of palpitation in his left side, with which my Gentleman readers will, I suspect, sympathise; and at which my Lady readers over forty,—in age, I mean, not in number, as the latter is incalculable,—will doubtless sigh and simper, and will follow my heroine, as JOHN BOUNCE did, when on hearing the front door bell, she glided silently from the back drawing-room into the Tea-garden, all among the Tea-roses and the buttercups and saucers, where, in another minute or so, her lover found her, with her beautiful hair flowing in auburn masses down her back from under her bonnet, picking rosy-coloured shrimps, while her father was taking forty winks with his bread and butter in an adjoining arbour.

PHILHELLENES.—The LORD MAYOR and Aldermen who filled the King of the HELLENES and his suite, when they presented him with an address, and gave them all a lunch, the other day, at Guildhall.

A RITUALIST REVEL.



EAR MR. PUNCH,

ON Thursday last week, being the Feast of St. Alban, the congregation of the Church of that Saint's name celebrated its dedication Anniversary in the drill-shed of the 40th Middlesex Volunteers, Gray's Inn Road, the Earl of ST. GERMANS in the Chair of the St. Alban's church-goers, and the Rev. Mr. MACKONCHIE, of course, in his glory. Subsequently to meat, and during drink, amongst other speakers,

"The Rev. E. F. RUSSELL, in proposing 'The Visitors,' said that the Clergy of St. Alban's had recently started a co-operative needlewomen's workroom. This workroom wanted support, and the speaker humorously dilated upon the quality and fashion of the garments there made, and urged his hearers to replenish their wardrobes."

A very humorous exhortation certainly, as likewise, don't you think, was the previous announcement that the Ritualist Clergy of St. Alban's had started a needlewomen's workroom?—of course for the manufacture of ecclesiastical millinery. To be sure Mr. RUSSELL's reverend hearers could not have needed to be urged to replenish their wardrobes (with vestments)—that was only his fun. It was evidently said in the spirit of the opening address in which—

"After luncheon, the Chairman, in proposing 'The health of the Queen,' and that of 'The Clergy,' coupling with the latter the name of the Rev. A. H. MACKONCHIE, observed that he was very glad to be able to say, in the words of the Clown, 'Here we are again!'"

Capital! A most appropriate exclamation for the Chairman of a Ritualist Meeting, and quite of a piece with the pleasantry that followed. Wasn't it? You might almost imagine the Sacrosanct performances of the St. Alban's Clergy inspired with a sense of genuine humour. Mightn't you? Observe, Sir, I have really and truly quoted the foregoing passages from a newspaper. They are bona fide portions of a report in the *Morning Post*. Upon my word they are, Sir; and not the inventions of any satirist or buffoon, such as you may imagine

Yours, seriously and sincerely,
FACT.

"Lords" and Ladies.

MR. PUNCH (with the assistance of his Deputy Assistant Prophetic Reporter) has much pleasure in publishing the score of the University Cricket Match, as it will stand at two P.M. on the first day of the contest:—

Lobster Salad, bowled Butter	1,489
Dry Champagne caught Tumblers	36,432
Soda Water not out	0
Extras	147,833

Pickled Salmon, Roast Fowls, Cold Meat, Wheat Bread, &c. &c., still to go in.



THIRSTY SOULS.

Doctor (who had just seen the Patient). "He's NO WORSE, BUT" (gravely) "THE QUESTION WILL, NO DOUBT, SOON ARISE AS TO THE ADVISABILITY OF TAPPING HIM!"

Mother-in-Law. "OH, DOCTOR, DON'T SAY THAT! NOTHING WAS EVER TAPPED IN THIS HOUSE THAT LASTED OVER A WEEK!!"

SIR QUILLE'S SABBATHE QUESTE.

SIR QUILLE spurred forth one Sabbath morn
Upon a knightlie queste,
For, mindfull of reproof once born
On holy lips midst Syrian oorn,
He deemed ye Daye of Reste
A daye of duty and delight,
Or, if neede be, of valiante fighte
'Gainst everie sorte of ille.
Quoth he, "What foe soe'er I meet
This holie daye, in field or street,
I'll charge with righte good wille!"

Two demons, Drunkenesse and Luste,
Sir QUILLE did seeke. Quoth he, "I truste
These ogres to unmaske.
But, sheltered by a foolish wighte,
Though of a pious semblance, highte
Olde Bigotrie, they shunne the fighte;
Which magnifyes my taske."

So fared he forth, and eftsoone saw
Sightes which I scarce may name,
Which made Sir QUILLE to clenche his jaw,
And fustie with knightlie shame.
The thralls of these two demons dredde
Paced the dull streets with lumpish treade,
Or lay and drownd as swine nigh dead
About ye publicke waye;
The old sore sodden with much beere,
Idle, unkempte, a-duste, and dreare!
The children voyde of hearty cheere,
And all too sadde for playe.

The Church bells chime, but they, alaske!
Had no fayre suits of shining blacke;
No head-gears trim and smarte;
Nor wille nor skille to join the throng
Who churchwards bravely paced along,
In whose high shrines of prayer and song
These had nor place nor parte.
Nor seemed there aught of harmlesse sorte,
Of pleasant love, or manlie sporte,
To which these hordes from alum and courte
Righte readilie might gette.
Ye fieldes were far, and Art's fayre halles
Were barred against these piteous thralles,
A holie banne on bates and balles
Sleeke Piety had sette.
Onlie the gates unto the lairs
(Where curses rose in place of prayers)
Of those two fiends were wide.
Now and anon, and thither then
They thronged, the children, women, men,
Whence issuing on the nighte,
With staggering gait and satyr grinne,
Shrieking madde mirth and wordes of sinne,
They filled the streets with demon dinne.
Quoth QUILLE, "An this be righte,
I'm no knighte errante sound and sane,
But a mere Quixote dazed of brain.
Methynkes I'll have a shie
At,—whomsoever be to blame
For this sadde scene of sinne and ahame,
Or know ye reason why!"

But as he sette his launce in reste,
Forth rushed an Apparition, drest
In flowing lawne, with Bible preat
Close to its much perturbed breaste,
Which cried, "Rash Knighte, forbear!
Upon thy taske I put my banne;
And, Knighte, I am a Holie Man.
Things can't be bettered by thy plan,
Best leave them to my care."

But quoth Sir QUILLE, "I prythee looke
On this foule scene! Thine Holie Booke
Hath sure no law to saye
That howsoe'er, by hooke or crooke,
This shame, which sense no more may brooke,
Shall not be done awaye?"
"Sir Knight, aroint thee!" sternly cried
That Apparition. "In thy pride
Of secular puissiance,
Thou 'dst lay unhallowed hands upon
The Arke of our Religion.
No mortal militance
May here availle. Better, Sir Knighte,
Bide long continuance of this sighte,
Though sore it like my breaste,
Than by one inch relax the law
That guards with hedge of holie awe
The Church's Daye of Reste!"

Sir QUILLE rode home, and as he rode
He mused: "Though reverence be owed
To every pious plea,
This personne's game may I be blowed
If I at alle can see!
I much misdoubte this Holie Manne,
Who on my mission layde his banne,
Was, after alle, none other than
That Bogie, Bigotrie!
On Saintes I woulde not lifte my lance;
But I have sworne aye *à outrance*
With Pious Fraudes to fighte;
And of all Pious Fraudes I thinke
This holie white-lawne'd friend of Drinke
Is the most dangerous quite!"

A PROFESSIONAL ATTENTION.

THE Lawyers ought to be happy and contented. If we are to judge by its title, a library seems to have been devised specially for their use and enjoyment—it is termed "The Parchment Library."

Are Welsh Rabbits included in "Ground Game"?



NONE OF OUR JOYS ARE PERFECT.

Mrs. Sopely (a great Favourite, somehow, with most of our Sex). "No, INDEED, MR. SPARKS! I NEVER, NEVER FLATTER! BUT IT WON'T DO TO TELL ME THAT NATURE HAS NOT BEEN UNFAIR IN LAVISHING ALL HER CHOICEST GIFTS UPON YOU ALONE!"
[Sparks is a modest man, but he can't help thinking that if the Lady on his other side, now, were only to talk to him a little in this strain, he could stand a good deal more of it!]

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

(A Doggerel Rhyme of the Supplementary Budget for the use of Young Politicians.)

THIS is the House that JOHN built.

This is the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is Opinion with Newsmen's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is L. SAY, in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsmen's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

And here's the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsmen's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

These are the Incomes a little more shorn, To save the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsmen's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That

killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

This is the "Daily" that crowed in the morn, Ignoring the Incomes a little more shorn, To save the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsmen's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

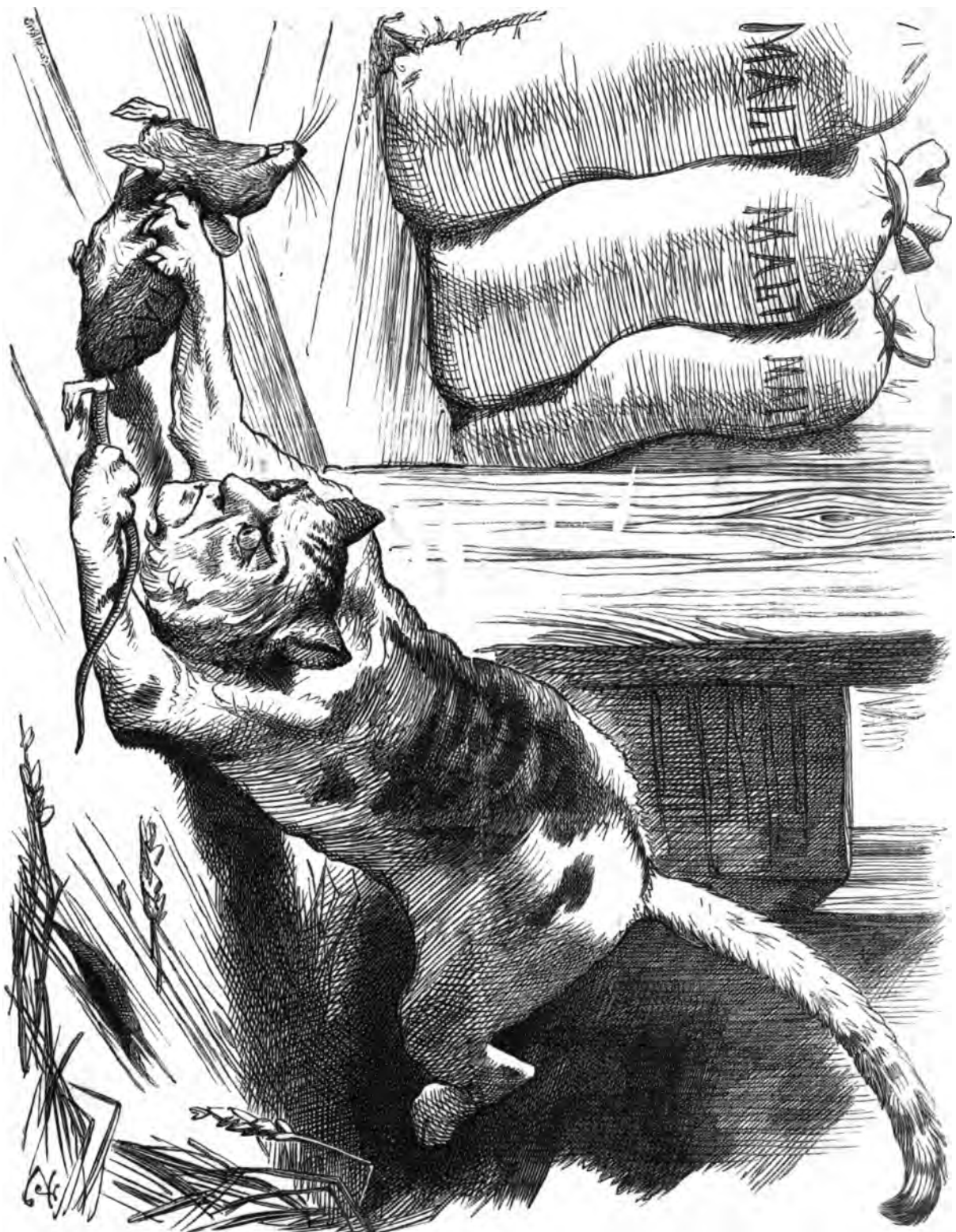
And here is the Farmer with one the less corn, Applauding the "Daily" that crowed in the morn, Ignoring the Incomes a little more shorn, To save the French Treaty all but torn, Left by L. SAY in London forlorn, Though cheered by Opinion with Newsmen's horn, That tossed the Dog, old DIZ, in disgrace, That worried the Cat with the Gladstone face, That killed the Rat, an impost fat, That ate the Malt that lay in the House that JOHN built.

Ladies and Linendrapers.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of Monday, last week—

"The *Warehousemen and Drapers' Trade Journal* states that the agitation for seats for shop and saloon girls has taken practical shape in Scotland. Last week a staff of Ladies made a tour of the chief warehouses and shops in the leading thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and made inquiries as to the accommodation in the desired direction. The Committee found that in several instances Warehousemen and Milliners had provided seats for their saleswomen to be used during 'the intervals of business.'"

And of course the fair Committee will transfer their custom from the considerate Warehousemen and Milliners, who have made that due provision to the brutes who haven't. Here is a practical beginning to a requisite end. Ladies of London, and all other large towns, see what the Edinburgh Ladies have done in the way of shopping. Do the same.



THE CAT THAT KILLED THE RAT—

"THAT ATE THE WHEAT,
THAT LAY IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

BASES AND BASS'S.



ACCORDING to evidence the other day, before a Committee of the House of Commons on the London Water Supply, given by Mr. E. J. SMITH, C.E., and F.G.S., Mr. (now Sir RICHARD) CROSS, not being out on the Moors shooting grouse on the 13th of August last, but elsewhere engaged, made a speech, wherein, with a view to business, he invited the Water Companies to treat on certain "bases." He "had proposed to them two exactly opposite bases;" and some of the Companies, Mr. SMITH thinks, "did not understand the bases which he (Mr. SMITH) had referred to." What these two opposite bases were deponent said not. In treating with a Water Company, it seems possible to treat on but one base only, water pure and simple, as any other base would imply too bad a baseness. Negotiations with a Brewing firm, indeed, might be conducted on two bases—the base of water, and the base of beer—that pale ale, or bitter beer, ordinarily called after the name of its producer, the Honourable Representative of East Staffordshire, and the interests of Malt Liquor, Bass; or Base, being musically sounded—of course not as morally understood, but quite the reverse.

By the way, as touching Malt Liquor, Mr. A. BASS, M. P., seems not at all to approve of the new Budget arrangement for taking taxation off Malt, and laying it on Beer. Presiding at the late Annual Festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Schools, and addressing the Company on behalf of that Charity—

"Mr. BASS, after enumerating the facts connected with the growth of the Institution, proceeded to speak of the present proposals by the Premier with regard to placing on beer the duty taken off malt—proposals which the speaker regarded as founded on fallacious and mistaken views."

Isn't it a wonder that, from the Brewer's point of view, the Malt-Tax, in comparison with the Beer-Tax, should be regarded in so very different a light from what the Farmer sees it in? Speaking, perhaps, less as a Farmer's, than a Publican's friend, Mr. BASS further declared that

"He regarded with great disfavour, too, the proposals to increase the tax upon licences, and warmly urged that this taxation upon a legitimate trade was unfair."

For every purpose of use, to be sure, there is nothing like leather; but the materials, of which the consumption is desirable above all things, are evidently the least eligible to be laid under tribute. This, at least, Licensed Whittlers, and their allies, consider to be the case of Beer and Spirits.

ORDER OF THE NIGHT.

(All about it—from the Private Diary of the Coming Speaker.)

4 P.M.—After a severe struggle, managed at last to get into my chair. Rather exhausted, but liked the look of the six policemen on each side of me. Wonder whether there are enough of them. Find the mace and dustman's bell both together decidedly heavy. Breast-plate easier than I expected.

4.1 P.M. Questions commenced *very* suddenly. Must have lost my wig but for my umbrella. Entered into long and animated discussion as to my right to be in the Chair. Didn't let them know it, but confess that the idea *was* new to me. Said, however, I would let the police argue the matter out, if anybody from below the gangway came a step nearer. Uproar! Rang my bell till my arm ached. Quite done up!

7 P.M.—Still ringing my bell. Fifteen independent Members on the table, all speaking at once. Have threatened to have it cleared. Uproar furious. Scuffle! Wonder whether the Chair *could* go over backwards. Swaying quite unpleasant. I thought so. *I have lost my bell.*

7.15 P.M.—Tried to restore order with a Chinese Gong. Useless. Stood for two hours on the seat of my chair, with the speaking trumpet, but couldn't get in a word. Ruled, as well as I could by waving my arms, that it was *not* part of "a Member's privilege" to threaten the officers of the House with a horse-whip. Hurt severely with an orange for this. But I know I was right. Dreadfully fatigued. Can't stand *much* more of it.

10 P.M.—Wig gone. Have resented this, as well as I can, by pointing to the bent Mace and clinging to the back of Chair. Police really *most* useful. Eggs flying about freely. (Note. It is this sort of thing that destroys the dignity of debate.)

11.35 P.M.—Fresh discussion commenced. Premier swept past me in a surging mass of struggling Members towards the lobby. Have caught his eye, but feel that practically this is of little use. Gong cracked. Chair rolling terribly from side to side. Have sent off Black Rod to fetch the two mounted Blues from the Horse Guards.

1. A.M.—Free fight all along the Opposition Benches. Here it comes! Just what I expected. Chair over with a crash. An Irish Member has put the Attorney-General's bag over my head. Have ruled this quite "out of order." But where are the Police?

3 A.M.—Out of it at last, dreadfully exhausted. Find, however, some relief up here in my own gallery. Row still furious downstairs. Hope they can't see me. Can't, if I lie on the floor. I'll try it. Dear me, this isn't half bad.

3.15 A.M.—Yes, I'll make it "a precedent." Off to sleep, ruling that Big Ben shan't be heard.

CONFERENCE MEMS.

OVER the door of the Conference Chamber is inscribed in the modern character, "When Greeks joined Greeks."

The Chamber itself is distinguished as the "Grecian Saloon." Ranged round it are casts from the Elgin Marbles, and other celebrated remains of classic art, Greek busts and vases, a model of the Byron statue, &c.

The Library, which has been collected for the use of the Conference, is peculiarly rich in the Greek Grammar, the Attic orators, the works of BYRON, GLADSTONE, MURRAY, &c.

The Representatives of the Great Powers are all dressed in the picturesque Albanian costume; but, to obviate any suspicion of partiality, they wear the Turkish fez, sit (crossed-legged) on Turkey carpets, and smoke chibouques.

The proceedings of the Conference are opened with a recitation, by the President, from HOMER, and closed with the "*Maid of Athens*," sung in turn by each of the Plenipotentiaries.

The most learned Greek scholar in Europe (including Grecians from Christ's Hospital) are in attendance to turn each day's proceedings into iambs.

The influence of Greek art is a subject frequently on the *tapis* (Turkish).

The proposed frontier is generally referred to as the (in)definite Greek article.

Greek wines are served at luncheon. "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla" is always on the table. The attendants show unmistakably the well-known classic profile. It is hoped that unanimity will prevail, and that there will be no Grecian noes.

LIBERAL "SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."—A New Frontier for Greece.

COMMENCEMENT OF EUROPEAN CONCERT.—The Identical Note.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THERE WAS AN
OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED
IN A SHOE.
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO.
SHE GAVE THEM SOME BROTH WITH OUT
ANY BREAD.
SHE WHIPPED THEM ALL SOVNDLY AND
SENT THEM TO BED.

FRIDAY, June 11 (Lords).—Conversation on the deplorable condition of Turkey and the unsatisfactory state of Ireland, but little if anything said, and nothing done likely to conduce to the improvement of either. No; but in course of the talk upon Turkey, Lord CARNARVON, mentioned that the SULTAN'S Meat Bill at Constantinople still remained unpaid. The Padishah is in debt for his



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

JENNINGS AND BELLAMY, THE FAMOUS DRAMATISTS, PLANNING ONE OF THOSE THRILLING PLAYS OF PLOT AND PASSION, IN WHICH (AS EVERYBODY KNOWS) JENNINGS PROVIDES THE INIMITABLE BROAD HUMOUR, AND BELLAMY THE LOVE-SCENES AND THE TRAGIC DEATHS. (BELLAMY IS THE SHORTER OF THE TWO.)

kisbabe, and "owes for his veal." That wouldn't signify if he "saved his country"—which he doesn't seem about doing.

(*Commons.*)—Dr. CAMERON, with a view to meet some objections to vaccination, founded on the possibility of constitutional contamination by human lymph, moved that lymph from the vaccine fountain should be provided for the accommodation of all persons who preferred it. Lymph from the calf, JAMES, —not yours. Mr. DODSON was prepared to make arrangements for the supply of the original matter to regular medical practitioners only.

Dr. CAMERON had to rest satisfied with having obtained a move in the right direction so far, and to withdraw his Motion.

Monday (Lords).—Royal Assent given to a few Bills.

On the motion of Lord HOUGHTON, First Reading of a Bill to render British subjects free to marry their Deceased Wives' Sisters, equally with their fellow-subjects in Australia, and the greater part of mankind.

Resolution proposed by Lord GALLOWAY to rescind an order of the House of Lords under which the Earl of KELLIE votes at Holyrood as Earl of MAR, and to recognise the claim of Mr. ERSKINE to an original Earldom of Mar prior to Lord KELLIE's. If this pretension were recognised, there would be two Earldoms of Mar, and two Earls, MAR Senior and MAR Junior, two MARS in fact,—and here we are reminded of an umquihle Earl of Mar, so named in connection with Mars by an anonymous bard, [as to afford, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS an example of the Art of Sinking:—

"And thou, DALHOUSIE, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of MAR."

Lord GALLOWAY's resolution was rejected. "Know we not Galloway nags?" We don't know that his Lordship does nag; but he hammers away. *Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.*

(*Commons, Morning.*)—Mr. LABOUCHERE gave notice of Motion that his colleague, the other Member for Northampton, be allowed to take an affirmation

of allegiance, so that an Agnostic may be let into Parliament as a sort of Non-juror.

After much speaking on the Report on the Budget Resolutions, they were read a Second Time; and the Budget budged on.

Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, in a maiden speech on the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Act (1880) Amendment Bill, moved by Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, protested against that measure as a Bill for the Relief of Irish Landlords merely, and an acceptance of the policy of the late Government. Of course if they accept their predecessors' Act, they, as it were, endorse their Bill. Mr. ARNOLD pitched so strongly into the ex-Ministerial Measure, as well as its Ministerial modification before the House, as to call up Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE in reply.

(*Evening.*)—The whole sitting, after some perfunctory business, from an early hour in the evening till one o'clock in the morning, wasted in a row, occasioned primarily by Mr. O'DONNELL, persisting in putting questions involving gross imputations upon M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, the new French Ambassador, although Sir CHARLES DILKE had fully contradicted them, and secondarily by Mr. GLADSTONE, in a fit of natural impatience, moving that Mr. O'DONNELL be not heard. This was objected to as interference with the liberty of the House by a good many Members, besides Home-Rulers, with whom even Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE sided, and so, stranger still, did Mr. COURTNEY and Mr. ANDERSON. Cries of "Divide!" "Withdraw!" and, from the Legislative Irishry, of "Despotism," and "Caesarism," constituted the most remarkable, if not important utterances. Captain PRICE, however, created some fun by taking occasion to interrupt Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the middle of a vehement speech, by moving, *en revanche*, that the HOME SECRETARY be no longer heard. Ha, ha, ha! Ho!

Conclusion, a compromise, Mr. GLADSTONE withdrawing his Motion to shut up Mr. O'DONNELL, and Mr. O'DONNELL agreeing to confine himself simply to giving notice of a Motion. He accordingly gave notice that he would move for documents tending, if authentic, to verify his charges against M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR. If! So then the House, after some forty minutes' formal business, adjourned for "forty winks," not many more—for those who broke fast betimes.

Tuesday (Lords).—Committee on Burials Bill. Lord MOUNT-EDGECUMBE moved an Amendment limiting the right to bury in Churchyards without Church of England rites to parishes comprising no public unconsecrated ground or cemetery. Amendment supported by the Archbishop of YORK and eleven other Bishops; opposed by seven Lords Spiritual, including his Grace of CANTERBURY. Carried in the LORD CHANCELLOR's teeth. The House below will probably disagree with their Lordships' Amendment, or rather impairment, of a concession to Nonconformists, minimised by a limitation of which the idea appears to have been borrowed from the Bagman who asked the waiter, "How little can I give you without being considered mean?" Another limitation proposed by the Archbishop of YORK, and opposed also by the LORD CHANCELLOR, was carried too. In ensuing discussion, on a real Amendment, the LORD CHANCELLOR's proposal to insert words defining "Christian service" to mean the service of any community calling itself Christian, Lords CAIRNS and SALISBURY suggested doubts as to the noble Lord's success in defining Christianity for the purposes of his Bill. But that is just what he does succeed in doing for those purposes, if not for a purpose nothing to its and his. The Bill went through Committee, mutilated in going, but most likely to be made whole again.

(*Commons.*)—Sir CHARLES DILKE, in reply to Mr. BALFOUR, announced that Her Majesty's Government had received from Germany an invitation to participate in the European Concert for the benefit of Greece, if not for Turkey too, about to be given at Berlin in order to rectification of Greco-Turkish frontier. They are going, and will be represented by those eminent performers Lord ODO RUSSELL and Sir LINTON SIMMONS.

Mr. RICHARD, calling attention to the growing cost and burden of European armaments, moved an Address praying HER MAJESTY to direct communications to be made by the FOREIGN SECRETARY to European Powers, with a view to the mutual and simultaneous reduction of those expensive preparations for mutual laughter.

Mr. GLADSTONE, answering, said all that could be, and usually is said in excuse for not doing what it would be of not the slightest use to do, and, by the way, (of a fling at his predecessors, possibly,) pointed out that "when Lord CLARENDON made overtures to France and Germany, there was nothing in our policy in any portion of the globe that at all weakened our position, or made it otherwise than desirable to be authors of such overtures. It was necessary that we should stand *recti in curia*, and that we should not be met with the remark—'What are you doing yourselves? You preach the Gospel of Peace, but are your hands free from the stain of blood?'"

At the suggestion of Mr. COURTNEY a Resolution, instead of Mr. RICHARD'S, was adopted to the effect that it is the duty of the Government, on all occasions when circumstances will permit, to recommend to Foreign Governments the reduction of European armaments. The House, having affirmed this abstract proposition, was counted out; and no wonder.

*Wednesday (Commons).—*Second Reading of Town Council's Amendment Bill, moved by Mr. JAMES, and carried. Nothing else to speak of but the Report of the Bradlaugh Committee (No. 2), brought up by Mr. WALPOLE. It recommends that Mr. BRADLAUGH be not allowed to make oath, but be permitted to affirm and take his seat at his own peril—that of being sued in the High Court for penalties he may incur by sitting and voting; it is said, to the amount of £500 per vote.

*Thursday (Lords).—*Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL made a

speech about Turkish affairs, and moved that a copy of the instructions to Mr. GOSCHEN be laid upon the table.

Lord GRANVILLE replied that they were already on the table. *Ergo* Motion withdrawn. Logic. Then a few inquiries made, and replies returned. Questions of no consequence; answers evasive. Adjournment.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. O'DONNELL having two questions down relative to Mr. CHALLENGER-LACOUR, before putting them, was proceeding to put a subsidiary question to the Chair; but the SPEAKER reminded him that he had already told him it was an improper one, and further advertence to it was irregular.

Mr. O'DONNELL, continuing to press his point, Mr. SPEAKER stuck to his decision, and having called upon him to confine himself to his questions on the paper, ultimately admonished him that if he went on disregarding the authority of the Chair, he (the SPEAKER) would be bound to take action accordingly, and pass his questions over Oh, then in those circumstances Mr. O'DONNELL wouldn't put any questions at all; and so vanished amid roars of hearty laughter, and thunders of ironical applause.

After delay, occasioned chiefly by interrogatories to the number of thirty-seven, came on a doleful adjourned debate on the Second Reading of the Irish Distress Bill; read at last a Second Time; an Irish Debate, for once in the way happily, not involving an Irish row. Yes; happily, for Irish rows in the House of Commons are so frequent that they have ceased to be funny.

CHARITY!



THE following letter, apparently intended for a Parisian contemporary, has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. As Mr. Punch has no means of ascertaining the right address without publication, he has decided upon printing a translation of it.

The MS. of course will be immediately returned on application at Mr. Punch's office, and proper identification by anyone so applying.

The Little Hotel of France, Colais, and the Two Worlds, Leicester Square, June 18, 1880.

—ON MY DEAR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF!

CONGRATULATE me, my dear friend, a thousand times! You ask me why? I will tell you. On leaving our dear boulevards you told me to see as much of the "*Sport Anglais*" as possible. You knew I loved the chase! That my blood boiled in the hunt! Well, I have obeyed you! Listen! Attention! A friend of mine—a "perfect Gentleman rider"—said but two days since,—"My dear! You wish to see how we hunt the fox in his lair. You have brought your double-barrel-muzzle-loader that you may assist at his discomfiture! But alas! It is too late! The fox he has gone to take the waters at the sea-side until the winter! But courage! You shall see something better! We will go to Kensington!"

And, my faith, he was right! He had reason! We conveyed ourselves in a "Hansom-cab-four-wheeler," and flew with the wind past "Hyde-Park," past "Knit-is-bridge" to "Baron-Grant-Ous." There we entered. All the "high-life" were there. The "high noblesse," the "swells," the "big Vigs." In a moment all was excitement! We crushed! We pushed! We fought! We the men, and those others, the Ladies! Oh, it was grand! It was like a battle! I was wild with excitement! I then understood why the English "Mees" wishes the rights of man!

It is that she may hunt like the rest! Clothes were torn, shouts were made! It was splendid! But some were weak. Two Ladies fainted! But what cared the hunters? It was the fortune of the war! But there was a rush, and then such a fight! And they

were saved by another of their sex! Hip! hip! hip! for another of their sex! Then we hunted *her*! She retreated to another room, and we pursued! Once more the fight, the crush, the combat! How we pulled! How we tore! How we trod under foot! It was grand, magnificent! It was glorious! Congratulate me! I am too excited to write more! Hip! hip! hip! for the "*Sport Anglais*!"

JULES.

At this point the letter ends. Mr. Punch has no observation to offer as to its application. It is true that a Fancy Fair was recently held at Kensington House, at which the Princess of WALES, and the Duchess of TECK were great objects of attraction; but, of course, M. JULES' description can have nothing to do with *that* event!

THE FARMER'S REAL FRIENDS.

Hawfinch sings—

OLD SNOW, a remnant of an age that's bygone,
What zo-o-logers calls a "survival," holds on.
His mind was made up afore these here new days,
And he always have stood on the old-fashioned ways.

The Refarm Bill, when carried by RUSSELL and GREY,
'Ood rewun the countree, he heer'd people say,
And he stuck to that pawfsey all his life droo,
So the colour he voted was high Torea Blue.

But as I was a gwinn for to look at a pig,
I meets wi' old SNOW all bedizened out Whig.
On his breast in a button-hole a gurt yaller bow,
Of the same round his hat a smart riband wore SNOW.

"Hullo, Sir," I says to un, "why who do I zee,
Wi' a Libbral rozett on? Thee a turnquoat, what, thee?"
"Eas, naabur," sez he, "tis a vaot that thee dost;
I've took on a new tether, the old bands be all bust.

"The repale o' the Malt-tax we expected how long
For to gaain by the Torees, when they should be strong!
In vaain, as we found whenaes'er they got in;
Droo the Libbrals at last we've our rights come to win.

"There's the Ground Game Bill also—they some good ha' done
For we Farmers; they 'tother chaps never did none.
So now 'BILL—Malt Bill—GLADSTONE for ever! I'll roar;
Never more no Consarvatives, never no more!"

CONFESSION OF A CONSTITUENT.

I ACKNOWLEDGES I took money to vote for the sittin' Member. I was offered one pound to. I allows I sold my wote for that sum. I thinks I did right so to do. I considers it was my duty towards my Sovereign.

SUITED TO A "T."

ADVICE to Pleasure-seekers:—Go to Hampton, and exchange Thames Smells for Thames Smelts.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRITICISM.

Critic. "SOB, IT'S BY TAYCHIN' THE IGNORANT PUBLIC WHAT IS GOOD OR BAD, ACCORDIN' TO ME LOIGHTS, THAT I GET ME LIVIN' INTOIRELY!"

Layman. "AND HOW'S THE IGNORANT PUBLIC TO KNOW WHETHER YOU ARE RIGHT OR WRONG?"

Critic (innocently). "BY THE COINCIDENCE OF THE POPULAR VERDIOT WITH MOINE, SOB, OR THE REVERSE! BUT EITHORR WAY I TURN AN HONEST PENNY!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Farewell to Sarah—Waiting for Chaumont—Interim Performances—Old Friends—Old Faces—Old Pieces—Recommendation—Où est Coquelin?—Dutch Metal—Quotation—Explanation—Termination.

SARAH has gone! *Il y a dix jours que SARAH est partie!*

All is well that well all ends,
And SARAH B.'s gone back to her friends.
Whether they're friends or whether they're foes,
Most of us care, but nobody knows.

She has had a veritable triumph with her *Adrienne*, and a success with her *Rome Vaincue*. *Frou-Frou* was not within her reach; but whether above or below it, let those decide who can read—as M. FRANCISQUE SARCÉY declares our critics can't write to be read—"between the lines." SARAH was last heard of at Manchester.

And now *en attendant cette petite reine* Mlle. CHAUMONT—*Ah! que Monsieur (Punch) attend Madame!*—we have the ancient *troupe* of the celebrated Palais Royal. GEOFFROY and LHÉRITIÉ are here, and the ever-blooming HYACINTHE—not le célèbre "Père" HYACINTHE—c'est à dire M. LOYSON qui est arrivé probablement par le même bateau à vapeur, et qui vient de jouer ses petites farces chez Monseigneur l'Archevêque de Cantorbéry—but le grand "Père" HYACINTHE, doyen du Palais Royal—with the spirituelle Mlle. DEZADOR, and the other attractive *comédiennes*. Everyone was disappointed with *La Cagnotte* on their opening night. The clever actors were, somehow or other, not at home; and yet the audience tried their best to make them so, for they undoubtedly would not have tolerated so lengthy and idiotic a piece, with such dawdling *entr'actes*, in any of our own London theatres. But *Le Réveillon* on Tuesday revived us. It is a fairly constructed piece—one of MM. MEILHAC and HALÉVY's—with good situations and some really witty dialogue. The acting was perfection of its kind, and satisfied those who knew what to expect from such a combination of old "playmates" so long associated together for the charitable object of amusing the public. Are there any young GEOFFROYS and LHÉRITIÉS and HYACINTHES springing up in the garden of the Palais Royal, or will their secret die with them? Later on MM. DAUBRAY and MILHER will join them, and we shall see whatever plays are *autorisés* par *Milord Chambellan*. Permit me to recommend *Tricochs et Cacotet, La Boule, et le susdit Réveillon*. *Gavant Minard & Cie.*, is rather—ahem—but the three Mlles. GAVANT are delightful, and I venture to say

that it would be difficult to find their equals—all three playing together—in any one London theatre. They are only little people, mind. BRASSEUR, poor GIL PÉREZ, and LAS-SOUCHE, no longer members of the company, are conspicuous by their absence—especially the latter. By the way, I hear of M. COQUELIN *caché* somewhere in London, and giving little drawing-room entertainments on his own account, because he can't get that hundred a-night—pounds, not francs—at which he estimates his services. *Que chante-t-il ce cher directeur* M. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD? *Parlant il fredonne*, "He's too jolly clever by half," and so *ce spirituel* COQUELIN *ne coqueline pas ici*. Well, we all missed *le petit Duc de Sept-monts* this season, and wanted very much to see *L'Etrangère*.

Bravo Dutch metal and Dutch pluck! The Dutch company has been a *succès, d'estime, et un de mes chers collègues* has already testified to their excellence. The British public will wake up when they have gone. But never too late to mend; and it is to be hoped they will revisit London next year, when we shall all have learned Dutch. That is a "*Gelukigge Inval*," isn't it? Haven't I read in Flemish—which is quite near enough—"Byng neemt Milburd en mij ter zijde. 'Wat voor een kerstfeestachtige vestooning,' vraagt Byng, 'kunnen we bedenken om ze te amuseren?' Milburd slaat charades voor." Well, well—"We kloppen onze pijpen uit, drinken ons glas leeg en gaan naar bed." And, Dutch or Flemish, or both, that's a good finish for YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—The above extract is from *Gelukigge Inval*, or *Happy Thoughts* translated into Flemish by SOKRA RANA. Let them send an *Opéra-bouffe* company to play *La Grande Dutchess—musique de Mynheer Van Bacheffen*.

P.S. No. 2—*Gelukigge Inval*, or *Happy Thought*.—Previous to visiting the Gaiety at eight, dine at a small table in the *salle à manger* of the Grand Hotel at something before seven, taking the *table-d'hôte* dinner, and having been very careful to order your table early in the morning of the same day. The *salle* is so thickly carpeted that the waiters move about noiselessly, like ministering spirits, —though, of course, they don't "like ministering spirits" to anyone unless ordered. *Cela va sans dire; et tout là va sans bruit.* "Recommandé." Y. R.

THEN AND NOW.

ONCE Mr. GLADSTONE was associated with the Ionian Islands, at the present we connect him with Malta.

TO LADIES WHO PAINT—THEMSELVES.—It is better to be "plain" than "coloured."

A PENITENT ELECTION PETITION.—"Please disfranchise us!"



NIL DESPERANDUM.

WATER DANCE OF THE FLAMINGO ON HAVING HIS BANTLING HATCHED AT LAST.

WIDE OF THE MARK.

NUMEROUS questions not very wise, and answers very much less wise, have been suggested by the recent Agnostic row in Parliament.

Why is Mr. BRADLAUGH a fit and proper person to represent Northampton? "Because," answers the Wag who asks the question, "he sticks to the last." Not so. He sticks to his purpose truly; but he does not stick to his last, as he might be advised to do if he were a cobbler.

To the question above propounded respecting the elect of Northampton, the City of Shoemakers, another Wag answers that he is fit to be their representative because he denies the immortality of the Sole. No such thing. The Sole will not wear out any the faster for his denying its immortality; neither does he thereby, as yet another Wag alleges, ruin any Soles. Moreover, the only Sole of which the immortality could be either affirmed or denied is the living fish of that name, with which cobblers and shoemakers are concerned not as producers or reproducers at all, but solely as consumers.

Mind and Brain.

It is not true that anybody proposed that Mr. BRADLAUGH, whilst confined in the Clock Tower, should be put to the rack. An investigator of GALL and SPURZHEIM's system, however, has suggested that his head should be shaved, in order that a cast might be taken of it, showing whether the organs of "Veneration" and "Marvellousness" are so small, and the organs of "Firmness" and "Self-esteem" so large, as they ought to be according to Phrenology.

GEMS AND GREEN-GROCERY.

THE *Natal Mercury*, speaking of the South-African Diamond Fields, says that next to diamonds potatoes seem to be the dearest thing on them, £8 10s. having been given for a bag of them. At this rate, however, potatoes are still considerably cheaper than carats.

CITY ARTICLE.

There is an "Aldermanic contest in Billingsgate."

LET us hope it will pass off without any recourse to the language for which that Ward has been distinguished.

CRIES AND CONTRARIETIES.—
"Gin and True Religion!" and
"Atheism and Total Abstinence!"



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Gorgius Midas Junior (a crack dancer in his own set) gets a card for a dance at Stilton House, and waits with Mrs. Ponsoby de Temkyns, the only lady he knows there, and who has often been his partner under the paternal roof. Proudly conscious of creating a sensation, he is dancing his very best, when—

Mrs. Ponsoby de Temkyns (suddenly). "WE'D BETTER STOP, MR. MIDAS! THIS FORM DOES VERY WELL AT MIDAS TOWERS, BUT IT DOESN'T DO HERE!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LEEF, and dream of the Budget.

Friday, June 18 (Lords).—

Lord NORTON moved for an Address to HER MAJESTY, praying for the omission of the fourth schedule from the Education Department's New Code, proposing to make public payment for teaching half-a-dozen of the higher knowledges in national schools. By a majority of 48 their Lordships decided against those chargeable superadditions to the Three R's.

(Commons, Morning).—The House, after nigh three hours' talk, went into Committee *pro forma* on the Irish Distress Relief Bill; and progress was immediately reported. Not much made.

(Evening).—

The event thereof was the final success of Sir WILFRID LAWSON in getting the House, by a majority of 26, to agree to his Resolution affirming the principle of Local Option; that principle and the principle of the Permissive Bill being as nearly alike as two peas.

Mr. GLADSTONE, disliking abstract resolutions which were not preparatory to Bills, could not follow his hon. friend into the Lobby, but "hoped that at some no very distant period it might be found

did not believe" in the tenets which an Atheist believes that he disbelieves, then, Mr. FOWLER justly declared, "he was not likely to be a man of high moral character." Certainly not. "The language of such a man," added the Alderman, "must be 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

To an Alderman, of all people, this must naturally appear the language to be expected of an Atheist. But others than Atheists seem, though they don't say so, to devote themselves chiefly to eating and drinking. Unedifying palaver adjourned.

In Committee on the Wild Birds Protection Law Amendment Bill, censured by Major NOLAN as protecting hawks, magpies, and other pernicious birds, Sir J. LUBBOCK pleaded that hawks, at all events, should be cared for, as an almost extinct species. Ornithologists, and brethren in the bonds of woodcraft, salute Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. Adjournment of House.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Government acceded to a Motion made by Lord LIMERICK for a return of attempted robberies of arms reported by the Irish Constabulary within the last year. Also, to the request of Lord ANNESLEY for a return of the number of evictions for non-payment of rent in the distressed districts of Ireland in 1878 and 1879, which the Noble Lord wished to obtain because he believed that evictions on large Irish estates were very rare. The fewer both robberies and evictions in Ireland turn out to be proved, the more will the British public be disappointed agreeably.

(Commons).—Resumption of the Bradlaugh debate by Mr. NEWDEGATE, who taxed the Government with having, as touching the occasion thereof, brought the House into a "disgraceful muddle." He added some general observations on Atheism; for which the SPEAKER called him to question.

Mr. GLADSTONE said he would argue the question drily, and he kept his word, pursuing a mainly dry indeed, but forcible argument. He thought the House had no power to refuse the oath, and would, by refusing it, conflict with the Courts of Law and the constituency of Northampton, and finally be reduced to humiliation, as whilom in the case of WILKES. The other side (Church and State) had been driven to abandon successively the Church, the Protestant and the Christian character of the House, and would attempt in vain to rally on the "narrow and slippery" ground of Theism, or, as he might have said, the theistic Rink.

Mr. GIBSON answered forcible argument in kind, arguing with much force that the cases of WILKES and BRADLAUGH were quite different.

Mr. SULLIVAN, alike with Irish earnestness and Irish logic pleading for Parliament's retention of its religious character, admitted that if ever the day came—which he deprecated—when the Atheists should be as numerous as the Jews, the Non-conformists, and the Catholics, the House, if the Atheists claimed to come into it, would have to consider their

practicable to deal with the licensing laws, and to include a reasonable and just application of the principle of Local Option."

That, then, your Honours, will be a measure of Local Option which will not restrict the liberty of Personal Option, and will duly so regulate the sale of liquor as, nevertheless, not to rob a poor man of his beer. Rob him of his beer, and you reduce the revenue; prohibit the liquor trade, and you will have to rob the Income-tax payer, or else to raise taxation on the People's tea, or some other commodity which the People largely consume. If Local Option prevented the consumption of liquors which duties are now levied on, wouldn't it, in so far, annual Optional Taxation, and necessitate compulsory Taxes on Temperance? Think of that.

Monday (Lords).—On the Motion of Lord DE LA WARR, a Select Committee, to inquire into the operation of the Highway Acts, was agreed to by Lord ENFIELD on the part of Government; and they hope the noble Lord himself will sit as Chairman thereon. No legislation to-night. Interrogations and replies only; none noteworthy.

(Commons).—Mr. LABOUCHERE, in a rather dialectic speech, moved his Resolution that Mr. BRADLAUGH be allowed to affirm.

Sir H. GIFFARD moved, as an Amendment, that he be not allowed either to affirm or to swear.

Serjeant SIMON, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and Mr. BRIGHT of course supported the Motion; equally of course Mr. HUBBARD, Mr. WALPOLE, Mr. BERKESTED-HOPE, and Mr. E. STANHOPE the Amendment. Mr. BRIGHT, on the part of Mr. BRADLAUGH, in a speech which highly irritated the other party, took occasion to point out that "there were quite as many lawyers on one side as on the other."

Who shall decide when lawyers disagree?

Forgetting that the subject of debate was simply a question of parliamentary law, the anti-Bradlaugh speakers mostly treated it as a matter of sentiment. Amongst them, however, Mr. Alderman FOWLER cited a text of peculiar cogency, in a Civic point of view, perhaps. "If a man

demand. If their demand is one which consistency requires the House to consider now, what signifies it whether they be rare as black swans or "plenty as blackberries?" The fact, perhaps, is that Atheists are extremely scarce.

After pro-Bradlaugh speeches from Mr. COHEN and Mr. CHILDERS, and anti-Bradlaugh from Mr. SYNAN, Mr. DALY, and Sir S. NORTHCOTE, whilst Mr. ROGERS was vainly trying to speak, the House divided amid tremendous uproar. "Silence in the pig-market" (Parliamentary) having been restored, the numbers, anti-Bradlaugh, 275, pro-Bradlaugh, 230, anti-Bradlaugh majority 45, were announced amidst wildly vociferous and enthusiastic cheers, vehement waving of hats and handkerchiefs—hon. Members, chiefly Home-Rulers, dancing with excitement, jumping on seats, and venting exuberant exultation in leaps and bounds. Amendment agreed to *nem. con.*, with repetition of row.

Wednesday (Commons).—Mr. SPEAKER took the Chair, and Mr. BRADLAUGH presented himself at the Table. He requested to have the oath administered to him. Instead of that, the SPEAKER administered the Resolution passed at the previous sitting, and bade him withdraw. Mr. BRADLAUGH demanded to be heard; but by the SPEAKER's direction withdrew pending consideration of his demand. On the Motion of Mr. LABOUCHERE, the House consented to hear him, but, at the suggestion of Mr. WALPOLE, "at the Bar." He contested the Resolution debaring him from oath or affirmation in, it must be said, a decent speech.

Under the management of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Leader of the anti-Bradlaugh majority, and with the concurrence of Mr. GLADSTONE, who, though Leader of the House, declined, as being Chief of the pro-Bradlaugh minority, to lead it for the time being, the House determined the situation as to Mr. BRADLAUGH to remain unchanged. At call, re-enter BRADLAUGH. The SPEAKER politely informed him the House had no more to say to him, and told him to go. He respectfully insisted on his right to stay, and have the oath administered to him, and, still respectfully, refused to go. Again the SPEAKER told him that the order of the House was that he was to go, and he again refused. He repeated his refusal in spite of a formal vote on the Motion of Sir S. NORTHCOTE, and was then, by order of the SPEAKER, walked off by the Sergeant-at-Arms as far as the "Bar," but there faced about, and reiterated his claim to remain. Possibilities of forbearance having now been exhausted, the House had no more to do for it than vote his commitment for contempt. Voted accordingly. And so, consigned on the SPEAKER'S warrant to the Clock Tower, exit BRADLAUGH, guarded.

The policy of self-effacement pursued by the PREMIER throughout the transactions above summarised has occasioned comment. Whenever he interposed he addressed the House holding his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, looking like a political pilgrim. Quite a picture.

An Irish Bill having been withdrawn, and a Middlesex Bill talked out, thus ended a very unusual and exciting Wednesday's work.

Thursday (Lords).—Sparring over the Burials Bill, between the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The Bishop, in criticising the Bill, objected to the word "Christian"—much as he valued it as a legislative recognition of Christianity—because it would incur the hostility of parties in the House of Commons. The Archbishop, misunderstanding the Bishop, said that the Right Rev. Prelate had done infinite damage to the Bill and to himself. Strong language this last, if really meant; which of course it wasn't. The Bishop warmly repudiated the interpretation put on his words by the Most Rev. Primate. *Tantene animis celestibus iræ?*

After further talk, in the course of which Lord GRANVILLE remarked that the speeches of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and Lord BRACONSFIELD (who had also criticised the Bill), were not very well calculated to either assist their Lordships or promote a solution of the controversy, the Burials Bill was Read a Third Time.

(Commons).—Mr. LABOUCHERE gave notice of immediate Motion to bring in an Amendment of the Parliamentary Oaths Act. O, amend it altogether!

Sir S. NORTHCOTE asked if the Government had any Motion to make regarding Mr. BRADLAUGH. Mr. GLADSTONE had, up to then, not chosen to consult his colleagues about the matter, nor had he any advice to tender the House. Still adhering to abstention.

Sir STAFFORD, observing that his Motion for the committal of Mr. BRADLAUGH, had not been made vindictively, but only to sustain the authority of the House, moved an order for his release.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, having informed the House that if Mr. BRADLAUGH were released, he would incontinently return and behave as before, Mr. GLADSTONE gave him a hint that, now the case was altered, that would be going too far.

The Motion having been agreed to, the Prisoner of the Clock Tower, liberated from his temporary confinement, returned and sat quietly under the Gallery.

The Budget Bill, with alterations and improvements, explained by Mr. GLADSTONE, underwent discussion, during which Mr. ORR-EWING eulogised the Beer-tax, which he thought would be a mine of wealth to a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and might be the means

of sweeping away the Tea and Coffee Duties, and probably the Income-tax. If so, what a blessing the Beer-tax will be! Won't it, Sir WILFRID LAWSON?

Mr. BASS questioned whether the Farmer would be much of a gainer by the commutation of the Malt-tax, and said the Budget Bill bristled with pains and penalties for the Brewer. Is that so, WILLIAM? Peter ought not to be burdened to ease Paul, and give Mr. BASS occasion to complain, "BASS is the slave that pays."

The Bill having been read a Third Time, and some little Bills got on with, the House rose late to go to bed very early.

THE PATIENT MAN AND THE PERAMBULATOR.

(Dedicated to Westbourns Grove and Kensington High Street.)



S CRUNCH!
Da— but
no! I will
not swear,
Though that's
the twentieth
time or so
She's gone o'er
my most cher-
ished toe—
I will be patient,
and forbear:
She shall not
chafe me thus
—I swear!

Bang! Toes
again? Not
so! The Nurse
This time has
only barked
my shins.
Perhaps 'twill
count against
my sins!
The pain is
great, yet I'll
not curse—
It might have
been a great
deal worse!

Crash! There! the vile thing's knocked me down.

I might have smashed the baby—quite;
And, if I had, 'twould serve it right.
My leg's not broke—'tis but my crown;
Yet I'll not swear—I'll merely frown!

My head is sadly out, I doubt;
My teeth feel loose. Thanks! Not much harm?
I hope I haven't broke my arm.
When next I take walks hereabout,
I'll make my will ere I set out!

STRAWS FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE significant part played, in the course of a recent Parliamentary crisis, by a hat and walking-stick held by the PREMIER, has suggested the subjoined table of "Symbols," which, together with their interpretations, *Mr. Punch*, with very much pleasure, publishes for the benefit of the general outsider:—

Starting a Japanese butterfly over the table.	Determination to catch the Speaker's eye.
Asking every Member, privately, "just to come out and have an ice."	Resolution to effect a rapid Count-Out.
Handing about a sandwich-box freely below the gangway.	Thorough understanding with advanced supporters.
Getting the SPEAKER interested over a difficult combination of "Fifteen."	Compromising the dignity of the Chair.
Putting a musical-box (wound up) into the pocket of the Sergeant-at-Arms.	Embarrassing an officer of the House.
Sitting with your arms crossed and the Attorney-General's bag over your head.	Refusal to take any part in the discussion.
Going to sleep, over a three-volume novel, on the front bench, under an umbrella.	Withholding of all Government support.



A CAUTION TO FAIR SAMARITANS.

Sitting pensive on a rustic bench, young Smith sees those pretty girls from the Hall coming his way, and, on the chance of their belonging to an "Ambulance Class" (which they do), he suffers himself to be overborne by the heat (58° in the Sun), and falls prostrate just as they pass by!

Emily. "It's a FAINT, POOR FELLOW! HOLD HIS HEAD LOW DOWN, MAUD, AND UNDO HIS SHIRT-COLLAR, WHILE I FEEL HIS PULSE. OH! HOW STRONGLY IT BEATS!"

CRICKET IN EXCELSIS!

(An intercepted Letter.)

*The Candlesticks, Queen Anne's Road,
South Kensington.*

MY OWN DEAR PARTICULAR SWEET OF A JULIA,

I PROMISED you when we left the country and came up to town that if I enjoyed myself *very* much I would write to you and tell you all about it. Well, this week we have had a perfectly *delightful* time of it! Oh, *so* nice! So much too *charmingly* sweet!

We have been picnicing in *such* a lovely place! And in the very centre of town, too! Isn't that much *too* awfully charming? Nothing uncomfortable! No forgetfulness of the spoons, and the salt, and the soda-water and the ice! No; everything was *beautifully* arranged. We drove down in the morning, and went to our carriage, which was ranged up with scores of others under some *delightful* trees. In the barouche we found the hampers, and in less than no time the butler and his men had *everything* spread out on the *whitest* of cloths stretched over the *coziest* of tables.

And oh, we did *so* enjoy ourselves! Plenty of *nice* fellows only *too* glad to make themselves as useful as they certainly were ornamental. Captain SABRETACHE (you remember we met him at JULIAN's in the autumn) was the life and soul of the party, and amused us all *so* much. He was *very* kind and civil to me—but never mind. My dear child, the whole affair was *too*, *too* charming. I shall never forget it—never, never, *never*!

And then the dresses were *so* beautiful! Bonnets, don't you know, covered with *real* flowers, and costumes of every shade and colour. And the men were *so* neat and natty! And the drags, and the flags, and the Pavilion! Oh, it was quite *too* lovely!

And now you will want to know *where* the picnic was given, and *why* it was held. My dear child, I give you my word of honour I have not the *faintest* idea. I have *such* a head! I suppose we had

a reason for going, but I have quite forgotten *what* that reason was. But believe me it was all *very* nice and lovely!

The first bell for dinner! I must send you a kiss, and remain

Your own devoted

LAURA GUSHER.

P.S.—I open the letter to say that ROSE tells me the picnic was held at LORD's on the occasion of the University Match. Very likely. She says they were playing at cricket. Very likely again; but then you see we were too busy with our lunch to look at anything else! Good-bye!

Another Phase of the Eastern Question.

"The harem of ISMAIL PASHA, the ex-Khedive, still remains in the Dardanelles."

SUCH a tragic announcement seems to require some explanation. Are we to understand that these poor Ladies are all gone to the bottom, have all had the *sack*? If so, this fresh aspect of the Dardanelles question is one for immediate investigation by the Conference now dining together at Berlin.

Demand by Dundreary.

ATTENTION has lately been called to a system of teaching deaf children to speak, and carrying on articulate conversation even in several languages by means of "lip reading." In order that the deaf should read lips, is it requisite that the lips should be bare? To enable a man to have his lips read, must he necessarily have to shave off his moustaches?

THE FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY.—MR. BRADLAUGH in the Clock Tower.



“KICKED OUT.” (P)

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

TEA IN THE ARBOUR.



"He comes here," she said to herself, scarcely looking up from under her bonnet at Mr. BOUNCE, who had stopped to offer a respectful salutation to her father, "with his own ends in view, like this shrimp. And also, like this shrimp, he is in my hands."

Then she ate the shrimp. There remained to it neither head nor tail; these were on her plate, and she had taken the shrimp's body as though adopting a middle course. Then a radiant smile illuminated her countenance, as she felt like Andromeda, freed from the rock, while the sea-monster, the shrimp, lay at her feet. But who was to be her Perseus? Ah, there was the difficulty. I am sorry to say that she determined to consider Mr. JOHN BOUNCE as the sea-monster, of whom she would rid herself without the aid of a Perseus, or, at all events, she could keep him at a distance until the deliverer might appear.

POOR MORLEENA! I don't say that JOHN BOUNCE is a favourite of mine, nor do I undertake—not being an undertaker—that he shall marry her in the end, and live happily ever afterwards. She has a feminine heart, and he has a manly head, though too fond of running it against brick walls, and then finding himself dazed and on his back, while all the bricks are still in their proper places deriding him. After all these little attentions on the part of JOHN BOUNCE, which we, as lookers-on, seeing most of the game, have observed, you must not be amazed, dear Ladies, if MORLEENA does throw her admirer over in her own way and at her own time, and if I produce from some quite unexpected corner a gentleman after my own heart, who shall woo and win her. Such things do happen in societies as perfectly regulated as was that of the cathedral-town of Small-Beerjester.

BOUNCE's heart was in his mouth, as Mr. SIMON SIMPLER observed that the weather was cold for the time of year, and that he couldn't stop just now, as he had promised to give a musical entertainment, consisting of solos and fantasias on the Jews' harp to the old Card-Sharpers of Deedler's Trust.

At the mention of this name, BOUNCE's heart sank within him, and was again in its right place, as Mr. SIMON SIMPLER retired within the house, and left him alone with his daughter.

There was a shrimp in MORLEENA's hand, and another in her eye, as her father passed over the threshold, and disappeared.

JOHN BOUNCE had not met her since one day the week before last at the station, when she was trying to catch a fly, and he had told her that the noise she imagined to be that of a fly approaching was only a Buz; whereupon, suiting the action to the word, he offered her a Buss, which she would not accept; and, in reply to his inquiry as to her luggage, answered that she only had one box on the ear, which he should take from her hand, and carry away with him; and then she left in high dudgeon. It had subsequently struck him that even this box had a complimentary smack about it; for had she not given him a private box all to himself for nothing, although it is true there had been something in his manner of which he himself was unconscious, that led her to remark that he "was asking for it."

Never had she appeared more lovely to her lover than she did now. Her face was serious; yet there was a saucy look in one eye, and a simple child's light in the other, that gave to the latter a saucerer appearance, and lit up her features with lustrous energy; her hand trembled as he looked over it, took it, and played with it; but suddenly remembering that he had his own to play with now, he dropped hers, after having thrown out two hints. He would have liked to have taken Miss, but she did not ask him, and in fact she could hardly pronounce his name when she tried to address him.

For a second JOHN BOUNCE glanced at the teapot, and gave a significant sniff. Was there just a suspicion of the odour of "Odour V." mixed with the *Eau de Tea*?

"No," she replied sadly, answering his mute interrogation. "Papa has always said it is right to cross your Teas, but never to mix your liquors."

JOHN BOUNCE was sorry—so sorry.

He really did not mean, he said, what she meant. Perhaps not, she replied, but it was not the first time that some people, she did not mention names, had misjudged her dear father and herself. JOHN was really grieved—most grieved. He couldn't have imagined anyone so unjust. And then he remarked, rapidly, that it was warm for the time of year, to which she replied that it would be warmer for him before it had finished. He thanked her, but he didn't take tea, he observed hesitatingly, whereupon she rejoined that whether he took it or not, she would make it hot for him anyhow. Then he stooped down and admired the china teapot.

"Yes," she said, "it is a great success. Our teapot draws wonderfully."

"You are fond of tea?" inquired Mr. BOUNCE, timidly.

"We are thorough Bohea-mians here," she replied. "I am a sort of Bohea-mian girl. But oh, Mr. BOUNCE—" and here she paused and had recourse to her pocket-handkerchief.

"Hem!" coughed JOHN BOUNCE, anxiously.

"It is hemm'd already," she replied, plucking up her courage, "and I couldn't do it now without a stitch in the side. But oh, Mr. BOUNCE—" And here she jumped up impulsively, and stood at the corner of the table, as her lover, who had not calculated on this sudden rise, made quickly for the opposite corner.

"Oh, Mr. BOUNCE!" she continued, in an impassioned tone. "It wasn't you who wrote that cruel, wicked, nasty, slanderous, odious, libellous article in the *Penny Prometheus*, was it?" And she raised the heavy antique china teapot above her head with an energy that made JOHN BOUNCE wish the great Atlantic were between him and his love.

"If," he thought to himself, "I could be only the other side of the seaboard, instead of the teaboard!" But he could only eagerly and loudly protest, and then duck his head quickly, to avoid the impending danger. Old china had never been much in his way; now it was, and



AN AWFUL CRAMMER.

Proprietor of boarding-house (taking stout guest aside). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MR. SHARPSET, BUT YOUR APPETITE IS SO LARGE THAT I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO CHARGE YOU A SHILLING EXTRA. IT CAN'T BE DONE AT TWO SHILLINGS!"

Diner. "NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T DO THAT! I CAN EAT TWO SHILLINGS'-WORTH EASY; BUT IF I HAVE TO DO THREE—I REALLY—AFRAID I SHOULD—BUT I'LL TRY!"

there seemed to be some likelihood of his picking a few bits up without much trouble.

"It wasn't you, you sneak, who called my father a thief and a swindler in that filthy paper, was it, eh?" she cried, vehemently, for the stream of her eloquence was now in full flow, and her lover felt that any attempt to dam it was utterly useless. She poured forth a flood of words, and brandished the slop-basin, which it was clear to JOHN BOUNCE would soon follow the teapot.

"I never said so," Miss MORLEENA! "I—" and again he ducked below the table as the crockery flew from her fair hand, and broke in a thousand fragments at his feet.

Poor JOHN BOUNCE! his position was certainly a cruel one. Had any gentleman treated him in this way he could have given him as good as he brought—that is, if he had possessed an equally valuable set of blue china; or if Miss MORLEENA had employed her lawyer to hurl these things at him, he would have instructed his own to accept tea service; but how could he do anything but duck and hide beneath the table when a beautiful girl, the daughter of the man he had injured, was heaving things at him in this manner? What was her conduct but that of a Daughter of Heaven, after all?

In the meantime, MORLEENA again summoned up her energies.

"Mr. BOUNCE," said she, "I will reserve the silver milk-jug and the sugar-basin until I hear your answer."

He stood up from his stooping posture and looked immensely pleased.

"I am going to ask you to do something for me," she went on. "It is not much, but it is something. If you refuse—"

"What is it?" he gasped out, deprecating the movement of her fair hand towards the sugar-basin, and at the same time edging nervously towards the door of the arbour which MORLEENA had, however, previously looked. She followed him round the table as he moved from his chair, and laid one soft hand on his arm while he felt the other pressing into his neck between the front shirt-collar button and his wind-pipe. Ah! at any other time how exquisitely delightful would have been that touch! What could he say to this sweet suppliant? Scarcely a word, for she would not remove her soft hand from his throat.

"Will you go and kill the Editor of the *Prometheus*?" she almost screamed.

"I will! I will!" cried JOHN BOUNCE. "Oh, MORLEENA, I will do anything, but—"

She still held him and looked eagerly into his face, with her hair dishevelled, her eyes all bloodshot, and the massive milk-jug aloft in her right hand, ready to descend with all the full force of her true feminine power on her lover's head.

"Will you go and assassinate the man who wrote that article?" she screamed again.

"I will! I will!" shrieked JOHN BOUNCE, "if you will only let me tell you how I love you. How I—"

"Will you?" she continued remorselessly, "will you go and exterminate, blow up, if you like, all the printers, printers'-devils, publishers, editors, writers, and everyone connected with that execrable *Prometheus*?"

"I will, I will!" he shouted. "MORLEENA, I swear—"

"That's rude in a lady's presence," she interrupted; "but you will take your oath to blow them all up, everyone?"

"I renounce them all—I mean I will," answered JOHN BOUNCE, sinking on his knees, and hardly able to recognise in the wild excited beauty that stood before him the calm domesticated child of Mr. SIMON SIMPLER. She continued—

"You will take your oath on your knees, but you will not keep it there. You will go to London, and there you will keep it. Now, say after me, All this I promise and vow—"

"All this I promise and vow," repeats JOHN BOUNCE.

"S'help me!"

"S'help me!" echoed her lover.

Then, her object being gained, with becoming maidenly confusion she opened the door, and said she must now really go,—she couldn't stop any longer alone with Mr. BOUNCE,—what would people say?—and so forth.

"Let me say one word for myself," he pleaded.

"Not one," was her reply, "till you return from London and prove to me that you have fulfilled your vow."

"But I may hope?" he urged.

"As much as you like," she returned. "And when you come back—ask Papa!" and so saying she tripped across the lawn and gained the house, entering it by the back door, and disappearing from the gaze of her enamoured admirer.

"Ask Papa!" he repeated to himself. Then he went round to the front and inquired for Mr. SIMPLER.

The trim maid who answered him and the door at the same time, said that—

"Master had gone up to town not a 'our ago."

"Then I'll follow him," said JOHN BOUNCE, determinedly, "and see him at once."

"Miss MORLEENA told me to say as she ain't at home, Sir," said the servant, "but anything as you intend for her, if you'll leave it with me, Sir,—"

JOHN BOUNCE, who had intended a kiss for her Mistress, at once stepped forward to impress the trim waiting-maid with the message which she could then convey with her own lips after she had received it from him, but at this moment the contents of a water-jug were emptied upon him from an upper window and the door was peremptorily shut in his face.

"MORLEENA!" he exclaimed, looking up.

"You seemed fond of ducking your head while I was talking to you in the arbour, so I thought I'd duck it for you now," said MORLEENA, her fair face lighted up with enthusiasm. "And, mind, don't you attempt to leave anything for me in that way again."

And so she closed the window, and poor JOHN BOUNCE thought that with her disappearance the light of day had vanished, that the sun had departed, at least, that the daughter had. But his resolution was already taken; the next thing to be taken was his ticket for town.

So far, you see, my dear Ladies, whose ideas as to the result of this interview have not been exactly realised, Andromeda has rid herself for a time of the sea-monster without the aid of the hero Perseus, and it seems more probable that there will be an immolation of the sea-monster himself than of the maiden who was to have been his victim on this classic shore.

QUITE THE REVERSE.

It has been suggested that just now Turkey is the land of GOSCHEN. May it prove to be. But Turkey at present is the land not of Light but of Darkness.



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PUNCH



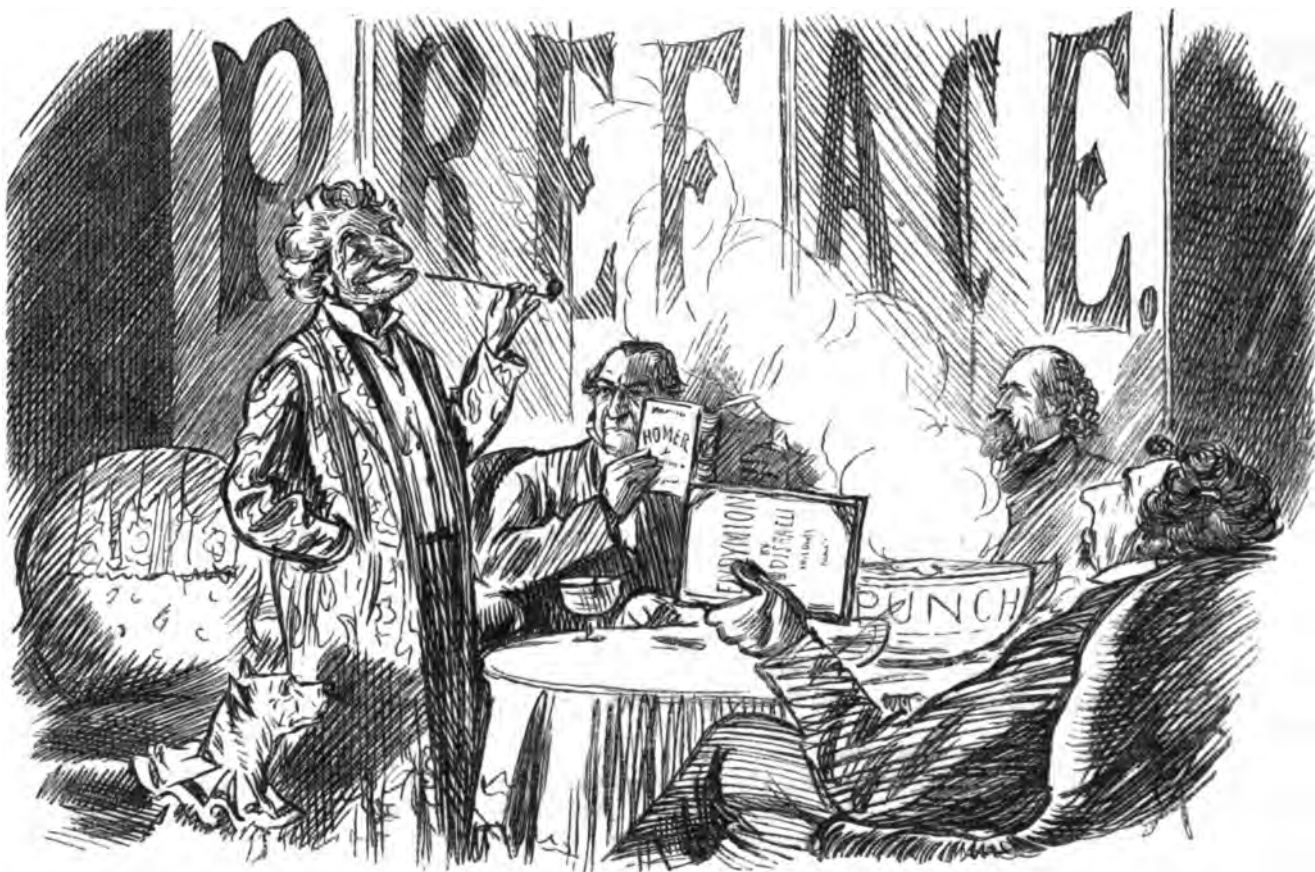
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"WELL," said the Great Philosopher, Poet, and Politician of the Age, addressing his Visitors, as the fire shot up on the Christmas hearth into a cheery blaze, "I'm delighted to see you—delighted. And how well you are all looking! Positively flourishing!"

"Not more flourishing than yourself," rejoined the three, in the same breath, with a most gracious bow.

The Sage smiled benignly. Then he turned his eye on the Griffin, who was warming himself on the rug.

"And who brought in this?" he asked, surveying the peculiar creature with puzzled interest.

The three Visitors looked inquiringly at each other.

"I took it," said the Earl, after a short pause, "for a new species of domestic cat, introduced, so I had imagined, by my enterprising and enthusiastic friend here, as the latest surprise for us from Eastern Europe." He gave a courteous inclination of his head in the direction of the PREMIER as he spoke.

"No, no!" rejoined the PREMIER, holding out his hand deprecatingly, "I cannot claim the honour. Though," he continued, "had I the leisure, I have no doubt but that I should find a study of the extinct *fauna* of the Slavonic, or even of the Semitic principalities, a highly interesting and remunerative labour."

"Quite so," rejoined the Sage, with tact, nodding approvingly. "Yet extinction presupposes existence. Now, here we have, I fancy, the product of grotesque fiction. A regular jumble of head and tail; eh, my Lord?"

The Earl smiled subacidy, and shook his head. "Your philosophic novelist, Mr. PUNCH," he rejoined, "deals only with *fact*. Fiction is the heritage of the Poet. I disclaim the brute; but why shouldn't he belong to the Laureate?"

There was a laugh, in which the Griffin seemed inclined to join; but Toby kept his eye on him in a business-like manner, and he looked serious.

"He has been a good deal out in the cold lately," whispered the Discreet Dog.

"Very well then," replied the August Master of the House. "Let him stay there. We'll warm him! And now, My Lord and Gentlemen," he continued, courteously handing round a box of his own *Magnanimos*, "Let's have a look at the presents."

There was a pleasant rustling of silver paper, and the Christmas gifts were disclosed.

"*Place aux Pairs!*" cried the Sage. "We'll take you, My Lord, first. What has my Indefatigable Earl provided for me?"

"An extremely readable novel in three volumes," was the complacent reply; "and allow me, Mr. PUNCH, to enjoy the notable privilege of presenting you with them all."

The Distinguished Author handed over his work. "You must regard the spirit of the giver, not the value of the gift," he said with prudent politeness. "Indeed, I am informed that, at the present moment, the whole thing is to be purchased throughout the length and breadth of the United States of America, for as small a sum as fifteen cents."

"Griffin's valuation," growled the peculiar animal on the hearthrug.

"You don't say so!" replied the Sage, calculating. "Threes into fifteen—why, bless me—that's two pence half-penny a volume! What a coincidence!"

The Laureate stepped forwards. "*Ballads and other Poems*," he said, disclosing the familiar green cloth binding, "just a few; and, no doubt you will have seen most of them before."

"And none the less welcome on *that* account," rejoined the Sage brightly; and then, as if an afterthought had occurred to him, he added, "No Stage-plays among 'em, I hope?"

The Poet hesitated and coloured. "No, not among *those*," he said. "But—I have *something* in hand," he continued, dropping his voice with confidential modesty.

"So I heard," responded the Sage. "And if you 'll follow *my* advice, you 'll stick to——"

"But there!—I won't say anything;
I'll only hope a lot will fall
At last—somehow—to every stall,
And all the business take a spring!"

He shook the Ambitious Minstrel kindly by the hand; and then he turned to the PREMIER. "And now, what have you got for me?" he asked, with evident interest.

The distinguished Statesman drew a roll of foolscap from his pocket. "This is the draft of our great Irish Measure," he said. "Shall I read it to you?"

He began to unfasten it. There was an uncomfortable look on the face of everyone. Even the Griffin winced. The Diplomatic Sage interposed.

"Shan't we have enough of politics the week after next?" he suggested, with a dignified wink.

"Well then, I might read a portion perhaps?" continued the PREMIER, still inspecting the string.

"What! and give us a *half measure*? That 'll never do!" said the Earl.

"It's an excellent document," continued the PREMIER.

"I'm quite sure of *that*," answered the Sage. "But," he added, reflectively, "anyhow, suppose we keep it for the Sixth?" As he spoke, he approached a jewelled bureau of remarkable workmanship.

"Very well; for the Sixth!" echoed the PREMIER, refastening his papers. "The date on which we shall meet our friends!"

"And our enemies!" threw in the Earl.

"Come, come, Gentlemen!" cried the Sage, who had taken from the jewelled bureau some costly article that he was endeavouring to conceal. "Come, come! We're all friends *here*. And this is Christmas-time. So now prepare yourselves; for you haven't yet had my present. I've something for you, the very sight of which will make you give three cheers on the spot, and shake hands all round. Now then!"

There was a moment of intense excitement. And then with a nimble leap, MR. PUNCH sprang on to the table, and, standing on one leg, held out his gift.

"Take it!" he said. "It is

Volume Seventy-Nine!





TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

(Educational Tragedy—in active rehearsal.)

ACT I.

SCENE—A British Domestic Hearth, on the first day of the Midsummer holidays. Fond and Proud Father and Sensible and Ambitious Mother discovered inspecting half-yearly School report with rapture.

Fond and Proud Father (referring to list). See, my dear, this is indeed gratifying. Our little SOPHONISBA is doing us credit at last! Here she is first in European Political History, Higher Mathematics, Philosophy, Obscure Philology, and the Applied Sciences; while I see that her Experimental Chemistry, German, Spanish, Dead Languages, Art Needlework, and Bulgarian Poetry, are all highly commended. She is a deserving little thing, and I will reward her handsomely. She shall have half-a-crown. [Prepares it.]

Sensible and Ambitious Mother (taking list). Yes, I see, ADOLPHUS, that she has shown a decided application this term, which may be regarded as satisfactory; but the metaphysical instruction seems weak. Think what disgrace the child will reflect on both of us if, when she goes into Society in after years, she shows her ignorance of the very first principles of Agnosticism! I must write to the Principal about this; also as to her beginning Counter-point and Arabic. But here she is.

Enter Alarming Prodigy, glibly, with a heap of useless second-hand literature, bound in half calf.

Alarming Prodigy. Here are the Prizes—nine. And if I could only have got somebody to wake me an hour earlier, and have got to work every morning at half-past three instead of half-past four, I would have got five more. I will, next term.

Fond and Proud Father (caressing her). Brave and sensible girl! Remember, my poppet, that nothing is done without effort. It is the early worm who—meets the early bird—or rather, it is the early bird who eats the early worm. But both bird and worm do well to get up early. Eh?

Alarming Prodigy. Yes, Papa dear; but I will not only get up early, I will go to bed late. I'm sure I can easily get an extra half hour after eleven.

Sensible and Ambitious Mother. And an excellent time for really good head-work. You cannot do too much, my child, at the present

moment. This is the seed time. A little extra labour now, and in after-life you will find—Dear me! what's the matter with the child? [Alarming Prodigy turns white, and reels giddily to a chair.]

Alarming Prodigy (faintly). Oh! it's nothing, Mother! A queer sort of feeling in my head sometimes. I had it once at Christmas; and—

Sensible and Ambitious Mother. I remember! My dear, the fact is, you're much better at school!

Fond and Proud Father (jocosely). Much! And now let us hear our Poppet's holiday task!

[Educational conversation continues cheerfully (with the aid of sal volatile), as Curtain descends.]

ACT II.

But, no. Mr. Punch will stop here. A young girl of eighteen, broken in health, with all her powers impaired for life, dragging out a weary existence in an invalid's room, is sad material to work with. And such as it is—and it is very sad indeed—he prefers leaving it to the imagination of the many Fathers and Mothers in England, whom, according to a recent correspondence, it appears just now very seriously to concern.

Sally on Sally.

SAID 'ARRY—the Cad went to see SALLY B.,
And was watching her serpentine curves from the Gallery—
"There's some row 'bout her 'screw,' but, as far as I see,
She is all screw herself, or at least she's all Sal-awry!"
Quoth CHARLIE, "Not bad; but I ain't to be done;
When a pal's on the joke, I must be in the rally.
To 'ang round S. B. the Nobs find sech prime fun,
That I think we may say the new Swell game's 'Haunt Sally'!"

The Sunday School Centenary.

WE all know the questionable proverb that Reformed Rakes make the best husbands. Going back a century, and looking at what our street-Arabs were a hundred years ago, and what they are now—though still bad enough Heaven and the other place both know—in one case at least we feel that "RAKES' Reformation" has been the best husbandry.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Jones (an eligible Bachelor, *whispering tenderly*). "THERE'S TOO MUCH MUSIC IN THIS WORLD, MISS MARY. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MARRIED LONG AGO, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR TOO MUCH MUSIC! WHENEVER I'D SCREWED UP MY PLUCK TO THE PITCH OF POPPING THE QUESTION, SOMEBODY ALWAYS BEGAN TO SING, AND OF COURSE I HAD TO——"

[Poor Jones is frustrated for the twelfth time!]

Chorus of Bystanders. "SHSHSHSH!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRIDAY, June 25 (Lords).—Lord HOUGHTON moved the Second Reading of the Bill for Legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. Lord BEAUCHAMP moved its rejection. Thereon ensued customary debate; the usual arguments *pro*—the usual twaddle *con*. Lost by 101 to 90; the Prince of WALES, the Duke of EDINBURGH, and the Duke of CONNAUGHT voting in the rational minority; Lord GRANVILLE also standing content on the side of reason and natural right.

Commons (Morning).—Mr. FORSTER—not Mr. PARNELL—moved the reading of the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill; designed, not as a measure for the indemnification of the victims of Irish outrage, but for the compensation of tenants disturbed in their holdings by landlords taking lawful means to obtain rent. Rejection of this proposal of Tenant (Irish) Right moved by Mr. CHAPLIN. Debate adjourned.

(Evening).—Mr. STEVENSON moved a Resolution in favour of the total—tee-total—closing of publichouses on Sundays—seconded by Mr. BIRLEY. The

mover of this proposal is reputed a Liberal; the seconder a Conservative; he ought to be something more—a representative of the hierarchy and the 'squirearchy, and an extreme Sabbatarian to boot. Amendment in slight mitigation of absolute Sabbatarianism moved by Mr. PEASE; publichouses to "be open for a certain time on Sundays for the sale of beer to be consumed off the premises, with special regulations for the metropolis." This modification of a menace to prohibit the sale of food and drink by shutting up restaurants and refreshments altogether, was agreed to without a division! But not without remark. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pointed out that it was totally opposed to the Local Option Resolution carried the other evening.

It threatens to close all manner of publichouses without the allowance of any Option whatever.

Sir RICHARD CROSS thought it was impossible to legislate in advance of public opinion, and it would be impossible to enforce such a measure if passed to-morrow. "Certainly in the Metropolis no Secretary of State could be responsible for the peace if all the publichouses were closed throughout Sunday."

Take care, Sabbatarians. Teetotallers, draw it mild. Paternal legislators, forbear!

As yet, the comfort, enjoyment, and accommodation of the lodger, and the wayfarer on Sunday, remain imperilled by nothing worse than a puritanical abstract Resolution. The last House of Commons was called a Publican's Parliament. Which is the better, a Publican's or a Puritan's Parliament?

*Monday (Lords).—*Some Bills having been advanced a stage, Lord SYDNEY brought down the QUEEN's reply to the Address of their Lordships' House praying for the omission of the fourth schedule from the new Education Code. It graciously promised that the matter should be carefully considered by the Committee of Council.

*(Commons).—*Questions over, Mr. GLADSTONE gave notice that he would on Thursday move a Resolution declaring that every person returned as a Member of the House of Commons who may claim to be a person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn

affirmation instead of taking an oath, shall henceforth—notwithstanding so much of the Resolution adopted by the House on June 22 as related to affirmation—be permitted without question to make and subscribe a solemn affirmation in the form prescribed by the Parliamentary Oaths Act of 1866, as amended by the Promissory Oaths Act of 1868, subject to any liability by statute. He would also move to make that a Standing Order. This statement was so satisfactory to Mr. LABOUCHERE, that he forthwith announced that he would withdraw his own Resolution inviting the House to eat its recent anti-Bradlaugh vote.

In answer to Messrs. SAMUELSON and BROADHURST, Mr. MUNDALLA declared that there was no intention to cut down the standard of elementary education. A few hours previously, Lord SYDNEY, in Another Place, had made an announcement, which see above. Had the matter in question been carefully considered by the Committee of Council in the meanwhile?

The House went into Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates, despatched details, and adjourned.

*Tuesday (Lords).—*Royal Assent given by Commission to divers Bills, and sundry others advanced a stage. Lord BEAUCHAMP, Chairman of the Select Committee on Reporting in their Lordships' House, called attention to the report thereon. The reporting was unsatisfactory. Why? First, noble Lords did not always speak out. Next, very often, whilst a noble Lord was addressing the House, there were several other noble Lords talking to one another out loud.

Imagine any noble Lord so far forgetting himself! It is enough to make anybody quote SHAKESPEARE, and cry with *Wolsey*—

"If I blush,

It is, to see a nobleman want manners."

Lastly, Lord BEAUCHAMP said the acoustic properties of the House were defective. To remedy these defects, he proposed three Resolutions; two (the second and third) providing improved accommodation for reporters; the other (the first), with a view to make noble Lords, in speaking, face the reporters' gallery, going to the tremen-

THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(Wednesday, June 30.)



ERTAINLY a brilliant spectacle! All the Old Masters and all the young ones. Literature, Music, the Drama, and Mlle. SARA BEERHARDT, all magnificently represented.

The President, Sir FREDERICK the Great, receiving Your Representative, amid the hushed silence of the assembled throng, was a

touching sight. A hundred Artists seized on the subject for an historical picture. In future years old men will tell it to their grandchildren, who won't believe them.

The Muses and Graces were all there, with

All the Gods and Goddesses,
And oh, such skirts and bodices!

Apollo, in full uniform, conducted the orchestra.

Olympus Mount is a pleasant place,
And happy there we were;
But what lent a grace
To the charming place
Was the Royal Artillery—

whose band discoursed sweet music. Among the guests unostentatiously eating an ice in a corner, was little Jack Horner—I mean Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, recovering from the fatigues of the previous evening at Steinway Hall, where, to a select and brilliant assembly, he had been reading—and reading capitally too—his dramatic novel, as a rehearsal for his American

tour. Everyone was most anxious to know when he was going,—which did not sound kind, but they meant well, and all wished him success.

Another subject for the historical painter was the meeting between Mlle. SARA and Your

Representative. Surrounded by a prying and inquisitive crowd, we restrained our feelings, and dissembled with common-places. But ah! there are moments,—and this was one of them!

Ganymedes in white ties handed ices, strawberries, and lemonade; and Hebe in the corner washed the plates. Mercury was the chief of the Detective Force on duty, so the coats and hats and umbrellas were safe.

A popular demonstration was prepared for Your Representative on quitting the Academy, which, however, he modestly avoided by pretending to be somebody else, having previously ordered the splendidly-liveried servants not to touch their hats on seeing him. It was not until a late hour, or rather an early one, that the last man of the crowd outside dispersed himself, and this only on the positive assurance of Inspector SMUGGINS that Your Representative had long since quitted the halls of dazzling light.

The beauty was *éblouissante, ravissante*, and the costumes *pyramidales*! A great success! and so said all of Us.

Physic and French.

BRITONS who "speak French like a native"—of this Island—are advised to be careful how they pun upon the name of the French Ambassador, M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR. Whether or no it is right in the present day to call the French our "mercenary neighbours," they cannot with any propriety whatever be said to be diplomatically represented at the British Court by calomel.

A MOVE FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

WHETHER are the Jesuits expelled the other day from the Rue de Sèvres to go? The Voltairean members of the French Government will perhaps reply, "From Sèvres to China."

dous length of actually proposing that, from the week beginning the 5th of July, the Woolsack should be placed at the north end of the House, so that the LORD CHANCELLOR should sit with his face instead of his back to it!

The bare idea of this hitherto unheard-of, and unimagined, this wild, fearful, and reckless, not to say revolutionary innovation, horrified the House, and the proposal of it was of course withdrawn. Shunt the Woolsack! Had the suggestion of such an enormity been entertained in the House of Lords for a moment, there would have been an end of everything. Treat the Woolsack as a moveable! The Roman Senate would as soon have thought of displacing the *Capitol immobile saxum*.

The other two Resolutions were agreed to without a division, and their Lordships presently adjourned.

(Commons).—Sir S. NORTHGOTE gave notice of moving, as an Amendment to Mr. GLADSTONE's Motion on the Bradlaugh mess, a counter-Resolution declaring that the House cannot consent to regale itself on its own recent vote.

Proposed declaration of *non possumus* cheered by the Opposition.

Mr. GORST also gave notice that he would ask the SPEAKER, as a point of order, whether, as virtually raising a question which the House has already decided in the current Session, such a Resolution can be put at all?

Adjourned debate on Confiscatory Compensation of Disturbance (Hibernian) Bill resumed, and by-and-by adjourned again; sitting suspended at seven till nine, when Mr. D. O'CONNOR beginning to talk about the disfranchisement of Sligo, the House was counted out in ten minutes' time.

Wednesday (Commons).—The House resolved itself into a sort of legislative Eisteddfodd. Mr. ROBERTS moved the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday (Wales) Bill for totally closing all the publichouses on Sunday throughout the Principality. Another Sabbatarian project, look you.

If, said the Member for Flint, the Government, in the debate of last Friday, had promised a Sunday Closing Bill for England and Wales, he would not have pressed his own. There was a strong and almost unanimous feeling in Wales in favour of closing publichouses on Sunday.

That is to say, the Cymry desire to be once a week deprived of their erw.

Mr. WARTON, in moving the rejection of the Bill, very naturally asked—"If the working classes of Wales were so anxious not to visit publichouses on Sunday, why did they do it?" The only possible answer, if that is indeed so, is that they are so extremely imbecile as to be incapable of self-control.

Mr. A. PEEL, speaking from the Treasury Bench, having remarked that he was practically addressing a Welsh Parliament, pointed out to Sabbatarian legislators that it would not do to go beyond public opinion, and that the PREMIER had promised legislation on the licensing question with which the measure before the House would interfere. There was a Welsh consensus in favour of that measure which he did not like to resist. He couldn't support the Bill, and wouldn't oppose it.

Amendment negatived. Welsh Sabbatarian Bill read a Second Time. If publichouses are to be closed throughout Sunday in Wales, surely dairies will be allowed to remain open, so that poor little TAFFY may at least be enabled to quench his thirst with the milk which is good for babes.

Mr. LITTON put his oar into Irish Land Legislation by moving the Second Reading of his Fixity of Tenure Bill, which of course brought him into a fix with Mr. FORSTER, who, as might have been expected, moved the previous question—carried by 187 to 45. Shut up.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord GALLOWAY again brought the subject of the Mar Peerage before the House, moving a Resolution to rescind an Order of their Lordships relative thereto. Amendment moved by Lord REDSDALE, and, after a long discussion, the Mar Motion rejected. "All that's spoke is marr'd."

(Commons).—Final stage, we may hope, of the Bradlaugh bore. After preliminary business, of small account, Mr. SPEAKER, in reply to Mr. GORST, ruled that there was an essential difference between Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolution and Mr. LABOUCHERE's, and that the former could therefore be moved, in order.

Mr. GLADSTONE thereupon proceeded to move his Resolution, rescinding the previous Resolution which excluded Mr. BRADLAUGH, and in support of his Motion especially urged the necessity of protecting the dignity of the House and maintaining its police. The decency of the House had only been maintained by Mr. BRADLAUGH being made aware that such a Motion as this would be made; and but for that knowledge there would have been a repetition of the painful scenes of last week.

In point of fact, if the House did not accede to the Motion, its dignity and order would remain at the mercy of Mr. BRADLAUGH.

Partly impressed perhaps by this consideration, but rather, of course, with a sense of the necessity of getting out of an untenable position, the House, in spite of forcible speeches from Sir S. NORTHGOTE and Sir R. CROSS, and impassioned protests from Mr. SULLIVAN and other Roman Catholic Members, finally adopted Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal, and by a majority of 303 to 249 consented to devour its previous decision, amid much cheering from the Ministerial benches. It then rejected a rider proposed by Mr. SULLIVAN, which would have excluded BRADLAUGH personally, and having agreed on the Motion of Mr. GLADSTONE to make the Resolution of which Mr. BRADLAUGH was the hero, and has thus become master of the situation, a standing order, adjourned.

STATE OF THE TIDE.

"Sir SIDNEY WATERLOW, the Liberal Candidate for Gravesend, was yesterday returned by a majority of 220 over Sir ROBERT PEEL."

It is low water with the Tories just now, at Gravesend.

COMMON SENSE VICTORIOUS.

"Short dresses are now good form in the ball-room."



ALL hail, Good Sense!
Fair Reason, hail!
Hail, Fashion's
groaning slaves, set
free

From galling bonds
of skirt and tail
To revel in sweet
liberty!

Too long we've borne
the foolish toils
That Fashion weaves
for each poor slave,
Who, hampered with
her monstrous coils,
Has battled on, dis-
traught but brave.

So, when her tyrant
edict bound
A frightful cage,
about our kin,
We've uttered no
rebellious sound,
But borne it with a
Spartan grin.

And when Unreason's hand has tied
Soft sinuous forms in bands of steel
That marred their gracious lines, we've sighed,
But scorned to utter what we feel.

Yet later, when in clinging fold
She swathed and cramped each pliant frame,
And tacked to Nature's perfect mould
An irksome tail to trip and lame—

E'en then we've smiled a patient smile,
And wondered at such needless pains;
Still keeping wary watch the while,
Lest, stumbling, we might curse their trains.

For all too oft the
Fair but False
Have shuddered at
a muttered oath,
When, tripping in
the painful valse,
A crash has made
their partners
wroth.

And now that trail-
ing trains are
"out,"
Send paint and
powder, a pointed
shoe,
High heels, 'wasp-
waists, to right-
about,
With all their
ghastly, maiming
crew!

For modest grace
beats Modiste's art,

And your own forms are quite enough,
My dears, to break your *Punch's* heart,
Without all this pernicious stuff.

So, when the future ages scan
The page of Fashion's folly dense,
They shall confess *this* year began
An era of sound Common Sense!

Easily Guessed.

In a new weekly periodical, the *Pen*, in a notice of SAMUEL SMILES, it is stated that some of his books have been translated into every European language, except one. It will not surprise anyone to learn that the solitary European language in which the works of the Author of *Self-Help* and *Thrift* are not to be found, is the—Turkish.





TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

"ARE YOU ASLEEP, DEAREST?"

"YES, MAMMA, AND THE DOCTOR PARTICULARLY SAID THAT I NEEDN'T BE WAKED TO TAKE MY MEDICINE."

[Snore.]

FLORA AND FASHION.

By an Old-Fashioned Flower-Worshipping Philistine.

"Flowers are fashionable just now."—*Daily News.*

JUST now! Smart Scribe, and were they not so ever
Since the first rose-leaves fell on the first river,
In distant Aidenn?

Enough to put a Poet in a passion,
To think of Flora as a thrall to Fashion.

Like any modish maiden!
July is with us, her green lap-full laden

With old-world flowers
(A little colour-dimmed by drenching showers),
And, though æsthetic prigs turn up their noses
At things so commonplace as Cabbage roses,

Larkspurs, and Lillies,
Thank Heaven, we're not yet swayed by sumphs and sillies,
And their vague talk of amaranth, rue, and moly,

So wholly
That we're too proud to take a simple pleasure
In the old cottage garden's common treasure.
Flowers fashionable now? Ah! very probable.
Flora is much beholden to *Le Follet*!

And yet 'tis rather jolly
To think her ancient treasures are not robbable,
That Fashion, smile or frown she on the flowers,
Can't change the out or trim in fields and bowers;
Or rule fair May as she hath ruled Mayfair,
The rose's petal petticoats make spare,

As eel-skin dresses,
Or puff the lily-skirts with crinoline,
Of dim to dingy bronze the grass's green,
Or geometrise the honeysuckle.

Wherefore one blesses
The kindly fates that, though Society truckle
To the queer whims of modish mutability,
Nature knows nothing of such poor servility.

None of the parrot-*chique's* æsthetic crazes
Affect the secular buttercups and daisies;
The ecstasy of the Intense that fills
Dolldom's weak heart moves not the daffodils;

No High Art prank
Will make the violet pallid, gawky, lank.
'Tis doubtless true,—*testis* the smart Scribe's comment,
That, for the moment,
Fashion for Flora feigns a passing passion,
But Flora follows not the lead of Fashion!

Good Omen.

THE telegrams announced last week that, on the KHEDIVÉ's affairs—

"The British Government has notified its acquiescence in the appointment of Mr. ALONZO MONEY as English Member of the Caisse of Public Debt."

This is a good omen for the KHEDIVÉ. A first instalment of English Money. There's only one difficulty, this Money can't be changed without the consent of the British Government, and when changed this Money will be lost. The KHEDIVÉ was delighted to hear that, on being asked whether he would accept the post, Mr. MONEY replied, "Ready, aye Ready!"—an excellent motto for Money generally.

A Vulgar Error.

THE institution of Sunday Schools having attained to its hundredth year, and been therefore celebrated, and had its celebration reported, as that of the "Sunday School Centenary"—this last word not being understood of the people as generally as their friends would wish—has greatly exercised some persons phonetically but perversely disposed as to spelling, accustomed to drop their aitches, and not well up in hagiology. Endowed with inquiring, though uncultivated minds, they go about asking whether by the Centenary of Sunday Schools is meant their Founder; and if he was a Saint, whom, meaning to name St. HENRY, they call St. ENNERY.



“RECTIFICATION!”

BRITANNIA (*Dressmaker to MISS HELLAS*). “NOW WE’VE LET IT OUT FOR YOU, YOU’LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE!”

LAW IN THE PADDYLAND OF THE FUTURE.

(From Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

The Seat of War, August, 188—.

THE long-expected hostilities between Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT and The RAGSANDTATTERSOON have at last commenced in earnest. The latter is theoretically the aggressor, although the former seems to be acting in rather an overbearing manner. The story of the dispute out of which the proceedings have grown is briefly as follows:—

A short time since The RAGSANDTATTERSOON (who is ground landlord to Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT) called upon his tenant to ask for his rent, which had been overdue for a long period of years. So unlooked-for, not to say superfluous, an action naturally provoked the greatest indignation amongst the O'PAYNOUGHTS, and the visitor was received with howls of the most vigorous execration. Had not the occasion been one of a purely peaceable character (a meeting of Mr. O'PAY-

NOUGHT's family to celebrate the birthday of one of their number), it is more than probable that The RAGSANDTATTERSOON might have received some rough treatment. As it was, he was forcibly ejected by two powdered footmen acting under the orders of the assistant-butler, and furthermore was pelted with empty champagne bottles as he ran through his tenant's costly flower-garden on his way home. Provoked (not unnaturally) by the rather inhospitable manner in which he had been received, The RAGSANDTATTERSOON distinctly placed himself in the wrong by kicking a valued friend of Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT in the character of a highly respected pig. This harmless animal was quietly engaged in discussing a luscious mess of chicken, *pâté de foie gras*, and maraschino jelly swimming in a dish of strawberries and cream, when, in more senses than one, the luckless landlord fell upon him. It is said by some that in the hurry of his flight The RAGSANDTATTERSOON did not see the intelligent quadruped, and that the insult offered to him consequently was purely accidental. This is stoutly denied by the O'PAYNOUGHTS, who declare that the assault was nothing short of an infringement of the new Act. It is contended that The RAGSANDTATTERSOON wished to eject his tenant by using violence to the pet pig. Acting upon this construction of the proceeding, Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT commenced an action for damages against his landlord, and the matter had to be decided as the law directs by the Judge of the local County Court.

Early in the morning of the day of trial, The RAGSANDTATTERSOON (who happens to be a member of the Society of Friends) presented himself before the Judge, and on his knees entreated his Honour to give the case against him. He repeated over and over again that he would far rather make any sacrifice than that bloodshed should be the outcome of the contest. Mr. Justice O'WHISKY (who appeared to be moved almost to tears by the suitor's generosity) replied that he was obliged to obey the dictates of his conscience, and that therefore he must give a decision against Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT's pretensions. To comfort his visitor, however, he showed that the Court-House had been put in a thorough state of defence, and that the Bench itself, by means of sandbags and small pieces of artillery, had been very carefully protected. Adding frequently that it "would be all right," the gallant Judge then retired to his private room to await contingencies.

At exactly a quarter past twelve the O'PAYNOUGHT family approached, and deployed into line. The Clerks of the County Court, headed by their intrepid chief, immediately appeared on the walls, and challenged the plaintiffs to commence the action. Upon this, the counsel learned in the law engaged by Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT, wearing his wig and gown, and waving a flag of truce (a white pocket-handkerchief attached to a walking-stick) advanced and asked for a parley. This was accorded, and it was explained to his Honour that in the event of his giving a decision adverse to the interests of Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT, an appeal against the Court would be conducted in the customary manner. The Judge gallantly announced his opinion that the Defendant was entirely in the right, and bobbed down his head just in time to escape the very unpleasant consequences following upon so bold a declaration.

Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT's attack upon the strongly fortified Court-House was of a most determined character. Thousands of bullets, stones, and other missiles were expended in the advance; and, after an hour's desperate fighting, the position was turned, with the comparatively small loss of one maiden aunt killed and two first cousins twice removed slightly wounded. The shouts of triumph were soon exchanged, however, for howls of disappointment when it was discovered that his Honour had abandoned the Court-House shortly before its capture, and was still holding out in a scientifically defended laundry and wash-house.

This despatch leaves the Judge the master of the situation.

A week later.

His Honour for the last seven days has been undergoing all the horrors of a siege. The outhouse is surrounded, and supplies have been completely cut off. The garrison are known to be living on old summonses. His Honour is expected to revise his decision before his appointment is rendered vacant by a death from hunger.

Latest.

The Family have conquered! The decision has been revised, and Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT is at this moment spending a small fortune upon a grand *al fresco fête*, race meeting, and regatta in celebration of his victory. In the fulness of his heart the triumphant tenant has invited the defeated landlord to be present at the rejoicings. The RAGSANDTATTERSOON, however, has been unable to accept the kind invitation, because he has had a pressing appointment elsewhere—in point of fact, in the Court of Bankruptcy!

WHAT WE MAY COME TO.

MEDDLERS with the Woolsack, and with alarming rapidity the country would see changes of the most revolutionary character introduced into both Houses of Parliament! Are we prepared to stand by and calmly witness such startling innovations in the Constitution as are implied by new Standing Orders (like those we now publish), which we distinctly warn an apathetic public, are certain in time to be adopted, if the Woolsack is moved but a handsbreadth from its present time-honoured position?

STANDING ORDERS (FUTURE.)

The Lord Chancellor and the Speaker to be at liberty during the hot weather to preside over the deliberations of Parliament without a wig. The Mace may be lent for exhibition to the South Kensington Museum.

Any Member preferring to attend the sittings of Parliament during the months of June, July, and August, in his shirt-sleeves, may have leave to do so, provided that when he rises to address the House, he resume the formality of a coat.

Black Rod and Sergeant-at-Arms empowered to wear any light summer costume they please.

Smoking (cigars and cigarettes only) allowed on the benches after midnight.

There will be no interference with the occupants of the Strangers' Gallery, if they choose to express their sentiments by cheering, clapping their hands, or stamping with their feet, but previous notice must be given of an intention to hiss or hoot.

A Member may secure a seat for the whole evening by depositing upon it, at any time after 10 A.M., his hat, stick, umbrella, gloves, handkerchief (provided his name is legibly marked in the upper left hand corner), spectacle-case, calling-card, photograph, or any of his own or his wife's relations.

During the summer months the Woolsack and the Chair to be covered with a cool chintz or cretonne.

Members may play at chess, draughts, dominoes, or any other quiet game, but not at backgammon, on account of the interruption which would be caused by rattling the dice.

The Bishops may appear in their robes or not, at their option.

When the gowns now worn by the Clerks at the Table are worn out, they need not be renewed.

Refreshments will be served at the Bar of the House.

Any Member may in future keep his hat on his head while addressing the House, provided it is the proper high black hat such as is worn in this country in the hot season.

The following articles are inadmissible into either House of Parliament without an order from the Lord Chancellor or Speaker:—Guns, rifles, fishing rods, Bath chairs, bicycles, portmanteaus, telescopes, and dogs.

Overheard at Lord's.

First Swell. Haw—STEEL bowled well, but didn't much swell the score.

The two STUDD brothers, though, were to the fore.
Second Swell. Ya-as! Not surprised they bore the battle's brunt; For Stud(d)s are mostly—haw—found in the front!

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arvy Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO DAZED IN TOWN.



URING the scene recorded in the previous chapter Mr. SIMPLER had quietly sneaked—sneaked, I regret to say, is the word—up to town, with several cards in his pocket, on which he had taken care to inscribe, by way of introducing himself everywhere as a public character, "Rev. S. SIMPLER, Bedell of Small-Beerjester, Co-Despondent in the case of *Bounce v. the Card-sharps of Beerjester and Others*;" his object in writing "Despondent" being to excite the sympathy

of Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE, and obtain from him a private opinion gratis, which would at once decide his movements with regard to JOHN BOUNCE on the one hand, and the Bishop and Archbishop on the other.

Mr. SIMON SIMPLER, Beadle of Small-Beerjester, who, as my readers may not need to be reminded, is also Perceptor and Preceptor, and therefore a Reverend in his own rite, found himself in London at his own expense.

Being in want of rooms in the Metropolis, he took up *Chambers's Journal*, and having made his selection from a good number of Chambers, he drove at once to the Clargey's Hotel, in Clargey's Street, Piccadondilly, where the head-waiter at once recognised the Master of Deedler's Trust as a patron, brought him a sherry and bitters and a biscuit, a telegram with latest betting at Newmarket, and then retired to order his room.

The Reverend Beadle's, or Bedell's, as he preferred to call himself in London, first visit was to the Angel at Islington, where he was welcomed by the angelic hostess and provided with an excellent dinner. After this, it being too early to call on Sir ISAAC, he strolled to Sadler's Wells, drank the invigorating waters which still retain a strong taste of leather about them, and then bethought him that a more unprofitable hour might be passed elsewhere than at the Zoological Gardens, to which place of recreation and animal spirits he forthwith bent his steps. Here he showed three of his cards at the entrance, but, as the Gate-keeper is always the sharpest of all the Keepers at the Zoological, who are all well up in games of four-feet, he was unable to induce him to name the wrong one, so paid his and money went in.

Meeting some children with pennies in their hands, he took them to a refreshment stall and bought some beautiful stale penny buns at half-price, which he let the children have at three for twopence or four for threepence, and so, on the whole, made a good thing of it, not only recouping himself for his expenditure of gate-money, but also getting something for himself and fourpence clear profit, which he spent in a ride on the Dromedary, a sensation that gave him great pleasure, as being the next thing to riding on a Prebendary.

After this he took a cab as far as KURLITT's, the well-known hair-dresser, hat-brusher, and umbrella-seller, in Bill Street, whose shop has a back exit into the Gurlington Arcade, through which Mr. SIMPLER passed after informing one of the young men that he would look in again to see some back hair-pins, and thence strolled leisurely towards the Park. Here, seeing the row filled with equestrians, he sauntered as far as a neighbouring livery stable in Mount Street, and having hired a neat cob for a couple of hours, he joined the gay throng and at the expiration of an hour and half he rode out of the Park and dismounted before the portico of a princely mansion opposite the Buswater corner of Kensington Gardens.

Here a ragged individual, fancying that he had overheard the Master of

Deedler's lamenting the absence of his groom, proffered his services in taking the horse home.

Mr. SIMPLER confided the animal to his care, writing on one side of one of his blank cards the address of the livery stable in Mount Street, and on the other "Returned with thanks. Please give bearer something for himself," further instructing the man that should he not be rewarded for his trouble, he must come back, knock at the door at which he was then standing, and the butler would then settle with him as he at the present moment had no change. The man touched his cap to Mr. SIMPLER, and when he and the horse were quite out of sight, the worthy Bedell rang the bell, but on being informed that "Mr. FERGUSON," for whom he had inquired, "did not lodge there," he apologised for his mistake, and having hailed a cab, he bargained with the driver to take him three miles for a shilling.

On arriving at the Description Hall, Piccadondilly, he stopped the driver and pretended that it was against his conscience to go any farther; whereupon the driver asked him for money which the Bedell flatly refused to pay him. The Cabman insisted on driving him to the Attorney-General's chambers, as Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE was known to be favourable to all growlers with a grievance, and his opinion, invariably accepted as final, should be paid for by the loser; to which unexpected suggestion the Master of Deedler's acceded conditionally on the driver's promising to wait and bring him back to the Description Hall free of charge.

Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE was in; in fact, as his clerk said, with regard to opinions he was never known to be out; if ever he did happen to be out in his opinion, it was only when he was not at home in a case. At the present moment, however, he was engaged on the Great Stair case in Westminster Hall, and he would run round and fetch him immediately. The clerk was as good and better than his word, as in less than five minutes they were ushered into the innermost room which, hung round as it was with legal instruments, and ornamented with habeas corpuses stuffed, and framed illustrations of legal fictions, produced a considerable effect on the Cabman's mind.

Sir ISAAC, who, in his full Attorney-General's uniform, wig, cocked-hat, robes, Jack-boots, spurs, sabretache, and sword, was standing on the hearth-rug, appeared delighted at seeing the Master of Deedler's, and at once wrote his decision, to the effect that in the case of *Cabman v. Simpler (Clerk in Orders)*, "the Plaintiff had no claim against Defendant, inasmuch as the former had agreed to an essentially illegal contract; a shilling, and nothing less, being the only legal tender for any distance of two miles and under."

For this decision, the Plaintiff had to pay immediately the sum of one guinea, Sir ISAAC being specially retained, or a warrant of distress would be then and there issued, and five shillings more to Defendant to stay further proceedings as to the second illegal contract into which the Cabman had entered to take him back to the Description Hall gratis.

The Cabman having settled the above charges, with tears in his eyes, thanked Sir ISAAC, and withdrew, leaving the worthy Attorney and the Master of Deedler's in consultation on far more serious matters than a mere Cabman.

Sir ISAAC is a long, lank, thin man—so long and so thin, that the proverbial longest day could not be enough for him to stand up in, and he must have an entire long Vacation all to himself to lie down in. He was long altogether; he had been long out of office; he had been long in office; he was long-winded, long-sighted, long-suffering, and of long standing in his profession; he was long in getting whatever he longed for, but he was a man who could go any lengths to get it. When at the University he showed a taste for Latin poetry, but they were all hexameters, all "longs." If he ever dined away from home, my readers can imagine to what hotel in Bond Street he gave the preference; and when he took a long holiday abroad, it was Toolong where he always stayed. He was bound to live long; to be long a-dying, like the Merry Monarch; and to be long remembered after his death, when his long life will be published by LONGMAN & Co.

"The question is—" began Mr. SIMPLER, when Sir ISAAC interrupted him.

"I know what the question is, what you don't know is the answer."

The Percutor bowed assent and played an imaginary Jews' harp energetically with both hands.

"Now," continued the Attorney-General, putting his finger to his nose, "I'll give you the straight tip."

The Percutor bowed again and thought that Sir ISAAC's tip couldn't be straighter than it was; he said nothing, however, but only went on with his inaudible fantasia on the old imaginary Jews' harp.

Sir ISAAC then declared that BOUNCE and FISBY were worse than a couple of donkeys, as these animals were quadrupeds, while the two enemies of Deedler's Trusts hadn't literally a leg to stand upon between them.

Mr. SIMPLER, seated on his chair, began to play a quick march on his imaginary instrument.

"Moreover, my dear Sir," continued the Attorney-General, "BOUNCE will have to pay his own costs and ours." Here Mr. SIMPLER increased the time of his march, which, inaudible to Sir ISAAC, began to sound aloud, for him, notes of jubilant triumph, accompanied by the beating of the drums in his own ears. "And whatever little honorarium has to be presented to me for my opinion, will have to come out of the pockets of the Archbeacon and the Bishop, as I am not legally"—he emphasised the word—"entitled to receive any fee from the Master of Deedler's, though, perhaps, some little testimonial, such as a purseful of guineas, a richly-chased drinking-cup, or a jewelled inkstand—with an inscription on it—might not be out of place on my side-board, or on my drawing-room table at home."

The latter part of Sir ISAAC's speech was entirely unheeded by Mr. SIMPLER, who was now standing up on his chair, facing Sir ISAAC, and playing up, with both hands, such a "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*" on the imaginary Hebraic harp, accompanied by such a preternatural beating of inaudible ear-drums, and such a bold and rapid blowing of nose-trumpets, as had never before been performed in an Attorney-General's chambers out of Hanwell or Colney Hatch.

"Hark!" cried the Percutor, stamping his foot, and conducting his imaginary orchestra. Sir ISAAC listened, and looked in wonder. Then he rang the bell violently, previous to grasping the poker and the fire-shovel.

A Clerk opened the door, and in another moment the Percutor had descended the stairs. Sir ISAAC had sported his oak, in which he remained ensconced, like CHARLES THE SECOND, for the rest of the day, and the worthy Beadle-Percutor-Master of Deedler's, beaming with triumph, retraced his steps in the direction of Pickadowndilly. He could scarcely believe his senses; it seemed like some strange dream; he could not bring himself to return to Beerjester immediately, until he felt that he thoroughly comprehended the situation. Had he made an enemy of Sir ISAAC? Had his harping been premature? Sir ISAAC had not given him his written opinion—might not this be different to what he had spoken; and then what a figure he should cut when he re-visited Small-Beerjester, and had to humble himself before JOHN BOUNCE and MORLEENA? And once more he played the imaginary Hebraic harp, but this time dejectedly, to the air of "*We May be Happy yet.*" And so, still harping on his daughter, he entered the Hall dedicated to St. James. Here he stood beyond the ticket place and near the barrier, humbly informing the attendant that he was waiting for a friend, whereupon he was permitted to remain on this spot, where he was able to hear the louder parts of the Christy's entertainment for nothing.

Taking advantage of the temporary absence of the official, who was called away by some disturbance in the Gallery, he entered the room and seated himself in one of the stalls.

He had always considered persons of all shades not so black as they are painted, and here before him was an instance in point. He had never seen so many people at once looking so black, and they are all painted!

The Reverend Bedell had heard that "the Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman," and it occurred to his child-like mind that the black Indy-vidual at the corner in full evening dress, with magnificent collars, diamond studs, and an elegant shirt-frill, must be His Royal Highness Himself; so, before taking his seat, he bowed politely to him, a salute which was most courteously returned; a proceeding fortunately witnessed by the official in charge of the Stalls, who, returning at the moment was about to ask our excellent friend for his ticket of admission, when he noted this public



TU QUOQUE.

"AIR 'S GETTIN' RATHER THIN ON THE TOP, SIR! ALLOW ME TO RECOMMEND OUR KOMOKRYPTOLINE—IT'S CONSIDERED INFALLIBLE!"

"AH, WELL—SO LONG AS IT'S THE STUFF YOU USE YOURSELF, YOU KNOW!"

recognition of the stranger accorded by the distinguished occupant of the corner of the Stage.

Mr. SIMPLER listened with interest; their perfect harmony delighted his inmost soul, and it was some consolation to his wounded clerical spirit to remember that these men were living as a band of brothers united in one uncommon object, and were known in all this troubled worldly city as the only Christy 'uns. Their service came to an end, and Mr. SIMPLER quitted the Hall. His eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness of the Minstrels' faces that it was not until he had tried several "eye-openers" at the American bar of the Hyperion that he was able to find his way to Westminster, where he was much annoyed at being charged a shilling on entering the Abbey, and it was not until he was informed that this included everything, and that the Famous Flying Fandango was now going through her marvellous performance, that he awoke to the fact of his having mistaken the Aquarium for the Abbey, and once more he played the imaginary harp to the same tune with a different emphasis, the air being "*We may be Abbey yet.*"

Then the thought of the Attorney-General recurred to him, and he mechanically sought the bar, where he requested to be served with a draught of anything legal.

Then, as the clock struck nine, he looked in at the *Podrida*, in Molester Square, where there was a brilliant spectacle going on, which soothed and gratified him exceedingly. Thence he strolled towards EVINS's, but not finding it as soon as he had expected, he returned towards Pickadowndilly, and being attacked by a cruel enemy called hunger, he made his way to the door of the Poll Moll Restaurwong, where, having paid three shillings for his ticket, he found himself in a brilliantly lighted saloon, crowded, as he could see at a glance, by the *élite* of society. It seemed to the Master of Deedler's Trust that in this gathering of aristocratic and distinguished persons, everyone was affable and pleasant, no one haughty or proud; he was perpetually being saluted and addressed in the friendliest and kindest manner possible by polite persons of both sexes, with whose faces he was almost certain he was personally unacquainted, though they one and all appeared to recognise him immediately.

How pleased MORLEENA would be, he thought, if she could be here, and see him now! What a triumph for the Archbeacon and the Bishop that their cause should be so popular in London, as was evident from the homage paid to himself, who was only their humble representative and co-despondent; for, evidently, such greetings as these were not accorded to him as a mere

stranger. Of course all the town had read the articles in the *Prometheus*; but truth had triumphed, and virtue had prevailed. Perhaps, also, Sir ISAAC's opinion had been published in the latest evening papers. After shaking hands warmly with numbers, who thronged around him, how could he refuse to take the chair, that was offered to him at a party of his sympathisers, who were gathered together for a supper in his honour? How could he help replying several times, when they proposed his health over and over again between the intervals of oysters, grilled fowl, kidneys, sausages, and potatoes? How could he help playing on his plate "*The Girl I left behind me*" with the drumstick of a devilled chicken, and then throwing it at the Proprietor, who had suddenly forced himself on the company without an invitation? How could he refuse to shake hands with the Proprietor, and propose his health with three times three, when the latter was so liberal in his entertainment, and his hosts round the festive board were so hospitable and so rich?

Then there was more cheering and more toasts; and he would have risen to his legs for the fiftieth time, but that, somehow, his legs had risen of themselves, and were—he couldn't explain how it was, or when it happened—above him, high up on the table, while he, a long way down, was looking up at them. What did it all mean? There seemed to be some argument, and a great deal of buzzing and shuffling and scuffling, and then it appeared to him that, somehow or another, he was back at Beerjester, in full Beadle's costume, showing a crowd of Bank-holiday sight-seers over the Cathedral, and that while he was doing this the organ struck up, and the Bishop rode in on horseback, and service began, and that, do what he would, he couldn't prevent the holiday folks from singing "*He's a Jolly Good Fellow!*" while somebody got up in the pulpit, with his beadle's staff, and began laying about him like Punch in the show, and then that some one shook him roughly by the collar, and said, "Come, no more of this!" and he awoke to find himself held by two Policemen, and confronted by an Inspector, while a third stood by, with his helmet knocked in, and a black-eye, having, as he protested, been seriously "damaged by that Gent, there," pointing to the worthy Percentor, who had not as yet recovered his faculties sufficiently to be able to reply to the charge. Then he hears the Proprietor request payment from some one for the supper, and the broken glass, and the injury done to the reputation of his establishment; and on the Percentor indignantly turning to inquire why the people who gave the entertainment didn't reply, the Proprietor observed that he didn't want to be trifled with, and if he, the Percentor, couldn't pay the money down, he must trouble him for his name and address, before he was taken off to the stationhouse.

Then the Master of Deedler's bethought him of his friend, the Attorney-General, and producing a card requested the Inspector to send it at once to Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE. At the mention of this name the Inspector suggested that he, the Proprietor, and the worthy Percentor, should all go down to Sir ISAAC's chambers in a cab, and there being no objection to this proposal, it was adopted.

Then, on Mr. SIMPLER's having endorsed the card "Testimonial all right, splendid cup and inkstand with inscription," Sir ISAAC, without getting off the Wool-sack where he slept for practice, wrote a judgment in the Master of Deedler's favour, threatening the proprietor with a prosecution and the withdrawal of his licence, and severely reprimanding the Inspector, who was ordered to see Mr. SIMPLER home and pay him every possible attention.

The Master of Deedler's didn't get up till very late next morning, and then returned by evening train to Small-Beerjester; and thus ended his two days in London.

How in the meantime had Mr. JOHN BOUNCE been occupied?

NEGATIONS AND AFFIRMATIONS.

THE House of Commons say that BRADLAUGH is to be allowed to affirm. *Punch* must be allowed to affirm that though BRADLAUGH is quite wrong, the House is quite right.

BURROW MEMBERS.—Rabbits.

FROM THE STY.

BY THE LEARNED PIG.

Learned Pig (laying down a modern Novel) loquitur—



HUMPH! *Humph!* Now, that's really delicious; as fragrantly fine as a sniff

From a long-stored and newly-stirred dust-hole. Ah! poets who prate of the whiff

From the brine, or a mignonette-bed, or from lilac-buds rain-washed at eve, You are really quite out of the running, *rococo* at least I believe.

Humph! Triumph I think for our race; we've been ridiculed rather too long

For our appetite wholesomely catholic.

Popular story and song

Now find us justification. Gross porcine propensities? Bosh!

Seeing Art now shares the tastes of us lovers of wallow and wash,

Really worth while to be learned, if only in order to trace

In modern humanity's boasted *chef-d'œuvres* the traits of our race!

Here now's a novel! I'm told it is sold in all civilised lands,

And comes under modest girl-glances and passes through honest boy-hands.

Gad! it's pure dunghheap—delightful! No fat gutter-garbage so rich

'Twould satiate hogdom's keen greed *plus* a satyr's esurient itch.

Roses? I never liked roses, and lilies are cold whited lies,

Dreams, too, and dainty ideals, they do not find favour in styas.

Like something solid and succulent, toothsome, and titillant. Dirt?

Humph! 'Tis a useful commodity; I never found it to hurt.

Dirt? What is dirt after all? A comparative thing I suppose,

What do punctilious bards use for growing their lily and rose?

Hate all such finicking fashions. The gushers would tiptoe through life

Like girls o'er a foul City crossing. Now, right realism is rife

With a meaning the mooners all miss, but which hogdom has long ago hit on,

Ah! the sty could have given the cue to romancers from HOMER to LYTTON.

ARISTOPHANES smacked of our trough, and the Pantagruelian snout

Was a little bit porcine? Perhaps! But the sparkle, the symbol flashed out,

And the soft whiff of fragrance spoilt all. No, the tub is no place for the gem;

And as for strewn violets—pueugh! Slabbeest hogwash were sicklied by them.

But ZOLA, now! Ah! *there's* a writer! I think, as I wallow and grunt,

That the learnedest Pig of us all need not deem it the slightest affront

To be dubbed Realistic Romancer. It sounds contradictory, too,

But the last avatar of romance is so nakedly, nastily true,

That I vow I myself should scarce grumble at being suspect of a part

In so painting the earth's ordure-heaps or the squalid back alums of the heart.

Were the world, now, all lambkins and lilies, all sunshine and snowy-winged saints,

There might be some excuse for the prig who perfection persistently paints;

Nay, were sinners all stately of port, clean of linen, and dainty of taste,

With no loathly tag-end to their life, like a siren gross fish to the waist,

Then the moony romanticist's gush and the smug melodramatist's rant

Might have a more fit *raison-d'être* than the fiat of autocrat cant.

But the new learned Pigs—I beg pardon!—the realist writers, know better.

A fig for the spirit of life high-idealised! Let's have the letter,

The facts of the gutter and midden. I have grubbed with luxurious tusks in

An offal-heap rank as the slough so offensive to finical RUSKIN,

And found it a capital feeding-ground. Art, 'twould appear, has discovered

The inner swine-secret at last. Far too long in the clouds she has hovered,

Scornful of soil and of carrion. Pooh! there are glorious pickings

In what *dilettanti* call filth. The boobies! their stumblings and stickings

Whenever life's road's a bit miry remind me of cats in wet weather.

Ho! for the rout and the wallow, the muck-feast and mud-bath together!

And out on fine dolts who can't dine without forks and the snowiest napery,

Or limn the gross facts of the earth without swathes of fantastical drapery!

Now the romancers and lyrists have learned of the Sty, it is glorious!

Porkerdom's Art-Apotheosis, Swinehood in Letters victorious!

Humph! Will they gird at us now for delighting in wallow and grovel?

By Gurth and my nose-ring, who dares—after reading a latter-day Novel?

Old Times Revived.

GREAT consternation prevailed abroad on it being reported that a Member of the English Parliament had been "sent to the Tower." The torture, the Scavenger's Daughter, and an execution on Tower Hill, were nervously expected. A second telegram rectified the omission of the word "Clock" before Tower.



A YOUNG TURK.

Governess. "HOW DARE YOU, TOMMY! I SHALL TELL YOUR MAMMA!"

Tommy. "OH, I DON'T CARE WHAT MAMMA SAYS! SHE'S TOO YOUNG!"

THE NEXT VICTORY!

(A Sketch for the Historian of the Future.)

ALL apparently was lost. The Sub-Lieutenant in command (the only British officer young enough to perform the duties of a General) was at his wits' end. The enemy had gained ground everywhere, and the scattered battalions of Old England were gradually rallying round their respective head-quarters—the Infants' Schools from which they had drawn their recruits. Non-Commissioned Officers of nearly two months' standing were taking their places in the junior classes of the Educational Establishments just mentioned from force of habit, and their "men" were crying as of old for the recently-deserted sugarstick and the lately-relinquished box of bricks.

"What am I to do?" murmured the Sub-Lieutenant, as an aged Captain from the List of Officers of the Reserve approached him.

"Half a century of service rather more passive than active has rendered me a little rusty. I do not feel equal to giving you advice."

This was said with a heavy sigh, and a moment later the elderly speaker had succumbed to a dead faint, produced by the overwhelming weight of more than eighty years of comparative inaction.

"Let us help you?"

It was a very faint whisper—the outcome of extreme old age. The Sub-Lieutenant wavered. He had been addressed by an ancient General, who, with some thousand colleagues senior to himself, were gathered together in a group, seated in vehicles specially adapted to mitigate the rigour of their infirmities.

"'Tis the only chance," cried the young chieftain in command—he was scarcely sixty. "'Tis the only chance! The Reserved Reserve will advance! Quick march—double—charge!"

In a moment there was a general movement of Bath-chairs. The strange battalion at an easy trot steadily pursued its way. Then happened a remarkable occurrence. The enemy were completely taken by surprise. Full of superstition, they regarded this unlooked-for manoeuvre as something supernatural. They were prepared to

AT THE DOOR OF KNOWLEDGE.

DOVER COLLEGE.—President, Earl GRANVILLE, K.G. For particulars apply to Rev. W. BELL, M.A., the Head Master; or W. KNOCKER, Esq., Hon. Sec.—*Times*.

Ye parents that with anxious eyes
Scan rival school lists over,
Your troubles spare, and spare your sighs,
And take the train to Dover.

For lo! that city's classic gate
(No distance from the station)
Supplies you, wondrous to relate,
With every information;

Go when you will, by light, by dark,
You could not get it faster—
The Knocker is the College Clerk!
The Bell is the Head Master!

And if one says what is not true,
Or contradicts the other,
It's plain to see what you may do
Without the slightest bother.

For you upon them both may frown,
And say that you are shocked, or
May knock the Secretary down,
And then ring up the Doctor.

Lines for Home-Rule Legislation.

As Property has its duties as well as its rights, so, conversely, it has its rights as well as its duties.

The rights of Landed Property in general pertain to the Landlord, but the rights of Irish Landed Property are the rights of the Tenant, and resolve themselves altogether into Tenant Right.

The Irish Landlord ought by rights to have no rights whatever, but duties only.

His duties are his taxes, and the duty of contributing to the relief of distress, and to all other works and objects of benevolence, beneficence, and utility.

A "GENERAL" ORDER.—"Abolish most of them."—
(Signed,) "G. O. T."

meet men—or rather children—but not ghosts! As they saw the old fogies coming towards them in their invalid carriages, they lost heart. In a word, they uttered a piercing shriek of consternation, and hurriedly retired. The retreat changed immediately into a rout. The honour of England was saved! The battle had been won by "Old PARR'S Brigade!"

"General Officers and Honorary Colonels!" cried the now triumphant Sub-Lieutenant to the venerable conquerors as they leisurely returned and feebly produced ear-trumpets, so that they might listen to their leader's complimentary harangue—"General Officers and Honorary Colonels, I thank you! Inkermann has been called 'the Soldiers' Battle,' but to-day shall be remembered—aye, for ever—as the Victory of the Retired List!"

And so the fight ended. The Generals were wheeled back to their respective Clubs, and the Sub-Lieutenant within five years was gazetted (out of his turn) to a company. This last step gave the greatest possible satisfaction to the lucky Captain and his friends, although causing—for awhile—a little heart-burning among the hundreds of his seniors, who now perforce became his juniors. This was natural enough, as the well-merited promotion produced stagnation in the British Army for several generations. But (as the Press subsequently remarked) "What are private interests worth when weighed in the scales with Pluck, Merit, and the Good of the Public?"

To conclude. Shortly after the hero had received his reward, a family group were assembled in the newly-furnished quarters that had been given to him in recognition of his hardly-earned advancement.

"Nay, do not give me *all* the praise," said the successful tactician to his grandchildren as they heartily congratulated him on his first appearance in the uniform of a Junior Captain in a Marching Regiment of the Line. "Do not give me *all* the praise. I owe my present rank to the services of others. I should have lost the day without the charge of the General Officers on the Retired List."

And the whole nation agreed with him (as they settled with the tax-collector) that the charge of the General Officers on the Retired List was a heavy one indeed!

COMING OF AGE.—N. R. A., WIMBLEDON, 1880.

"The National Rifle Association has now attained its majority, and in a befitting way celebrates the twenty-first year of its existence by showing more vigorous signs of life than ever."—*Daily News*.



COMING OF AGE IN THE MODERN TIMES, AND MANY HAPPY, HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

TWENTY-One this year!
Punch uplifts his beaker,
And, in accents clear,
Cordial as the speaker,
Loud enough to reach
Over all the Island,

Swift from beach to beach,
Shouts with Punchian smile, and
Drinks "The N. R. A.,
Twenty-One to-day!"

Seasons Twenty-One
(On Time's roll a trifle)

Ye your course have run,
Comrades of the Rifle!
Spite of drenching rain,
Spite of cold "Authority,"
Ye've contrived to gain
A sound and strong "majority."
Bravo, N. R. A.,
Twenty-One to-day!

Here's your long survival
Of official snubbing!
May you give each rival
Amicable drubbing!
Here's to scores improved!
Averages bigger!
Nerves by strife unmoved
Fingers firm on trigger!
Health! my N. R. A.
Twenty-One to-day!

Fig for phrases fine!
Accents Ciceronian!
Brim the cup with wine!
Ranges Wimbledonian,
May ye be this year
Delugeless, sun-litten,
While, with hearty cheer,
Punch, and every Briton,
Drink "The N. R. A.
Twenty-One to-day!"

A GREAT UNWASHED.

MR. FORESTER, the other night, was very anxious to know what the scaffolding at the Clock Tower had cost, what it was for, and when it would be down.

MR. ADAMS, in giving him the information he asked for, said that the cost would be £250, that the scaffolding would be down this week, and that it had been put up for the purpose of cleaning the outside of the Clock—which tells to the eye what the tongue of Big Ben proclaims to the ear—the flight of time over the head of Parliament. When Mr. ADAMS added that this is the first time the Clock has had its face and hands washed since it was put up, he stated what, in these sanitary days, should have startled the House.

Is there any Westminster street-Arab in so neglected a condition as to that cleanliness which is next to godliness, as the Clock to which not only the Collective Wisdom but the western portion of the Great Babylon looks for the time of day?

Let us hope the hands of Parliament are cleaner than those of its Clock, and that such great unwashedness is for the present not allowed to penetrate farther than the Clock Tower, where, *en attendant*, it may be said to have had a recent representative in Mr. BRADLAUGH.

"LA CLÔTURE"—ENGLISH AND ORIGINAL.

MUCH sensation has been excited by the daring act of the Board-School teacher who, the other day, sealed, with a strip of sticking-plaster, the lips of one of her pupils "who would not leave off talking."

Oh, if that school teacher's original and effective remedy could but be introduced, by the authority of the SPEAKER, into the House of Commons!

To be sure, the world would very soon be short of sticking-plaster.

But, think how much the most efficacious form this would be of "*La Clôture*" which everybody wants, and nobody apparently dares ask for!

Imagine the Home-Rule heads each in its sticking-plaster!

What plaster half so likely to heal the sores and raws of Ireland!



A LITTLE JESUIT.

Son and Heir. "Ma', I WISH YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME ALONE WITH BABY, 'CAUSE I HAVE TO EAT ALL THE JAM, AN' ORANGES, AN' CAKES AN' THINGS TO AMUSE HER!!"

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It has come at last, and from a very great distance. All have heard of it, read of it, and many of us have dreaded to know more about it. It has been in print for an indefinite time, but only within the last few days have certain personages, and those the *highest in the realm*, received a proof of it. Long but a name in this country, it is now amongst us, a splendid reality. It has appeared in the very last place where it might have been expected—in the *Court Circular*. To prevent further suspense, be it known that Her Majesty the QUEEN, and H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, are at this moment each the happy possessor of a "White Elephant."

FROM SIAM.

P.S.—Her MAJESTY and the Prince, after mature consideration, have decided not to send their White Elephants to the Zoological Gardens, but to keep them in boxes, and occasionally to show them in public.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRIDAY, July 2 (Lords).

—The subject of the Licensing Laws is too complex for the Government to tackle just now, "but they hope at no very distant date to submit a measure correcting some of the chief evils of the present system." So much, in answer to inquiries from the Thane of Fife, commonly called Earl "of that ilk."

For the satisfaction of the Duke of SOMERSET, Lord KIMBERLEY said that if Cyprus should be handed over to the Colonial Office, the mode in which it has been acquired will not prevent him, the Earl of KIMBERLEY, from trying to form a valuable possession of it, or at least to make the best of a bad bargain.

The Earl of NORTHBROOK informed the Earl of RAVENSWORTH that the Admiralty had decided on

their shipbuilding programme for the year. Good, my Lords. Their Lordships passed a few Bills of little or no remarkable consequence to the community.

(Commons, Morning.)—Prayers; after which Mr. BRADLAUGH walked in and took his affirmation and seat *sub silentio*.

Debate on an Amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill, moved by Mr. MACDONALD in the interest of the Employed, and seconded by Mr. LINDERWICK. Time called, and Sitting suspended till

Evening, when Dr. CAMERON moved an Address to stay British subjects from taking law into their own hands with uncivilised natives after the manner imputed to some missionaries, particularly certain "Blantyre Missionaries in Central Africa," who are reported to have punished offending savages not only by flogging some of them, but also by hanging others, to reclaim—not encourage—the rest. On assurance from Sir CHARLES DILKE, upon the part of the Government, that they wished to prevent such doings, the Doctor withdrew his Motion.

Perhaps the Blantyre Missionaries have been belied by the wicked, and are falsely accused of having "lynched" or "Blantyre" the heathen they could not convert.

Saturday (Commons).—Committee on Relief of Distress (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill, and thereupon lengthy debate, chiefly financial, in the course of which Mr. FORSTER begged the Irish Members to get on, for if the Bill were not finished that day, he could not be sure when it would be brought on again. Nevertheless, Amendment and Division followed and followed again and again; the talk went on, and they kept it up from 12 at noon on Saturday to 12:30 Sunday morning, when at length, on Motion of Mr. FORSTER, the debate was adjourned.

Bis dat qui cito dat; and, as *Sancho Panza* might add, whilst the grass is growing the steed may starve. As is the growth of grass to the sustenance of horses, so is that of potatoes to the support of people who subsist on them, or would, if they were not starving for want of them. Despatch, Home-Rulers, or else, by the time arrangements for the relief of your countrymen's wants are completed, Irish distress will be over—and much of it relievable no more.

Monday (Lords).—Lord FORTESCUE recalled attention to a favourite idea—not to say "fad"—of his Lordship's, which he has frequently urged before—that of supplementing the intellectual education of the Army by physical competition; which would be an excellent arrangement if there existed any necessity for it whatever.

But His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, General Commanding in Chief, who may be supposed to know, assured their Lordships that there was none at all.

Lord SPENCER moved, and noble Lords agreed to, the Second Reading of an Elementary Education Bill to facilitate the working of certain educational by-laws ancillary to inculcation of the Three R's.

(Commons.)—In answer to Mr. BAXTER, Lord HARTINGTON said the total excess expenditure of the Afghan War was some £9,000,000, of which £3,370,000 would have to be found in 1880-81. So much for our Scientific Frontier.

Debate on Irish "Disturbance Bill" resumed by Lord R.

CHURCHILL, who pitched into it so severely that he straightway brought up in its defence its author's Official Big Brother.

Mr. GLADSTONE upheld the Government Bill before the House in the teeth of opponents who vilify and abuse it, calling it an Irish Landlord Ruination Bill, and still harder names. He repelled the statement of the noble Lord (R. C.) that it had been introduced for the purpose of "oiling some part of the parliamentary machine," and vindicated it against "inflamed and exaggerated statements" made by other Hon. Members. He contended, very forcibly, that, as for confiscation, it was no worse than several previous Acts (which he named) had been.

A very satisfactory and convincing argument, no doubt—as far as it goes.

Mr. W. C. CARTWRIGHT opposed the Bill from the Liberal benches. Ditto Mr. BRAND, speaking also from the Ministerial ditto.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON assured the House that nothing but the strong conviction of those responsible for the peace of Ireland that a measure such as the present was necessary, would induce him to support any proposals of the kind. But it was the duty of the Government to prevent the object of the Land Act of 1870 from being defeated. They wished also to compel the landlord to exercise his rights with moderation. The Executive Government in Ireland could not carry out the law unless the Irish were convinced that it was not only law but justice; and it was, above all, in order to produce that conviction that the Bill was brought in.

After a fling at the Bill by Sir S. NORTHCOKE, debate wound up by Mr. FORSTER; then division. Second Reading carried by 295 to 217, majority 78—considerably less than the "normal" Cabinet figure.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord WINMARLEIGH caused a parley by calling attention to the new scheme of the Charity Commissioners for the Grammar School of Kirkham; but it came to nothing.

Lord NORTON asked Lord SPENCER whether the Inspectors of the Education Department had not deprecated the grants for results in the specific subjects of the fourth schedule, and whether their deprecatory remarks would not be laid on the table.

Lord SPENCER answered both these particular questions in the negative, but would consider the main question to which they related, during the recess.

Conversation, without result, ensued.

(Commons, Morning.)—Debate on Employers' Liability Bill resumed by Mr. WARTON (Conservative), who urged the reference of the Bill to a Select Committee, which Mr. KNOWLES (Conservative)—Mr. MACDONALD's Motion having been withdrawn—moved that it be. Motion opposed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, supported by Mr. HUSKEY VIVIAN (Liberal), Mr. SCHREIBER (Conservative), Mr. WIGGIN (Liberal), and Sir H. GIFFARD; but opposed by Mr. GLADSTONE, and negatived by 259 to 130. Debate on going into Committee again adjourned.

This Employers' Liability Bill proposes to make Employers very much more liable than they seem to like. Mr. VIVIAN, on the part of many Liberals besides himself, entreated the Government not to force it on their staunchest supporters, and warned them that it would be fought over clause by clause in Committee. It will not have escaped notice that amongst the Liberals opposed to them in voting for the Amendment, Ministers had a WIGGIN.

(Evening.)—A discussion of much interest, doubtless, to military readers arose on a Resolution for the reduction of the active list of Generals to an adequate and no more than adequate number, moved by Mr. TREVELYAN. Assured by an intimation from Mr. CHILDERS that the Government would, as soon as they had time, apply to the Army the same system of pay and retirement that they had formerly applied to the Navy, Mr. TREVELYAN withdrew his Motion.

Mr. RICHARD PAGET then began to expatiate on a Motion respecting the maintenance of high roads; when, *presto*, the Honourable House was counted out.

Wednesday (Commons).—The Irish Fishermen—as is occasionally the case with a few others of their countrymen—require assistance. Accordingly, Mr. E. COLLINS moved the Second Reading of the Sea-Fisheries (Ireland) Bill, of which the objects were—firstly, to create an unpaid Commission to manage them, and, secondly, to lend them £30,000—he should have liked to ask for £100,000. Supported by Colonel COLTHURST, Mr. BLAKE, Mr. PARNELL, and other Home-Rulers, but deprecated by Mr. FORSTER, because the Government could not commit themselves to finding capital for the fishery business; and of course negatived on division.

In the course of the debate, Mr. BLAKE stated that the loans made to Irish fishermen out of the Reproductive Loan Fund had been punctually—except in a few instances—repaid; and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR confirmed this remarkable statement. Money lent to Irish fishermen has been actually—yes, and punctually—repaid. Fact.

By-and-by, perhaps, the Irish Fisheries will pay interest on loans; a possibility to be considered by capitalists, who hitherto have mostly regarded Irish, financially, as no better than Turks.

Another fact not generally known was mentioned by Sir A. GORDON. Irish herrings are too oily to take the pickle, and there-

fore cannot compete with Scotch salt herrings in the trade with Germany. Irish will be Irish. Even Irish herrings superabound with unctuous humour; your Scotch are comparatively dry.

England next came in for a little talk on the Agricultural Holdings Act, moved by Mr. CHAPLIN; whereon debate was, in the beginning of a speech by Mr. DUCKHAM, adjourned.

Leave having been given to Sir E. WILMOT to bring in a Bill to incapacitate avowed Atheists from sitting in Parliament (as if total Nonconformists could be at all more reasonably excluded than any others), the House adjourned also.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, in order to enable himself to criticise speeches delivered by Mr. GLADSTONE in 1877, moved for returns of the killed and wounded in the late war between Russia and Turkey.

"A day too late for the fair," as in the old days, when fairs were institutions, the saying used to be in Arcadia. So said Lord GRANVILLE (in other words), and asked how the Foreign Office could possibly give a return of killed and wounded in a campaign which this country took no share in. How, indeed!

Lord DUNRAVEN asked, with respect to Turkey, Greece, and the Berlin Conference, what the Government meant to do in the event of certain contingencies which might possibly occur, and might not.

Lord GRANVILLE replied that, in his 'prentice days at the Foreign Office, his master, Lord PALMERSTON, had taught him better than, except now and then in a very exceptional case indeed, to answer hypothetical questions. Hypothetical questions are questions that a *Dundreary* might be expected to ask—hardly a DUNRAVEN.

(Commons.)—The Tay Bridge Rebuilding Bill read a Second Time, was referred to a "hybrid" or mule Committee.

At the end of a string of questions even more numerous than usual, the House at last got upon the order for going into Committee on the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill. A debate on an Amendment thereto, meant to limit its application, moved by Mr. PELL, and negatived, was remarkable chiefly for comments on another Amendment down on the paper, to be moved in Committee by the Irish Attorney-General (Mr. LAW), which, Mr. PARNELL and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE both agree, completely alters the character of the Bill; but this Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE strenuously deny.

It provides that the Landlord shall be allowed to get rid of his liability by giving the Tenant permission to sell his holding. Cases in which this is done will be excepted from the Bill. Is this indeed "a change of front"? The Government says no; the Opposition and the Home-Rulers both say yes. Politicians are violently divided on the question.

Argue it out between you, Gentlemen. *Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.*

If, however, a sop to the Conservatives, the (Mr.) LAW Amendment to the Ministerial measure is altogether an offence to Home-Rulers. Mr. PARNELL said it had entirely changed his view of the Bill; which, therefore, it may be presumed to have greatly ameliorated. It looks like Law combined with Justice.

Nevertheless, there was a question to be asked, and it was put by Lord ELCHO:—"Is it a fact that the Marquis of LANSDOWNE is no longer a Minister?" Mr. GLADSTONE had to reply, "It is." The Opposition hoorayed.

Motion for going into Committee carried by 355 to 199. Announcement of numbers received with cheers from both sides, alike gratified—a result also truly gratifying to the genial mind.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Gaiety—Adelphi—General Notes.



RESERVE that CHAUMONT as *Lolotte* is quite something to be seen before the star disappears. In this piece she first assumes the airs of a fine lady, and then, losing her temper, shows us what a *Low* lot she really is.

Her *Madame attend Monsieur* is only a sort of *Lolotte* married to a gentleman decidedly hersuperior, from the little we are allowed to see of him, whom she hopes to surprise at supper with his mistress. *Madame* is so decidedly coarse that nothing can excuse her except having been *Lolotte* before marriage; and the unfortunate husband is to be pitied.

The idea of the piece is excellent, but it is not well worked out, and, when the actress only goes for a laugh, the true spirit of what might have been a very charming little comedy scene is utterly lost.

In *Toto chez Tata* Madame CHAUMONT *est chez elle*. As to her songs, she puts too much spice into "*La première Feuille*," making a winter pickle of it, all its spring freshness having departed; and for "*La bonne Année*"—that is about as perfect as CÉLÈNE CHAUMONT can make it, which is only saying, that it is about as good as it can be.

Comparisons are odorous—and there can't be a comparison, only a parallel, in this case—but, in a good English version of *Madame attend Monsieur*, or of *Lolotte*, wouldn't Mrs. BANCROFT in both or Miss NELLIE FARREN in the latter, be on two equal parallels with the clever French actress? A copy would be impossible, and would, of course be a dismal failure; for the two characters—*Madame* and *Lolotte*—are distinctly and peculiarly French; and similar pieces, written for Mrs. BANCROFT and Miss FARREN, would necessarily be distinctly and peculiarly English. Madame CHAUMONT could no more play Mrs. BANCROFT's characters in ROBERTSON'S pieces, as the author intended them to be played,—that is, to the satisfaction of a jury of matrons and daughters,—than could Mrs. BANCROFT play CHAUMONT'S *Madame* or Miss FARREN the French *Lolotte* to the satisfaction of a Parisian audience at the Variétés, the Vaudeville, or the Palais Royal. The two ideas are totally apart. Human nature is the same, but its outward expression varies as the

nationality. The French actress would ever remain the French original of the part she had created, without detracting from the originality of the English creation, which might be equally perfect in its own line.

La Bonne Année, however, is entirely Madame CHAUMONT'S property. No one, in any language, could improve on her rendering of this song; but any simple artless singer would please me more with *La Première Feuille*. LHÉRITIER is wonderful *en galant homme*, taking his friend's wife—the sly dog—to a *baignoire*, No. 4, to see that dreadful play, *Le Roi Candaule*.

DAUBRAY, arriving late at the Gaiety, has nothing to do, the *Ménage Popincourt* and *L'Affaire de la Rue de Lourcine* having been, I am informed, "suppressed" by our *Censor Morum*. Rather late in the day to wake up, after such a play as *Célimare le bien aimé* has been performed.

La Revue was a mistake in spite of Madame CHAUMONT'S five minutes' *Conférence sur le Théâtre*, and her song of grateful apology, which was charmingly rendered and loudly applauded; and also, in spite of Mlle. LEGAULT'S imitation of the gifted SARAH, and M. PLET'S admirable imitation of LHÉRITIER.

GEOFFROY is invariably good, rarely exaggerating, but, as a rule, playing so naturally as to invest most farcical situations with an air of genuine probability. LHÉRITIER is a French BUCKSTONE, and HYACINTHE a droll; but the public has seen them playing their own pieces in their own house, and, though delighted to welcome them at the Gaiety, is not very enthusiastic on the subject, specially after the SARAH effervescence had subsided. And then within the last few years we have learnt something from our French friends, as it appears they have something to learn from the Dutch. We are accustomed to first-rate *ensembles*, such as are to be found at the Haymarket and at the St. James's, while the Palais Royal and Gymnase companies in their own special line would find themselves well matched—and in some instances overmatched—by the capital *troupe* of comedians now playing at the Criterion under the direction of Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM. If the prolific and somewhat reckless French authors would associate themselves with English authors as *collaborateurs*, their pieces and their pockets would gain considerably; for most of their pieces, in which the point is *un peu* *vis*, are really improved—most decidedly improved—for an English audience's taste, by the freest adaptation possible.

Unfortunately we have recently seen, *chez nous*, that, as Mrs. MALAPROP might state the proverb, "Originality breeds contempt"—but this opens too big a subject for the present space, so, will content myself by noting the fact that Mr. DION BOUCICAULT has achieved a success at the Adelphi, not with a thrilling drama, but with a *mélange* of absurdities, called *Forbidden Fruit*, which is to be classed with *Truth* and *Pink Dominoes* as one of the Comedies of Cremonne.

Diana, the ballet at the Alhambra, is not by "DION B."

Miss ELLEN TERRY is charming in *Isolante*; Madame MODJESKA and Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD are shutting up; les BANCROFT depart for their holiday at the end of July; the St. James's is over, and a new "Hares Bill" (without the rabbits) will be brought forward late in the autumn. *Telle est la vie des Théâtres*, and I am

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



A HOST IN HERSELF.

Mrs. Polkimore Hopkins (who has been asked to bring one or two "dancing young men" with her). "THIS IS ONLY A FIRST INSTALMENT, DEAR MRS. JENKINSON! THERE ARE PLENTY MORE COMING!"

"KISMET"!!!

OF what is he musing, this adipose man,
By opiate fumes enshrouded?
Of the Russian's hate, of the Briton's ban?
Of the mustered Powers and their boasted plan?
Of his day of grace and its shortening span?
Of the future trouble-clouded?
Or thinks he, smiling a greasy smile,
And winking slyly a furtive wink,
Of the large resources of Ottoman guile?
Kismet! Calm on Convulsion's brink,
What doth the fat Fate-worshipper think?
Toad-like, a-squat at the Eastern gate
Of worried Europe, he sits and sits,
While Statesmen weary and rack their wits.
Kismet! Surely a full-paunched Fate,
That Jupiter-Scapin might own as master,
Must be that Fate which the Turk invokes
Whilst he stolidly perches, serenely smokes,
On the innermost edge of disaster.
The old *non possumus* comes once more
In a wheezy whisper, half sneer, half snore,
From the moony Mussulman's three-chinn'd throat.
Conference? Treaty? Collective Note?
Pellets pelted at Behemoth's hide!
Greece may threaten and GOSCHEN chide,
But *V's inertia*'s victor still,
A sullen challenge to Europe's will!
What does he mutter amidst the smoke?
Is it tragic menace or cynic joke?
"BEACONSFIELD carved and GORTSCHAKOFF sliced
(Bring me sherbet sublimely iced!)
Consolidation brought naught but trouble.
(Ho! Slave, fresh charge me my hubble-bubble!)
Now, Sadonallah, we'll stick like logs,
And brave the wrath of the Infidel dogs!"

But the powder's stored and the train is laid;
Will the Kismet-worshipper wait the torch?
Must the banded Powers through bloodshed wade
To OTHMAN's seat at the Eastern porch?
Doth a stark fierce demon of wrath yet lurk
In the sodden soul of the sluggard Turk
That shall break in a fury of fatalist zeal
And put the quarrel to test of steel?
Or, awed by Europe's menacing frown,
Will the Ottoman coon at once come down?

"EX FUMO DARE LUCEM!"

POOR Vesuvius! What next? First, invaded by a "Funicular Railway"—(Punch's Line it ought to be called)—up to the very edge of the seething abyss; and now, for the lurid and awful light of thine own central fountains of stored-up fire, and the red rivers of lava that they give with it, we are promised the illumination of cone and crater by the Electric Light!

As in the days of "SIMPSON and the Royal Property," London used to be electrified by the announcement of 20,000 additional lamps at Vauxhall on gala nights—we may look out, among the attractions of COOK's tours and GAZE's excursions, for the announcement—"Vesuvius! Personally-conducted Eruption! Warranted harmless! New Craters, on advantageous terms! Lava laid on by private pipe, in directions to suit Parties making arrangements beforehand. Grand Gala night! Three extra Electric Lamps!!!"
Poor Volcano!—"How art thou Cockneyfied!"

Mem by a Member.

(Apropos of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill.)

DISTURBANCE? Eugh! If they've their wicked will,
They'll upset every interest in the Nation;
Bill GLADSTONE is the true "Disturbance Bill,"
In whom, alas! there is no compensation."



“KISMET”!!!

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Haw," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arvy Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER HAPPY DAY IN TOWN.



ISSATISFIED with everything and everybody, groaning in spirit, and unsuccessful in his interviews both with the Archdeacon and MORLEENA, poor JOHN BOUNCE—whom in his misfortunes I cannot help pitying, though I honestly admit to feeling no sympathy with his opinions, or his radically Communistic purposes—dried his head, brushed his hat, packed up a small bag, and went up to London, in order to carry out his pledge to MORLEENA, to blow up TOM TIDDLER, and all connected with the Penny Prometheus.

After depositing his luggage at his favourite hotel, "The Voltaire's Head," near the Luther Arcade, where there was always a philosophically Ferney-shed Room at his disposal, our would-be Small-Beerjester Reformer proceeded at once to the mysterious abode of TOM TIDDLER, Director, Editor, Manager, and Proprietor of the Penny Prometheus.

TOM TIDDLER lived as near the sky as possible, personifying Prometheus in the Attic story. In front of his windows, on one

side, was a magnificent weathercock, which indicated from day to day the direction in which he could hurl his penny thunderbolts, and flash his lignopodium lightning. From this eminence he could take the time of day from the clock of St. Stephen's, and set his own repeater, so as to chime in with the voice of Big Ben. A barometer of Public Opinion was suspended on the wall, faced by a Table of Tides in the Affairs of Man, which if taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. Rockets, squibs, crackers, were packed away safely in tin boxes, handy for immediate use; a sheet of iron hung on the wall, which, when well shaken, sounded dreadfully like thunder; and there was proof-sheet lightning, harmless, but effective as Japanese fireworks, and forked lightning rockets, requiring very careful handling; anti-Roman candles, marked "with care," flags of all colours, folded up in corners; rough towels, for improving the circulation, and a patent blower, for sounding a mechanical Penny Promethean trumpet, which every morning early aroused the slumbering world, and directed the course of those millions of TOM TIDDLER's dependants, whom he was graciously pleased to acknowledge as his fellow-countrymen, and fellow-citizens.

Of the hundred million thousand impressions that the Prometheus issues daily, but one impression remains everywhere, which is, that the Penny Prometheus knows all about it, whatever it is, and more than all about it, whatever it isn't, and that the Promethean copper mine, in which the office is situated, has yielded the proprietor heaps of coppers, that have been turned into gold and silver, with which TOM TIDDLER's ground is strewn, and which he is engaged in picking up morning, noon, and night.

It was easy to see from his room, as you might from his company, after you have been in it a few minutes, that TOM TIDDLER was a Sybarite, though not an idle one, as the intelligent reader may have already inferred, from the fittings previously described, and from the ornaments, partly for show, mostly for use, which could at once indicate to what estate of the realm their owner belonged.

In the centre of the room was a press; and everything around was connected with the Press. This press was used for everything and anything. His books were in it; his tablecloths, dinner-napkins, and all sorts of articles, and printed goods. This was his Press of

Business; and in another part was his Press of Pleasure, in which were his white ties, evening coats, trousers, and so forth. The attic-room, where JOHN BOUNCE found himself, was of a large type, classically supported by four editorial columns, headed with big capitals; the window on the south side commanded a space that was leaded out; a statue of the Laocoön stood on an agony column, in the corner; on the walls were portraits of the Fathers of the Fourth Estate, including a picture of the first Old PARR, and sketches for several small PARRs; while over the mantelpiece was a half-length presentment of the celebrated JAMES ORGUSTUS SALAMANDER, the Fire King of the Trope-picks, with the legend beneath, "Quorum Pars Magna Fui." On some shelves were bottles labelled "Gigantic Gooseberries," preserved, and three cases of Sea-Serpents. On one wall was a picture of the "Great Man and Dog Fight," and below it, preserved in a sort of reliquary, "A Hair of the Dog that bit him." On another wall was a sketch of The Farmer's Friend, CHAWBACONSFIELD, and on another an engraving of "The People's WILLIAM of the deepest dye," in a scene from *Aze and Crown, or the Royal Prerogative*; there were, besides, some pre-Raphaelite portraits of Latter Day Sinners; a hundred numbers of the Prometheus, scattered about loosely, labelled *Prometheus Unbound*, and another set, in anti-Russian leather covers, labelled, *Prometheus Vincit*; the chairs were stuffed with old padding, from the back numbers; and on the table, it being five P.M., was a capital tea, for which TOM TIDDLER was getting up an appetite, in the next room, by exercising his skill at fencing and single-stick, attacking a column of dummy figures, which he said improved his circulation immensely, and quite set him on his legs again.

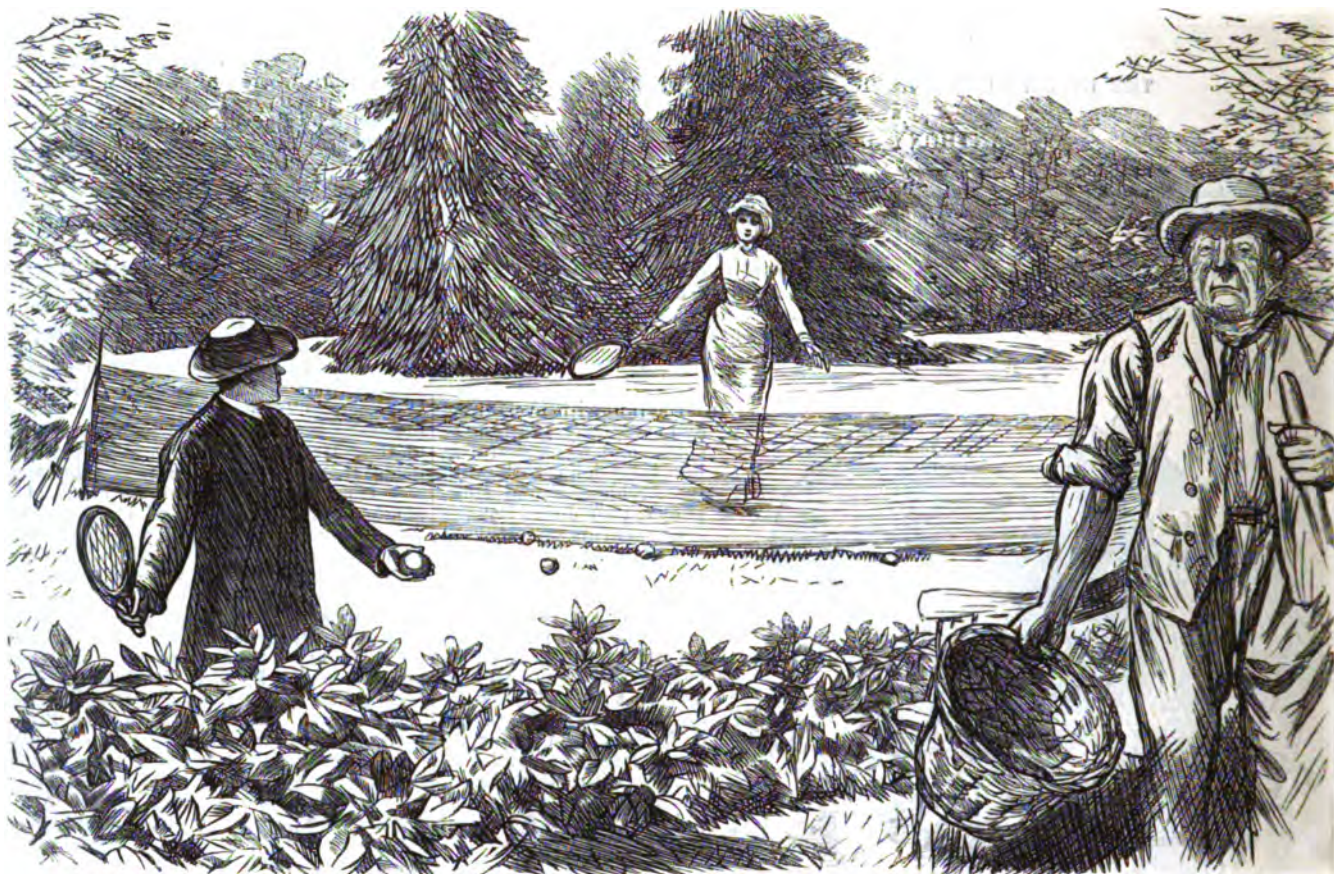
"Take something," said little TOM TIDDLER, as he entered breathless, wrapped in a proof-sheet.

"No, thank you!" replied JOHN BOUNCE, abruptly. "The fact is, I've come to give you something." And then, mindful of his promise to MORLEENA, he commenced the operation of blowing up.

TOM TIDDLER, taken by surprise at the first explosion, stepped back in mute astonishment at his visitor's daring boldness; but, immediately recovering himself in his proof-sheet, which was a kind of shirt of evening mail, he shouted through a telephone. At this signal twenty devils from the Printers appeared through various panels and traps, who, seizing the luckless Reformer, bore him off in their clutches, and held him under a fount of type, until he was deluged with black Printers' ink from head to heel, when they set him free, and let him make his way home as best he could.

"Poor JOHN BOUNCE!" my Lady-readers will exclaim, even though they may agree with me that he deserved the treatment he received. Alas! he has not come to the end of it yet! He has offended TOM TIDDLER, who will go on working that fount of Printers' ink, until no one will ever believe that JOHN BOUNCE ever was any other colour than jet black.

And so turned out of his hotel, pointed at scornfully in the streets of London; he slunk back to Small-Beerjester, where it was a long time before he dared show even the tip of his nose—from which the black was just beginning to wear off—above the window-blinds of his own house, which very soon exhibited bills posted up, informing the inhabitants that this valuable



"DONKEYS HAVE EARS."

Emily (playing at Lawn-Tennis with the new Curate). "WHAT'S THE GAME NOW, MR. MINIVER?" *Curate. "FORTY—LOVE."*
Irreverent Gardener (overhearing). "DID Y'EVER HEAR SUCH IMPERRENCE! 'LOVE,' INDEED! AND HIM NOT BEEN IN THE PARISH ABOVE A WEEK! JUST LIKE THEM PARSONS!"

property was for sale, and that as there was no good-will in the place, the fixtures would alone be parted with at a valuation.

JOHN BOUNCE had kept his word to MORLEENA; but the *Penny P'omethews* attacked him every morning for a month with articles, letters, and paragraphs, headed, "*Mr. Bounce Again!*" until blackened as he was, bankruptcy stared him in the face, and nothing could save him except white-washing; and how was that to be done? Poor BOUNCE!

So far Mrs. OVERWAYTE's plan had prospered; BOUNCE had been snubbed by MORLEENA; her father still retained the Mastership of Deedler's Trust, with his other appointments; but her triumph was not unclouded—the Archbeacon would have to pay his share of the fees to Sir ISAAC; and if MORLEENA should change her mind, and take pity on BOUNCE, the whole battle would have to be fought over again, and on a field very disadvantageous to her movements.

"What is to be done, my dear?" asked the Archbeacon, as he stood before the glass, in his Doctor's University bed-gown and hood, twiddling the tassel of his College cap, previous to putting out the night-light.

"Done! You Arch-Noodle?" replied his spouse, from under the bed-clothes; "what's to be done? Why the shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes for to-morrow's dinner!"

"I don't quite understand, my dear," said the Archbeacon, pausing with the extinguisher.

"But I do, you Arch-Noddy!" returned the Lady, contemptuously. "What's necessary must be done. Dinner's necessary; the shoulder of mutton will be hot to-morrow: when it is cold, we can offer it to MORLEENA, if she dares to encourage that BOUNCE!"

"I see," said the Archbeacon, as he extinguished the light.

"As well as you ever will in the dark," answered his spouse. "MORLEENA must be married to a friend of ours, who will pay some share of Sir ISAAC's charges; and, above all, MORLEENA mustn't accept anyone recommended by the Bishop, or Mrs. DOWDIE."

"Why not, my dear?" asked the Archbeacon, who was now performing that act of cannibalism, known as "tucking himself in," before dropping off to sleep. But his question met with no verbal

response, only a gentle snore, and a quiet, but vigorous kick, which caused Dr. OVERWAYTE to congratulate himself on the strength of his furious tucking in.

"Recommended by the Bishop, and Mrs. DOWDIE!" murmured the Archbeacon to himself; "what the deuce does she mean?"

Then, after intoning his first snore, he joined Mrs. OVERWAYTE in her nocturne. My readers will gather from this that during Mr. SIMPLEX's and Mr. BOUNCE's absence, some one had been recommended by Mrs. DOWDIE as a candidate for MORLEENA's hand. Who was it? Fair Ladies, I will not deprive you of the pleasing information one second longer than I can help. Let us meet and gossip over it in my next chapter.

RIGHT AND WRONG AT WIMBLEDON, 1880.

(Extracts from a Couple of Diaries.)

LIEUTENANT LAZYBOY'S RECORD. (THE WRONG WAY.)

Monday.—Lounged down in the afternoon. Found that my tent had not been planked over. Could not stand that! Came back to Town and dined at the Club.

Tuesday.—Having nothing better to do, thought I would look in at Wimbledon. The carpet I had ordered for my tent not soft enough. Utterly impossible to remain. Returned to Town, and enjoyed a comfortable night's rest.

Wednesday.—Bothered by the BUTTERFLY girls to take them to see the Camp. So had to do it. Horrid nuisance. Got a headache from the firing, and in opening a gate spoiled a pair of lavender kid gloves.

Thursday.—Nice day, so thought I would go to the Camp. Had a little dinner in my tent. Rather pleased that I was not obliged to follow the other fellows up to Town. Slept in my tent, after throwing the empty champagne bottles into the open.

Friday.—Dreadful night. All sorts of trumpet-calls. Too ill to move. Spent the day in retirement. The salmon at yesterday's dinner has given me an awful headache.



AN ÆSTHETIC MIDDAY MEAL.

At the Luncheon hour, Jellaby Postlethwaite enters a Pastrycook's and calls for a glass of Water, into which he puts a freshly-cut Lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof.

Waiter. "SHALL I BRING YOU ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?"

Jellaby Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO! I HAVE ALL I REQUIRE, AND SHALL SOON HAVE DONE!"

Saturday.—Woke up with a bad cold, in spite of the sumptuous appointments of my tent, which is as luxurious as a lady's boudoir. Left the place, as I can't stand another week of it. Wimbledon the biggest mistake out! Never saw such a disgusting hole! Hang the National Rifle Association!

PRIVATE WORKAWAY'S RECORD. (THE RIGHT WAY.)

Monday.—Reached Wimbledon, and set to work to pitch my tent. Great fun. Did me a world of good. Dug the ditch and spread the waterproof sheet over the heather. Devoted the afternoon to setting-up drill. Slept like a top.

Tuesday.—Up with the lark. Battalion drill in the morning, shooting in the afternoon. Fresh as a rose!

Wednesday.—Saluted at daybreak. Shooting in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon. Lively as a cricket!

Thursday.—On duty all day. Did my proportion of sentry-go and picket-work. No complaints. All on the alert and quite correct. Great fun!

Friday.—Raced the sun in rising, and beat him! Attended military lecture. Fell in for ambulance drill. Devoted the remainder of the day to shooting. Something like a holiday!

Saturday.—Early parade. Got through three hours' steady drill in a workmanlike manner. Inspection of Camp. Everything in apple-pie order. Then some really good shooting. Half-holiday in the afternoon. Racing, jumping, and other athletic sports. Never better in my life. Shall enjoy the second week as much as the first. Wimbledon an enormous success! Never saw such a delightful spot! The National Rifle Association for ever!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ACCOUNT.

"COMPENSATION for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill." What an enormous sum Ireland will have to pay England!

A BUNDLE OF BILLS.

MR. PUNCH has reasons for believing that among the Parliamentary prospects can hardly be included that of the following Bills being brought into Parliament by the Members whose names are attached to them.

A Bill for closing Breweries—Mr. BASS.

A Bill for the encouragement of Pure Literature—Mr. BRADLAUGH.

A Bill for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Court of Aldermen and the Guilds of the City of London—Sir ROBERT WALTER CARDEN.

A Bill for the Repeal of all Statutes affecting Religious Houses for both sexes throughout the United Kingdom, its Colonies and Dependencies—Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS.

A Bill for the Suppression of Horse-Racing—Mr. H. CHAPLIN.

A Bill for the Better Ordering of Athletics at the Universities—Mr. CHITTY.

A Bill for the Abolition of Divorce—Mr. UNDERWICK.

A Bill for Re-imposing the Duty on Paper—Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS.

A Bill for the Better Regulation of Society Journals—Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

A Bill for Appointing Regular Officers to the Command of Volunteer Corps—Colonel LAWRIE.

A Bill for Establishing Annual Parliamentary Elections for the Universities—Mr. ROBERT LOWE.

A Bill for Prohibiting the Sale of Newspapers at Railway Stations—Mr. W. H. SMITH.

A Bill for Abolishing Competitive Examinations—Mr. WREN.

And lastly, a Bill for admitting the MAJOR and the ADMIRAL to Parliament, without election, and keeping them there—Mr. Punch.

POLITICAL PARADOX.

THE loss which the Government has sustained by the secession of the Marquis of LANSDOWNE is not so small as it is PETTY.

PRE-ADAMITE PAINT.

THE question put to Mr. ADAM, the other night, as to what he meant to do in the shape of beautifying the interior of the home of the legislature, was met by that gentleman with the usual response. He was not in a hurry to do anything. This answer is, of course, as old as Mr. ADAM. Indeed older; for it has been given before his time by several of his predecessors. However, perhaps, the present guardian of Sir CHARLES BARRY's masterpiece may be induced to make some move in the matter of adornment, seeing that, as a critical contemporary puts it, the stranger who mounts the staircase leading to the Committee-rooms, is brought, when he surveys the frescoes, "face to face with a ravage of thirty years fit to match anything" that has befallen the work of LEONARDO perishing under the neglect of centuries. There seems, therefore, no doubt, but that before long some one will have to be called in. Meantime let Mr. ADAM get a pail of water and a scrubbing-brush. If he is at a loss for a decoration for the moment, he evidently can't go very far wrong—with the Bath!

By Great Auker's Licence.

"Two eggs of the Great Auk, not previously recorded, discovered in an old private collection in Edinburgh, were sold by auction on Friday by Mr. J. C. STAVENS, of King Street, Covent Garden, one fetching £100, and the other 102 guineas."—*Daily News*, July 5.

THIS is a case of sale by auction which well deserves to be called "Great Auktion." At such prices we may indeed say, in trade phrase, that "Eggs is eggs."

THE BEST "RAIKES' PROGRESS."—On his Sunday School errand at Gloucester, 1780.

OUR GEESE.



H, England, left by Fortune in the lurch, ill 'Twould fare with thee but for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL! Thee Rads in ruin would right soon ingulf But for 'that modern Curtius, DRUMMOND WOLFF;

Nay, things so bad might fare from worse to worst, Were't not for our Palladium, glorious GORST.

Stout as the Three who kept the Bridge of old, These scare Rad robbers from the Church's fold, Resist the Arch-fiend GLADSTONE and his works, Holding a brief for Heaven and the Turks. But there's another mightier yet than these. Old Rome, so history says, was saved by geese, And the chief "Question-asker" is an *Anser* Greater than any History—the romancer!— Holds records of. The Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL Beats most at an inquisitorial ramble; And oft the pestilent PREMIER writhes and squirms Beneath the great "I-want-to-know" DE WORMS. But what historic goose can match at cackle The incontinent querist who delights to tackle His Country's foes, from GLADSTONE to GRANT-DUFF, With daily screeds of skimble-skamble stuff, Mixed homily and catechism, fraught With such an inchoate vastitude of thought, So subtly blending infinite pretence With most mirific lack of pertinence, That the old type of foolish fuss, Dame PARTLET, Must now yield place to—Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT!

A Distinction with a Difference.

"The SULTAN has invited the Director of the Ottoman Bank to the Palace, to discuss the difference between the Porte and the Bank."—*Recent Constantinople Telegram.*

THE great difference, we take it, between the Porte and the Bank—which includes most of the minor ones—is that the Bank *has* command of money, the Porte hasn't—"nor none is like to have." The one is a Porte in a storm. The other is a Bank with a rest.

DRAMATIC DIPLOMACY,

The true Secret of, as extracted from a Foreign Office wire by Mr. Punch's "Own Special Tapper."

Earl Gr-nv-lls, F. O., London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

WAITING to hear from you. Something ought to have happened by this time. What are you about? Wire.

Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople, to Earl Gr-nv-lls, F. O., London.

AM about nothing particular. They don't understand arithmetic. Shall broach the "Reforms," however, at dinner on Tuesday. Things move more slowly here than you would suppose. Situation delicate. Ought I to wear a hat at dessert?

Earl Gr-nv-lls, F. O., London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

CERTAINLY. Assert yourself. We will take consequences. Refuse also to leave Palace till promise to carry out programme is given in black and white. *Prestige* will suffer by prolonged inaction. You understand. Strike.

Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople, to Earl Gr-nv-lls, F. O., London.

HAVE struck. Produced Fifteen Puzzle with the coffee, and got H. M. into a two hours' conversation over it. *Very* successful. He did it twice, and promised a concession. The whole of the Syrian Zaptiehs are to wear policemen's helmets and learn book-keeping by single entry. This to come in force his next birthday but one. Hope this will do.

Earl Gr-nv-lls, F. O., London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

Won't do. O. R. telegraphs from Berlin "We're nowhere." G. feels this too. Something must be done. You will have our fullest support in a *coup de théâtre*. Try one.

Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople, to Earl Gr-nv-lls, F. O., London.

Coup de théâtre effected. Have refused to give up escaped female slave. Enveloped myself in union-jack, and sang "*Rule Britannia*," defying Ministry to walk over my prostrate body. Not one of them would. She goes to Egypt. Triumph complete. Hope *this* will satisfy you.

Earl Gr-nv-lls, F. O., London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

THANKS very much. Not quite what we expected, but better than nothing. Prepare for arrival of Collective Note. That will wake up H. M. Meantime wear your hat.

GIVE YOUR ORDERS!

MR. PUNCH,

MANY persons, equally interested with myself in affairs of pomp and ceremony, were of course highly delighted by the perusal in the *Court Circular* of the announcement that—

"On the occasion of the audience granted by the QUEEN to the Ambassador from the King of SIAM, on Friday last, His Excellency CHOW PHYA BHANUWONGSE MAHA KOSA TRIBODI TI PHRALANG having presented Her MAJESTY with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant of Siam, the QUEEN was invested with the Riband, Badge, and Star, which were placed on Her MAJESTY by Princess BEATRICE."

In the course of my favourite reading I subsequently had the pleasure to learn from the *Morning Post* that—

"The QUEEN has been graciously pleased to confer on PHYA RATUA KOSA, First Secretary of the Siamese Embassy, who was prevented by indisposition from being present at Windsor Castle on the 2nd inst., the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George."

Surely, Sir, the Order of SS. Michael and George was a more than ample return for the Order of the White Elephant. The insignia of the latter symbolise a superstition; but do not those of the former commemorate sacred personages, objects of orthodox faith? It is a delusion to believe the bodies of white elephants to be tenanted by transmigrated souls; whereas we know it—do we not?—to be true that St. George slew a dragon, and that St. Michael also triumphed over a similar antagonist, when, as represented in the stained glass window at Melrose Abbey,

"Full in the midst his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride."

Is not the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George the fellowship of Saints, for which PHYA RATUA KOSA may be expected forthwith to get, if he has not already got himself duly qualified, and when he goes back to Siam will he not very likely convert his master the King?

Otherwise, for exchange of decorations with Sovereigns who believe in such creatures as White Elephants, the Crown might perhaps be advised in adaptation to their ideas, to create special Orders of Chivalry, whereof the denomination might be derived from denizens of the Zoological Gardens, as, for instance, the Order of the Hippopotamus, or the Order of the Two-Horned Rhinoceros. Therewith a complimentary distinction received from a foreign potentate of the Buddhist or any suchlike persuasion, might be repaid in kind, and with such congruity and fitness of things as to make things perfectly

SQUARE.

P.S.—The United States, I think, are provided with no Order of Chivalry whatever. Uncle SAM might be pleased to institute an Order of the Buffalo, or of the Spread Eagle; or what would he think of an Order of the Sea-Serpent?

Tom Taylor.

BORN OCTOBER 18, 1817.

DIED JULY 12, 1880.

FOR some little time we had been deprived of his personal presence at our council-board; yet his letters, written with his own hand, showed no sign of failing, but, on the contrary, inspired us with the greatest confidence in his ultimate restoration to health. Only a few days before the end came, he had sent suggestions for the week's Cartoon, and our latest Number contained contributions from his pen.

That he is not still with us—that we shall not, after a while, greet him, as heretofore, at our weekly gathering—is hard to imagine; but that he is gone from us for ever, that we shall never again respond to the grasp of that good right hand, shall never more watch those keen, quick, intelligent eyes, nor hear his kindly voice, seems for us, so long and so closely associated with him, impossible to realise.

Yet, he has gone—and left us the lesson of his life.

Gifted with rare critical acumen and mental powers of no common order, his vigorous brain directed a hand as quick and ready as his own thought.

Possessing a marvellous capacity for work, he was indefatigable in the discharge of his many onerous duties; and so, oftentimes, doubtless, overtaxing a strong constitution, he lived and died in harness.

He was always occupied with a variety of subjects; ever as eager to acquire, as willing to impart, knowledge. A cultivated man of letters, an admirable scholar, he was as free from pedantry as he was incapable of idleness. His relaxation was study; his mental rest, activity in some new field; and from his earliest schooltime to the last days of his life, his career of usefulness is an example of well-directed energy, tenacity of application, and honest singleness of purpose. Whatever he set himself to do, he did thoroughly. And in that word may be summed up TOM TAYLOR's character; for, from first to last, he was, in the highest and best sense, "Thorough."

Peculiarly placed in Art and Literature, for him to make some enemies was inevitable. But, if in error, he was readily open to conviction, and his frank and free confession of mistake was not the least touching characteristic of his generous, manly nature.

As a Dramatist he did excellent and lasting work; but his numerous plays are so familiar to the public as to render superfluous here anything more than a general recognition of their undoubtedly great merits, both in construction and in terse and nervous dialogue.

It remains to speak of him, once and for all, as we of this Staff knew him. He was a warm-hearted, genuine, upright Man. To us, his fellow-workers, he proved himself a careful, considerate, and judicious Editor; and, in all respects, a staunch and loyal friend, whom we sincerely loved. He had the very gentleness of a woman, and his large human sympathy could never allow him to turn a deaf ear to any tale of distress.

Quick to detect and appreciate talent, he was ready in every way and on all occasions to hold out a helping hand to a beginner.

Of his Home-life it does not become us here to speak—our deepest and strongest sympathies are with the bereaved ones—but this we may say, in all humble hope, that when at last our names shall be called, and when you who read and we who write this inadequate tribute to his worth, shall be summoned to give an account of our stewardship, may we too, one and all of us, be able to present the record of a life as useful, as well-spent, and as blameless as that of the dear friend whose loss we deplore.



AN AMATEUR RACING-DAY WITH THE NEW STEEL YACHT, "PUNCH-BOWL."



"JUST OUT!"—(AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.)

First Young Lady. "HOW DID YOU LIKE CONVICT LIFE, DEAR!"

Second Young Lady. "PRETTY WELL. WE'VE JUST BEGUN TEN YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE. SOME OF US LIKE IT, BUT——"

Old Lady (mentally). "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT DREADFUL CREATURES! SO YOUNG, TOO!" [Looks for the communicating cord!]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORAM EPISCOPO.

DR. DOWDIE, Bishop of Small-Beerjester, was a quiet, easy-going, silent-voting prelate, tenacious of such authority as he possessed, and patiently ambitious of attaining to Archbishopal splendour; tolerant of dissent, yet ever ready to kill the fatted calf on the conversion of a prodigal or a pretty-gal, and still more ready, whenever the weal of the Church Established might be intrusted to his hands, to cut a good fat slice out of it for himself.

In person Dr. DOWDIE is a decidedly good-looking man; and though somewhat below the middle height, he is considered as in himself equal to an entire episcopate of sixty-two bishops, being exactly five feet two inches high, and every inch a bishop. He is not, therefore a bishop, *in paribus*, but *in toto*. He is somewhat deficient in nose, as this episcopal organ is so frequently submitted

to the process of being snapped off, I regret to say, by his better half, who in reality rules the roast in the Palace—Dr. DOWDIE himself being the roast—and directs the diocese from her husband's *sanctum*; while he himself, seated on his throne in Small-Beerjester Cathedral, has no more real power in his hands than have the recumbent stone effigies of his predecessors on their Gothic tombs.

Dr. DOWDIE is remarkable neither for great talent nor for any brilliant social qualities, and so his swift but steady rise in his profession, and subsequently his preferment from one See to another, in rapidly improving succession, was an enigma to the world outside; and he himself was as unintelligible as an inscription on a Moabite stone, except to Mrs. DOWDIE, who had so often translated him into various diocesan dialects, from Land's End to Northumberland, that by the time of his latest instalment on account of his Small-Beerjester Bishopric, he might well have been intoxicated with his success, having been in England half-sees over within the first three years of his Prelacy.

As the great Earl of WARWICK had earned the title of King-maker, so Mrs. DOWDIE had thoroughly deserved the honourable *sobriquet* of "Eminent Translator," which had been conferred on her by all the ecclesiastics, their wives and families in all the dioceses. Once having completed the rough translation, this worthy woman set herself to carefully adapting the bishop to the new stage where he had to appear. The Bishop was entirely in her hands; he never moved, *proprio motu*, but only when she pushed him forward; whatever she made him take, he took, including a black draught, or white one, if either were in the game on the board; and when not in action he was only too glad to remain upright, and always on the square.

Yet, perhaps, he inwardly groaned under the domestic tyranny which, to all outward appearance, he seemed to accept with philosophic contentment. But for her promptings his ambition might have taken quite another turn, on the military parade, or in Westminster Hall, and, indeed, he would never have accepted his first Mitre, had not his spouse pointed out to him that he "*might err*" if he refused it."

Perhaps, Ladies, he was silently sighing for an opportunity to break away from these bonds, which gave him so little interest, to



: ON A BREAD-PLATTER.

"WELL, AUSTIN, CAN YOU READ THAT?"

"No, MAMMA."

"WELL, IT IS RATHER DIFFICULT! THOSE ARE OLD ENGLISH LETTERS."

"ARE THEY? THEN NO WONDER THE ANCIENT BRITONS COULDN'T READ OR WRITE!"

assert his independence, and, so to speak, to throw away the Female Dictionary to which he had owed his rapid and most successful translations. If he ever ventures to insinuate that being a Bishop he should like to have his own latch-key and go out occasionally by himself; if he occasionally remonstrates against being compelled to clean the children's boots and cut their hair, simply because he wears an apron, and must put it to some economical use, Mrs. DOWDIE retorts with the question from her Episcopal Catechism, "Who made you what you are?" to which his Lordship is compelled to reply, "You did, my dear," and she then reminds him with no little asperity, that when he was first made Bishop, he was only an Eighteen-penny Ordinary, supported by the voluntary contributions of Commercial Travellers, and now he is on the high road to be Prime-meat of all England! Was she not carving it all out for him? *Cui Bono*, if not for the joint good of himself and his family?

The Bishop admitted it. "Then why this ingratitude?" she asked. Let her hear no more of it. And so his faint attempt at insubordination came to a lame and impotent conclusion.

At length, however, the Bishop fancied he saw a ray of hope gleaming in the eye of his new chaplain, the Reverend MATTHEW MATTIX, who had been selected out of a perfect regiment of applicants by his experienced wife; for this excellent lady would have

chosen all the clergy for the diocese had the opportunity offered, and reduced them all to submissive obedience to her sovereign will.

"You're quite a good Queen Bess," the Bishop had said to her playfully, when he saw her a little ruffled,—which probably suggested the resemblance, pictorially.

"I'd be an Ecclesiastical Britannia, if I had my way," was the worthy woman's rejoinder. "Britannia rules the waves; I rule the See."

The Bishop hummed to himself the remainder of the tune which is wedded to the declaration of the eternal freedom of Britons; but he thought it the safest policy to offer no further observation.

Mr. MATTHEW MATTIX, the new Canon, Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop, and special protégé of Mrs. DOWDIE, is, however, far too important a personage in this story to be dismissed with a few hard lines in the middle of a chapter; indeed it would have been more than the Bishop himself would have dared to do, even in the most crowded chapter ever assembled, against the express desire of his wife, to whose superior will and judgment, I, my dear Ladies, must also bow, and ask your attention to the portrait which I shall now have the pleasure to present for your inspection, though I can scarcely describe the operation as pleasurable, since Canon MATTHEW MATTIX is no favourite of mine, as I may warn you beforehand, without prepossessing you against him, and with every intention of treating him as fairly as possible.

Mr. MATTHEW MATTIX was not originally a member of the Church Establishment; but being, as his family name implies, of Angular-Saxon Dissent, he had adhered to the Early Perpendicular Persuasion. However, when he was only five feet two, he entered as an under-sizar at St. Rhombus College, where, on his rapidly attaining the standard of six feet, he was made a Full-Sizar, in which position it was his duty to chop logic for the Master and Fellows, and make the hardest props for the support of the Mathematical Tripos. In this occupation he made such progress that he was elected Gradient of his college, an honour that was only conferred on one in six; when in diametrical opposition to his father's wishes, he renounced the Perpendicular Persuasion, and through the influence of his patron, Sir KUMFER RENCE, to whose family circle he had been admitted, he was appointed to the valuable Rectangularship of St. EUCLID's College, instituted for the Propagation of Parallelograms in the Polygonian Islands. On the occasion of his preaching his own first Parallelogrammatic Sermon, which, it must be acknowledged, he did in excellent axiomatic English, he captivated the rich vulgar widow of a defunct Dyer, who considered his complements as addressed to herself.

This devoted Lady disposed of a large portion of the property which her husband had made by dyeing, in order to purchase for Mr. MATTIX a Living, and she was on the point of appearing in her true colours, after throwing off the weeds, when Time's inexorable scythe gave her her *coup de grass*. Her entire property went to her relatives, except a box of her best weeds, which were left to Mr. MATTIX, and so all his hopes in this quarter ended in smoke.

The following year he won the Rhum Boyd Scholarship, by a learned essay on the *Tripos* of the Ancient Greek Superstitious Rites. This prize is in the gift of the Greengrocers' Company, which at once elected him as their Honorary Chaplain, when he immediately rented a commodious house charmingly situated in the most fashionable square of the Hypothenuse, which gave him the right to the tolls, not only from all the belles crowding to his church, but also, by a grant of the College of St. Rhombus, from everyone crossing the *Pons Asinorum*.

Here he made Mrs. DOWDIE's acquaintance, and the intercourse very speedily became close and confidential. From the moment he became the Bishop's Chaplain, and Canon of Small-Beerjester, Mr. MATTIX resolved that he—he, Mr. MATTIX, would in effect be Bishop of Small-Beerjester. Mrs. DOWDIE had also chosen the same position for herself. Mr. MATTIX flatters himself that he can out-manœuvre the Bishop's wife, and that, if other means fail, he has a reserve force in his hand in the shape of the Bishop himself, who, he is confident, would gladly avail himself of any safe opportunity of emancipating himself from the petticoat tyranny.

Mr. MATTIX is tall of stature, but decidedly Low in his views. He is somewhat broad-chested, but very narrow-minded. When there are two lines for him to take, he can, according to his inclination, be either obtuse or acute. His forehead is square, his eyes look round, and are occasionally bisected with mathematical precision by heavy Euc-lids. To some people the bridge of his nose is something they cannot get over, and its classic outline bears a strong resemblance to the above-mentioned *Pons Asinorum*, which is the only Roman thing about him; as any approach to an M. B. waistcoat, a high-out clerical coat, or an imitation *jugum* or Roman Collar is, in Canon MATTIX's eyes, an intolerable abomination. His hands are large, but otherwise they are no great shakes. For myself I have always dialiked his manner of shaking hands; his right hand is cold and fishy, and its touch is flabby; but on the other hand it must be borne in mind that he is a servant of the Church Establishment, and not a professional Shaker.

Such is the clergyman whom Mrs. DOWDIE has introduced into Small-Beerjester as her husband's Domestic Chaplain; he is neither a Cherub, nor a Demon; for to the former a stall-seat in the Cathedral would have been of no practical value; and as the latter he would have been sadly inconvenienced to find a suitable place for his tail, which would have caused a considerable coil among the clergy generally.

Mrs. DOWDIE has heard all about JOHN BOUNCE's proceedings, and has determined to place her favourite in Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER's place, whenever that Gentleman shall be forced to resign, an event which, as we have seen, is not likely to happen quite so soon as the Bishop's wife had expected. Mrs. DOWDIE has at present no idea that the Reverend MATTHEW MATTIX has cast a loving eye on MORLEENA, and Mrs. OVERWAYTE is for once wrong in her surmise that Canon MATTIX has been recommended for the vacant place in her sister's affections by the Bishop and Mrs. DOWDIE, whose mutual enemy the Archbeacon's wife is by nature and position. Each Lady wishes to get the whole ecclesiastical power of Small-Beerjester into her own hands, and the Bishop and Archbeacon are only their puppets. Mrs. OVERWAYTE has managed to dispose of JOHN BOUNCE, and she is now looking forward to rendering useless all Mrs. DOWDIE's efforts at supplanting her father on the Mastership of Deedler's Trust. Moreover she is determined to defeat whatever matrimonial designs Mr. MATTIX may have on her sister MORLEENA, and as he is opposed to the Archbeacon's interests generally, she will not rest until she has driven him out of the Small-Beerjester Diocese, and with him, if possible, the entire DOWDIE party; and it is not improbable that the excellent Lady may have ambitious dreams of her bosom's Lord being seated heavily on the Episcopal throne. Be this as it may, Mrs. OVERWAYTE contents herself at present with frustrating Canon MATTIX's designs on MORLEENA, and on the Mastership of DEEDLER'S.

"He is a great gun, no doubt," she has said to the Archbeacon, in one of these nocturnal episodes at the Archbeaconry, whereof we have been so frequently the unsuspected witnesses. "He is a great gun, no doubt; but for all that, Archbeacon, I'll spike the Canon."

"But, my dear, the Archbeacon ventured to suggest, "suppose MORLEENA falls in love with him."

"Fall in fiddlesticks, you Arch-Noodle!" retorted his Lady. "My father will resign his office of Percentor, and we must have somebody ready in the Archbeaconry to fill the vacancy, and to marry MORLEENA. Then when the Canon is spiked, our candidate can step into his shoes, and if you're only half awake—"

"I am, my dear," said the Archbeacon, taking a vigorous pull at his night-cap that stood hot by the bedside.

"You may step into the Bishop's shoes and gaiters."

"But my itty tiddy-pop," began the Archbeacon, cajolingly, "who is the man we're to have here ready for the Percentorship and MORLEENA's hand?"

"Who!" exclaimed his spouse, giving so startling a back-legger as nearly sent the Archbeacon flying on to the floor. "Who! why you Arch-idiot," she was never more familiar than this in addressing her husband, "your old friend Mr. ARABLE."

"The very man!" exclaimed the Archbeacon. "I'll write to him to-morrow. I'll write about —"

"You'll right-about face now," interrupted his spouse, turning away, "and don't bother me any more."

"*Bong soore*," murmured the Archbeacon. And then the worthy couple gradually sank off to sleep, performing in their slumbers a duett from *Nosey en Egitto*, performing triumphant marches on their two organs in anticipation of the glorious victory over the DOWDIE party, and the ultimate spiking of the objectionable Canon.

And who is Mr. ARABLE! Ladies he is far too important a person to be introduced at the tail of a chapter, or at the end of any chapter of a tale.

A Double Saint's Day.

ON Wednesday last came off the *fête* of the French Republic. On the day following, the Legitimists celebrated that of their Chief, the Count de CHAMBORD—the festival of his Patron Saint, the Fifteenth of July. That, in their Calendar, is St. Henri's Day; but since a Saint is a Saint all the world over, HENRI CINQ, as they call him, may rejoice under the tutelage of another Saint also besides St. Henri—the guardianship of two Patron Saints, SS. Henri and Swithin; and in particular enjoy the advantage of invoking the latter to send him a long reign.

Wanted, a Settlement.

Is Bend Or they can prove a "crook,"
As HOLKER says they're able,
'Tis clear that, spite a stable book,
Engagements will begin to look
Uncommonly un-stable!

A THREATENED INFLICTION.



THE statement made by Lord ENFIELD, in the House of Lords, as to the course to be followed in taking the Census of 1881 has relieved the minds of numbers of people of a great load of anxiety. Alarming rumours of the questions that would be put, and the answers that would have to be returned, in the Census forms, under the heaviest penalties, were disturbing the equilibrium of everybody everywhere. Some excited householders went so far as to say that the Census was only meant to incense us, and to denounce it as inquisitorial and vexatious, an intolerable interference with the liberty of Britons, certain to arouse angry feelings in the breasts of thousands of harmless Heads of Families, and to sow discord between Churchmen and Nonconformists, total abstainers and tipplers, allopaths and homoeopaths, and all the other respectable but differently thinking sections of the community.

Happily, all these apprehensions have proved to be groundless. We know now that the Census paper of 1881 will be well nigh as simple and harmless as that of 1871, and we can therefore review, with a quiet mind, some of the traps and pitfalls which rumour insisted Heads of Families would find lurking in the document to be left with them, on a certain day next April, by the Enumerators.

The most disquieting report was that the statement of age would have to be supported by affidavit, or, in the case of Moravians, Quakers, and Separatists, by a statutable declaration. Cautious ladies (likewise gentlemen) trembled to think that their hour had come at last, and meditated emigrating, between now and April, 1881, to some happy innocent country where statistics and Censuses are alike unknown.

Many quiet families did not relish the idea of having to disclose the average weekly consumption of wine, beer, and spirits on the premises. Smokers puffed at the notion of being compelled to render a return of their expenditure on tobacco, distinguishing between pipes, cigars, and cigarettes.

Another threatened question was whether the family were allopath or homoeopath, or "Peculiar People," faithless in all doctors, and following a path of their own.

But far worse than this was a terrible whisper that all unmarried females would be called upon to declare, without reservation, whether their affections were engaged; and to satisfy the Enumerators that in taking country walks with a male companion, corresponding, exchanging presents, &c., they were acting with full parental consent.

Domestic animals, it was reported, were to be included in the return. A harmless requirement, but it was foreseen that nice questions, difficult of adjustment, would arise—for example, whether the Cat actually slept on the premises on the night of the enumeration.

A demand for a declaration of political opinions would, it was contended, if persisted in, light the torch of Revolution throughout the land.

About one hundred and fifty religious sects and parties fully expected to be harassed with prying and trying questions.

Lastly, prostrate bewilderment was the condition of the perplexed Head of the Family, on hearing that he would have to find out and record the opinion of every adult member of his household on the following debated questions—Vivisection, the use of Stimulants, Athletics, Ritualism, Tobacco, Turkey, Vegetarianism, and the orthography of SHAKESPEARE'S name. The Head was not made more comfortable by being told that he might have to add the names of the favourite Authors, Actors, Painters, Poets, and Preachers, of all under his roof.



FRENCH FOOD FOR ENGLISH BABES—AND MOTHERS.

Grigsby (during entr'acte). "WHAT! YOU HERE, MISS JONES!"

Miss Jones. "YES; I GOT MAMMA TO BRING ME. SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND FRENCH, YOU KNOW! AIN'T IT FUN!"

[Grigsby flatters himself that he sees the fun of a Palais Royal play as well as anyone on this side of the Channel, but he does draw the line somewhere; and does not see the fun of a respectable Materfamilias being present at such an entertainment,—and with her Daughter, too! a thing that is not even done in the country of Zola!]

PITY A POOR FO(R)STER-MOTHER!

OH, he always were weak in the knees, I know, and a leetle bit shaky, but still
A more innocent and well-meaning child there never could be than my BILL!
Which his birth premature and promiscuous-like were a good deal agen him, poor pet!
But I've nussed him keerful, and I've fed him reglar, and he is that lovely, and yet
Them boys, them rascally rumpageous boys, they are down upon him like bricks—
Though that ain't the word—with their stones and shied taters, not to mention rotten eggs and thick sticks.
From the very fust they was that unjust that they wouldn't trust him a mite,
Now, do it stand to reason as a mossel like him is likely for to kick or to bite,
Or to ruin anythink in the varsal world? See him toddling flipputtty flopputtty,
Fust one side, then t'other! It's rediklus, quite, to fancy him pitching into "proputtty."
A innercenter cherub never cut a tooth than him, my poor little BILL,
Which them venomous boys, drat their nasty noise! is a-doing their best for to kill.
Though why they should chivvy him into his coffin is more than a body can tell;
As the most aggrawacious of the 'ole lot of 'em is that Irish boy, PARNELL,
A more cantankerous and howdacious young rebel never broke a fond parent's heart;
Nothink never don't please him not nohow, confuge him! and cert'n'y I have done my part.

Sometimes I 'ardly seems to know the poor child myself, he's that altered in face and in figger;
And for all my care and my tender coosetting he never seems to grow any bigger.
As to better, they'd "amend" him off the face of the earth—they're as void of heart as of manners!—
And o'er his little corpus shout their "Hear, hear, hears!" jest like demons a howling hosanners.
I'd like to larrup them all round, the young waggerbones; who dust say they deserves the birch ill!
PARNELL and BIGGAR, and the other Paddies, likeways also that RANDOLPH CHURCHILL,
Who's as bad as the worst, and that ojus GORST, as I'd string him up in a halter,
With that sarcy GIBSON and that spiteful ELCHO, and that cold supercilious WALTER.
Oh mussy me! There, they're at him agen, my poor unfortnit BILL!
With his back all aakew, and his side kinked in, and his spindle-shanks wobbling still.
It's all pelt! pelt! pelt!—have they never felt what a Forster-dame's feelinks must be?
Oh! there's one in his wind, and a half brick behind, and a rotten egg squelched on his knee!
And what can I do? What a hullabaloo! He'll get reglar riddled, he will.
They won't let him pass!!! Oh what will become of my poor little, dear little BILL?
[Left lamenting.]

THE LONDONER'S EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.—Getting over it without being blown up!

REPUBLICAN CRY FOR HENRI DE ROCHEFORT.—À la Lanterne!



THE FO(R)STER-MOTHER.

"OH DEAR, OH DEAR! WHAT *WILL* BECOME OF MY POOR LITTLE BILL?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRIDAY, July 9 (Lords).—On the Motion of Lord SPENCER, a Scotch Educational Endowments Bill having been read a Second Time, the Elementary (Three R's and Extras) Education Bill, not specifically Scotch, was read a Third Time, and passed. So likewise were the Union Assessment (Single Parishes) Bill, and the County Bridges Bill; as ratepayers will probably soon discover.

(Commons, Morning).—Mr. GLADSTONE having, to a question touching the Cabinet's Eastern policy, courteously asked by Sir H. D. WOLFF, made a civil reply, sufficient to keep, as it were, the wolf from the door, the House plunged into Committee on the Compensation for Disturbance (or C. D. Irish) Bill; and in a debate on the question that the Preamble be Postponed, floundered about all the sitting, so as to make no progress at all, but stick in the mud. In the course of this controversy, Mr. GLADSTONE besought the Committee not to persevere in obstruction, and warned them that waste of time would not induce the Government to withdraw measures they thought necessary to be passed for their country's good. In the course of the continued altercation which followed this menace concerning the moors, Mr. BIGGAR—for once in the way—happened to give the Chairman occasion to call him to order. Further cackle was subsequently adjourned until

Evening, when a Resolution by Mr. BOUNDELL, proposing the abolition of the remaining restrictions by which the headships and fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge are limited to parsons, but saving the case of the Deanery of Christchurch, was moved, and, after a discussion at this stage of the Session of course perfectly futile, in which, nevertheless, several honourable Members took part, necessarily withdrawn. Then the House went to work again in Committee on the C. D. (Ireland) Bill, contrived at last to agree on the Motion to Postpone the Preamble, and adjourned.

Monday (Lords).—Census (England and Wales) Bill for 1881 laid on the table by Lord ENFIELD, and read a First Time. This Census is not to vex or puzzle people by requiring them to return their religious opinions.

Lord ORANMORE dilated on Hibernian Atrocities, chronically characteristic of "the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;" otherwise once poetically described as

"The land of misrule, and half-hanging, and flame."

No noble Lord materially contradicted Lord ORANMORE's statements; whence it would appear that Ireland only wants Home-Rule to become quite Another Place—not the Lower House of Parliament, but one still neither—paved, as the saw says, with good intentions.

Gas and Water Orders Confirmation Bill read a Third Time. No, Stupid, this measure did not emanate from Convocation.

(Commons.)—After interrogations and responses, Mr. GLADSTONE moved a Resolution providing for despatch of business during the remainder of the Session. Hereupon business was immediately arrested by a long wrangle, in the course of which Mr. COWEN well but vainly observed that they had too many Members, too much work, and too much talk.

Too many cooks proverbially spoil the broth out of Parliament; in it hinder the concoction of any broth whatever.

Mr. GLADSTONE's Motion having been at length agreed to, he then gave notice of an Amendment, designed, on second thoughts, to supersede Mr. LAW's, of the Irish C. D. Bill. Then the House went into Committee of Supply, and, finally, further considered the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill in Committee, and took such time in so doing that they did not rise to go home till nearly a quarter to five in the morning.

Tuesday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR presented and got read a First Time a Lord BYRON Indemnity Bill, to exempt (the contemporary) Lord BYRON from the consequences of having, by an oversight, taken his seat and voted before having sworn his oath and subscribed the roll in this present Parliament. Further proceedings perfunctory.

(Commons, Morning.)—Irish C. D. Bill again; Committee thereon. In moving that the Chairman report progress, Lord R. CHURCHILL called on Government for some explanation of Mr. GLADSTONE's most recent Amendment, which he called a third or fourth change of front. Answer from Mr. FORSTER in general terms. Particulars reserved.

Controversy followed an Amendment moved by Lord G. HAMILTON, as to whether, in practice, "ejectments" necessarily meant "evictions," which, if they did, it would be sharp practice no doubt. Fact affirmed and denied right and left.

Mr. GIBSON moved an Amendment confining the Bill to tenants under £15. Mr. GLADSTONE would take £30. Mr. GIBSON said that wouldn't do; and then another change of front was charged upon the Ministry—this time by Mr. O'CONNOR, Mr. P. MARTIN, and Mr. PARNELL. Further consideration of Clauses adjourned till evening sitting.

(Evening.)—Count-out; and Punch reports "Progress."

Wednesday (Commons).—Debate on Mr. FORSTER's Irish Bill continued for nearly six hours, partly squandered upon Mr. GIBSON's Amendment confining the operation of the Bill to holdings under £15, instead of £30 as proposed by its author and his Chief; partly upon the question whether or no the Chairman had power to silence Mr. MAC IVER (Conservative), who would persist, although thrice called to order, in making irrelevant remarks on Emigration, a subject said to be his "fad." Question ultimately referred to Mr. SPEAKER, who ruled in favour of Mr. MAC IVER and against Mr. CHAIRMAN. Thereupon Mr. CHAIRMAN gracefully invited Mr. MAC IVER to continue his remarks, but he forbore, and left off boring—for a time.

Oddly enough, the Chairman, having called Mr. MAC IVER to order for the third time, then called on Mr. PARNELL, who had risen at the same moment with the other hon. Member, to speak. Was not this trying to cast out Conservative Obstructive by Home-Ruler Obstructive?

The latter, in possession of the House, forthwith moved to report Progress, which was ironical of him; and he created laughter by declaring that, though he thought the Bill ought not to pass, he was not willing to take the responsibility of defeating it at the present moment. He was good enough to signify that he would not press his Motion; but discussion thereof was nevertheless continued by Mr. BIGGAR and The O'DONOGHUE; also by Colonel TOTTENHAM. To enable Progress to be reported, Lord ELCHO likewise spoke, and twitted the PREMIER with having initiated Communistic legislation.

Mr. MAC IVER then remounted his Emigration hobby, and took another ride amid much interruption.

After an invective against Irish landlords from Mr. TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, the Motion to report Progress having been withdrawn, Mr. GIBSON's figure was negatived, and expenditure of breath on Mr. FORSTER's adjourned.

Sir EARDLEY WILMOT's Atheists Disqualification Bill broke down on a point of form pointed out by Mr. LABOUCHERE. Here ended the Government's Wednesday sitting.

Thursday (Lords).—The Census Bill was read a Second Time, and the Census (Ireland) Bill, moved also by Lord ENFIELD, a First Time. In reply to suggestions from Lord FORTEESCUE, for dispatch of compilation, and for the addition of sanitary inquiries, the noble mover said that, both for economy and expedition, the Local Government Board thought it best to restrict the returns to the heads enumerated in the Bill.

We occasionally hear talk of "cooking returns." There is no fear that those of the Census will be cooked at all; but some apprehension exists that, as before and as usual, officials will take a long time in doing them.

(Commons.)—The Marquis of HARTINGTON informed Mr. J. K. CROSS that the excess of the Afghan War-costs will be so enormous that the Government have concluded that a solid and substantial part of them ought to be borne by this country; that is to say, those of its inhabitants who pay the taxes. But there is no occasion for alarm or hurry; and the Government, before they propose any



GROUND GAME, &c.!!

Squire (rather perplexed). "HULLO, 'PAT! WHERE DID YOU GET THE HARE!"

Pat. "SHURE, SURR, THE CR'ATUR' WAS WAND'ERIN' ABOUT, AN' I THOUGHT I'D TAKE 'T TO THE 'WANES'!"

Squire. "BUT DID THE KEEPER SEE YOU?"

Pat. "BLISS YER HONOUR, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HIM IVER SINCE I CAUGHT IT!!"

definite course, will wait till they can lay all the facts before the House, and will take time to consider.

On again with Committee on Mr. FORSTER's little Irish Bill, or bantling. Discussion of his £30 Amendment on Mr. GIBSON's £15 Amendment resumed by Mr. BIGGAR, who, of course, opposed all limitations of the Bill whatever. So did Mr. DALY, Sir J. M'KENNA, and Mr. SHAW. PARNELL recommended postponement. Mr. FORSTER offered, with the consent of Mr. GLADSTONE, to give up his Amendment of an Amendment. Mr. GIBSON taxed the Government and the PREMIER with further change of mind and front.

If Mr. GLADSTONE has changed his front, has he changed his "dickey"? Has he ever changed his shirt-collar—except for the wash?

Our WILLIAM deprecated the heat and extravagance with which, he said, a second-rate matter had been treated, and asserted the right of the Government to accommodate every section of Irish Members.

Granted the right, query the possibility, WILLIAM.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE having, in his turn, fallen foul of repeated changes of the Bill in deference to Mr. PARNELL, Mr. FORSTER's Amendment was negatived, and Mr. GIBSON's withdrawn. Three other Amendments then also successively came to nothing, and further "progress" was adjourned till the morrow.

Lord BYRON is all right. His Indemnity Bill passed through all of its stages.

Friday (Lords).—In answer to Lord MIDDLETON, Lord ENFIELD said the Local Government Board hoped to introduce a Noxious Vapours Prevention Bill next Session. In the meanwhile, chemical and other works will go on emitting effluvia.

In Committee, the Preamble and Clauses of the Educational Endowments (Scotland) Bill were agreed to with a few alterations, and, possibly, improvements.

(Commons, Morning.)—Much time taken up with talk on the complaint of Mr. DILLWYN that the Lord BYRON Indemnity Bill, brought down from the Lords, had been read three times at two

o'clock before noon. Then Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill on again in Committee. Amendment moved by Mr. GLADSTONE "that a landlord shall not be relieved from the payment of compensation if he has refused a tenant's reasonable offer without himself offering a reasonable suggestion," partly carried after protracted prattle, the remainder talked upon by Mr. BIGGAR, until the hour came for suspending the sitting, and so talked out.

(Evening.)—Resolution moved by Mr. BIGGES, and amended at the suggestion of Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, that the erection of a statue to the memory of the late PRINCE IMPERIAL in Westminster Abbey, would be inconsistent with the national character of the edifice, after a Division on the Motion for going into Committee of Supply, finally carried by 171 to 116; neither the majority nor the minority including Ministers, who, instead of going into the lobby, withdrew from the House, amid ironical cheers and laughter. A question which ought never to have been raised is now, perhaps, settled.

A Derby Ditty.

In these days of characteristic ballad-writing, when every sport and pursuit, down to deep-sea diving, has had its song, why doesn't some one take advantage of a pending squabble and immortalise the Turf? "*Bend O'er me Gently*" would make a capital title, and, if the Duke of WESTMINSTER could only be persuaded to write the words himself, somebody's fortune would be made. Messrs. BREWER and BLANTON have shown considerable energy in their recent handling of *Robert the Devil*. Why shouldn't they publish it?

A Word for Him.

(By One of Them.)

WHAT! BIGGAR satisfied! Shure—there's a flaw—
He'd niver swallow what was backed by Law!

A SPORTING OBSTRUCTIONIST.

(By an Ill-used Gentleman of the Pavement.)

THAT noble animal, the 'Oss,
I've 'eerd some parties praise;
I never come his back across,
But bets on him I lays.
Talk about Ponies' "pints" to me—
Your words is empty sound:
All in a Pony, I can see,
Is five-and-twenty pound.

An 'Oss's own self I don't take
No sort of interest in,
But only as regards the stake
I stand to lose or win.
But whether that 'Oss wins his race
By foul means or by fair,
To ask such questions ain't my place,
Who neither know nor care.

Yet all my 'art's in every Race,
A goin' to be run,
I always goes and takes my place
To learn which 'Oss has won;
The Sportin' Paper's 'Orfice front
For hours I waits without,
Until the name on which my blunt
Depends, is 'anded out.

There I, and others sitoh as me,
Which that ewent expects,
Each anxious the result to see,
Quite peaceably collects;
Awaitin' till the 'and-bill shows
Which way the game has gone,
Why should the Bobby, 'ere we knows,
Oblige us to move on?

THE MEN AT WIMBLEDON.

WHEN the Volunteers, last week, completed the twenty-first year of their existence, they came of age, and, as a body, presumably arrived at years of discretion; so that even rank and file attained their majority. The most incorrigible offender can now no longer call the demonstration of Infantry Volunteers at Wimbledon a Big Baby Show.



TAKING THE LAW IN ONE'S OWN HANDS.

Fair but Considerate Customer. "PRAY SIT DOWN. YOU LOOK SO TIRED. I'VE BEEN RIDING ALL THE AFTERNOON IN A CARRIAGE, AND DON'T REQUIRE A CHAIR."

THE NEXT MOVES.

THE "Identic Note" having been delivered to the Sublime Porte, the question of the hour is, "What will come of it?" *Mr. Punch*, having special facilities for gazing into the future, has great pleasure in publishing a Prophetic Calendar of the Situation for the remainder of the year 1880, and the whole of the year 1881:—

August 1st.—The Porte, before answering the Identic Note, asks for further time. The SULTAN explains that the reforms suggested have already secured his heartiest sympathy, and that he loves the Allied Sovereigns infinitely better than his own brothers.

2nd.—Consultation of the Powers thereon. Much telegraphic communication between Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, and London.

20th.—Consent of five of the Great Powers obtained after frequent meetings of Ambassadors, assisted by "Technical Subordinates."

30th.—Scruples of the Sixth Power removed after explanation and compensation.

September 1st.—Official consent of the Powers ready for delivery. The SULTAN prevented from receiving the *Doyen* of the Ambassadors by reason of a severe toothache.

15th.—Continuance of His Majesty's toothache. Diplomatic pressure employed to effect a cure.

16th.—Pressure successful. The SULTAN admits the *Doyen* of the Ambassadors to an audience, and graciously accepts the further time allowed him by the Six Powers.

October 1st.—The *Doyen* of the Ambassadors presses the Grand Vizier to give an answer to the Identic Note. Satisfactory reply. The answer ready. Fair copy only required. Slight delay, on account of the illness of the Imperial copyist; that official suffering from a sore finger.

November 10th.—The SULTAN explains to the *Doyen* of the Am-

bassadors that the Imperial Treasury cannot afford to pay for "the writing materials" necessary for an answer to the Identic Note.

11th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to England.

12th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to France and Germany.

13th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to Russia, Austria, and Italy.

14th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to Greece, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, China, Ireland, Canada, Sweden, Australia, Zululand, the Pope, the Sandwich Islands, and, later in the day (as an after-thought), Honduras.

15th.—Universal refusal to the SULTAN's application.

December 1st.—Vague reply to the Identic Note. Sum total—the SULTAN will do nothing.

New Year's Day, 1881.—Despatch of invitations to the Powers to attend another Congress.

January 2nd until December 31st, 1881.—As before!

Possibly.

(Suggested by a Current Inquiry.)

"ALL's well! From stem to stern, no spar unsound,—
There never sailed a ship more worth her cost!"
If that be so, and she was judged "well found,"
These cheery optimists, so pleased all round,
Will tell us next that she has been well lost!

MIDSUMMER APPEALS. — Appeals for ice, claret-cup, pic-nics, garden-parties, and light summer dresses.

THE TOURIST'S DREAM BOOK.

(Compiled by Mr. Punch's travelled Secer.)



If you dream of inspecting hundreds of highly-coloured pictures, and listening to thousands of never-ceasing chimes, you will go to *Antwerp*.

If you dream of enjoying a savoury lunch on a pier, and attempting to escape from a very unsavoury odour on a quay, you will go to *Boulogne*.

If you dream that you have suffered a couple of hours' martyrdom on board a steamboat, and are now resting, half dead from exhaustion, in a railway carriage, you will go to *Calais*.

If you dream that you have

tried to lessen the fatigues of a long trip by retiring to "rest" immediately after arrival at midnight one evening, and starting off again by a train leaving at 4 A.M. the next morning, you will go to *Dijon*.

If you dream that after undergoing a lengthy and tedious journey you have found yourself in the same atmosphere with a number of kings and princes, you will go to *Ems*.

If you dream that you have shown daring worthy of the recognition of the Victoria Cross, and have consequently braved the horrors of a "new route" warranted better than the very best, you will go to *Flushing*.

If you dream that you are disappointed at finding a city of marble hidden in a coating of mud, you will go to *Genoa*.

If you dream that, for the sake of your health, you are getting up at five in the morning to drink some nasty water (comparatively safe from the germs of typhoid fever), and are habituating yourself to bed at sunset, you will go to *Homburg*.

If you dream that you are sharing a view of a snow-capped mountain with a collection of 'ARREYS, JOOLIAS, and their "people," you will go to *Interlacken*.

If you dream that you have purchased from Mr. COOK, for £27 14s. 6d., a first-class ticket enabling you to visit Dieppe, Paris, Turin, Venice, Trieste, Alexandria, and Jaffa, with the privilege of ending your journey on a horse, you will go to *Jerusalem*.

If you dream that you are being roasted alive in a dismal town within sight of one of the pleasantest hotels in Europe (the Beau Rivage at Onohy), you will go to *Lausanne*.

If you dream that you have "done" the best part of a beautiful river, have had enough of it, and wish to proceed no further, you will go to *Mayence*.

If you dream that from a very dirty city you are gazing upon a fairly charming Bay, and yet have no desire for the immediate approach of Death, you will go to *Naples*.

If you dream that you have turned a desperate gambler and an inveterate gourmet—that in your first character you have a passion for baccarat, and in your second a palate for oysters, you will go to *Ostend*.

If you dream that your wife will sacrifice everything to her love for the bonnet-shops, you will go to *Paris*.

If you dream that you have spent three weeks on the ocean wave, vainly attempting to secure a pair of sea-legs, you will go to *Quebec*.

If you dream that you are fighting a score of waiters in your efforts to obtain a room at a hotel, and are being heavily charged (in more senses than one) by the proprietor, you will go to the *Righi*.

If you dream that you have waded through some very uninteresting "scenery" to look upon a third-rate waterfall, you will go to *Schaffhausen*.

If you dream that you are within hail of Rome, and are not satisfied with your resting-place, you will go to *Turin*.

If you dream that your thoughts are given up to the consideration of the manufacture of velvet in one of its most useful branches, you will go to *Utrecht*.

If you dream that you are being bitten by gigantic gnats, and are floating on a successful rival to the Regent's Canal, you will go to *Venice*.

If you dream that you are taking a solitary walk in an empty garden, and are thinking that, after all, there was something to be said in favour of the Tables, you will go to *Wiesbaden*.

If you dream that you have an opportunity of practically testing the many interesting stories you have heard from your friends about Japan, you will go to *Yokohama*.

If you dream that you are singing with feeling, inspired by the close proximity of the spot, a rather florid song about certain "fair waters," you will go to *Zurich*.

And, finally, if you dream that you are enjoying true comfort, and are escaping a thousand disappointments and annoyances, you will stay—at home!

TURKS AND THOROUGH GENTLEMEN.

IN the *Morning Post* the other day appeared a letter with the signature of "STANLEY OF ALDERLEY," denouncing the Hares and Rabbits Bill on the ground that, if enacted, it will effect the destruction of game, and check the residence in the rural districts of the rich and the educated, cause field-sports to disappear, and render still fewer those of Her Majesty's subjects habituated to stand weather, and thus fit themselves to endure an autumn or winter campaign. The bi-titular correspondent of the *Post* demands:—

"What, then, is the object or the motive for this Bill? Primarily its object was to catch votes, and to enable the Government to figure as farmers' friends. But the real motive and *animus* in the minds of the real promoters and originators of such legislation is the same as that which has led the country astray from its interests and traditional foreign policy. It is a hatred of gentlemen; the Turks are essentially gentlemen, and must therefore be got rid of. The same feeling applies to the country gentlemen."

It would be interesting to know what are those characteristics of the Turks generally, which constitute them essentially gentlemen. In the estimation of some persons claiming to be gentlemen themselves, one essential property of a gentleman is independent property; the means of subsistence without labour, coupled with actual abstinence from any manner of work or kind of useful employment whatever. In the disposition to live without doing anything to deserve or gain a living, and the desire to subsist entirely on the productive powers of others, the typical Turk, if not grossly belied, is equal to the laziest member of the British nobility and gentry; not certainly a type of his own order, whatever STANLEY OF ALDERLEY may think. For the implied comparison with Turks, as born simply to consume the fruits of the earth, English country gentlemen must feel flattered, rather, by STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.

RULES FOR THE NEXT LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

1. ALL competitors to adopt a tone of modest depreciation of their own powers, while extolling the prowess of their opponents.
2. No competitor on any account to assume a garb of an eccentric character. Hats to be useful rather than grotesque.
3. Umpires to learn their duties thoroughly before consenting to assume office. A novice should never be permitted to pick up a first knowledge of the rudiments of the game in this important post on a match-day.
4. Gate-money to be discountenanced, and grand-stands abolished.
5. Press notices to be submitted for correction (when necessary) to a competent judge before despatch to the various papers. "Reasons why" such and such a competitor did not win, to be officially suppressed.
6. Decisions of bystanders upon nice points in a game, as to whether a ball was or was not inside the line, &c., &c., to be ignored. Strict tennis should be as "hard and fast" as strict whist or strict cricket.

Given at Wimbledon and elsewhere,
July, 1880.

(Signed)

TOBY,

By order of Mr. Punch,

Hon. Secretary.

Director-General of National Games.

A FLY IN AMBER.—A Cab of that colour.

GROUND GAME.—Lawn Tennis.

THOUGHTS ON A BALL.



DEAR MR. PUNCH, THERE has lately been a Ball at the hospitable Mansion House, given to the Mayors of the United Kingdom. In an account of this festivity I find the following remarkable statistical statement:—

"Of the Mayors nearly 150 were present, each wearing his state official robes and chains, and all were accompanied by Mayoresses."

One hundred and fifty Mayors, and an equal array of Mayoresses! Certainly our Mayors are marrying men. Not a bachelor amongst a hundred and fifty of them! The office of Mayor is clearly not antagonistic to the rite of Matrimony. The Mayoral dignity as surely implies a Mayoress as it does a robe and a chain. Silver cradles are as proper to our Chief Magistrates as maces and dinners. No single Alderman, no unwedded Councillor need aspire to the Chair, unless he can give a solemn pledge and promise that he will, within one month from his election, present the borough with a Mayoress. Whatever class of the community may look with indifference—nay, perhaps with aversion—on matrimony, this charge cannot be brought against our Mayors. They set a bright example to those over whom they are appointed to rule, and deserve re-election, and knighthood, and testimonials, and every other distinction and enjoyment that life can offer.

What a striking illustration, too, of the influence of woman is hereby afforded! Can anyone suppose that all these hundred and fifty Mayors would have come up to London in the hot weather, to dance in their robes and chains at the Mansion House—for this night only turned into a Mayors' Nest—unless they had been persuaded, perhaps, in some extreme cases, compelled, by their wives, their Mayoresses? This is a question, *Mr. Punch*, we must all think over in the holidays.

THE MAN WITH THE EYE-GLASS.

P.S.—It has occurred to me, in explanation of the hundred and fifty Mayoresses, that as all the Mayors of the United Kingdom were not present at the Ball (those who attended it may be distinguished as the United Mayors of the Kingdom), the absentees were exceptional bachelors, who being ashamed to present themselves to the LORD MAYOR without a Mayoress, stayed at home.

SOMETHING LIKE A COMPANY!

MR. PUNCH, MY VERY DEAR SIR,

24th July, 1880.

You have often claimed to be the Philanthropist of the civilised and uncivilised world, and your contention most justly has never been denied. As a man of business, you stand preëminent as the Financier of the Nineteenth Century—a century which has seen the largest undertakings in the History of the Universe carried to a successful conclusion. It is in your joint characters as a philanthropist and a man of business that I address you, confident in the knowledge that you will place at my disposal a feeling heart and an unflinching brain.

My very dear Sir, you have doubtless read the account of some legal proceedings in connection with the Northern Counties of England Fire Insurance Company (Limited), which were taken in consequence of the gross mismanagement of the concern to which I have just alluded. My very dear Sir, the N. C. E. F. I. C. (Limited) was an excellent idea; and the fact that more than a couple of thousand pounds in *hard cash* was subscribed by a good-tempered Public out of a nominal capital of One Million Pounds sterling, is a proof (if one is needed) that the English people are ever ready to give a hearty welcome to concerns founded on a substantial commercial basis. It is to be regretted, for all our sakes, that so promising a business should have ended in what may be comparatively termed disaster. Still, the details of the case are encouraging—most encouraging. Although imprisonment with hard labour was not included in the duties of the Manager and the Directors as set forth in the Articles of Association, the solid fact remains that something—and a very pleasant something—was paid in to the account of the Association by a number of well-meaning Shareholders. This is very comforting, and ought to be received by every Promoter of Good Feeling, Human Sympathy, and Public Companies of limited liability, with heartfelt Satisfaction and brain-experienced Gratitude.

This will be conceded by every Briton of average intelligence; and, when the concession is made, the query arises, "Cannot the experiment be repeated?" or, to use a colloquialism of Transatlantic origin, "Is the little game *quite* played out?" No!—a thousand times no! Never shall it be said that a man bearing my name, and with my reputation, has allowed a germ so full of promise to vanish into a nothing airy as—in fact—the air!

So, my very dear Sir, to Business—and Philanthropy. I have jotted down a few ideas that only require a little thoughtful arrangement to blossom into a financial scheme of colossal proportions, and as welcome as the flowers in May. I have imagined an undertaking, and these are my notes:—

The Title of the Company.

This of course should be of a character to encourage a cheerful confidence in the minds of those who are invited to share their fortunes in the common lot. Hope is one of the most blessed of virtues, and honourably takes a place in a list headed by Faith, and ending in Charity! What say you to the "Bank of England Rothschild Three Per Cents in Consols Investment Company?" It seems to me that this title would be welcomed by thousands of country Vicars in petty parishes, small-annuitant-holding Spinsters, and aged naval and military Officers on half-pay. It is to these excellent persons that we must look for pecuniary support. We know that their means are straitened—should we not give them the value of our more extended experience? After dealing with us for a time, would they not gain an accurate knowledge of the limits of their resources?

The Aims of the Company.

To do everything, and by "everything," of course, taking a large view of the expression, we should mean "everybody."

There would be plenty of scope for our industry. For instance, we might at once secure a large business in Life Insurance by insuring the lives (at our own prices) of all the Residents in the principal Cemeteries. This would be perfectly safe from a financial point of view, as we should never have to pay unless the policy-holders appeared in person at our office to claim their money—a proceeding which would most probably be of very rare occurrence. On the other hand, the Premiums due might appear on the Profit side of our Books as "owing." The merits of this idea include the fact that, strange to say, this kind of insurance has never been tried before, not even by the Northern Counties of England Fire Insurance Company (Limited).

The writing of the word "Fire" reminds me that this Branch also should give us a large portion of business. We could insure the Palaces of the Emperor of China, and the crops, herds, farm-buildings, &c., &c., of the principal inhabitants of the Undiscovered Islands, and many other persons of importance. It is an axiom that "Silence gives consent," and, were we not forbidden by the parties interested to carry out this proceeding, we might logically imagine that the transactions would be agreeable to their wishes.

It is needless to point out that these two ideas *alone* would give us an enormous business. I have, however, a number of other notions, equally new and equally sound, in reserve. They might be used as occasion required.

The Capital of the Company.

After all the most important point. Money is as much the sinews of Peace as of War. I would propose a Capital of £150,000,000, divided into 1,000 Shares of the nominal value of £150,000 each.

And here I would adopt the plan of the Northern Counties of England Fire Insurance Company (Limited).

The Public should pay *what they pleased*. The smallest contributions would be most thankfully received. Thus the millionaire would pay for his shares in hundreds of thousands of pounds, while the small clerk would obtain documents of equal value for a few half-crowns. Every pocket would be consulted, and Cæsar and the pauper at his gates would have a common interest in a joint concern!

The idea is a very solemn one, and moves me to tears!

There, my very dear Sir, you have the produce of my Brains and Heart.

In conclusion I may say that I shall allot to you 750 shares in the new Company, for which I shall be glad to receive an appropriate remittance.

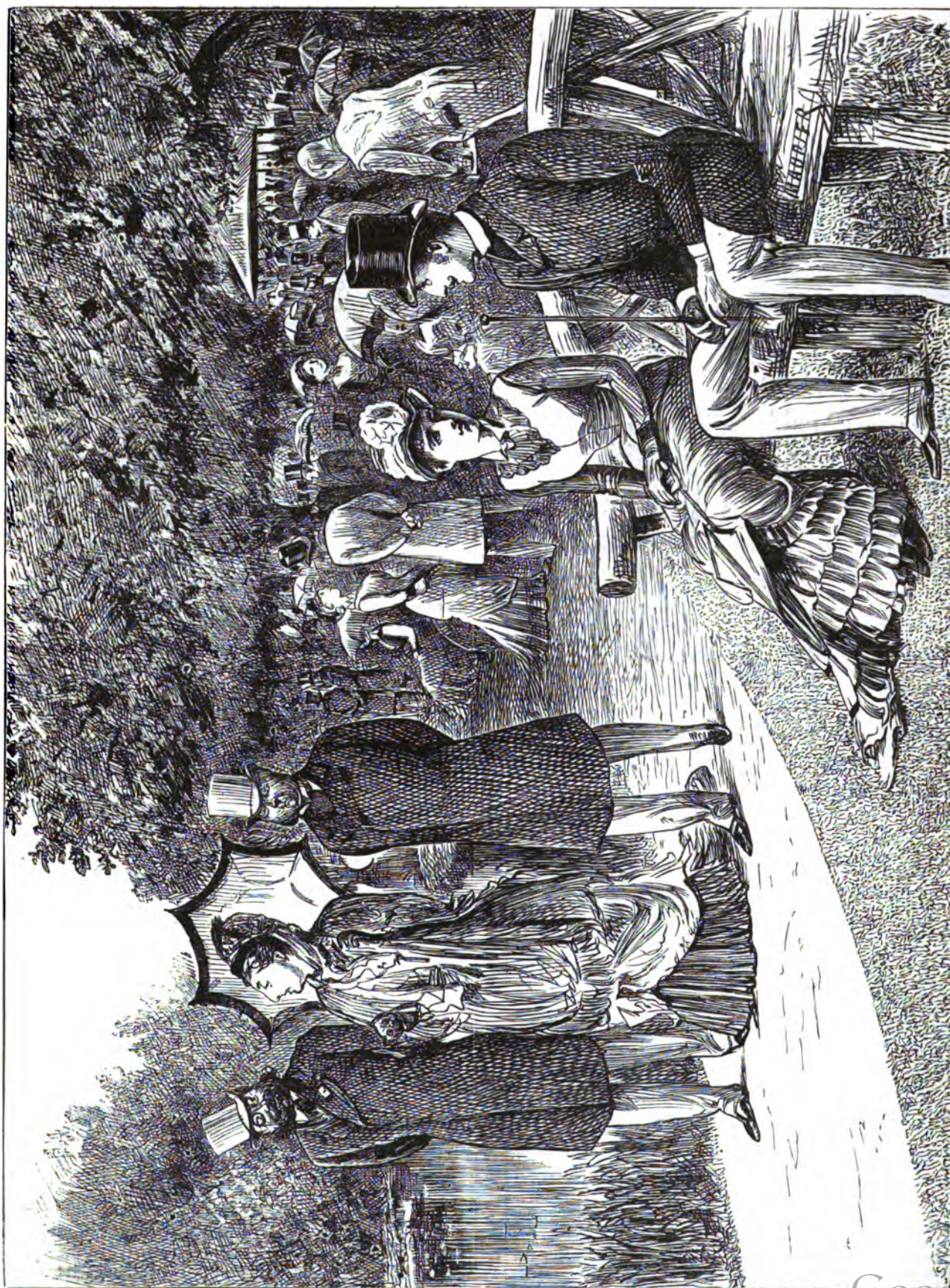
As we have not yet appointed our Bankers, I will keep your money—of course *pro tem*.

Believe me, my very dear Sir, Yours most sincerely,

Post-Office, Seven Dials, (Signed) JEREMIAH DIDDLEE.
(To be left until called for).

P.S.—Should you, for various reasons, feel indisposed for the moment to embark in this Company, may I beg you to lend me on Tuesday week, at half-past one o'clock *punctually*, the ridiculous sum of one and fourpence halfpenny?

P.P.S.—Make the loan eightpence, and I will throw the Shares in *gratis*.



CULTURE.

SM. "OF COURSE YOU WENT TO MONSIEUR RENAN'S LECTURE ON MARCUS AURELIUS?"

HG. "HAW—WHAT'S A STOIC?"

HG. "NO, I DIDN'T. WHO'S MARCUS AURELIUS?"

SM. "WHY, A ROMAN EMPEROR, TO BE SURE, AND A STOIC!"

SM. "AT ALL EVENTS, MARCUS AURELIUS WAS ONE—AT LEAST HE DIDN'T GO SO FAR AS MOST STOICS."

SM. "WHAT A RIDICULOUS QUESTION!"

[Collapse of conversation.]



Old Lady (nudged by her Daughter). "GOOD GRACIOUS! MY DEAR CHILD, TURN YOUR HEAD AWAY—DON'T LOOK AT THEM! AND THE HUSSY, TO STAND STILL, AND LET HIM DO IT!"

[But Mamma was short-sighted. It was only Mr. Gosmer, the Hairdresser, arranging his wax-model.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barrellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine; or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arny 'Otapur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW CANDIDATE.

MR. HENRY WILLIAM ARABLE, or as he was known to his intimates, 'ARRY BILL ARABLE, was a personage very much before the world, and, therefore, considerably in advance of his time at Oxford.

He had recently been engaged in a tremendous controversy with Mr. MATTIX on the vexed questions of the exact position of the vestry door in the Eastern Church; and secondly, as clergymen were not permitted to wear their hats in church, whether a curate with a tile off could be permitted to officiate. These two Gentlemen had never met one another, but war to the paper-knife had been carried on between them in the columns of the *Penny Prometheus*, which, professing impartiality, had sided with Mr. MATTIX's view, and had refused to insert any more letters on these subjects, except as advertisements. Whereupon Mr. MATTIX had written a tract to show that Mr. ARABLE was no better than an idiot; and Mr. ARABLE had replied with a learned pamphlet, proving that his opponent was much

worse than one. The works sold brilliantly, until public interest began to flag, and then the combatants retired from the arena for a few months to re-set their weapons, and to sharpen their wits.

Mr. ARABLE had distinguished himself greatly at Oxford by passing every examination without looking at it.

"ARABLE ploughed again" had passed almost into a proverb, and there was no distinction which he might not have attained had he not openly declared that he preferred to stay at Oxford, and be, without cultivation, a Fallow of his College. For this, however, he would have had to wait some considerable time had it not been for his suddenly indulging in serious thoughts about religion. He bought a Missal in ten volumes for his own private reading, which he kept in his rooms, and only spoke of it as *Chambers' Missal-any*; or he would use one volume at a time as a missile for the head of any one who ventured to dispute with him; and on Fridays he stunted himself with short commons after, and chaunted long Lauds: he gave up reading the parliamentary news in the papers, he professed himself quite satisfied with his own Lauds and Commons. His rooms in the evening were illuminated by acolytes instead of wax-lights, and he used to stand all day in only angular positions, like the saints in painted windows, repeating to himself, "*Non Angli sed Angeli*," which seemed to afford him considerable personal satisfaction. He shaved his head, and took a vow never to do it again until he was able to make a pilgrimage to Bath. Instead of a surplice in the College Chapel, he appeared in a Roman Cotta, which so frightened the Master and the Fellows, that ARABLE thenceforth christened it his "Terror Cotta;" but as there was nothing in the statutes against the use of this garment, he refused to take it off, boldly alleging that he was not "one of the Surplice Population."

In short, Mr. ARABLE knew precisely what he was about; and as he never contravened any of the College regulations as to walking on the grass-plats, throwing stones at the Master's windows, putting fireworks in the fountain, ringing the bells of the College Chapel and then running away, or going round a corner and crying "Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!" when he saw a Proctor, or being out after midnight without a special permission from the Vice-Chancellor, and as he never "screwed up" any of the officials, or got sorewed himself, the College Authorities had really no shadow of a case against him. They could not expel a man because he chose to eat less than the

others, while he paid exactly the same. Yet it was known to every one that Mr. ARABLE fasted, and that the consequence of this fasting was that, losing flesh daily, he became thinner and thinner, and it was evident to all that he was leaning towards Rome. This leaning was specially remarkable when he came to Lent.

Such conduct as this of ARABLE's did not suit the tradition of Bacon College, which was established, as every one knows, after the Reformation, in order that its Members, as a body, might be a perpetual protest against the older College of All Souls', which, in comparison with its new and powerful rival, soon began to fall into disrepute as simply consisting of a "Set of No Bodies." So as Mr. ARABLE began to develop certain new and unheard-of theories about being "born again," the Master and Fellows of Bacon's decided that the only thing to retain their wayward brother in the Establishment would be to provide him with a snug berth.

I need hardly inform my readers, be they fair or unfair, who have visited Oxford at Commemoration time, that Bacon College is a most pig-turesque building, though wanting in certain pig-culiarities, which is accounted for by its being supposed that the architect at the time of drawing out the plans, had a sty in his eye.

It is a small College; in fact, Bacon is considered pigmy in comparison with the others; but, at the same time, since its first foundation, it has always been looked upon as the resort of Littery men, whose reserved and studious habits well warrant the epigrammatic motto over the front gateway, underneath the brazen sow's ear, *Porker Verba*, which is again repeated in Old English characters, under the figure of "Hogg, King of Basin," in the noble sow-west window, the gift of CHAKLYN PETTITO, First Master of Bacon, wherein the story of the above-named illustrious, and generous Monarch is strikingly told, with all the incidents of the Basin and the Wash, and of King Hogg plighting his Trough, which the Discovery of the original Mosaics have recently brought to light.

"I shall be delighted to see Mr. ARABLE, Percentor in Beer-jester," said Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER, on hearing that Mr. ARABLE had accepted the offer, which was the very snug berth fixed on by the College authorities; "it will relieve me of a thankless office, for the chorister's notes are absolutely valueless; and as the surplice funds are exhausted, the washing-bill has to be defrayed out of the Percentor's pocket;" and poor Mr. SIMPLER played an inaudible pean of joy on his invisible mouth-organ.

He had never quite recovered JOHN BOUNCE's attack, nor had he been entirely himself since his memorable visit to London. Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE had not yet sent in his bill; but Mr. SIMPLER knew the dreaded day must arrive sooner or later; and if the Bishop and the Archbeacon refused to accept the responsibility which he had incurred of presenting a testimonial to Sir ISAAC, he foresaw nothing for it but relinquishing his office of Beadle.

"Yes," murmured the poor Master of DEEDLEE's, and a vision of the burnished silver poker which he had so often carried in state before the Bishop rose before him as he lifted a glass of the Archbeacon's port to his lips. "Yes; here's to the silver poker! I pledge the silver poker in a bumper!" and he drank off the wine at a draught, as though he saw his way out of immediate pecuniary difficulties by pledging the silver poker.

The idea fetched him amazingly, and if the bauble could only fetch as much, he would fulfil his promise to Sir ISAAC, hire a tin-foiled *papier-mâché* property poker which would look just as good as the original, and retain his honourable post of Beadle of Small-Beer-jester in spite of everything and everybody.

If MORLEENA would only play Mr. MATTIX as she had played JOHN BOUNCE, and then marry Mr. ARABLE, Mr. SIMPLER might bide his time patiently, and might even end his days as Bishop of Small-Beerjester. It will be evident from what is passing in our worthy Beadle-Percentor's mind, that he has not been Master of Old JEREMY DEEDLEE's Trust all these years for nothing.

So a storm was impending, of which I have already given a sure forecast; but at present the horizon is apparently clear, the weather is lovely, and there was scarcely a ripple on the calm surface of the See of Small-Beerjester, when Mrs. DOWDIE determined to give a lawn-tennis party in the Palace Gardens; on which occasion the Bishop would appear in his own lawn-tennis sleeves, and show what his Grace and agility could do, and Mr. MATTIX, the Domestic Chaplain, would conduct the five o'clock tea Service by way of an appropriate finish to a happily and well-spent day.

In this project she was much influenced by her desire of exhibiting the new Chaplain to the inferior Clergy in his proper station as an ecclesiastical dependant of the Bishop's household, powerless to do anything of his own will and pleasure, but holding his appointment entirely by her favour. It occurred to her that this was an opportunity, not on any account to be missed, of keeping the Chaplain in his place, and showing him that, though he was a new Canon, yet he could not even be loaded with honours without her permission; and, indeed, by the rules of the Palace, she heard the Canon's report every morning at breakfast, and once again at sun-down.

GRACE!

AN ODE À LA MODE.

To the Modern Incarnation of an Antique Ideal, by Punch's Special Rhapsodist.

"After seeing a great deal of diverting University cricket, it is salutary, it is instructive, to watch Mr. GRACE play as he played before luncheon on Monday. The wicket was as difficult as it could be, for the sun was drying and drawing into lumps the sodden turf. SHAW and MORLEY never bowled better: the former breaking and hanging, while the latter either got up awkwardly or sent in over after over of swift shooters. Mr. GRACE played this hard bowling with perfect patience and mastery. In about half-an-hour he only made some four runs, because there were no more runs to be legitimately made. No half-volley could tempt him, as one tempted Mr. PENN, to hit up. In short, Mr. GRACE batted in the 'grand style.' There was a monumental composure, a sanity, an absence of the fantastic in his cricket, which reminded one of the masterpieces of Greek literature and art."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



ELL classic Charis might her
sex abjure,
Nausicaä pale with envy.
Lo! the type
Hath changed! O Master!
Lord of "Cut" and
"Swipe,"

Precious of style, of pose as
chastely pure
As any Phidian masterpiece,
all hail!
How welcome, in these un-
heroic days
Marred by the Gothic and
Romantic craze,
Thy classic calm, erect by
stump and bail,
Sane, statuesque, serene,
prepared to slog
As Hercules to smite, yet
self-contained
As Phœbus watching his
swift arrow's flight;
Cool, though the turf to
semblance of a bog

Be turned, and though SHAW's shooters, swiftly rained,
With Azure Funk might fill the Lord of Light.
PRAXITELES should have soupd' thee; not that thou
Art slim, soft-moulded, sleek-limb'd, epione,
Nay, faith, but swart, square-shouldered, stalwart, keen,
With belying shirt back-blown and beaded brow,
Brawny bat-gripping hands, and crisp-foiled beard
As black as Vulcan's own. 'T may be feared
The later Greek had little liked thy style,
Effeminate prig, whose supercilious smile
Had dubbed thy brawn barbaric, and thy bend,
At crease or point, too crab-like for pure charm
Of gracious pose. Yet, yet to see thee send
The well-placed "sixer," stay with sudden arm
High up the sharp-out swift palm-stinging sphere,
Else boundary-bound, is Beauty, in its sheer
Ripe roundness of most perfect preciousness,
Outquitting utter quiteness in its fine
Completeness of large mastery. Therefore, less
Than godlike only by fortuitous "duck"
(Fiat of Fate, whom cricketers call luck)
Or catch-muff more infrequent, thee divine,
Or thereabouts, right rapturously we hail,
Lord of the flying ball and untouched bail!
Of unimagined scores up-piler mighty!
Great unfantastic Artist, calm, unflighty
Half-volley scorning, 'ticer proof! Ah me!
Could we, in Higher Art, "live up to" thee
As to old china, e'en on this dull earth
Life were worth living. Now, in the drear dearth
Of the Intense Ideal, what pure joys
To the æsthetic spirit it affords
To see thee with the Ladies up at LORD's,
Spite of SHAW's shooters, MORLEY's serew'd decoys,
Hour after hour, unbowled, uncaught, unstumped,
Though by long rain the sodden turf be lumped
Like to plum-pie-crust. Ah! no more ado!
Why with vain visions thus our spirits vex?
The antique Charis feminine? Go to!
Have we not learned that Beauty hath no sex?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At Her Majesty's—for the new Opera.)



H, a Grand Opera, *Mefistofele*! On my night it commenced with a prelude consisting of a well-sustained passage of people over my toes to the accompaniment of blessings, not loud but deep, of forced smiles, fierce looks, grumblings, exculpations, murmurings, explanations, and, in the orchestra, melody of harps disturbed by demoniac trombones.

On they came—oh, Pilot, 'twas a crowded night!—on they came—singing (to themselves)—

"Over his toes, over his toes, 'Tis a poor stranger whom nobody knows."

Ah! were the Corn Laws still in existence, wouldn't I be a Protectionist—of my own! At length the last

Lady in velvet—a Lady in velvet, and a lot of it, is a difficulty in the Stalls, because her dress clings to your knees so affectionately—had passed, and the Curtain drew up on the Prologue of *Mefistofele*. Perhaps all this toe-prelude was to remind me that the Opera was by Bo-i-ro; and mine would be anything but a *beau-y* toe after all this crunching.

What on earth did that Scene represent? Nothing "on earth," or, at all events, not

exactly on earth. 'On, the stage left was a bank of clouds—very unsafe place to deposit money—while, high up, was what closely—or, if not closely, at all events at a distance—resembled a pantomimic Smashed Tomato illuminated. On the right, in the distance, was a view, apparently, of some portion of the Downs at Brighton. Sky above, and lots of Operatic stars.

The Prologue, illustrating an evening call paid by *Mefistofele* to the Upper House—*Mefisto*, by the way, would have been admitted into the Commons without any difficulty as to affirmations—consists of diabolic solos and angelic choruses. *Mefisto* offers to wager that he will seduce *Faust* (who appears to be a sort of test case) from the right road. The angels—evidently very sporting characters belonging to "another and a betting world"—accept the challenge, and lay evens.

The whole proceeding is of doubtful morality, and would not be sanctioned by the Turf Club, as *Faust*'s soul clearly belongs to himself, and he is just the one person not consulted in the matter.

The music of the Prologue is something to be heard over and over again with increasing pleasure.

ACT I.—Frankfort-on-the-Maine. View of the flowing Maine, where the tale commences. Easter Sunday holiday-makers. The Elector, at the head of a cavalcade, passes across. Great excitement of the crowd to see him, as naturally there would be in a city where there is only one Elector. What a big vote he would have! A Caucus in himself! Well, on comes the Elector, and then comes the ballot—no, I mean the ballet, who, in the presence of *Faust* and *Wagner*—very generous this of Borro to introduce another composer, *WAGNER*—dance a sparkling "Obertas." I take it for granted that what they dance is an "Obertas"—as named in the *libretto*. It is a jovial, sparkling sort of dance—the kind of thing which it is usual to "turn on at the Maine;" and the name, being Franco-Germanically translated, means, of course, the "Obertas," or the "Cup-too-much dance." *Mefisto*, as a friar of orders grey, startles *Faust* and *Wagner*, and then evening sets in, the mist rises—that is, the gauze descends—and we have before us gauze and effect.

Next Scene, same Act; very quick change, reflecting great credit on the Stage Manager Mr. HARRIS (who, like Mrs. Harris, is invisible), and talented assistants.

"That," said Mrs. MALAPROP Junior, who sat next me and would keep the book, "that is *Faust*'s Lavatory."

Into the alcove on the left came another cove, *Mefisto*. A fine scene, musically and dramatically; a marvellous song for *Mefisto*, who finishes it by putting his fingers in his mouth—of course he said in Italian, "I put me-fist-oh to my lips"—in order to produce a shrill whistle, which a waterman at a cabstand or a street-boy would have envied. Its effect, as grotesque as anything that ever came from the hand of the Great Whistler—Whistler *Jemmy*—himself. Duett for *Faust* and *Mefisto*, "Whistle and I'll go with you, my lad!" and—off they go!

I have undertaken a herculean task—to tell this Opera. Having finished one head, up crops another. No; it must be continued in our next—whenever that may be. The story of *Marguerite* is partially, and impartially, told. *Siebel* is not there, nor does *Marguerite*-NILLSON get her *Valentine*. If you can forget GOUNOD's *Faust* you can more thoroughly enjoy *Mefistofele*. If you can't, you will be perplexed and vexed. *Faust* has a hard time of it. He is taken by *Mefisto* to witness the open air rehearsal of a Christmas Pantomime on a Sabbath night. Heavens! what will Exeter Hall say? Then he is taken to a "Classical Night" at the Ancient Concerts or the Philharmonic. Here he meets Helen of Troy; but *Mefisto*, a deceiver ever, ought to have taken him on to Paris, and given him a night there.

Then, in the Last Act, *Faust* appears got up like Old Father Christmas on a sugar-topped cake, and decides for himself that, all things considered, he is tired of *Mefisto*'s company, that his room below must be worse than his company on earth, and that, on the whole, he prefers genteel society and a quiet life for the future, to a hot atmosphere and overcrowded space, and so dies on a bed of roses; while *Mefisto*, who has wasted his time and lost his bet, gets on to a trap and goes down to H-arrogate, where the sulphur waters are.

And that's all from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LATEST BRADLAUGHABLE INTELLIGENCE.

TREMENDOUS excitement on admission of Mr. BRADLAUGH, in wax, into Madame TUSSAUD'S Establishment.

COBBETT'S figure gave an extra kick of delight, and, as he offered his snuff-box to the unwelcome guest, he assured him he was a friend at a pinch.

OLIVER CROMWELL, CRANMER, and CHARLES THE FIRST were indignant.

The Giant is annoyed, and TOM THUMB threatens to make the place too hot to hold him. Figures waxing wroth.

Latest Telegram from Baker Street.—BRADLAUGH cool. Great heat. CROMWELL showing signs of melting. All melting. Sleeping Beauty undisturbed.

Latest Latest.—All threatened with the Guillotine, in the Chamber of Horrors, if they're not quiet. Tranquillity restored.

The Sale at Wimpole.

"The sale of the Earl of HARDWICK'S property at Wimpole Hall, Royston, Cambridgeshire, the family seat, commenced yesterday, by direction of the sheriffs of the county, under a judge's interpleader order. . . . Bidding then began, and the deer were sold to Mr. THOMAS BETTS, of Winfarthing Hall, Diss, a gentleman who has hired the park for grazing."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Yes! Going, going, gone! And Wimpole's doomed.

Lit at both ends a Hard Wick's soon consumed.

Advantage from lost pounds Winfarthing gets.

If lost by betting, deer are won by Betts!

A LITTLE PICKING.

A SUBSTANCE, warranted the best thing in the world to kill flies, is advertised under the name of "Myocum Fly Gum," to be "simply wound round a piece of string." Is "Myocum" a product whose invention was derived from the experience of a phoneticist in seclusion?



INDUCTIVE RATIOCINATION.

Mamma. "WHEN GRANDPAPA WAS YOUR AGE, EFFIE, TEA WAS TEN SHILLINGS A POUND, AND BREAD A SHILLING A LOAF!"

Effie. "AND IS THAT WHY POOR GRANDPAPA IS SO THIN?"

ALL ABROAD.

(How to Manage it.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S threatened determination to see certain measures carried through Parliament in the present Session, even at the loss of a considerable portion of his holiday, coupled with Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD'S still more ominous avowal of his indifference to any holiday at all, has led to the following arrangements:—

On and after the First of September next—

Partridge-shooting will commence on Wimbledon Common. The game, which will be on the ground from noon to 4 P.M. daily, under the direction of an experienced Bond Street salesman, will be accessible to all Members of Parliament who, after establishing their identity and producing a written licence from the SPEAKER, can manage to hit it.

Bathing-machines will be placed on the northern shore of the Serpentine, where, by an arrangement with recognised purveyors of sea-salt, and possibly, if necessary, with the assistance of the Great Eastern Railway Company, it is contemplated that a very fair sea-

bath, enjoyed under nearly all its normal conditions, will be at the command of such Members as are still confined to Town.

Tickets for twelve baths will be procurable from the Sergeant-at-Arms. A band of itinerant Christy's Minstrels, a photographic apparatus, and the Humane Society's drags will be in attendance every morning from 10 to 1 P.M.

Primrose Hill will be broken up with shrubs, dykes, trenches, and masses of brick-work. It will then in its upper portion be whitewashed, and a small hotel built on the summit, while experienced guides will wait at the bottom, at the Regent's Park entrance, for the assistance of those who are desirous of making the ascent and seeing the sun rise. Those Members who are also members of the Alpine Club, and may be in search of harder climbing, will have the privilege of ascending St. Paul's, from which, by the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter, all the staircases and ladders will have been removed, both inside and out, and of carving their names on the ball at the top. Alpenstocks and hatchets will be purchasable from the Verger on duty.

The garden of Kensington House will be, for the time being, devoted to the wilder sports, and, by arrangement with the Zoological Society, the whole of the tigers now in their possession will be let loose in the ornamental grounds at the rear. Such Members as contemplated taking their holiday in Africa, will be provided with a single ticket to the High Street Station. Admission to the grounds will be by voucher, after dusk.

Lastly, several yachts will be placed upon the Round Pond, and a few experienced salmon, and a ladder for their use, introduced into the ornamental water in St. James's Park, while "walking gentlemen," from minor theatres, will be hired to give life to Rotten Row; and people who are about to migrate to their back rooms, and close the shutters of their front, will be requested to delay this fashionable movement as long as possible.

The hope that the above programme, or, at least, a portion of it, will be carried out, may rob the necessary menace of the PREMIER of half its terrors.

VOLUNTEER UNDRESS.

In a Torquay newspaper, amongst certain orders for the 4th Battery 1st Devonshire Artillery Volunteers, that gallant Force is instructed that—

"3.—The Battery will assemble at Gun Battery, Walls Hill, at six P.M., on Saturday next, for shot and shell practice; the men will wear forage caps and waist-belts only."

In very hot weather at Oxford, in other days, when trousers used to be fastened under the soles of men's boots, an Undergraduate reported to his friends that the summer costume at the University consisted of "surplice and straps." The uniform assigned for shot and shell practice to the corps above named seems even yet more simple, and very much less additional to a state of nature. There is a certain distinguished Regiment commonly called "The Buffs." It was always regarded as an unparalleled body of soldiers; but, from the above direction, the 1st Devonshire Artillery Volunteers appear to have approached it very nearly in point of name, if not of fame.

A TRAVELLING SHOW.—A King on a tour.



“IN LIQUIDATION.”

COUNSELLOR G. “WELL HELP YOU? MY GOOD MAN, WE CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU, IF YOU RESIST THE JUDGMENT OF THE COURT.”

'THE M.P.'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



Hot, hot, so hot! My brain's on fire,
and still they go a-maunders
On and on, unweariedly, with well-
worn washy platitudes,
In muddy sloughs of tangled words
for ever blindly wandering.
Who choked these bores for once
and all would earn my deepest
gratitude!

Choke-bore! Ah me, those pleasant
words bring savours fresh and
heathery!
And in this poisoned, murky air,
that's very nearly killin' us,
I dream awhile of scented ling and
see the bracken feathery,
To wake, alas! to dreary talk and
odours vile and villanous.

No hope, no ray of light can pierce
our darkness intellectual;
For even of these wretched bores if
happily once quit you went,

Such sweet relief from endless talk would yet be ineffectual,
For still behind there lurks the scorn of the outraged Constituent!

No mercy feels his heart of stone, e'en if asphyxiation
Should threaten with a sudden doom his chosen Representative.
I fear, indeed, his bosom glows with a certain proud elation
To see his Member crushed beneath his labours argumentative.

For this, with desperate nerve we faced the rack inquisitorial,
And bore the "heckler's" galling grin that scarcely veiled the snarl he meant;
For this we came from North and South and regions hyperboreal,
To hear these windbags blow and buzz as Members of High Parliament!

Parliament! We're like the crows caw-cawing in their croaking-room!
In vain I've tried to comprehend, though my attention best I lent,
The feeble twaddle that I hear in House or Tea- or Smoking-room.
The arguments are always stale—the air is always pestilent.

NATURAL INHUMANITY.

ACCORDING to evidence given at an inquest held by Dr. HAW-
WICKS at Camden Town, JOSEPH ESSEX, a child of nine, was ac-
cidentally drowned the other day in the Regent's Canal. Whilst the
first of the witnesses below-named was vainly endeavouring to rescue
him, two barges came along, "but the men in charge would not
stop, although called on by the police, and the persons looking on,
to do so." Whereas—

"It was stated by SADDER that, had the first barge stopped, he would have
been able to save the deceased. Mr. HUNT, who arrived on the spot while
the two last barges were passing, stated that the reason why the bargemen
would not stop their barges or assist in saving life was that they received
nothing for their trouble; whereas if they recovered a dead body they received
five shillings from the County."

The virtue of taking trouble, incurring loss, or running risk to
save life, is, as far as the County is concerned, its own reward.

"The Coroner, in answer to a jurymen, said that there was no fund by
which he could reward the young man SADDER for his praiseworthy efforts
to save the life of the little boy. It was a great pity that nothing could be
done to the bargemen for their most disgraceful conduct."

It will rather be a pity if nothing can be done to the County that
will induce it to afford such encouragement as that which was
wanting in the above case to stimulate the humanity of bargemen.
Knowledge of the need of that provision may perhaps suffice.
Now the County authorities possess that knowledge. Let them also
know that—

"The jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental Death,' adding that the con-
duct of the bargemen was highly discreditable. They made a collection,
and gave it to SADDER for his praiseworthy efforts."

The County will now then perhaps make that allowance for saving
lives as well as for recovering dead bodies, which, had it been ex-
pected by those bargemen, would probably have prevented any
occasion whatever for the generosity of a Coroner's Jury.

NOTE FROM THE BACHELORS' BALL.—Kensington House. Change
its name. Call it the Albert (GRANT) Memorial.

But one consoling thought relieves our wearisome
inanity—

At least we're free to change our place: the Speaker's
always resident!

Our lot's a cruel one, but, though it seems like inhu-
manity,

It comforts me to think that worse befalls our august
President!

August! that hopeful word again brings tortures as of
Tantalus,

And visions of the blessed Twelfth in my dazed brain
will flicker up—

A vision as of breezy moors, with cooling mists to mantle
us.

The thought is maddening—"Sir, I move this House
do forthwith liquor up!"

Vivisection for the Table.

A CONTEMPORARY states that, at a recent meeting of the
Anti-Vivisection Society:—

"Frequent reference was made to an important article in this
month's *Scribner's Magazine*, entitled 'Does Vivisection Pay?'
which the writer answers in the negative."

Vivisection *does* pay, in one sense, when a physiologist
is fined for practising it otherwise than according to law.
In another sense it pays when a fishmonger who charges
so much for unscotched or unvivisectioned salmon asks more
for "crimped" salmon. The question, therefore, whether
Vivisection pays or not, may be answered in the affirma-
tive. Vivisection, at any rate, pays the fishmonger; a
privileged person whom the Anti-vivisectionists of course
duly distinguish from the physiologist.

AFTER THE AMNESTY'S OVER.

FROM the violence of the seditious language used at
the Working Men's Congress now assembled in Paris, it
is clearly proved that the Enemies of the Republic are
not all "on the Right." No, nor all in the right, either.
Nous verrons.

WON BY ONE!

How they shot for the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon, 1880.

[After the closest possible contest all through, the Irish Eight made 1638
points to the English 1637 (the Scots scoring only 1523), and won by *one*
point.]

Excited Hibernian loquitur—

OCH! the Rose and the Thistle
For the prize may whistle,
For the glorious Shamrock it has made 'em yield.
Though JACK and SANDY
At the butts were handy,
It was PAT—the darlint—who bore off the Shield!

Well the Scots might "whistle,"
They were not in the tussle:
But the Jacks and the Paddies they fought point by point;
Shure their splendid firing
Won the Camp's admiring,
And they shouted joyously for THYNE and JOYNT.

And Liftinart FENTON,
He serenely went on;
Brave MILNER also, likewise gallant YOUNG.
There were scores right big by
The two Misthersh RIGBY,
And thin upon WARREN Oireland's hopes all hung!

Och! exciting minute!
Will he hit, and win it?
Will the lad's nerves fail him, as so many's have done?
Eh? Hurroo!!! An "Inner"
Laves Ould Oireland winner
Of the closest battle in the worruld by—*One!*

[Left hurrooing and whiskeying in honour of Ould Ireland, in
both which proceedings Mr. Punch most heartily joins him.]

THE REAL "PIRATES OF PENANCE."—Mr. MACKONCHIE and
Refractory Ritualists.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



*Saturday, July 17 (Lords and Commons).—*At Wimbledon, Shooting Committee (not to say Team) of either House, at three P.M., shot for the Challenge Cup presented to the Council of the National Rifle Association by the Maharajah of VIZIANAGRAM—a personage of whose name the anagram is plain. After a close contest, the Com-

mons won by five points. We shall hereafter see how many they will score in JOHN BULL's eye.

*Monday (Lords).—*After Royal Assent had been given to sundry Bills, Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY inquired the reason for recently

printing certain correspondence relative to the alleged murder of a Mr. PETER MESHULLAM, at Jerusalem, twenty years ago. Mr. MESHULLAM had not been assassinated, although, at the late Vice Consul's instigation, it was said, somebody had been hanged.

Lord GRANVILLE explained that the correspondence had been published only on account of a claim made against the Foreign Office, and merely in justice to private persons.

Their Lordships got on with some unopposed Bills, and away in time to come in for a cup of five o'clock tea.

(Commons.)—From a little past four till a quarter to six, Ministers under fire of interrogation; in the course of which Mr. GLADSTONE, answering Mr. SCHREIBER, said the Government hoped to proceed on Wednesday with the Employers' Liability Bill, notwithstanding the absence of Mr. DOBSON—who had it in charge.

Pity poor Mr. DOBSON, late Member for Chester, unseated for bribery committed in his name without his knowledge, and against his will, by some fool, if not hypocrite or knave. What is to prevent a political rogue from committing bribery in the disguise of a partisan of the opposite party, to the end of compromising that party's candidate? Britons, beware the Caucuses!

The PREMIER also pointed out to Mr. H. VIVIAN that it would be absurd to waste a day in futile discussion of the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill.

Mr. BIDDELL then gave notice of his intention to ask the PRIME MINISTER a really sensible question:—"Will he favourably consider a proposal to limit all speeches to seven minutes, with an exception in favour of Members of the Government?"

Say, rather, perhaps, an occasional exception in favour of some of the Ministers.

Then, once for all, into Committee on the Irish Tenants' Grip on the Land (C.D.) Bill, and, after amendments right and left, right on behalf of the Landlord, left in the Grip on the Land Interest, all negatived, the Little Bill finally struggled through Committee.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord ENFIELD moved the Second Reading of the Census (Ireland) Bill, and the Earl of FIFE the ditto of the Census (Scotland) Bill. The former Bill, like its predecessor, contains a religious schedule, which the Irish do not object to; and it can be accurately compiled. The latter, following the English Census Bill, contains no catechism.

Clearly, the Saxon, and the Cymry moreover, look you, like keeping their religious opinions to themselves. Can it be that Irishmen delight to flourish their conflicting faiths in one another's faces?

Both Census Bills were read a Second Time, as also was the County Courts Jurisdiction in (Ireland) Lunacy Bill, designed to give the County Courts of Ireland jurisdiction in cases of craziness combining unsound intellect and limited means.

Other Bills were advanced, including several Orders Confirmation Bills, of no particular interest to the Clergy, if of any to the Laity.

(Commons, Morning).—Mr. BIDDELL asked his limitation of locuacity question, to which Mr. GLADSTONE answered No; but he saw the drift of it, and obstruction to business might require serious attention.

On going into Committee on the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, Mr. HUBBARD moved, as an Amendment, a Resolution for amending, by correction, the iniquities of the Income-tax. Hereupon followed a debate on quite another matter—the penny additional to that tax to be imposed by the Budget, and the question whether or no it would be just to repeal the Malt-tax by means of that imposition.

At last, however, Mr. GLADSTONE got up, and replied to Mr. HUBBARD as well as could be expected, and in the usual way. The inequalities of the Income-tax were undeniable, but the idea of redressing them was Utopian. In 1874 he saw his way to repealing the tax altogether; but we had travelled a long way from where we were then, and he had no proposal to make now.

No, of course not. He would take nothing by it—except the gratitude of a comparatively few. The parties aggrieved and fleeced by the Income-tax are a weak and defenceless minority. The majority of those who vote the taxes and also the national expenditure, pay no Income-tax whatever; thanks to a Conservative Democratic Reform Bill.



THE YOUNG WIFE AND THE OLD FRIEND.

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY PIPE, LOVE?"

"DO YOU MEAN YOUR MEERSHAUM, DARLING? HERE, IT IS, INSIDE THE FENDER. IT SMELT SO OF THAT HORRID TOBACCO, THAT I WASHED IT FOR YOU!"

From his apology for the Income-tax the PREMIER proceeded to defend its aggravation by a penny in the pound; and, after some words, Mr. HUBBARD's Motion was negatived by a majority of 217 Representatives of the multitude to 28 Members for the few. Then the House went into Committee, but progress was reported immediately.

(Evening).—Committee on the Budget Bill continued, with discussion of details; for example, the specific gravity at which the beer duty is to be charged. A specifically grave debate of which the gravity was a little lightened by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who with reference to the gratification of the Farmers' desires by the repeal of the Malt-tax, said that to a sceptical mind it might suggest a quotation from a classical author.

"Evertēre domos totas optantibus ipsis
Di faciles"—

—which he omitted to translate for the benefit of agricultural—and commercial—gentlemen. Nor did he quote JOHNSON, singing after JUVENAL,—

"How nations sink by darling schemes oppress,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request."

Or else he might have insinuated that the repeal of the Malt-tax was a darling scheme of which the concession might possibly disappoint the British Farmer.

Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill re-committed pending the distress; and the House adjourned a little before sunrise.

Wednesday (Commons).—At work on the clauses of the Budget in further detail, discussing questions chiefly of ciphering; how much sugar shall be deemed equivalent to a bushel of malt from 27 lb. to 28 lb., at what figure to fix the specific gravity of worts (encore) and so on. Mr. WATNEY, Mr. M. A. BASS, and Mr. WHITEHEAD, on the part of the brewers, haggling with Mr. GLADSTONE, who, amendments being withdrawn or negatived without a division, carried all his points; but he promised the men of beer to re-open the questions between



NEMESIS.

Wife (he had brought her a little present). "No, WILLIAM, I WILL NOT HAVE HIM BROUGHT UP ON THE 'BOTTLE'! LOOK AT YOUR OWN NOSE, DEAR!"

him and them should experience prove his calculations wrong—instead of confirming the conclusions of his consummate "chalk-head."

Mr. SULLIVAN moved an Amendment providing that the valuation of public-houses in Ireland shall be GRIFFITHS's valuation, but withdrew it on Mr. GLADSTONE's undertaking to provide that the valuation shall not exceed 20 per cent. valuation. Who's GRIFFITHS? As an actuary and accountant, evidently in Irish estimation at least, a safe man.

Adjournment of sitting, formal business despatched, and House adjourned.

Thursday (Lords).—In Committee on the Census Bill, an Amendment, proposed by Lord FORTESCUE, to provide for the local collection of sanitary information was rejected without a division, but another Amendment, moved by the same Peer, appointing that an abstract of the Census shall be published within three months instead of twelve, passed without opposition; and thus improved, the Census Bill went through Committee.

Fortis scutum salus ducum. Had Lord FORTESCUE's sanitary extension of the Census been carried, wouldn't it also, have tended to the *salus populi*?

On report on Amendments in the Educational Endowments (Scotland) Bill, the Lord President named the Commissioners thereunder to be appointed by the Government, the first on the list (of four) being Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH—a romantic if not historical name.

The Irish Census Bill, and some smaller Bills, having passed through Committee, noble Lords knocked off.

(*Commons.*)—Government having, by the mouths of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir C. DILKE, and Mr. GLADSTONE, given nearly sixty querists indefinite answers, the House set to on the Report of Amendments on Mr. FORSTER's little (Irish) Bill. Two new Amendments proposed by Mr. GIBSON to temper the Bill for the unhappy Landlords, were accepted by the Ministry; a third, moved on the same behalf by Mr. CHAPLIN, got negatived. Then, on the Motion of Mr. FORSTER, the House disposed of the question of limitation, carried over from the Committee, by deciding on a limit of £30 valuation; and, having settled that point, ordered the Bill to be read a Third Time on Monday.

Mr. FAWCETT next moved the Second Reading of the Post-Office Money Orders Bill, to cheapen and facilitate the transmission of small sums. It proposes to let you send one shilling for a halfpenny, sums up to ten shillings for one penny, and up to one pound for twopenney. Here is a lovely little Bill for you, a truly Liberal Bill, although, as Mr. FAWCETT candidly said, it was practically the Bill of the late Government, and it had the warm support of his predecessor.

After some precautionary criticism from Sir J. LUBBOCK, who wanted the Bill overhauled by a Select Committee, it was read a Third Time, and the House, having at last done one bit of good work, adjourned.

Friday (Lords).—Inquiry as to the progress of the new Ordnance Survey, from Lord BRAYE, answered by Lord SUDELEY, and from the Duke of SOMERSET about the Geological Survey, replied to by Earl SPENCER, in a brief and instructive lecture on geology.

On the Report of the Census Bill, Lord ENFIELD opposed an Amendment moved by Lord LIMERICK to provide a special Census for the City of London, but said there was nothing to prevent the Civic Monarch and his Aldermen and Council from doing a Census of their own.

A considerable batch of Bills were forwarded, and then their Lordships adjourned.

(*Commons, Morning.*)—The Marquis of HARTINGTON, in answer to Mr. ARNOLD, announced that he had received a telegram from the Viceroy of INDIA, saying that at a Durbar on Thursday at Cabul, ABDUR RAHMAN had been proclaimed Ameer of AFGHANISTAN by somebody or other, whom the telegram did not name.

As ABDUR RAHMAN is supposed to have European ideas, in due time we shall perhaps have a photograph of him as Ameer, smoking a meerschaum.

(*Evening.*)—Moving for papers, Mr. BRYCE expatiated on the frightful state of things existing through Turkish misgovernment in Armenia and Asia Minor; and a conversation ensued, graver than the debate of the other evening about specific gravity.

Sir C. DILKE said the Government was doing all it could with the Porte in concert with the other Powers. The pressure of six Powers was being brought to bear on the Porte with a view to enforce reform.

European six-Power pressure is pretty strong, but will any pressure milder than hydraulic pressure bring the Porte to reason?

Mr. GLADSTONE, after Mr. ONSLOW, Sir W. LAWSON, and Mr. LABOUCHERE had said their says, defended the Government's line against Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. They were working with caution, and within the limits of their duty; but were not prepared to act save in concert with the other Powers.

Success to the Powers, exerting six-Power pressure in concert on the Porte; and may they keep it up at concert-pitch to the desired end.

After a few Turcophil observations from Mr. BOURKE, the House agreed to Mr. BRYCE's motion for papers, and adjourned itself.

A PHENOMENON OUT OF PLACE.

THE subjoined advertisement, extracted from the *Liverpool Daily Mercury*, appears to attest the existence of a very extraordinary creature, of a description generally considered by Physiologists as fabulous:—

WANTED, by a Mother and Son, a Situation as KITCHEN GARDENER or COWMAN. No objection to horse. Good references. Address, &c.

A "Mother and Son," really both, would surely do better to get shown as a *lusus nature* than to work as a Kitchen Gardener or Cowman.

For a long time we have ceased to hear anything about Hippophagy; but the statement foregoing, that the advertiser "has no objection to horse," appears to indicate that a prejudice against a particular form of animal food is decreasing amongst the laborious classes.

CYNICISM CORRECTED.

It is not true, says SMELFUNGUS, that there is always something not altogether disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of even our very best friends. When any of our friends whosoever get into difficulties, and apply to us for assistance, which we cannot well afford to render them, but shall be considered mean if we don't, their misfortunes then give us unmitigated pain.

"DR. TANNER'S FAST"—is he? Then stop him. But if he won't be stopped, and insists on going it for forty days, then back him, as we have SHAKESPEARE's authority in *Hamlet* that "Your Tanner will last your nine year."

"SPORTING INTELLIGENCE."



MR. PUNCH, MY GOOD YOUNG FRIEND,

I GIVE you your second title because I would have you know, Sir, that I was wearing my Sovereign's uniform and fighting battles under the shadow of the British Flag long before you were born, Sir! Zounds, Sir! you were a baby in your cradle when I led the forlorn hope at — But there, I won't tell you *where*. A warrior never boasts of his own feats of arms. I am generous to a fault, and never misrepresented a fact in my whole life! A true old English gentleman, Sir, from my white locks to my patent leather boots.

Attention! You want me to give you a few hints on Sporting. Well, Sir, you could not have come to a better quarter for information. I may say, Sir, that I have been born on the turf (the dear old Irish turf it was, *bedad*, Sir!), and have lived on it in various quarters of the world all my life long—as a boy, as a man, as a veteran. Like every commander, I have seen my ups and downs. I have made pots of money, and have lived, Sir, in the most elegant affluence. I have had a Town house in Piccadilly, a couple of stalls at the Operas, a shooting-box in the Highlands, a villa in the Isle of Wight, with a yacht moored off the dining-room window, a *piéd à terre* at Paris, and a settled-from-the-Conquest family seat (with a few thousand acres, half a dozen lawn-tennis grounds, an orchid-house, and a first-class Tudor midnight ghost, all complete) in the best hunting county in the shires! Yes, Sir, I have known what our "lively neighbours" call the "High Life." On the other hand, I own (without shame) that I have sometimes been "in retreat." Before now I have lost everything, yes, Sir, everything—but my honour!

Was I at Goodwood? Why, Sir, you might as well ask me if I had ever captured a battery of the enemy single-handed! Of course I was at Goodwood! And a very pleasant party we were, Sir. The usual four—my Right Hon. Friend (who had actually put off a Cabinet Council), the Archbishop, the Millionaire, and myself. My ecclesiastical colleague (if I may be permitted the expression) was in his very best form. His story about the SULTAN, the Margate Bathing-Machine Horse, and Her Majesty's Consul at — (you know where), was absolutely *screaming*! The practical joke, they tell me, was contrived by BISMARCK—the dog! Ha! ha! I will repeat it. Well, you must know that when Lord SALISBURY was—but of course you have heard it before, Sir! If you haven't, Sir, more shame to you, Sir, for neglecting the duties of your position! My Right Hon. Friend was depressed, and was scarcely equal to discussing finance (his strong point, you know, Sir), with the Millionaire. My *protégé*, the Millionaire! How much does he not owe to me! And, if it comes to that, how much do I not owe to him! But, with the delicacy of true friendship, Sir, an account has been kept by neither of us. At least I can answer for myself, Sir.

And now to the racing. Right shoulders forward—quick march! Well, there was nothing in it! Hollow as a drum, Sir. The Goodwood Cup was a match, Sir! Think of that, Sir—a match, Sir! Will you believe it, Sir—a field of two! Scarcely enough to afford a cry of "A thousand to one—bar one," Sir! The prize, according to the *Times*, was a "Roman Orator," Sir! Although I am an Englishman in the very best sense of the word, I still have a few

drops of Irish blood in me, and I was disgusted to find "the orator" so insulted, Sir! It was an outrage, Sir—an agrarian outrage, Sir! But to continue. The favourite was nowhere, and (as the Archbishop observed) *Dresden China* was not broken. Good, eh? A quaint conceit, Sir! None of your nonsense, Sir! I am a simple, guileless old soldier, Sir, and I tell you it amused *me*! Law! how heartily I laughed as the old ecclesiastic paid me over my little earnings! To humour him, I had taken him several times over, Sir, about *Chippendale* at 10,000 to 30! I made the odds for him myself!

But I was so thoroughly disgusted, Sir, with the whole affair that I gave up Goodwood on Friday in favour of the City. It always does my heart good, Sir, to see our grand old Metropolis in all the glory of its Business Pride! The Home of Enterprise, Sir, the very Centre of Commerce! Ah, Sir, a noble thought, a very noble thought indeed! And, truth to say, Sir, I had a small commission on hand, Sir. I am good-natured to a fault, Sir, and can say "No," Sir, to nobody. So you shall hear, Sir!

The aged widow of my deceased uncle had entrusted me with what she accurately termed her "little all" for investment. A few hundreds, don't you know, Sir, just enough to keep the wolf from the door down at Brixton. Of course, as an officer, a gentleman, and a relative, my services were given to her gratuitously. I insisted that she should have every penny—every penny, Sir—of the interest accruing from the Bonds. She was to lose nothing—absolutely nothing, Sir, unless the Stock (on realisation) happened to go down. I, on the other hand (as she had a poor head for business, and I didn't want to bother her with details), agreed only to take something when—mark the *when*, Sir—the Stocks went up! Then—but not until then—was I to take the difference. I selected a good substantial healthy-looking Stock of unquestionable respectability, and—well, as I write, the blessings of my venerable and venerated connection are ringing in my ears! Zounds, Sir, I am affected almost to tears! The rest is silence!

Yours to command,

THE COLONEL.

P.S.—By the way, should—I repeat *should*—you and your friends (I like to be genial, Sir, and I say the more the merrier, Sir—the more the merrier!) want something *really* safe, why follow me. I have invested the fortune of my aged Aunt (dear old lady!) in Turkish Fives!

ART POUR ART.

(From a Parisian point of view.)

THE Englishman's Art! Ah! *ma foi*, 'tis ridiculous, *Borné*, Boeotian, maudlin, meticulous. *Bon père de famille* and thrall to the dutiful. He's quite devoid of true sense of the Beautiful. Is he not steeped in "propriety"—soaked in it? *Pouf!* Gallic lungs cannot breathe, they are choked in it. Ne'er will he rise to the true Ideality. Whilst he is weighted with stupid Morality.

Painter, it hangs on his Philistine neck a log, Poet, he's dragged to the earth by the decalogue; While he is frightened of Nature and Nudity, Slave he must be to Convention and Crudity. Two things are worthy of high Art capacity—Painting bare limbs and describing salacity. Art that's not hinged on these points in banality; No inspiration is found in Morality!

BULL is so fond of his sweet domesticities, Calm honied courtships, and baby felicities, Treacle-pot passion, and coarse cockney drollery. Art? A mere compound of clap-trap and foolery! Art that gives not with minutest explicitness Details of passion in piquant illioitness, Virginal vice and mature sensuality, *Can't* be true Art, for it smacks of Morality.

Art must be *free*; that's the *sine quâ non*, you see (Some Britons own it,—they are getting on you see). Art owneth nought as a bond, chain, or band meant, Save this,—it *must* deal with the Seventh Commandment. Art without *that* theme to batten and tarry on, Pines, like a fly in the absence of carrion. Bondage to dirt? Not at all. Ideality Finds nothing *borné* about immorality!

THE OLD GOLDEN AGE.—Ladies are wearing "old Gold." When husbands grumble at these new cases of waist, their wives, being on, or rather in, their metal, reply that "it is good for home trade, the mode not being French, but thoroughly John-Bullianish." "Vantage *they* win," as we say at Lawn-Tennis.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT



*Monday, July 26 (Lords).—*Their Lordships had a chat over the Second Reading of the Wild Birds' Protection Law Amendment Bill, moved by Lord ABERDARE.

The Duke of ARGYLL, commending the body of the Bill, criticised the schedule, which, said His Grace, had been drawn up by somebody who knew nothing about the birds it referred to. Nearly half of their names were synonyms; for example, "lapwing," also entered "pewit." Besides, he found in it one or two birds of a very destructive character.

The sparrow-hawk, let us hope, if there is one left; the kite also, and the buzzard, once common, now rare. Yes, and all the rest of the *Falconidae*, and the owls. Never fear, your Grace. Time enough,

if these fine old English birds multiply, to take means for keeping them under.

Lord WALSHINGHAM judiciously pointed out that it was desirable that a bird should be known in every place by its local name.

As for example "chaffinch," *alias* "chink," *alias* "spink," in different counties. The compiler of the Schedule did, perhaps, know what he was about, a little, *pace* the MACCALLUM MORE.

The LORD CHANCELLOR noticed the omission of the kingfisher and the woodpecker, and suggested that they should be put in. As wild birds, and wards in Chancery now, of course they will. Why left out?

The Bill, as amended by their Lordships, was read a Second Time;

thank them. Then Lord SPENCER moved the Second Reading of the Relief of Distress (Ireland Act Amendment) Bill, and explained its provisions. It also passed its Second Reading, and Noble Lords, before adjourning, forwarded other Bills, not a few.

(Commons).—Lord HARTINGTON gave a not unsatisfactory account of the state of affairs in Afghanistan, from which it appeared that the Indian Government, mainly following out the policy of their predecessors, had squared it with ABDUR RAHMAN, proclaimed Ameer of Cabul with their consent and that of the Sirdars. Our troops would, as soon as possible, retire to a position where they could keep a look-out; and it was hoped that in the Autumn they would retire through the passes to India. No formal engagements had been made with the new Ameer; he had simply been recognised and offered temporary assistance to establish his authority. He had been let know that he must have no relations with any Foreign Power but ourselves, but, if he took our advice, the British Government would back him against any unprovoked aggression. A Mahomedan Envoy would be sent to Cabul, but the Ameer would not be required to receive a British Resident.

This is meant for an improvement on the policy of the late Government. Such may it prove. At least, a Mahomedan Envoy is perhaps less likely than a British Resident to be assassinated.

In answer to a question, the noble Marquis said the assistance given to ABDUR RAHMAN would be principally pecuniary.

So everybody no doubt foreboded.

In answer to Lord E. CECIL, Mr. GLADSTONE confessed that it was quite true that the increased Income-tax, although not sanctioned by law, had been stopped from salaries paid to civil servants, and from coupons on foreign stocks. But, pleaded Our WILLIAM, the practice had the merit of convenience to sanction it.

So have all the iniquities of the Income-tax. But still they are at least legal; which makes some difference, doesn't it, WILLIAM?

Mr. FORSTER at last moved the Third Reading of his long-debated little Irish Bill, whereon, said he, "Sir, we have now had twelve sittings." A little Bill truly much sat upon. But finally carried by 303 to 237; a *diminuendo* majority greeted with Opposition cheers. Big Ben struck two, and the House adjourned.

Tuesday.—First appearance of Little Irish Bill in the Lords, and of two giants, the Chinese CHANG and the Norwegian, with the Dwarf, in the Commons. It was a tall night, but the Giants found it short commons as an intellectual feast, and left early. Our Artist took them. (*Vide Illustration.*)

Lord NORTON moved and carried the Second Reading of the Industrial Schools Acts Amendment Bill, chiefly designed for the particular protection of girls under fourteen; and Lord SUDELEY obtained the same success for the Merchant Seamen's (Payment of Wages, &c.) Bill—essentially an anti-crimp Bill, framed to protect poor JACK from land-sharks of the crimp kind. Lords ABERDEEN and NORTON very much applauded Lord SUDELEY's measure, calculated, no doubt, also to please Mr. PLIMSOLL.

(Commons, Morning).—Mr. GLADSTONE attempted to explain, in answer to Lord R. CHURCHILL and Sir H. WOOLFF, why it had been arranged that Mr. DONSON should accept the Chiltern Hundreds when he had been unseated for Chester; but the case nevertheless seemed to remain very much an affair of "Donson and Fog."

Dr. CAMERON got upon Postal Telegraphs, and in the Evening, suggested that the public are anxious for "increased telegraphic facilities and diminished charges." Having got his answer from Mr. FAWCETT, he withdrew his Motion.

Colonel BARNE complained of the amount and incidence of the Education-Rate, from which he complained that the farmers derived no benefit. He moved that a larger share of the cost of education be defrayed out of the Imperial Exchequer. Motion seconded by Mr. BIDDLE, and opposed by Mr. MUNDELLA, who protested against the disparagement of education and the eulogy of ignorance in Colonel BARNE's speech. The Resolution in the farmers' or barn-men's interest was negatived by 114 to 36.

Mr. BIGGAR caused a discussion respecting the alleged conduct of the Lord Lieutenant of Louth while acting as



HEARD IN MID-CHANNEL.

Robinson. "YOU'VE SEEN MORE OF THE WORLD THAN MOST PEOPLE, MRS. SMART. NOW, WHERE HAVE YOU MET THE HANDSOMEST, PLEASANTEST, AND BEST-BRED PEOPLE?"

Fair American. "WELL—AMONG YOUR BRITISH ARISTOCRACY."

Robinson. "INDEED! THAT IS MOST GRATIFYING TO MY PRIDE AS AN ENGLISHMAN! AND WHERE HAVE YOU ENCOUNTERED—A—THE UGLIEST, VULGAREST, AND MOST OFFENSIVE SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY?"

Fair American. "WELL—AMONG YOUR BRITISH ARISTOCRACY!"

Colonel of the Antrim Militia; misconduct of which, it seems, he was not culpable. Further legislation was then deferred.

Wednesday (Commons).—The Marquis of HARTINGTON having received a telegram reporting a terrible disaster to have occurred to the force under General BURROWS near Candahar, read it to a thin House in dead silence.

The Budget was proceeded with nevertheless. Lord G. HAMILTON moved to omit the clause increasing the Income-tax by a penny in the pound; but Lord R. CHURCHILL, as the farmers' friend, declined to vote against the means for the repeal of the Malt-tax, and Mr. GLADSTONE said the success of the Amendment would render that relief impossible, let alone the relief of Indian difficulties requiring Imperial assistance. Sir S. NORTHCOOTE supported Lord G. HAMILTON, whose Amendment, however, was rejected by 230 to 94.

As children must be paid for, so must remissions of duties—of course out of the pockets of the Income-tax payers; for there is now no more taxing the People. No wonder, then, that they do not object to the Income-tax. A tax which the People have not to pay is necessarily popular.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON read two further telegrams encouraging the hope that "annihilation" was too strong a word to describe the calamity which had befallen General BURROWS's brigade. The House, with some slight sense of relief, adjourned.

Thursday (Lords).—Authorised by the QUEEN, Lord GRANVILLE, in reply to Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, stated that his Royal Mistress had sent the SULTAN a message "in which she expressed a firm hope that, even at a sacrifice, he would accede to the unanimous wishes of Europe." "Don't you wish you may get it, Ma'am?" is the answer which, in an Oriental form, the Padishah will perhaps not dare to return to Her Majesty's letter, only because he may possibly apprehend that there is something to be read between the lines.

Answering the Duke of SOMERSET, Lord GRANVILLE announced that grave as was the affair at Candahar, it had been exaggerated in the first accounts. The last account from Afghanistan will be heavy for JOHN'S pocket.

A sad reverse, whatever the details may be, but, apparently, not quite amounting to an Afghan Isandlana.



CONCLUSIVE!

Unseated M. P. (indignantly). "ACTUALLY CHARGED ME WITH BRIBERY!"

Friends. "BUT DIDN'T YOU DENY IT?"

The Unseated. "CERTAINLY—MOST EMPHATICALLY—BUT—THEY ARE—PROVED IT!!"

On Motion for going into Committee on the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill, Lord EMLY, supported by Lords DUNRAVEN and POWERSCOURT, besought the Government to devise a scheme of State emigration.

Lord SPENCER said that the feelings of the Irish people were opposed to compulsory emigration, and that the Irish Boards of Guardians possessed large powers of encouraging PAT to emigrate.

If poor PADDY could consult his own inclinations, an "Irish Exodus" would mean staying at home.

Their Lordships then put the Bill into Committee and passed it through, pushed some other Bills on a peg, and adjourned.

(Commons.)—The Marquis of HARTINGTON, touching the Candahar disaster, repeated the statement made by Lord GRANVILLE to the Peers; and recited telegrams in detail.

Sir C. DILKE, in reply to Mr. MONK, said the Porte had answered the Collective Note by declining to cede Larissa, Janina, and Metzovo; but proposed new negotiations for settlement of the frontier, and general details.

The Porte seems not to perceive that a European Round Robin means that its signatories have had enough of negotiations, and don't intend to stand any more delay, during which the frontier will remain as utterly unsettled as the state of the Turkish dominions altogether.

On the Order of the Day for the Second Reading of the Hares and Rabbits Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord ELCHO, between them, created a laugh. The former presented a petition from 127 Haddingtonshire farmers for the Bill, and the latter a petition against it from Sir T. GLADSTONE. "A little more than kin, and less than kind," apparently.

Why is the question concerning "ground game," which exercised the Collective Wisdom for so many hours, like a kernel? Because it lies in a nut-shell. Is it, or is it not, necessary to debar a bad landlord from driving a hard bargain which will force his tenant to keep the hares and rabbits on the estate he farms sufficiently under to prevent them from ravaging his crops in a ruinous measure, and thus constituting themselves a plague of noxious vermin worse than

WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE.

SIR,—I am sorry to say I am old enough to remember a time considerably previous to the birth of most of my acquaintance. I recollect in particular the day in which many people's minds became possessed with an idea that we had entered on an era of peace and progress, and philanthropists fondly prophesied the approaching cessation of war, and the abolition of capital punishment. As to war, their amiable predictions, which I always derided, were very soon falsified by a succession of tremendous conflicts, and now, instead of turning swords into plough-shares, nation is striving against nation to construct monster cannon, ironclads, and torpedoes. So much for war, and, as regards the other necessary usage whose abandonment was foretold by many mawkish sentimentalists, any of those simpletons still surviving may learn late wisdom from this recent item of foreign intelligence:—

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN SWITZERLAND.—The Great Council of the canton of Schwytz, in voting the restoration of capital punishment, has decided that executions shall be public. Capital punishment has now been restored in four cantons—Unterwalden, Appenzell, Uri, and Schwytz."

I always contended that Society could not get on without the gallows. When I say the gallows, I mean the guillotine also, and its other equivalents. Now they have tried the experiment of disusing it in Switzerland, and you see with what success. When milkshops used to talk to me about what they called the hopes of humanity, I always told them that there was no hope for humanity whatever; for human nature was human nature, and plague, pestilence, and fire, battle, murder, and sudden death—the latter occasionally inflicted by the executioner—would continue till the end of time. I doubt not you will sympathise with the extreme satisfaction which the foregoing confirmation of foresight and of the feeling that is father to provision, affords an aged philosopher who always was, and is, and ever will be, an out-and-out and thorough-going

Pessimist.

P.S.—I am glad we in this country were not such fools as to try the experiment of suspending "sus. per coll."

DEAN STREET, SOHO AND SOHOT.—They use a "pun-kah" at the Royalty Theatre. Is it considered to be a satisfactory way of raising the wind?

any rats and mice, and as bad, almost, if not quite, as locusts and Colorado beetles and the *Phylloxera*?

Friday (Lords).—On the Motion for the Third Reading of the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill, a dialogue between Lords POWERSCOURT and KIMBERLEY on the subject of Emigration reverted to by the former Peer, and pooh-poohed by the latter. After that the Bill was read a Third Time and passed.

The Second Reading of the Limitation of Costs (Ireland) Bill was moved by Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, and, on the Motion of Lord ANNESLEY, rejected.

Is it not much to be wished that some measure could be framed for the effectual Limitation of Costs (Ireland)?

(Commons, Morning).—Hares and Rabbits Bill on for Second Reading. Abused by Lord ELCHO in good set terms as a "monstrous abortion," which would demoralise everybody concerned, encourage fraud, and make the relations of landlord and tenant intolerable. Defended by Sir W. HARCOURT, who gave Lord ELCHO as good as he brought, and, *obiter*, chaffed BRAND. The match between these two opposite champions over, on the recommendation of Sir S. NORTHCOKE, the Bill was read a Second Time. Pitched battle and row to come on the Third Reading.

(Evening).—An attempt at a sitting, but, before any business could be done, the House counted and the *séance* snuffed out.

Very Necessary.

SIR,

AN examination for Steam-Launch Owners. Certificate of efficiency to be shown at every Lock. Charge of admission for any Launch to a Lock to be two sovereigns. This would bring the Launchers to their senses, and be a way of applying a lesson from *Locks on the Understanding*.

Yours truly,

HAPPY-go-LOCKY.

GUY'S IN DISGUISE!

As there seems to be some rumoured conflict of authority at a well-known London Hospital, *Mr. Punch* begs to publish a revised "List of Regulations."

THE MEDICAL STAFF.

There shall be four Physicians, who shall have unlimited power, exercisable (as a matter of form) at the discretion of the Taking-in Committee, the Treasurer, the Librarian, the Sisters and Nurses, the Chaplain, and the Matron.

These Physicians shall be required to visit the Patients at least two fixed days in every week, and shall appoint their own days, subject only to the courteous consent of the Clerk and Registrar, the Surveyor, the Porter, the Sub-Porter, the Night Watchman, the Messenger, and the Matron.

The Physicians shall each in rotation have charge of the Clinical Wards, and shall deliver a Clinical Lecture at least once a week. The subjects of these lectures shall be left to their own choice, after receiving the perfunctory sanction of the Chaplain, the Bathmen, the Janitor, the Engineer, the Engineer's Assistant, and the Matron.

The Assistant Physicians shall help the Physicians, and shall be completely under their control, subject only to the occasional interference of the Museum Keeper, the Museum Keeper's Assistant, the Sisters, the Nurses, the Baker, the Cook, and the Matron.

There shall be four Surgeons, who shall perform the necessary operations, under the nominal supervision of the Trustees, the Governors, the Chaplain, the Surveyor, and the Matron.

The Assistant Surgeons shall act under the orders of the Surgeons, of course subject to the purely friendly guidance of the Nurses (day and night), the Chaplain, the Engineer's Assistant, and the Matron.

The Dental Surgeon shall extract teeth and lecture on Dental Surgery at such times as may be *really* considered advisable by the Messenger, the Baker, the Back-Gate Porter, and the Matron.

The Aural Surgeon, the Pathologist, the Medical and Surgical Registrars, the Apothecary and Dispensers, and the Laboratory Man shall be perfectly independent of all control, provided only that they accept the periodical hints of the Janitor, the Librarian, the Museum Keeper, the Museum Keeper's Assistant, the Sisters, the Chaplain, the Clerk and Registrar, and the Matron.

The Medical Staff shall order what they please, in hope (if not in faith) of seeing those orders obeyed. In consideration of this perfect freedom of action, they will be held responsible by everybody for everything with the hearty and entire consent of the Governors, the Trustees, the Treasurer, the Taking-in Committee, the Sisters, the Nurses, and the Matron.

THE NURSING STAFF.

The Matron shall be subject in all things to the wishes of the Lady Superintendent. To prevent confusion, however, the Matron and the Lady Superintendent shall be exchangeable terms referring to the same official. This regulation shall be enforced with the utmost rigour at all times and on every occasion.

The Sisters shall pay the greatest possible deference to the utterances of the Medical Staff. They shall invariably allow those utterances to enter at one ear and to exit by the other. They shall consider themselves entirely at the disposal of the Medical Staff when they have obtained the consent of their immediate Superior.

The Nurses shall follow the lead of the Sisters, and shall submit themselves in all things to the orders of the Doctors, when those orders have originated with the Matron.

Thus the Medical Staff will learn to work harmoniously with the Nursing Staff, and a clashing of authority will obviously be a matter of almost insurmountable difficulty.

THE PATIENTS.

The Patients shall cheerfully accept the treatment ordered by the Physicians, misunderstood by the Nurses, referred to the Taking-in Committee, supported by the Surgeons, edited by the Governors, and generally revised by the Matron.

They shall willingly undergo any necessary inconvenience incidental to the situation. They shall be glad to have their beds made shortly after daybreak. They shall never object to the absence of their guardians at the hours set apart for meals and moral exercises. They shall train themselves to welcome new faces, and shall never fret for the companionship of nurses removed to other wards for the sake of variety. They must remember that such little troubles must be goodnaturally accepted, to enable the Sisters and their subordinates to perform the duties assigned to them to the entire satisfaction of the Framer of the Rules, Regulations, and Observances.

In conclusion, should any Patient show practically his or her disapproval of a system at first sight rather suggestive of a divided authority, of a kingdom within a kingdom, of a quarrel between Healers and Attendants, of a dispute between Doctors and Nurses, he or she shall be immediately dismissed from the Hospital with the tacit consent of the Governing Body and through the immediate agency of the Undertaker!

IRISH NOTIONS OF NOTES.



THE patriotic Mr. PETER SHERIDAN, "a Dublin merchant for forty-five years," arrived at six o'clock on Saturday evening, at the St. Pancras Station.

He tendered a £3-note of the Bank of Ireland in the restaurant, in payment of refreshments. This tender was refused by the young ladies behind the bar. They referred Mr. PETER SHERIDAN to the Station-Master.

The Station-Master told Mr. PETER SHERIDAN that he would not take Irish notes. Mr. PETER SHERIDAN told the Station-Master "the note was a Bank of Ireland"—note under stood.

The Station-Master replied that he did not care.

Having related the foregoing particulars in a letter to the *Times*, Mr. PETER SHERIDAN adds:—

"My answer was that it was a poor compliment to Ireland, and that I would henceforth refuse any payment tendered by Bank of England notes, and would recommend every man, woman, and child in Ireland, through the Press, to do likewise."

Is it not too probable that some, if not most, of Mr. PETER SHERIDAN's debtors, if they suppose him likely to be as good as his word, will, whenever they offer to discharge their obligations to him, in the amount of from £5 upwards, make a point of always tendering him Bank of England notes?

Mr. PETER SHERIDAN is perhaps descended from ancestors commemorated in the stock Irish anecdote, according to which, once upon a time, the inhabitants of a certain district in his native land, bearing a grudge against a local banker, and wishing to spite him, collected for that purpose as many of his notes as ever they could, and then burnt them.

HIGH AND MIGHTY.

Two Strangers paid a visit last week to the House of Commons.

They were, it is believed, the most exalted personages who have ever passed within the walls of the House.

They were of the highest standing in Society.

They had the loftiest demeanour.

They were far above all Party differences and divisions.

They could look down on the most conspicuous and eminent Members of the House.

The Standing Orders of the House greatly excited their curiosity.

They inquired with a personal interest about the Long Parliament.

The Tory benches wished they had such allies to stand up for the Constitution, against the revolutionary Hares and Rabbits Bill. (The only drawback that seemed to suggest itself was that they might get to high words.)

Everybody appears to have been polite and attentive to them, but even if they had suffered any slight or neglect, they could have overlooked it.

They looked over the House.

They went away highly pleased with their reception, did—

The Chinese Giant (8 ft. 6 in.) and the Norwegian Giant (8 ft. 4 in.), each of them fully entitled to bear before his name the letters H.R.H., i.e., His Real Highness.

ONE FOR TANNER.

"DR. TANNER, Sir," said a bluff Norfolk J.P. "If he were in this country, I'd commit him for getting his livelihood without ostensible means of subsistence."



SUDDEN RESULTS OF DUCAL CAPRICE.

Todeson (a staunch Conservative ever since he shook hands with Royalty, last week). "LOOK, AUNT, THERE'S CZESCHSKI, THE VIOLINIST, YOU KNOW! BY JOVE, IF HE ISN'T SITTING BETWEEN THE DUCHESS OF IPSWICH AND THE DUCHESS OF PUTNEY! SPLENDID FELLOW, CZESCHSKI! MOST CHARMING WOMEN, THEIR GRACES!—KNOW THEM BOTH WELL—MUST INTRODUCE YOU SOME DAY"—(bows elaborately—is completely ignored—continues his remarks to his Aunt)—"UGH! IF IT AIN'T SICKENING TO SEE THE WAY THAT FAWNING FIDDLEING OAD TOADIES THOSE TWO OLD FRUMPS, JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE DUCHESSES! WHY, THEY WOULDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO HIM IF HE WEREN'T A FOREIGNER; AND THEY'LL OUT HIM DEAD NEXT WEEK—THAT'S A COMFORT! UGH! WHAT A WORLD!"

[Becomes a Radical again on the spot.]

THE PIG AND THE PEER.

Peer (*sotto voce*). By Jove! here he is, then, the pestilent creature, He looks quite at home, too—ineffable cheek!

Pig (*aside*). Ooh, shure thin, my Lorrud, in figure and feature Ye're moighty imparious!

Peer (*to Pig*). What do you seek?

Pig (*to Peer*). Sake is it, yer honurr?—'Tis justice I'm sakin', And this is the roight sort o' shop for that same.

Peer (*aside*). Eugh! Justice would just salt you down into bacon, Base porcine pretender. (*Aloud*.) You bear a bad name.

Pig (*jauntily*). Bad 'oess to the blaygurds that gave it! But *that* thrick

Will not take you in.

Peer. Well—ahem!—I don't know.

Pig. Ooh, shure thin, I swear by the holy Saint Pathrick, I'm just the most *innocent* gintleman.

Peer (*drily*). Oh!

Pig. Faix, ask Mithurr GLADSTONE.

Peer (*holy*). I'll see him d—dashed first. Your sponsor is worse than—well, well, I'm a Peer. (*Sighs*.)

Pig (*aside*). Ah! *nobless oblige*. But the wrath that outflashed first Much marred the repose of the caste Vere de Vere.

(*Aloud*.) Don't ye *loike* Mithurr GLADSTONE?

Peer (*struggling with insurgent emotion*). I—like—him!!! (*Masters his feelings with difficulty*.) The question Is wholly irrelevant. Keep to the point.

Pig. Faix thin, will yer honurr forgive the suggestion? Ould Oireland is just the laste taste out o' joint, Thanks intoirly to rent-grabbers greedy and—

Peer (*irritably*). Pooh, Sir! More pigheaded—humph! that's a sort of—metonymy;

But, oh! I'd conjure you, whatever you do, Sir, Don't—do *not* fall foul of Political Economy!

My friend, there *are* chords! (*Sighs*.) Yes, the land and its holding

Are sacrosanct matters, too holy to touch.

Pig (*aside*). Holy, is it? Who cares for his praching and scolding? Shure, thin, on the land we must keep a toight clutch.

(*Aloud*.) Is it *me* ye'd be afther evicting, thin?

Peer (*tenderly*). Nay, never! If that's your sole fear, be content. You, friend?

Without your kind offices what would they do, friend?—The "Gentleman who"—as of old—"pays the rent!"

A Confession.

(*From Guy's*.)

THOUGH Charity trains us as Mother,
We rejoice—being averse to a blister—
That while every man is our brother,
Every woman—well, *isn't our Sister!*

LEFT OUT BY INADVERTENCE.

THERE is an omission in the list of the members of the City Livery Companies' Commission—The Lord Mayor's splendid footmen.

EXTENSION OF LICENCE.

SWELLS complain that there's nothing open after half-past midnight. Legislation wanted for London's *upper* classes.



THE PIG AND THE PEER.

PIG. "BEDAD, MELORD, AND IS IT MESELF THAT'S TO BE EVICTED?"

PEER (*tenderly*). "YOU EVICTED! NO, NO. WE'LL TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF THE 'GENTLEMAN WHO PAYS THE RENT.'"

THE RIFF-RAFF PIRATE!

(A Fragment of a River Romance.)



SIR ARRY gave another yet wilder and more convulsive lurch, and his wife, pale and trembling, held the light again

above his distorted features. The good old Vicar, kindly and silent, marked the changes of his guilty sleep with the attentive air of one who has seen much but has understood little. He drew a step nearer, and then gently asked, "And is this his usual habit of slumber?"

He would have been answered by an icy nod, had not the restless sufferer at that moment bounded up with another shriek.

The sleeper was sitting erect now, and was staring vacantly towards the foot of his couch into the space beyond. "I see another of 'em. Put on the steam! In to him!" he chuckled horribly to himself. "Now we shall do it! Forward we go! Ha! ha! Cut him down to the water's edge! Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Capital!" He sank back exhausted with merriment, but quickly rallied. In another instant he had seized a pillow, and was gazing savagely over the side of the bed. "Six of 'em floundering this time! That's a good 'un! But d'ye think I'm going to let the life-buoy go over the weir? Not if I know it!" He hid the pillow as he spoke, and turned to the other side as if in fierce altercation. "What's the matter with you, eh?" he asked, laughing, as if in enjoyment of some tragic joke. "Can't swim, can't yer? Yah! Then why don't you learn? Ha! ha! Steam away! For'ard there! There's another of 'em ahead! Now—in we go! Look 'em! That's another good 'un! Why, they're a-drownin' like tadpoles in a bilin' duck-pond! For'ard!"

The exhausted Baronet fell back. The paroxysm was over. All was hushed. His wearied wife approached the Vicar, and, with bated breath, told the dread secret of her suspicion. "It is some crime of his early years." She gasped, "He must once upon a time have been a diving garrotter!"

The kind old Vicar took her hand sadly. "It is worse, I fear, than that, my good soul!" he responded, with a gentle inflexion in his voice. "Your husband has had a fearful past."

She looked at him inquiringly. Then he told her the hard and cruel truth.

"In his youth," he said—"I know it now—he kept a steam-launch, and diverted himself under the protection of the Rules enjoined by the Thames Conservancy!"

A Professional Phrase.

In a leader on the Burials Bill, the *Morning Post* lately observed—

"Everyone who has looked into the subject knows perfectly well that the Dissenters' grievance is a thing *pro re natâ*."

Rather, one would say, *pro re denatâ*, so to speak of the subject of the Bill. The medical student in the old story translated *pro re natâ*, in a prescription, "for the little thing born," but the foregoing quotation, apparently, relates to a thing, which, instead of having just been born, is about to be buried.

Now, STROOPID!—A tall Lady in a tight dress quite realises the "Bendor difficulty."

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsetshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray," "The Jellies of Jolly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry Otspur," "Mary Gressily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?

MR. MATTIX remained at Small-Beerjester to do all the work for the forthcoming party, while the Bishop and Mrs. DOWDIE went up to London to make various necessary purchases at the Stores.

The structure of the Palace and the plan of the grounds were admirably adapted for Mrs. DOWDIE's purpose. Of course Lawn-Tennis would be played on the Episcopal Lawn; and as religious observances were not on any account to be kept out of sight, there would be a series of short services during the game in the different courts. In another corner of the garden, bowls of Bishop would be provided for the stalwart elderly Gentlemen who might have an ecclesiastical bias; there would be a circus with some hobby-horses in the paddock for those who were never happy unless mounted on their own particular hobby, which each person could bring with him were he so minded.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new glass houses would be watched with delight by most of the Ladies, who, interested in the poultry-yard, were every one of them hen-wives, and would produce their own prize layers. Should it come on to rain, a portion of the company could be invited into the billiard-room, when taking the cue from his wife, the Bishop would exhibit his skill in making minor canons. There would also be a ploughing match between the Rural Deans, and if two Ody-Colonial Bishops could be sent in time, they, with his Lordship of Small-Beerjester, would appear in a *tableau* representing the Three Graces.

The Chaplain himself would wait at table, see the dishes carefully carried in, and all the arrangements carefully carried out. On this occasion Mrs. DOWDIE insisted on his wearing his full clerical official court suit as Domestic Chaplain and Canon, which consisted of a sombre livery with knee breeches, and artilleryman's boots as a Canon; high waistcoat, footman's coat, splendidly braided, which he could not neglect without being splendidly up-braided by Mrs. DOWDIE,—white tie, a pair of academical brass bands round his throat, a Master of Arts gown, and a low-crowned hat very much turned up at the sides with strings and coloured cockade, to revolve with the wind like a ventilator. It was part of his duty to show the Ladies into the Bishop's private chapel, which, on account of its being furnished with luxurious sofas and arm-chairs, was called the Chapel of Ease, where the Private Chaplain had always to be in readiness at any hour to preach privately to the Bishop, and never to stop until the Bishop woke and walked out. Woe be to the Chaplain who, presuming on the Bishop's somnolence, should suddenly drop his discourse. It was the only thing that roused the excellent Dr. DOWDIE into instant action, and a formidable hassock was soon sent flying with unerring aim at the neglectful chaplain's head.

While on the subject of Mr. MATTIX's duties, it will not be out of place to add that he had to brush his Lordship's hat every morning, water the rosette in front, iron the brim, see that all the buttons were on the episcopal gaiters, and that the apron-strings were strongly stitched. When Dr. DOWDIE went on a visitation, which the devout inferior clergy regarded as a visitation of Providence,—he was accompanied by his wife on the guitar, and his Chaplain, who acted as courier, taking the tickets, looking after the luggage, and ordering stalls in the Cathedral three weeks in advance.

Mrs. DOWDIE therefore requested Canon MATTIX to be good enough to bestir himself and procure a tent, or as she described it, a *marquee*, in which some of her visitors could sit during the afternoon party at the Episcopal Palace; and if he could devise any entertainments to amuse and astonish her guests in a harmless and inexpensive way he was at liberty to do so; nay, he was earnestly requested to make a point of doing so. Mrs. DOWDIE's request was, of course, a command; and as it was nothing new for his Lordship's Clergymen to take their orders from the Bishop's wife, so Mr. MATTIX, bestriding



“HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL—”

Irish Landlord (in distressed district, who had paid Compensation for not receiving his Rents, and was sinking his Capital in Draining-Works, and otherwise “disturbing” his Tenants). “WELL, PAT, I HOPE, WITH A GOOD HARVEST, WE SHALL GET ON WITHOUT ALL THIS ‘RELIEF’ NEXT SEASON—”

Pat (an Optimist). “OCH, FLAZE HEAVEN, YER HONOUR, WE’LL HAVE ANOTHER BAD YEAR YET!!”

a sleek cob, for he had not as yet ventured upon the high horse, rode forth intent on the marquee, which was to be such a feature in the day’s proceedings.

My readers may guess that I myself have no strong partiality for Mr. MATTIX, yet I must admit that he is a man of parts which might ordinarily have accounted for his pulling up in front of a booth at a fair, where a theatrical exhibition was being given within five miles of Small-Beerjester. Indeed, Mr. MATTIX was meditating many things in his mind about a Fair, but the Fair that engaged the Reverend Gentleman’s thoughts at this particular moment was the second daughter of the Beadle of Small-Beerjester, the Percentor, whom he had been brought there by Mrs. DOWDIE to supplant in his mastership of Deedler’s Trust.

Mr. MATTIX had already placed himself on a friendly footing with MORLEENA, having pressed her toe twice under the table at the Bishop’s luncheon, and then thrown all the clerical fervour at his command into his eyes as he offered her the preserved ginger. He had called one morning at her father’s house, and, having watched his opportunity, had drawn near her, and sat close to her in the drawing-room. He had entered unexpectedly and had found her in deshabille, playing an air by BACH on the piano with her back hair down. He had asked her politely, “What air that was?” alluding to the one she was performing, and she had replied, “My own, of course! Like your impudence!” when he at once explained that he did not allude to the hair of her locks, but to the air on the keys; on which MORLEENA had blushed deeply, and had shaken out her tresses; then she had called him “a great big naughty parson,” and had gone straight to the sofa, where she sat down, pouting and sulky, till Mr. MATTIX, who could adapt the craft of the serpent to the convenience of the dove, came and sat down beside her, repeating playfully the nursery rhyme about Little Miss Muffet, and hoping that he, at all events, would not be the spider to “frighten Miss Muffet away.”

MORLEENA had taken up the rhyme and observed that “buffet” rhymed to Muffet, and then Mr. MATTIX had retorted that buffet in French meant a refreshment place, and asked permission to offer her, in her own house, a glass of sherry, which MORLEENA declined with

thanks, but played at tip-biscuit with him, when Mr. MATTIX in his eagerness to catch a piece she was about to throw to him, edged nearer and nearer MORLEENA’s seat. And then he had asked her whether she had heard his latest sermon in Beerjester Cathedral on “waist not, want not,” wherein he had informed his hearers that he considered a little waist a very dangerous thing, but had shown how even a considerable amount of waist might be pressed into the service of the Church, and how necessary it was to suit the action to the word and the word to the action; to all of which Miss MORLEENA had given her unhesitating assent, being perfectly sure that anything like dissent on such an occasion would be quite out of place. And when he left he had given her his best blessing, and had asked her to get the idea of his being her shepherd thoroughly through her wool, “and one day,” he murmured, “the shepherd may hope for a shepherdess.”

“And will he marry one of his own lambs?” MORLEENA had inquired archly.

To which Mr. MATTIX, becoming quite impassioned, had pressed her hand, as he replied, “Not a lamb;—*Ewe*.”

To which MORLEENA had made no answer, and Mr. MATTIX was now thinking over this interview, and was weighing his chances and calculating his plans as he sat motionless on his cob in front of the booth of the Fair which was being held on Gealing Green.

As I have already more than hinted, to say that he was attracted by a Fair in any shape was nothing new; but on this occasion his attention was arrested, and not unwarrantably, by the appearance of an elegant female figure dancing on a platform, in front of a gigantic picture, while two persons in fantastic costumes played a drum and cymbals, and a third shouted to the crowd a reiterated invitation to “Walk up!” as they were “just a-going to begin.”

Mr. MATTIX was not sufficiently lost in love to be unable to appreciate the exquisite type of Italian beauty which now appeared before his eyes. Who could she be? this vision of unsurpassed loveliness?—for as he sat and gazed he was dazzled by a sort of beauty the like of which he had never before seen, and he was caught by her easy, free, voluptuous manner, which was perfectly new to him. He had never been so tempted before: the temptation was irre-

assistible; it carried him away, right out of the saddle and on to the platform, where he found himself in company with an Arlecchino, a Pantaleone, the father of his resplendent charmer, her brother dressed as a Gainsborough Blue Boy, and a Merry Andrew, who was bowing to him and asking, "What he could go for to fetch for to carry for to bring," adding that if he had a ticket from the Church and Stage Guild he must pay extra.

The entire *troupe* was Italian, and, though perhaps not peculiar in their own country, would certainly create a sensation on the lawn of the Episcopal Palace of Small-Beerjester; for it had suddenly occurred to Mr. MATTIX, as an inspiration, that in order to account for his presence on their platform—so different from his own platform at Exeter Hall—he would explain that he had come to engage them for a private afternoon performance at Mrs. DOWDIE's garden-party, if their engagements would permit of the arrangement.

The Signora, who appeared to be the Manageress of the booth, received him in her dressing-room; and, after giving some orders in an undertone to the Blue Boy, turned to the enraptured Canon, and assuring him that his horse would be provided with a good stall in the first row, motioned him to a seat close by the couch on which she reclined, beautiful and motionless, in an attitude of the deepest and most earnest attention.

"Excuse my receiving you in this dress," she said, simply; "but business is business, and this is my costume."

And very becoming her costume was. It was white muslin, reaching quite to the knees, without any other garniture than rich yellow roses and pearls across her bosom, and the same round the scarcely perceptible armlet of her corsage. Across her brow she wore a tiara of precious stones that gave additional lustre to her eyes, which were brilliant as diamonds of the first water, sparkling with dazzling effect on each side of her exquisitely-chiselled nose, which in itself was a perfect mosaic. On her arms, which her position required her to expose, she wore several magnificent bracelets; while her perfectly-fitting fleshings, of the palest pink tint, exhibited to advantage the marvellous outline of her well-rounded limbs. Her small feet were encased in the tiniest white high-heeled satin shoes, set off with large delicately-coloured rosettes.

Dressed as she was, and looking as she did, so beautiful, so statuesque, with that lovely head, those large staring eyes which took everybody in at a glance, it was impossible that Mr. MATTIX, clergyman though he was, should not be also numbered among those who were taken in by those eyes and done for on the spot.

"I must introduce myself," she said, in excellent English, to which her foreign accent lent an irresistible charm. "You will see in the bill," and she handed him a programme, which he received as though he were in some delicious overpowering dream, "that I am announced as COLUMBINA CRINOLINA. That is not my real name. I am the Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA. The Boy in Blue is my half brother; the others are my servants; though Signor PANTALEONE acts the part of my guardian *pour me donner contenance*."

"You are a Marchesa then?" said Mr. MATTIX, softly, and then mindful of Mrs. DOWDIE's commission, he explained that he was in search of a marquise, and esteemed himself so happy to have found a *Marquise*.

She inclined her head towards him pensively, and eyed him like a she-devil.

The Canon who had never met a she-devil, however, thought that this was the sort of angel he liked, and drawing the chair nearer to the sofa, and within reach of the Signora's dazzling white arm, he assumed the deepest sympathy and prepared himself to console her, should she show any symptoms of being overcome by emotion.

"You do not know my sad story?" she inquired, laying her hand on his with a light touch that sent a tremor through his whole frame, and made his hair curl up crisply like the leaves of a sensitive plant.

No, he didn't know a word of it, he stammered, but he should be happy to hear it.

"I am a Roman by birth," said La Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA. "I have the blood of the PUMPKINS in my veins. That is how I first took to pumps and dancing," and she kicked one of her little shoes in the air, and then asked him to replace it on her foot.

The Canon was but a man. What could he do but place himself at her feet? After all, there was no harm in his holding the shoe if she were the only one to put her



"ALL THERE!"

Clerk (who has called to see the gas-meter). "IS YOURS A WET OR A DRY METER, MADAM?"

Young Wife (who does not like to show ignorance). "WELL, IT IS RATHER DAMP, I'M AFRAID!"

foot in it? As for his kneeling before her, had not his own shoemaker knelt before him to try on a new pair, and there was nothing wrong in the act?

"Knee plus ultra," said the Signora laughingly, as she jerked her foot into its place, and motioned him to his former seat by her cushion.

"I was engaged to be married to Il Duca di POLICHINELLO," she continued, earnestly, "a dissolute nobleman who had already killed his first wife, Donna JULIA, and was accused of such dreadful crimes that rather than be his wife I sacrificed my position in society, my fortune, everything, and escaped from Italy, accompanied by the few faithful attendants you have seen with me, and possessed only of these family jewels which you now see me wearing."

Mr. MATTIX would have examined them more closely, especially the diamond pendants in her ears, but at the sound of a small bell, the Signora rising suddenly from the sofa, observed in a low tremulous voice, that he must hear the remainder of her story another time; and having faithfully promised to bring the tent, the troupe, and the whole show to the Bishop's garden-party, she quitted the small apartment where their *tête-à-tête* had been held, leaving Mr. MATTIX quite bewildered and struggling into consciousness as though he were awaking from a deep sleep.

Past and Present.

Paterfamilias (to his son). Do you mean to say they don't punish you for being idle? Why, in my time at Harrow, a fellow who didn't know his lessons was flogged, as certain as—

Son (amused). Oh! no one learns their lessons now, except the regular mugs, and fellows grinding for an Exam.!

Paterfamilias. How the deuce then do you expect to get into the Army? The competitive examination is most severe.

Son (gaily). Oh, six months at a Crammer's will do that all right, never fear! No one ever passes direct from school, you know.

[Visions of £10 a week for a year, and failure at the end of that, float before *Paterfamilias*, who feels accordingly.]

THE SHORE.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Southey.)



Now do Cheap-Trippers
Come down to the shore?
From their sources they wend
In the squalid East-End;
From White-chapel
Surge and grapple
Its 'ARRIES and its 'CARRIES.
Through court and through lane
They run and they shout
For awhile, till they're out
By their own special train.

And thence, at departing,
All bawling at starting,
They drink and they feed;
And away they proceed
Through the dark tunnels,
'Mid smoke from the funnels,
Where they shriek in their flurry,
Helter-skelter, hurryscurry.
Now singing, now smoking,
Now practical joking,
Till, in this rapid ride
On which they are bent,
They reach the sea-side
And make their descent.

The excursion crowd strong
Then plunges along,
Running and leaping,
Over rocks creeping,
Kicking and flinging,
"Kiss-in-the-ring"-ing,
Pulls at the whiskey
Making them frisky,
Smiting and fightin'—
A thing they delight in—
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with
their sound.

Sea-weeding and feeding,
And mocking and shocking,
And kissing and missing,
And skipping and dipping,
And drinking and winking,
And wading and bathing,
Shell-picking, and sticking
In mud-holes and kicking,
And going a-rowing,
And fishing and wishing,
And roaming in gloaming,

Sight-seeing and teasing,
And larking and sparking,
Love-making, and taking
To beering and jeering,
Donkey-riding and hiding,
And squeaking and seeking.

And galloping and walloping,
And wandering and maundering,
Uncoating and boating and floating,
Upsetting and getting a wetting,
And crying and drying and spying,
Immersing, dispersing, and cursing,
And meeting and greeting and seating
and eating,
And fuddling and muddling and huddling
and puddling;
And so never ending, but always
descending,
The Cockneys for ever and ever are
wending,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty
uproar—
And this way Cheap-Trippers come
down to the shore!

THE NEW DRESSMAKER.

(What it must come to with the present taste for "real" trimmings.)

SCENE.—A Belgravian Boudoir. Lady ANNE discovered at her toilette table.
MR. WEEDS is ushered in by a Maid.

Lady Anne. I am not at all satisfied with the dress I wore last night. The palm-leaves were too heavy, and the camellias faded before the first dance. As for that lattice-work covered with jasmine you fixed up for me on my skirt—why, it was coming undone the whole evening.

Mr. WEEDS. Very sorry, my Lady, but you said you liked flowers better than fruit. It is the first complaint I have had, and I garden, as you know, some of the best blood in town. Your Ladyship will remember that I gave

you refusal of the dress worn by the Duchess. It made quite a sensation, and I admit that I felt nervous and fluttered when I ushered her Grace into the salon.

Lady Anne. The grape-drapery, with its vegetable marrows and parsnips was certainly pleasing. By the way, the sudden introduction of the artichokes in the tunic was ineffective.

Mr. WEEDS. Your Ladyship is right. I frankly admit that the cucumber required toning down. We ought to have scattered a pint of peas over the gauze, and emphasised the buckles with kidney potatoes. Your Ladyship is pleased with the dress your Ladyship is going to wear to-night? It cost me several hours of the most anxious thought. I believe, fondly believe, you will consider the patch of mushrooms worn on the left arm a masterpiece! As for the vegetables, my Lady, you may rely upon them. They came fresh this morning from Covent Garden.

Lady Anne. It might be worse. The bouquets of carrots and Brussels sprouts are certainly sweet. The head-dress—a cauliflower in a nest of beetroot—is very pretty. But are you sure that you can fix it in securely?

Mr. WEEDS. Certainly, my Lady. And now, my Lady, I am sure you will forgive me if combining, as I do, millinery and greengrocery with the art of waiting at evening parties, I humbly ask permission to withdraw?

[Exit MR. WEEDS, to assume his war-paint for the evening "genteel" conviviality. Scene closes as Lady ANNE tries on a dress looking like the evergreen-covered case used by Jack-in-the-Green on May-Day.]

SIGNS OF A REVIVAL.

(By a Pessimistic Reader of the Times.)

SCENE.—Interior of a Workman's room. The Workman's family discovered sadly taking their tea.

Wife. Father has not yet returned! But how could I expect it? Return to nothing cheerier than tea! That nation is, indeed, impoverished that cannot afford its working-man his pint of beer at regular family intervals!

Elders Son. Believe me, Mother, better times are at hand. Trade is, for the moment, under a cloud, but the sun of prosperity will soon shine out once more, and we shall be happy. So, cheer up, Mother dear—cheer up!

Elders Daughter (earnestly). Listen to EDWARD, dear Mother! We have still much to be thankful for.

Wife (angrily). Thankful for? You mock me!

Elders Son (soothingly). May I guess my sister's meaning? She would say that during these years of depression—when the good old English workman has been so often forced, for long periods together, to exchange the cheerful pewter for the nerve-shattering tea-pot—education has progressed by leaps and bounds. Look at ourselves! Time was when we were wont to speak a coarse, nay, an almost unintelligible jargon, interlarded with profanity; now our language—creaming, if I may use the image, with family affection, is sugared with politeness.

Elders Daughter. Is as polished and to the point as the reports in a daily newspaper! Ah! what do we not owe to the School Board!

Wife (bitterly). Not much! We are not allowed to get into arrears with their rates, and be hanged to 'em!

Elders Son (reproachfully). Nay, Mother, you are ungrateful! But, believe me, we have brighter days in store. Soon this long-continued depression will pass away, and then—(loud noise heard without)—Ha! what was that?

Wife. Hush! Your father!

Enter the Working-man. He repulses his Wife, who attempts to embrace him, aims a vague but savage blow at his Son, and tries to pull his Daughter's hair. Then he kicks over the tea-table with its equipage, and falls heavily on the floor.

Elders Son (joyfully). Mother! Mother! all our dark days are over! Trade is brisk once more!

Wife (eagerly). How do you know it!

Elders Son. By the surest sign. Father is as jolly and joyous as of old. (Pointing to Workman, who is now sleeping heavily.) Shiver the superfluous tea-pot! Our Father is once more mope and broom!

Digitized by [Tableau and Curtain.]



THE TANNER CASE.

Butcher (reading). "LIVIN' ON NOthin'—LET ALONE BUTCHER'S MEAT—FOR A MATTER OF A MONTH! WHY, I'D 'AVE HIM 'UNG, I WOULD! IF FOLKS TAKE TO THIS 'ERE SYSTEM, WHAT'S TO BECOME O' THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION!"

Chorus of Tradesmen (in assent). "AH! WHAT, INDEED!"

SPARKLERS.

(Being short dining-out Stories, carefully selected by our Own Out-and-Out Diner.)

N.B.—The object is to furnish, under the above heading, for the benefit of those who, when seated at a dinner-table, never can find anything to say for themselves, a little entertaining and thoroughly authentic gossip about somebody else. It is therefore sought, while avoiding any approach to personality, to provide perfect accuracy combined with an unmistakable cachet. With this in view, the task of selection has been confided to a person of title, who has at his command an abundant leisure backed by a comprehensive discrimination. But any suitable contributions from people who are still confined to town, will receive full consideration. The first instalment is subjoined:—

The interest taken by Mr. TOOLE in politics, and the habit he has of frequently slipping out from his own theatre between every Act, for the purpose of listening to a bit of some debate in the House of Lords, often leads him into amusing complications. Only the other night, hearing that the Chinese Giant had, by his mere height, given himself a capital advertisement in the Strangers' Gallery in the Commons, the clever comedian on pushing his way in and taking his accustomed place, instantly stood conspicuously on the seat. An Irish Member below the gangway calling the Speaker's attention to the fact, the latter, who never misses a legitimate opening for a joke, quietly left his chair, and addressing the culprit goodhumouredly, said, "Come, Mr. TOOLE, we can't have your *folly* here. How did you get into this House, Sir?" "I suppose, your Wuship, I came in with a *Standing Order*," was the pointed but pleasant reply. The SPEAKER went back to his chair in fits.

The economical stable arrangement of a certain well-known sporting Peer being discussed in connection with his rather serious illness the other evening in the tea-room, Lord ROWTON, whose official experience in dealing with the Cabmen's Reform Association has made him perhaps one of the best living judges in England of the peculiar points of a hack, was commenting, though in no unkindly spirit, on the stinginess of the nobleman in question. "My dear

MONTY," said Lord BEACONSFIELD, who came up at the moment, "don't imagine that death has any terrors for him. Why, you forget, his coffin will be full of screws!"

The inveterate habit of button-holing and then quoting a bit of the Latin Grammar to any leading actor he chances to come across, for which the Head Master of the Blue-coat School is chiefly distinguished among his intimate friends, led, the other morning, to a brilliant little passage of arms outside the establishment of a well-known West-End hairdresser. Happening to meet the accomplished lessee of the Lyceum on the door-step, and the situation naturally suggesting a reference to its advertised programme of the coming season, the great City scholar, slapping his acquaintance familiarly on the shoulder, said, in his usual dry manner, "*Corsicos odi puer apparatus!*" which means, my boy, you had better have stuck to the legitimate—*Terry!* Come, find something to cap that, if you can." "What do you say," replied the amiable tragedian, smiling pensively, "to my possibly having found, after all, a *rarer avis in Terris!*" On this being retailed, the same evening, to Lord BRABOURNE, he instantly said, "Well, if that isn't the best thing that has been heard outside the Athenæum this fifty years, I know nothing of JUVENAL!"

Lord KIMBERLEY's aptitude for communicating a despatch in the shape of an impromptu epigram, has got him, before now, into hot water with more than one Colonial Governor; and, on the Cabinet coming to its recent decision to recall Sir BARTLE FREERE, he determined to surpass himself. Taking up his pen, without a moment's hesitation he jotted down the following:—

"Though rated out there as a seer,—over here
We're rated because we won't doubt you;
So you'd better come home, for with us you're still *Frere*,
While we shall feel *free-er* without you!"

When this reached the Cape, by cable, Sir BARTLE was taking lunch with a distinguished German personage.

TWO MONDAYS.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to the "Extreme Sabbatarian Party.")

DARK MONDAY.

SCENE—A Counting House.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—An Employer of Labour, and his Manager.

Employer. Why are you so downcast? Anything wrong?

Manager. The usual story, Sir! Can't get the men to work. All muzzy and muddleheaded. Shan't be able to do anything with them until to-morrow!

Employer. Dear me, that's bad! But is there no brighter side to the picture?

Manager. Well, yes; the hands are not quite discontented.

Employer. Why?

Manager. Because owing to the compulsory closing of the Museums yesterday, they were able to spend the greater part of their Sunday in the public-houses.

BRIGHT MONDAY.

SCENE—The Same.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ as before.

Employer. Why are you so cheerful? Any good news?

Manager. Quite a new story, Sir! The men are really hard at work, and doing twice as much as usual. I only hope they will keep it up to-morrow!

Employer. That's good! But is there no darker side to the picture?

Manager. Well, yes; the hands are not quite contented.

Employer. Why?

Manager. Because owing to the voluntary closing of the public-houses yesterday, they had no resource but to spend the greater part of their Sunday in the Museums and Picture Galleries.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PLIMSOLL'S ADIEU !

"HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POL-ITICS."

(But it was only an overladen Phantom Ship, that couldn't take him on board.)

MONDAY, August 2 (Lords).—"Proputty, proputty, proputty!" Pitched battle among the Peers over the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill; prodigious press of Peeresses to witness the first round.

"In their gay fal-lal-eries,
They thronged the galleries,
And filled the passages, and choked the floor-ways;
Peers' wives and daughters,
Crushed in closest quarters,
And sat contented in the open doorways."

Fancy a Peeress sitting in a doorway—and probably a draught—to hear an Irish Bill discussed! Patience on a monument smiling at Grief, seems nowhere in comparison.

As a preliminary, Lord KIMBERLEY announced that the Government had decided to recall Sir BARTLE FREER, the Great First Fiddler's instrument not being entirely in tune with the Government orchestra.

Then Earl GRANVILLE suavely and suavely moved the Second Reading of the Bill, whose character he described as follows:—

"The Bill in effect provides that where the only reason why the tenant cannot pay his rent is the unusual failure of the harvests, when the tenant is willing to make reasonable terms with his landlord as to rent, arrears of rent, and otherwise, and when such terms have been refused by the landlord without any offer of a reasonable alternative, then the use of one of his remedies—a remedy to enforce the tenant's contract with himself, which is not possessed by English and Scotch landlords—will be suspended for a term not exceeding sixteen months, after which it can be resumed."

The Bill—like a Bobby's beat—was limited as to "area" and "time." Its principle was not "novel," though charged with being "sensational." He was sorry to hear that Lord GREY was about to resume his rôle of "Chucker-out" to the proposed measures of his own party; but as he had been at it for a quarter of a century, Liberal grief on that score was a mitigated woe.

Lord GREY proved his love of the Liberal party, as usual, by sharply chastening it. Turning his face to the Opposition Benches, he lashed out behind, like a less noble animal.

"Turn this way—they are converted," blandly suggested Lord GRANVILLE; whereupon Lord GREY faced round upon "his friends, the enemy." As a pendant to Lord GRANVILLE's *couleur-de-rose* sketch, he described the Bill as one for suspending the power of getting rents, and, in that character, opposed it.

Lord EMLY thought that—

"Apt exaggeration's artful aid
Had made the Peers of this poor Bill afraid."

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE credited the Government with Good Intentions, but must decline to tread with them the road of which these were proverbially the pavement. What was "a reasonable alternative" for the landlord? "Between the devil and the deep sea" was the nearest definition he could hit upon. If this Bill were passed, we should have no more fine weather in Ireland.

The EARL OF DERBY (*more suo*) was moderate and mediatorial. Rather than accept the Bill as it stood, indeed, he would help kick it out, but "on the whole" (the favourite formula of such minds as the Earl's) he was in favour of encouraging the poor thing, and amending it in Committee—that Parliamentary purgatory where peccant Bills are purged of clinging frailties, and prepared for the Elysium of the Statute Book.

The Marquis of SALISBURY thought the Bill a portentous combination of Sphinx, Proteus, and Chimera. Its genesis had been perplexing, and he hoped for its speedy exodus. "Be just to the Landlords, and fear not" (the Land League), should be the motto of the House of Lords.

(N.B.—This high-sounding motto, borrowed from Mr. GLADSTONE, does not, of course, apply to Foreign affairs, my Lord!)

After some defensive remarks from Earl KIMBERLEY, the House, on the Motion of Earl CAIRNS, adjourned at five minutes to twelve o'clock.

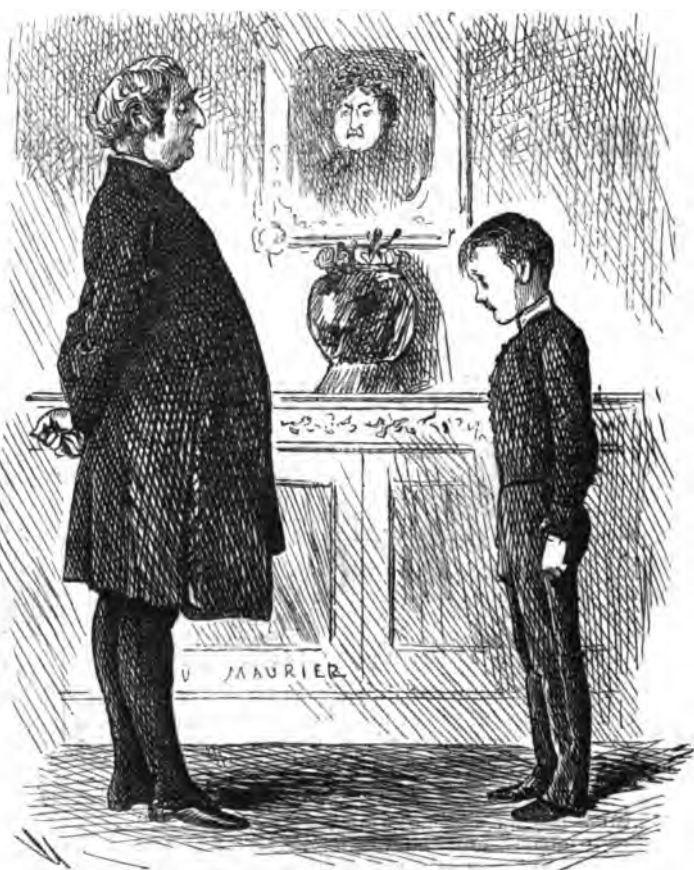
(Commons.)—The House was shocked by the announcement of the grave indisposition of Mr. GLADSTONE. (Upon his happy recovery therefrom, Mr. Punch, and a relieved country, cordially congratulate the Right Honourable Gentleman—and themselves.)

In Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates, Mr. MUNDELLA moved the vote of £1,468,077 to complete the sum necessary for Public Education for the financial year. Interesting review of the progress in education during the decade that has elapsed since the passing of the Education Act. General chorus of praise to the Vice-President of the Privy Council.

"For he's a jolly MUNDELLA,
And so say all of us!"

Vote agreed to. House adjourned at 2:25.

Tuesday (Lords).—Debate on the Big-Little Irish Bill resumed. For hard upon three hours did Chief Gunner CAIRNS fire forensic shot into it until the "riddle" (in



NATURAL RELIGION.

Bishop (reproving delinquent Page). "WRETCHED BOY! WHO IS IT THAT SEES AND HEARS ALL WE DO, AND BEFORE WHOM EVEN I AM BUT AS A CRUSHED WORM?"

Page. "THE MISSUS, MY LORD!"

Lord SALISBURY's sense) was riddled indeed (in an artilleryman's). He thought (to summarise seven columns in as many lines) it would impair the fixed principles of "property," in deference to an unproven emergency, unfairly tax the pockets of a small section of the public, raise the sordid passions of the peasantry, and drive away Capital from Ireland.

Lord SELBORNE characterised the Earl's seven columns as "observations."

"Let 'observations' with extensive view,
Survey the Bill, and say it will not do."

He, Lord SELBORNE, thought it would. He rather fancied Earl CAIRNS, like certain Wimbledon marksmen, had been scoring bulls'-eyes (which did not count) on the wrong target, peppering a phantom Bill of his own imagination quite different from the one actually before the House.

Lord CRANBROOK, with his accustomed heat, threw cold water on the Bill, the Duke of ARGYLE as warmly defended it.

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD was retrospective, preferring, apparently, the calm pleasures of Memory to the flattering tales of Hope, or the delusive delights of Imagination. He informed a listening Senate that it was "a busy age," and a "rapid," that we had got into a pernicious habit of forgetting world-shaking events,—which took place five years ago (the Devon Commission, for example),—that "new ideas" were not so omnipotent as some people imagined, and that the despotism of public opinion required tempering—by Disraelian epigram, of course. He, also incidentally, opposed the Bill.

After a brief reply from Lord GRANVILLE, the House divided. The Great Property Fight ended in a majority of 231 against the Bill (Contents 51, Non-Contents 282); and the Peers, having once more "saved their country," and "earned the gratitude of posterity," broke up at twenty-five minutes to two.

(Commons.)—Here, upon the Employers' Liability Bill was waged by lesser men a lesser war. Law, portly and saccharine, on one side of the table, fought Law, smart and subacid, on the other; irresponsible philanthropists gushed, and irresponsible Ishmaelites giped; and whilst Conservative free-lances showed themselves wonderfully liberal—of disinterested advice to the Government—Liberal Capitalists proved remarkably Conservative—of their own special interests. Highly interesting masquerade of political emotions.

Ishmael (Tory) stood in fixed "surprise."
 "Sorrow" brought tears to Abdiel's (Liberal) eyes;
 Official "Indignation" had to cope
 With Capital's "Despair," and Labour's angry "Hope."

Progress was reported, though little had been made, and the House adjourned at half-past one.

Wednesday (Commons).—The House assembled at twelve o'clock, went into Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill, and lengthy discussion of the doctrine of "Common Employment," which "doctrine" was canvassed with as much heat as though it had been a theological one, warring interests being to the full as cantankerous as contending creeds.

Oh! Capital's unselfish zeal for Labour lovingly forthshines, When "Mines" (for "Railways") lay down rules, or "Railways" fashion laws (for "Mines.")

Moral of the Sitting, which was suspended at six o'clock.

Thursday (Lords).—Half an hour's sitting; Epping Forest Bill, and Wild Birds Protection Law Amendment Bill, pushed fairly through. Little cry and a fair share of wool.

(Commons.)—Torture by question liberally (and Conservatively) applied to Government. In reply to an insidious inquiry from Mr. PARNELL, Mr. FORSTER intimated that, the loss of the Disturbance Bill notwithstanding, the Government must support the law in Ireland, but hoped the landlords would be moderate in their appeals to it.

Personal explanations between Mr. BOURKE and Sir CHARLES DILKE (on behalf of the Premier) concerning the alleged jealousy of the Powers, notably France, on the subject of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the improper suppression of evidence of that jealousy by the late Government. Like most personal explanations, it seemed to need—explaining.

Lord HARTINGTON detailed certain proposed arrangements for the conduct of the business of the House, against which everybody, of course, felt it his duty (and pleasure) incontinently to protest. Mr. FORSTER pathetically complained that the time of the House was being *wasted*!!! FORSTER, my lad, you lack humour! The motto of the Obstructives (Irish and Ishmaelish) is "Never allow to be postponed till to-morrow what you can wrangle over to-day."

Then more disinterested dialectics on the Employers' Liability Bill, cut short, to Lord R. CHURCHILL's great disgust, by what he called "a mere Irish row," the discussion, namely on Mr. MCCARTHY's Motion for the reconstruction—in the interest of the Irish Tenant-Farmers—of the Irish Land Commission, which Motion was lost, on division, by 74.

Friday (Lords).—The Peers talked for two hours, or so, about Acoustics and reporting. They objected to having a reporter wheeled about on the floor of their House to catch their Lordships' speeches. If no alteration is made, Reporters will be provided with ear-trumpets.

(Commons, Morning.)—Lord R. CHURCHILL interrogative (*c'est là son métier*) about his clients, the Turks, and Coerced Coercion. Sir C. DILKE thought it would be wrong—and rude—to consider prematurely the "improbable hypothesis" that the former would render the latter necessary. Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (another incarnate Note of Interrogation) raised the old Bogey of "Millions of Indian Mahomedans"!!! which Lord HARTINGTON, in the most cold-blooded manner, straightway floored.

(Evening.)—Mr. ARNOLD moved for relaxation of the restrictions on the Importation of Foreign Cattle. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT thought the Motion "wise." Mr. CHAPLIN swore it was "wanton." Mr. MUNDRELL, on behalf of the Government, said "*non possumus*," earning thereby Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's deep gratitude, and the Motion was negatived by 194 to 20.

Then the House (to avoid the supplementary purgatory of a Saturday Sitting on "contentious business") resumed discussion of the Employers' Liability Bill, and wound up its week's work at twenty-five minutes past three.

Ah me! if our Senators, ancient and young,
 Were less short of temper, and less long of tongue

Sang Mr. PUNCH, M.P. for England, as he strolled home in the cool of the morning.

HOPPY-GO-LUCKY.

CAPITAL tidings from the Kentish grounds!
 The hops are coming on "by leaps and bounds."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

A PARAGRAPH headed "Disappearance of the Skylark" is troubling ornithologists. This will be a dreary world with no Larks!

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



THIS is how I come for to be a Waiter.

My Father was a Green Grocer, and wen the Swells as we served with Vegetables for their Dinner tables giv a Party, Father went as a Waiter or a Butler, as the case might be. Wen I seed him drest in his lovely soot of Black, and his beautiful white Choker, looking for all the world like a Bishop without his apron, my hart was fird with Ambishun, and I said to myself, if it is so grand to be a meer Ammytoor Waiter, what must it be to be a reglar Perfeshunal! So a Waiter I become, always having before me the possibility of one day amering, like a crislime from a grubb or wisy wery, into a full blone Foot-

man to a Sheriff or even a Lord Mare! But this is a vishun not to be reelised!

The fust thing as struck me when I began my offshial dooties, was the wonderfool amount of confedens shown to us by everybuddy as we waited on. The most secret hax, the most dangerous sentiments, in the most outspokenest langwidge, was talked of freely before us, as if we was all Def! My friend Brown, who's a bit of a Sinnie, says it's all Contemp; I say it's all Confedense, and nothink therefore shall flow from my pen and ink, that the most fastigious Warden can objeok to. I'm a true Conservatif. I want no change, and never wants to give none.

How can I help being a Conservatif, wen every week I hears all the loyal Toasts given four or five times, with almost tears of effeshun and revrence? Then comes the Army and the Navy and the Wollunteers, and don't the Chairman, whoever he may be, pour out the melted butter pretty thick? Praps tho the man above all men as I continually hears spoken ighest of is, "my Right Honerrable friend the LORD MARE," as the Chairman all calls him. What wonderful chaps them Lord Mares all seems to be! Every one is allus better than the last one, so what they will sum day kum to, who can say?

Brown says, in his smearing way, "Wot a rum lot them must have bin as is past and gone!"

Wot a life of luxury and pride is a Lord Mare's! Fancy reel Turtel Soup five nights a week! The idear is too gorgeous to realise.

I loves my City Press, and why? Becos every Saturday it gives a bootiful account of all the grand City dinners, which takes up neerly half the paper, and direcly it cums, my eldest boy, who is gitting a cappital Eddicashun at somebody else's expence, expounds it all to me, and I am abel to say to almost all on 'em, "My children, I were there!"

It's always orful impressive to hear the profound silence while the Turtel is rapidly disappearing. Then the Aldermen arks one another, "How were the Turtel to-night?" "Not quite equal to last night's," or "Simply perfect," as the case may be. As far as Turtel goes, Aldermaniacks I call 'em.

I herd one wuthy Alderman say the other night at the Goldsmiths, "What a merciful dispensashun of Providens it is, that Turtel and Wenson should be as wholesome as they are scrumpahus!"

(Signed) ROBERT.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

ANY Measure for the Relief of Irish Distress must be unsatisfactory unless it contains sufficient provisions.

ANTIQUITY OF BICYCLING.

THE Members of the Bicycle Club always date their letters "B.C." This will astonish future Antiquarians.

A MECHANICAL ORGAN.—An Artificial Nose.

WHY EAT ANY MORE?



IF.—If Doctor TANNER succeeds in living on nothing, couldn't the Tanner system be applied to the Corporation of the City of London? Why, a revenue would be saved enough to pay off the National Debt! Yours hopefully, REAL TURTLE.

SIR,—Long life to Dr. TANNER is what me and my little lambkins all say. No more legs o' mutton! No more slaughter-houses! No more being driven about by that worrying sheep-dog. "Cur woolley woo?" I says to him, talking over Dr. TANNER; at which he only growled a growl. The young bullock who told me about it roared at the idea. I couldn't help taking up my sheep-pen to say a word to you on the subject. They won't kill us now, only shear us—merely cut and come again, to keep up the supply for the Lord Chancellor's Woolsack. Dr. TANNER will be the sheep's friend—our *Sheer Ally*. Bless him! I'd have a statue erected to him by all the estate animals, and placed—where?—in Sheepside.

Yours, not sheepishly,
A MEMBER OF THE BAA.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(The Colonel on Brighton Bubbles and Canterbury Cajoleries.)

HAVING promised to furnish you occasionally with hints upon Sporting, need I say I attended Brighton Races!

The journey down was not uneventful. The sole occupant of my compartment (beside of course myself) was a person of innocent appearance, who after discussing Hospital Sunday, the Benevolent Institutions of London, and other interesting topics of conversation, invited me, when we reached East Croydon, to play a little game of *écarté*. I agreed, when judge of my horror, after a couple of deals, I discovered that my apparently simple-minded fellow traveller was nothing less than a Card Sharper! I laid my plans accordingly. As a matter of common precaution, I invariably carry a few Kings concealed up the sleeves of my coat (if you knew the world as well I do, my dear young Friend, you would do the same), and with this advantage in my favour, I soon succeeded in foiling his iniquitous devices. Having lost some of his ill-gotten gains, the scoundrel wished to give up play, and to return to the discussion of Hospital Sunday, the Benevolent Institutions of London, and other interesting topics of conversation. It was then that I withered him with my scorn, and painted him in his true colours. I pointed out to him that travellers were cautioned by the officials of the Railway Company to beware of fellows of his stamp, and threatened to give him into custody at the next station. He was deeply moved, and promising immediate amendment, appealed to me for mercy. His tears convinced me of the sincerity of his repentance. Feeling, however, that I must not compound a felony, I as a Magistrate (I am on the Commission of the Peace for —, but this is a detail), imposed the fine, and smiled graciously, while I pocketed his money. Is it necessary to add, Sir, that the fine thus solemnly imposed, will

be expended to the uttermost farthing in true charity—which begins at home? No, Sir. I hope not!

Arrived at Brighton. Sir, in spite of the lassitude of the Police, the scepticism of the Municipal Authorities, the indifference of the Public Prosecutor, I insist that the notorious gambling-houses, the dens of dissipation and gambling are no myth, no horrible trick of a heated imagination! I myself am a living proof to the contrary. In the course of a couple of days (would you believe it, Sir?) *I was turned out of all of them!*

Utterly disgusted with Brighton town, on Thursday I left it to visit the Race Course. The company were neither numerous nor select. The boxes of the Grand Stand were occupied chiefly by baskets of flowers, and in the carriages *en face* was an assortment of paintings in rouge and *blanc de perle*, mounted apparently in frames of Worth. These paintings appeared to me, Sir, to be very indifferent "studies of flesh colour." The county notabilities were conspicuous by their absence. It was quite a relief to leave "the nobility and gentry of the district" to mix with "the common people." Here was a vendor of a mysterious compound called "Okey Pokey," and there a sharp American engaged in puzzling the county constabulary (who were crowding amicably around him) with a Yankee edition of "the three-card trick." I heard an aged Sergeant of Police observe, *à propos* of this last feat, that "he (the Sergeant) couldn't imagine how he (the American) could think of such clever things!" But the most interesting people on the course in my eyes were some half a dozen worthy fellows marking race-cards, and giving tips at sixpence the consultation! One of these "prophets" was a most finished orator. He gave his autobiography. He had been a surgeon, then a jockey, then a trainer, then a gentleman, then the proprietor of numerous "orses." He was now, apparently, a millionaire, and certainly the servant of the public. As the servant of the public he was ready to mark race-cards and give tips, naming the absolute winners for the races—all for the ridiculous sum of sixpence.

And now, my dear young friend, if you knew how impulsive I am you would not be surprised at what followed. I happened to be in a rollicking humour, and ready for any piece of wagery. I had preserved my *incognito*. There was not a soul on the course that knew me. So I thought I would play a little practical joke. Taking one of these prophets aside I arranged that he should mark the cards as I directed. Then came my part of the pleasantries. By the merest chance I happened to have brought on to the course with me a carpet bag containing a green hat with yellow stars at the front and back, a bright blue coat with large red buttons, a pair of—perhaps I had better say—a *dado* of pink and black stripes, a false nose, a large *porte-monnaie* labelled "Brown of London," and a board plastered over with the races arranged on a white card with a deep black margin. Hastily assuming this disguise I strongly resembled "commissioners" of a really respectable character. And now the joke commenced. My friend the prophet sent me plenty of customers. I assisted to put the public "on" the *King of Scotland* for the Cliftonville Plate, *Grace* for the Preston Handicap, *Chutney* for the Kemp Town Plate, and *Marc Antony* for the Welter Handicap. Those who were present know that none of these "noble quadruped 'orses" (as my prophet called them) "was able to win." The *King*, in spite of a good thumping from CANNON (rather suggestive of Blackheath riding on a Sunday) failed to get up to the Judge's Chair at the finish. *Grace's* colours (straw and sky-blue sleeves) were prettier than her performances. ROSSITER had it all his own way on *Ligurian*, and as for *Marc Antony*, he was as much out of the race as Cleopatra. But now I considered that the joke was growing a little stale—the more especially as I learned from my customers that the Prophet had given *Cannie Chiel* (the horse that subsequently came in first) as his selection for the Steward's Cup. I retired during the running of this race, hastily resumed my ordinary costume, and quietly and unostentatiously returned to Brighton. Not a soul saw me go! In conclusion, I may say that I spent the day, on the whole, in rational, innocent, and not altogether unprofitable amusement.

I will merely add, that the remainder of the "Sussex Fortnight" was passed at Lewes, and I am hard at work upon the entries for the Autumn Handicaps. The Old Stagers have had a good week of it at Canterbury, though they missed the Old Stagerest Stager of 'em all, myself—

THE COLONEL.

Musical Information.

DR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, it is said, had chosen *Jonathan* as the subject of his forthcoming Oratorio at Leeds; but he changed his mind probably after visiting America, on the ground that some of his friends out there might object to it as too personal.

CON. FOR BACKERS OF THE FAVOURITE.—How many "bad seconds" go to a *mauvais quart d'heure*?



THE LAST VALSE BUT FOUR—TIME 2.35 A.M.

Wife of his Bosom. "DON'T KEEP LOOKING AT YOUR WATCH, ALGY! ONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE IN CHURCH!"

PUNCH TO THE PREMIER.

"ALL's well," my WILLIAM, "that ends well," and hearty
Are *Mr. Punch's* prompt congratulations,
Echoed, without respect of creed or party,
By a whole gladdened Nation's.

Wheugh! but it shocked us, WILLIAM, that sharp news
That *you* were down—the stalwart, steadfast, stable!
No man of us arose without the "blues"
From Monday's breakfast-table.

The House looked chill, my WILLIAM, and its voices
Were hushed to hear what, heard, deepened the sadness;
Now, House, *Punch*, People—all the World rejoices
With an unfeigned gladness.

Hurrah! But WILLIAM mine, be wise, beware!
Give not e'en tempered steel too sore a trial.
The Nation urges you, "Take rest! take care!"
And will not brook denial.

The venial selfishness of love suggests
The warning, of solicitude sure token.
We know the blade won't rust—it seldom rests—
But we'd not see it broken.

You *must*—but *Punch* is far too glad to chide,
He turns him to his task again more gaily,
Since he can send you, WILL, with thankful pride,
Salvo! instead of *Vale!*

Entr'acte.

"*The Bridal Tour!*" indignantly exclaimed an old Haymarket
ex-Pitman. "Try to pass this off on us as a good play! It's like
his American assurance!"

"Ah," sighed the Manager, "I wish it were like his *London*
Assurance."

A SCARE IN THE CITY.

THE shell has burst over the City. The Commission of Inquiry into the Livery Companies is London-Gazetted; the styles and titles of the twelve Commissioners, one for each of the twelve great Companies, are duly set forth, the nature and scope of the investigation are precisely detailed; and the name of the Secretary is not suggestive of peaceful proceedings—it is WARR.

The Companies (eighty or so in number) will invite the Commission to dine with them in rotation. As a preliminary, the Members are all cramming themselves for examination.

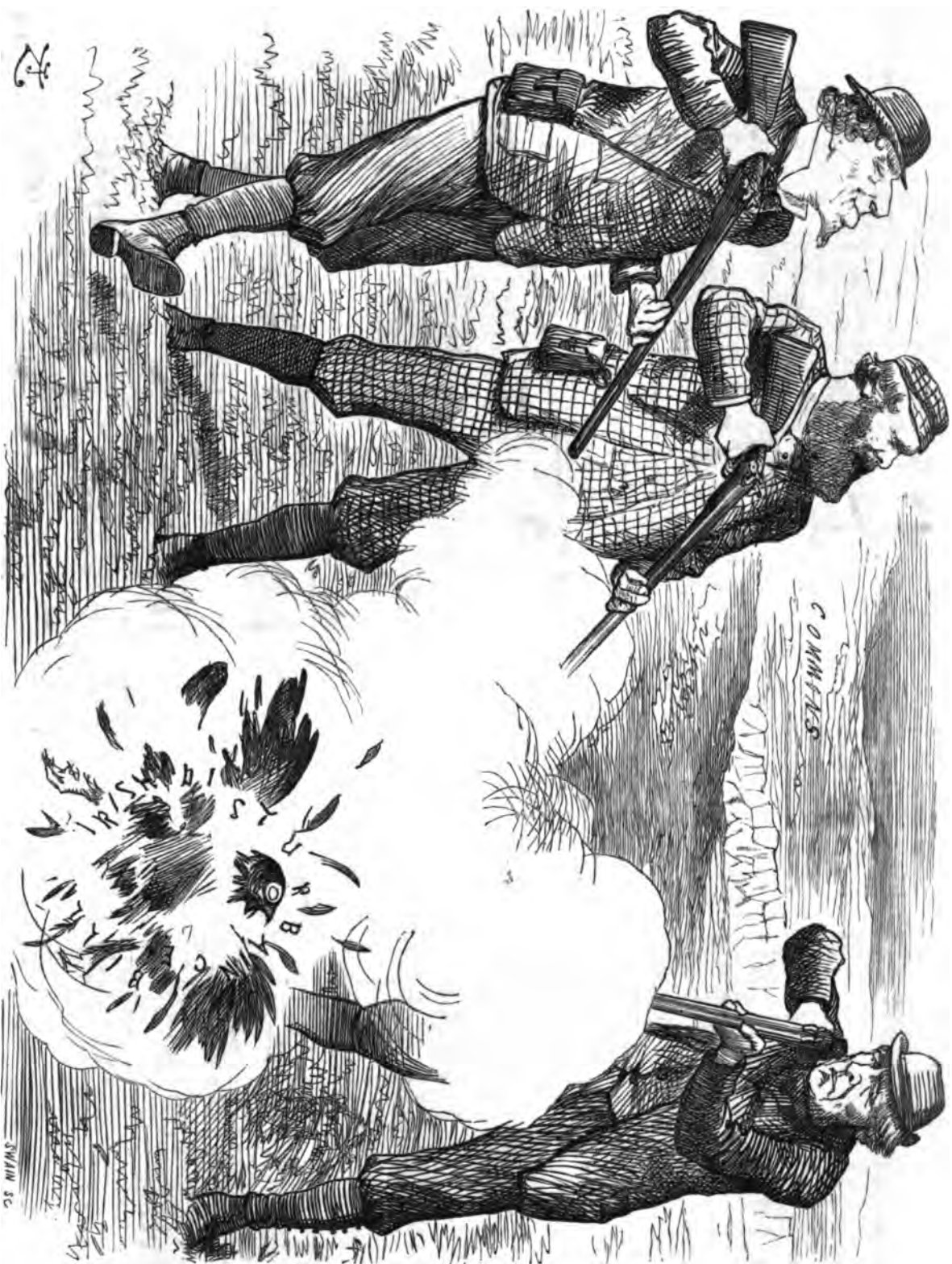
Relays of Charwomen are busy night and day in the Halls, preparing for the Chairmen.

The Apothecaries have offered to attend the Commissioners for nothing, on every day after the fare; the Barbers will shave them on the same liberal terms; the Cooks are ready to submit their (cookery)-books to the most rigid scrutiny, and show all their receipts for years; there will always be a knife and fork for them at the Gutteries—we mean the Cutlers'; the Fishmongers will offer their little haul for dinner; and the Fruiterers will give them their desserts.

The Glaziers will appear in their best window-sashes; the Glovers intend to be hand-in-glove with them; the Girdlers hope to get round the Commissioners by girdling (we attach the utmost significance to this term, none but Freemen of the Company know its exact import); the Goldsmiths are on their metal; the Gun-Makers are alarmed lest their pockets should be rifled; the Joiners will join them at dinner (unless the parish-clerks forbid the banna); the Merchant Taylors have intrusted their case to a committee of nine, who will be as one man; and the Musicians will be instrumental in bringing about a satisfactory finish.

IRELAND'S FLOATING CAPITAL.—Cork. [This was "told to the Marines" last week, and a thousand of 'em were sent off at once to invest it.]

THE BEST DR. TANNER.—The Sun at the sea-side.



OUR "NOBLE SPORTSMEN."

LOSD B-C-K-S-F-ID (Jubians), "WE DONT OFTEN GET SUCH A CHANCE ON OUR MOOR. WHY, WE'VE BLOWN HIM ALL TO BITS BETWEEN US!"

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine; or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fun," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Booray," "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arny Otepur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

RETURNING CONSCIOUSNESS.



B. MATTIX put his hand to his head. His hair was still curled tightly. What was this sudden change? Where was he? In a show at a booth. If ever in his life he had been on the verge of proposing to a woman it had been within the last five minutes? Another second and he would have popped the momentous question. Was he a canon or a pop-gun? He was sane and safe. Where was his horse?

The sound of applause greeted his ears, and above the din arose the measure of a tune he had heard in his earliest infancy as associated with a circus. It was "The Bronze Horse." Faster and faster it was played; urged by the tune, he rushed from the door, and crossing a passage came in sharp contact with another door,

through a hole in which he saw La Signora cantering round the circus on his own cob, as she bowed with inimitable grace right and left to the spectators. Ah! what would he not have given to have ridden with her on the same cob, and an old-fashioned pillion!

And here the author must beg it to be remembered that Mr. MATTIX was not in all things a bad man. His motives, like his grog at night, were mixed; and though his conduct is generally such as I am compelled for the sake of my most respectable readers to blame severely, yet, I assure you, I cannot prevent him from succumbing to these impulses which, if nice for the time being, are undoubtedly naughty; though I am willing to admit that it would have been difficult to impress Mr. MATTIX with the moral truths contained in one of his own sermons, could it have been read aloud to him on this particular occasion.

Mr. MATTIX had never been an immoral man, and therefore might have a good deal of amusement yet in store for him, as in early life he had devoted himself so entirely to study as to have had neither eyes nor thoughts for anything but the strictest mathematical definitions and the very plainest axioms. It must, therefore, be conceived by my readers, who would not for one moment tolerate the slightest suspicion of immorality in any of my works any more than I should myself, that Mr. MATTIX in all this was firmly convinced that, in making love to two Ladies at once, he was acting from the very highest motives, and that if he had ultimately married one for her money, and gone off with another for love, he would still have pacified his conscience by the reflection that no harm can be done where none is intended, that least said is soonest mended, and that the happiness of the greatest number is the object of the individual.

He saw no immorality in having two belles to his one beau, and as he rode back to Small-Beerjester on the cob which Mr. MERRYMAN had brought out with La Signora's compliments and thanks, he hummed to himself "How happy could I be with either," and began to debate whether such an Italian Marchesa with the family diamonds was not worth two MORLEENAS, even with the highest clerical preferment in view. So he returned to Small-Beerjester, and informed Mrs. DOWDIE of the arrangement he had made to surprise all Small-Beerjester at her first garden-party, which, "for your sake, my dear Lady," said Mr. MATTIX warmly, "I hope to see the biggest possible success."

Mr. MATTIX, I must admit, was not exactly honest in this utterance, but after all, he was placed in a difficult position, and if he had said too much about La Signora, would not my

readers have been deprived of the stirring recitation of the scene which they are already enjoying by anticipation, and which they may safely expect, for I am not one to raise false hopes and fears, and then baffle aspirations—in the next Chapter.

How grievous a thing for Miss KITTY CLOVER it is to have all her interest in a Novel suddenly destroyed by Miss PAULINA PRY, who, having peeped into the third volume and read the last chapter, is able triumphantly to inform her weeping friend that she need not shed tears over the death of the heroine in the middle of Volume Two, as she comes to life again as right as ninepence, and marries Sir Frederick Phinis, at the very end of the book. No, my sweet KITTY CLOVER, although you do bother me so, oh—oh, oh, oh! and *da capo*—oh, oh, oh!—your interest in my novel shall not be destroyed by any PAULINA PRY, I promise you, for there is no last volume to peep into, and the finishing chapter of this work shall be as deep a secret from you as were the contents of the Blue Chamber to *Madame Fatima*, until her husband gave her the key and she let the Catastrophe out of the bag. But your own favourite novelist is no Turk of a *Blue Beard*, and as he doesn't wish his dear Miss KITTY CLOVER to lose her head, he will not trust her with the key, and when he does open the Blue Chamber Chapter at the end, you may depend upon it you shall not be shocked at the revelation, and shall only see—what you shall see; that and nothing more, or what would my Lady Patronesses, my dear Spinsters of over forty, my dear Matrons and Materfamiliaes say to me, were I to show you inside this Blue Chamber, a row of yellow-covered foreign-looking books labelled ZOLA, DAUDET, MONTEPIN, BOISGOBERT, and one or two other names that I could mention, did I wish to be flouted out of all honest British households and be excommunicated by MURDIE & Co.?

No, no, my dear Miss PRY, no, no, my sweet Miss CLOVER, and no, no, no, excellent Mrs. GOODITWOSHES, you may try and make friends with the worthy publisher of this periodical, and do your best to induce him to let you into the secrets of the last chapter, but even he will be unable to gratify your curiosity, and we will go hand in hand in full and perfect confidence, author and reader, right up to the finale of this troubled story.

So, my dear Ladies, on we goes to China, or rather on we go to the Episcopal Palace of Small-Beerjester, where, as you are already numbered among our Mrs. DOWDIE's intimate friends, you will be admitted—you and I together in our Sunday best—and trust me to take you into the refreshment room, to point you out what is going on at different times between La Signora and Mr. MATTIX in one corner, or La Signora La Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA and the Bishop in another, and how MORLEENA has her eye on Mr. ARABLE, who has just arrived, and how Mr. ARABLE has his eyes on Miss MORLEENA, and how the latter's sister NEVALEENA is observant of everything and everybody including the Archbishop, who, with his father-in-law, the worthy Mr. SIMPLER, is discussing the prospects of the Mastership of Deedler's, and the chances of Sir ISAAC ALPHREZZE having his bill of costs discharged in full within the time of the present Bishop's reign over the See of Small-Beerjester.

You see we shall have enough to do together without peeping into Volume the Third, but by merely passing Mrs. DOWDIE's footmen and cutting the pages, we shall go in for the next Chapter.



ONE FOR HIM.

Sporting Uncle. "WHEN YOU GALLOP YOUR PONY LIKE THAT, CHARLIE, YOU SHOULD TAKE HIM ON THE TURF."
Charlie. "BUT, UNCLE BOB,—I HEARD PAPA SAY HE HOPES I'LL NEVER GO ON THE TURF,—LIKE YOU."

PERVERSE FACTS AND FIGURES.

MR. PUNCH,

REALLY, Sir, the conductors of newspapers should be very careful how they promote or permit the publication of figures capable of being quoted by the enemies of Progress, for their own purpose, against the Social Reformers now so earnestly endeavouring to enforce parental legislation for the curtailment of freedom of indulgence in those personal inclinations of which, being offensively opposed to their own, they desire the repression as, above all things, requisite for the general good.

In an account of the Bank Holiday at the Alexandra Palace, your principal contemporary, the other day, related certain "particulars respecting the demand on the refreshment departments;" amongst them these:—

"There were consumed 720 dozen of spirits, 470 dozen wine, 1600 dozen bottles of ale, 750 bottles of stout, 9,000 dozen lemonade, ginger-beer, soda-water, and seltzer-water, 350 barrels of draught ale, 30,000 cups of tea and coffee, and 12,600 one-shilling teas."

The enumeration then goes on to estates; but what I protest against is the foregoing statement as to drinkables, in connection with what follows:—

"The total number of visitors, as already reported, was 107,852. It is very satisfactory to state that there was not a single instance of disorderly conduct on the part of the immense concourse."

Satisfactory, indeed! Quite the reverse, Sir. According to the quantities of intoxicating liquors above given, a very large proportion of their consumers ought to have been drunk and disorderly, whereas they were no such thing. Moreover, with an option between intoxicating and non-intoxicating liquors, the holiday people at the Alexandra Palace ought by no means to have partaken of the latter in comparison with the former at the foregoing rates, which represent Personal Option as having, in effect, all the advantage which we contend can only be derived from Local Option. This is not the way to speed the crusade against the liquor traffic, and to demonstrate the necessity for closing restaurants on Sunday.

I have the honour of boasting myself to be, Sir, your humble Servant, an uncompromising member of the United Kingdom Alliance, and a zealous out-and-out

GOOD TEMPLAR.

P.S.—I trust you will impartially print the preceding protest, although your name is synonymous with a beverage I wish abolished by Act of Parliament.

PUNCH TO THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

AUSTRALIAN lads, ye're a leathering lot,
 Your team has no "tail," and seems proof against "rot"!
 Your batsmen a capital average tot!
 Your bowlers are commonly well on the spot!
 Our "cracks" seem all catching it awfully hot,
 (Nine runs in two innings "the Champion" got!)
 Yorkshire you "scumfished," now Gloucester you've "shot."
 You have licked us all round, and the prospect is not
 An encouraging one to the Briton or Scot,
 And—drinking your health—Mr. Punch would ask, "What!
 Can cricket in England be going to pot?"

[Mr. P. sigheth, and solaceth himself with a "deep deep draught" of Iced Hatfield.

Puzzle Advertisement.

EXTRACT from the "Marriages" in the *Times* of July 30:—

"On the 28th July, at St. Mary's, Putney, by the Hon. and Rev. ROBERT HENLEY, M.A., CATHERINE THEODORA, eldest daughter of ROBERT H. DAHL, Esq., of Morden Lodge, Putney."

Query—Where was the Young Man?

PAIRING.—For birds in Spring, and Members of Parliament generally in the Autumn.

BEESWING.

The sixth great exhibition of the British Bee-Keepers' Association was held on Tuesday, July 27, at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington.

Earl SPENCER has been memorialised in favour of appointing a Professor of Bee-culture, in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington.

How doth the little busy Bee
Increase her little power,
And gather favour every day,
And almost every hour!

How pleased she hears within her cell
That Apiculture thrives!
That honeycomb is selling well,
And Bees are having "drives"!

In Exhibition hive and tent
She would be sharer too,
So swarms to Kensington are sent
Their busy work to do.

And if Earl SPENCER should reply,
"The Bees shall have a Chair,"
To Kensington again she'll fly,
And humbly settle there.

Collision and Cause.

Now that the travelling season has commenced, the chapter of accidents is open, and on its first page we read that railway collisions are very commonly owing to the fatal circumstance that some stationmaster, pointsman, signalman, engineer, guard, or other official has lost his head. This mischance will sometimes occur on the best regulated railway, but it is very commonly owing to a system of shortsighted economy, under which a railway servant gets over-worked, fatigued, and distracted to a degree which, in respect of head, is virtually equivalent to decapitation. Talk of danger from loose sleepers, what sleeper can be more dangerous than a dozing signalman?

LATEST FROM OXFORD.—The number of Colleges remains the same, but there is one HALL less.



EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Party (who had been to a Lecture on Astronomy, and a little Supper afterwards.)
"GALILEO 'SH PERF'LY RIGHT—TH' EARTH DOESH MOVE!"

MUD-SALAD MARKET.

MUD-SALAD Market belongs to his Grace the Duke of MUDFORD. It was once a tranquil Convent Garden, belonging first to the Abbot of WESTMINSTER, and finally to the Dukes of MUDFORD. The property having been let on building leases, it became a small square in the centre of London, bounded on one side by INIGO JONES's church,—"The handsomest barn in England,"—on another side by a theatre, and warmly supported on other sides by numerous minor taverns. The hot-houses of the old Garden have become the pot-houses of the modern Market. Mud-Salad Market, like its own vegetables, has now sprouted out in all directions. You may start from Cabbage-leaf Corner, near the site of Temple Bar, on a market-morning, and may go as far as Turnip-top Square in Bloomsbury, or Cauliflower-place at Charing Cross, and it is all Mud-Salad Market. Houses are barricaded with mountainous carts of green-stuff, cabs lose themselves in vain attempts to drive through the maze of vegetables, the costermonger makes temporary gardens on the pathway, while the roads are blocked with waggons, carts, donkey-trucks, and porters staggering under the weight of huge baskets. Carrots, turnips, vegetable-marrows, potatoes, lettuces, and onions are masters of the situation. Vegetable refuse, ankle deep, carpets the pathway in every direction, mixed with mud and rain-water, and trampled into a pulpy slimy muck by thousands of hob-nailed boots. Leases drop in, old houses are pulled down, great spaces are cleared, new houses of an approved stucco type are built, and no attempt is made to increase the legitimate limits of Mud-Salad Market.

Is any rent paid for the occupation of the public highways? Are any rates exacted by an obsequious Board of Guardians for the practical annexation of property belonging to the ratepayers? Is it not a fact that in dealing with the rateable value of Mud-Salad Market proper, and the Duke of MUDFORD's own theatres (for he owns two, including a concert-hall), Bumbledom shows every disposition to make things pleasant for the Dook? Why don't the parochial Guardians make things pleasant for his less distinguished neighbours? It is not too much to say that Mud-Salad Market is a disgrace to London, a special disgrace to his Grace of MUDFORD, and

about the greatest nuisance ever permitted in a great City of Nuisances.

Rather different this account of Mud-Salad Market from LIEGH HUNT's description of a certain Covent Garden Market in his day, when "it was the most agreeable in the metropolis," and when it had been "raised" into "a convenient and elegant state by the noble proprietor." Let his Grace of MUDFORD take a leaf from that Duke's tree, and, if he can't "raise" Mud-Salad Market, let him "raze" it, and give us a new one.

Grant, your Grace, a new broom to some one, let a clean sweep be made of Mud-Salad Market, and your petitioners will never again pray anything any more.

Chaff from the Haymarket.

WEDDING March was fun,
Bridal Tour is slow,
GILBERT wrote the one,
'Tother BOUICCAULT.
DION, if 'tis yours,
You should feel remorse;
For The Bridal Tour's
Not a tour de force.

From Little Maiden Lane.

THERE is some talk of reviving the Fielding Club. Wanted, a new name for the Club. "The Fielding"'s done; try "The Innings." How's that, Umpire?

A WAR DANCE.

Colonel Polka. A new dance composed by M. HERVÉ, originally intended for Private Parties.

BUYING FOR THE RISE.—Investing in an Alpen-Stock.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At Drury Lane, for the *Première* of the *World*.

THE WORLD—A STAGE

too. The following synopsis may convey some idea of what the play is like:—

Act I. Tableau 1. H. Emden. (I copy the bill. "H. EMDEN" is not the name of the Scene, but the Scenic Artist.) Cape Colony. Steamer at back, about to start. Man at the Wheel, polishing it. No one speaks to him, of course. Nursemaid (a widow) seated before him. No one speaks to her. Everybody watches them closely. Evidently there is a mystery about these two persons. What is it? Is the steersman in love with the widow? Won't the widow listen to the steersman? Does silence speak consent? This is the action at the back. In front, enter various villains under various aliases, one being a comic gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, "characteristically" (this is a safe word in criticism) played by Mr. HARRY JACKSON. There is a Mr. Owen—"a diamond seeker"—who I fancied would have turned out as thorough a villain as the worst of them if he had been allowed to survive the Second Act. This is played by Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON. Seeing this gentleman's name, and recognising in him the talented librettist, songster, and composer—all in one—everybody expected "with a song" in the bills. But everybody was disappointed. He only had one chance in Act II, on board the gallant Something (whatever it was) when it was quite on the cards for him to have called out, cheerily, "Avast there, messmates! We're crossing the Equator; and when we're doing that, 'tis a way we have in the Navy to sing a song."

Everybody (on board, of course). Aye! aye! A song! a song! And then, of course, Mr. Owen would have at once obliged the company with a ditty and chorus. After the song, up starts some other jovial person, and cries, "A dance! a dance!" But nothing of this happened. No; they passed over the Equator as if they had simply overlooked it, and— But I find I've got to the end of Act II. before I've done Act I.

Act I. (resumed). The villains tell each other what they know of one another's villainy. They all do it, and are all in it. The comic guileless Israelite sends dynamite on board the gallant Something, and induces another villain—one *Bashful* or *Bashford*—to go on board. Sir Clement Huntingford (Sir WILLIAM RIGNOLD), a stout Baronet under an alias, enters, and becomes very sentimental—all stout people are—about the elegant and comparatively thin heroine, Mary Blythe (Miss F. JOSEPHS). Then the bell rings, and Everybody goes on board disguised as Somebody Else under aliases, including the Captain. The steamer—licensed to carry at least thirteen passengers, and ultimately intended to ply between Chelsea and London Bridge Piers—starts. Yet not one word has passed between the above-mentioned Man at the Wheel, and the Maid in a widow's cap! What is this mystery?

Act II.—On board; where Mr. MATHISON doesn't sing, where they don't dance, and where Pop goes the Dynamite, and down comes the Curtain. Where's Mr. PLIMSOIL? This boat, licensed to carry thirteen, is taking five times the number. Is it an expanding boat? Is it blown out before being blown up? Impossible to say. But in this Act at least sixty persons come to an untimely end, and all friends in front would have been inconsolable for so great a loss had they not subsequently recognised nearly all the passengers alive and well in the Third Act, promenading about the Aquarium in the identical dresses they had worn on that fatal day aboard that ill-starred vessel.

Act II.—Death of Owen (Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON)—morte d'Arthur

RAR MR. PUNCH,
SIR,—MESSRS.
PAUL MERRITT,
HENRY PET-
TITT, and AU-
GUSTUS HARRIS
have produced,
between them,
a genuine sen-
sational and
situational
Melodrama. It
is one of those
What-shall-
we-do-next-to-
startle-'em sort
of pieces, which
is as "safe as
houses," and
"big, houses."

—without a song. A struggle for the last drop. 'Tis lost; and as a ship heaves in sight, down comes another drop—the Act Drop.

Act III.—The Royal Aquarium filled with survivors from the gallant Something, as specimens of sea-water preservation. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS appears in evening dress, as another villain, with the elegant heroine. Comic Hebrew reappears, and with him a new villain, who is an old villain—one *Lumley*, a Solicitor (Mr. J. R. GRISON)—the best-played part in the whole piece. There is quite a surfeit of villains in this piece. The Man at the Wheel and the Maid in widow's weeds have disappeared for ever, having been, apparently, the only victims of the dynamite explosion. Perhaps their story is to be continued in Messrs. MERRITT, PETTITT, and HARRIS's next. What a lot of double letters in these three names!

Tableau 5.—Interior of a Great Hotel. Stout Baronet, under an alias, chloroformed by *Bashful* under another alias, who, in turn, is killed by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, the Stout Baronet's Wicked Brother in disguise. Thrilling.

Act IV.—After the Hotel a scene in an Inn—Lincoln's Inn. Two mad Doctors—both mad—join a Solicitor, the Wicked Brother, and a few others in committing stout but sentimental Baronet to a private Lunatic Asylum.

Tableau 7.—Good Scene by H. CUTHBERT.—Stout Baronet knocks down ten keepers, escapes from the Asylum, then hires a punt by the hour, and probably ends the day stickleback-fishing in his shirt-sleeves, with a jug of beer and a long pipe.

Act V.—Palace Chambers. Really palatial. I think it is in this scene that Mr. HARRIS exclaims, in a cruelly rasping voice, "It's a lie!" whereupon Miss HELEN BARRY asks him "if he doubts her voracity?" She looked as if she could have eaten him, so he thought it best not to express any further doubts as to her "voracity." Comic Hebrew and old villain taken by police; and Wicked Brother of stout sentimental Baronet, rushing after Elegant Heroine, declaring wildly, "I love yer to substruction"—like *Captain Crostree*—receives a "wunner" from the elegant one, which knocks him down the place where the lift ought to be. Having thus given the piece a lift where it might have fallen a little flat, as the Wicked Brother must have been after the descent of the *ascenseur*—off we go to

Tableau 9.—A Fancy Ball, where the stout sentimental Baronet comes, with the Elegant Heroine, to celebrate the event of his Wicked Brother's recent death, and to convey the melancholy intelligence to Mrs. Wicked Brother (Miss HELEN BARRY), who, but for that, would have made a night of it.

That's all. *Moral.*—Don't be a stout sentimental Baronet. Can I doubt its success? No, not for *The World*, says

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. No. 1.—At one time there was some danger of too much attention being paid to upholstery on the Stage, but Mrs. BATEMAN feels certain that she can't furnish her house better than with genuine old Chippendale.

P.S. No. 2.—"WHAT are the Danites' Performances?" Day-nights Performances? Evidently Night performances in the Day, generally known as *Matinées*. [At least Mr. TOOLE tooled us so—and he ought to know.]

A MERCANTILE TORPEDO.

ON Saturday last, a daring seaman, "Captain GRAY, of the barque *Letterene*," of whose head, if possible, a cast should be taken, because, according to Phrenology, it ought to exhibit a hole instead of a prominence at the "organ of Caution," was convicted by the Liverpool Bench on a charge of having on board his vessel paraffin instead of vegetable oil; therewith non-safety matches; and therewithal the cargo below specified:—

"The vessel was lying in the river with thirty-five tons of gunpowder on board, and the police found two paraffin lamps burning in the cabin."

The reporter of these particulars premises them with the remark that "some heavy penalties" were imposed by the Liverpool Justices on Captain GRAY, and concludes them with the statement that—

"The defendant was fined £10 and costs for the first offence, and \$5 and costs for the other."

Suppose, instead of thirty-five tons of gunpowder the *Letterene* had contained as many pounds of contraband tobacco. In that case would Captain GRAY have escaped with only £15 and costs to pay? If so, he would have been let off with penalties very light comparatively to those which contraband tobacco renders its possessor liable to, and which are usually inflicted. What a difference in heinousness, as well as in danger, between the concealment of contraband tobacco and the unlawful storage of gunpowder!

HOW TO MAKE USE OF "THE BLOCK IN THE LAW COURTS."—Try wigs on it.



A COLLISION.

Baker (with indignation). "NOW, THEN! WHO ARE YOU A-MOVIN' OF? SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY BASKET!"

Swoop (with scorn). "YOUR BASKET!—LOOK AT MY BAG!"

EGOES OF THE WEEK.

(From the *Hysterical London News*.)

My esteemed colleague of the *Smokely-on-Sewer Observer* is entirely in error in stating that OLIVER CROMWELL ever wore spectacles, and that, from those aids to vision being tri-lateral and of an azure hue, he was known among his Presbyterian soldiery, now as "True Blue," and now as "Goggles." Nothing whatever of the kind. I knew "Old Noll" very well; that is to say, I remember my grandmother telling me that she could remember a Punch and Judy man who had once been in possession of the skull of the illustrious Protector (whom SHENSTONE justly calls "the Greatest Prince who ever reigned in England"), and that, from the appearance of the superciliary ridge, the external and internal orbital prominences, and the nasal frontal suture, he was certain that CROMWELL never wore spectacles.

I wonder whether the bantering expression, "*Nolle prosequi*," (used when you decline to go any further with a wearisome companion) refers in any way to CROMWELL having been exceptionally active in the prosecution of CHARLES THE FIRST. And, touching etymons, it might be as well to consult JUNIUS, SKINNER, WORCESTER, WALKER, WEBSTER (O, rare BEN WEBSTER!), MÉNAGE, PHILLIPS, WEDGWOOD, and Professor SKEAT as to whether there be any foundation for the popular belief that "Old Noll" should properly be spelt "Knoll," the word having a sly reference to the "eminence" attained by the victor of Naseby.

Mem.—There are to my knowledge (I had almost said "Nol"-ledge) eleven heads of Old Noll extant: one at Knoke Park; another in the Hoodlum Museum, Kearney Street, San Francisco; a third at Chandernagore; a fourth belonging to the Time-Keeper of the Straits of Malacca; a fifth in the Bodleian Library (this is from the Collection of old NOLLEKENS the Sculptor); a sixth at Madame TUSSEAUD's (only the proprietors are not aware of the fact, and exhibit the skull as that of HENRI QUATRE); a seventh in the Kiatigorod Museum at Moscow; an eighth in the Balearic Isles (it is that of OLIVER when he was at school); a ninth in the SULTAN's private cabinet of *caimés*, coupons, and cranias at Constantinople; a tenth in the Trippenhuus Gallery at Amsterdam; and the eleventh in the possession of your humble servant. Not any are genuine except mine.

A fair Correspondent writes me that through the munificence of Sir JOHN TENPENNY NAYLOR, Bart., M.P., the charming little town of East Grinstead has been endowed with a Free Library, of which a special section has been apportioned to Lady readers; and, as a member of the Library Committee she asks me for a succinct list of useful and entertaining works suitable for "general reading," say of girl students, between the ages of nine and nineteen. I have the greatest pleasure in complying with her request. Here is the list:—

HIGGINS's *Anacalypsis*; HORNE TOOKE's *Diversions of Purley*; BOFFIUS *On Tetrahedral Decadendra*; QUACKENBOSCH *On the Equivocal Quincunx*; Sir R. PHILLIPS's *Essays on the Proximate Mechanical Causes of the General Phenomena of the Universe*; SPINOSA *On Diseases of the Spine*; ALBERTUS MAGNUS' *Life of General Grant*; PROFESSOR OXLEY's *Letters of Old Bull, The Zendavesta*; Dr. BUTTERFIELD's *Memoirs of Tosti*; *The Fall of Wolsey*; a *Historic Study*, by Sir COUTTS LINDSAY; *Crystallography for Kitchens*, by the Hon. Mrs. GREY MALKIN; BAYLE's *Critical Dictionary*; *What's in a Name?* a Novel, by Miss LOUISA LAWN TENNISON; JORNIOVIUS's *Theory of the Spheroid Bulb*; ELEKAMPADIUS's *Greek Roots*; *The Tatty Koran*; BACON's *Minor Essays*, comprising "Rasher Thoughts," "Up the Bind," and the "Perfect Cure;" MOULDY-MUGG's *Thoughts on Suicide and Meditations on Homœopathy*; the *Belle's Assemblée* for the year 1813; GRINDERANT's *Organic Remains*; and RUFF's *Guide to the Turf*.

I shall be happy to reply either in this column or directly to my correspondent "OOGIPOFF," if he will favour me with some more definite address than "Bedford Level, Vale of White Horse;" but I must respectfully request that neither he, nor the Gentleman from Hanwell (who bit my parlour-maid in the arm last Wednesday), nor the Lady who claims to be the Rightful Heir to "England's Thorny Throne" (see her thirty-seventh letter to me), will in future repair to my private residence at seven A.M. for the purpose of throwing mud, eggs, gingerbeer bottles, and other missiles at my dining-room windows, because I have been unable to discover whether it was GEORGE SELWYN, MACHIAVELLI, or the Arabian physician AVICENNA, who made use of the remarkable expression, "That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut; but not for the hair outside."

I have often thought that remark anent the milk in the cocoa-nut worthy to make a sixth with the famous Five Aphorisms of HIPPOCRATES. I wonder whether I could repeat them, now, without book. I remember, more than seven-and-forty years ago, learning them (the aphorisms, not the years) at my good old Nurse MUFFIN's knee. Let me see—

<i>Ho Bios brachaus.</i>	Life is short—when it is fast.
<i>He de techne makre.</i>	Art is long—when Mr. E. BURNE-JONES's young maidens wind down "Golden Stairs"
<i>Ho de kairos okus.</i>	The occasion fleeting—when the train only stops five minutes for refreshment at Mugby Junction.
<i>He de peira sphalors.</i>	Experience fallacious—when for the seventh time, you have bought a painted sparrow for a canary.
<i>He de kruis galape.</i>	Judgment difficult—in the Long Vacation.

In the matter of Alamo de Beef. "TOOPSY" tells me that it is made from chamois leather, marine glue, cardamoms, and Dr. GILLYFLOWER's Patent Food. "X. Y. Z." remarks sarcastically that the merest schoolboy ought to know that alamo de is a careful preparation of couscousson, pilaf polpetti, ravioli, stohi, salmagundi, ollapodrida, clam-chowder, and that the peculiar flavour is imparted to it by means of the inspissated juice of the manioc (*Tolderololidis vulgaris*), and "cherrybungo." But what is "cherrybungo"? I have searched SCHREVELIUS, LIDDELL and SCOTT, LITTRÉ and WALKER continued by HOOKER (a most judicious lexicographer, who also wrote on Ecclesiastical Politeness), but can find nothing about "cherrybungo." Will Professor SKEAT oblige?

Mem.—"*BRUMBERUM*" says that HOGARTH was very fond of alamo de, and that he can remember the period when Mr. WORTH of Paris kept an alamo de-shop.

P. S.—There will not be any "EGOES" next week, as I am going to Honolulu, by the way of the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Bight of Benin. Dear old Bight of Benin!—*Vos valete et plaudite.*

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTER,
(G. A. S. superseded.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, August 9th (Lords).—In reply to Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who wanted to know whether the Government intended to take part in a Naval Demonstration against the Turks, Lord GRANVILLE intimated that premature fist-shaking was not at all in his line; but that without attempting a political *pas seul*, as European Policemen, the Government meant, if needful, to play its proper part in Concerted Coercion.

The Earl of DUNRAVEN thought that the best way to help Ireland was to assist Irishmen to get out of it, in the way of emigration. Lord KIMBERLEY, while admitting that there might be some local congestion of population, which could be treated by depletion, considered that the chief duty of Government was to enable Irishmen to stop at home, and be happy.

(*Commons*.)—Lord HARTINGTON declared, that notwithstanding AYOOB KHAN, and Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, the Government intended to withdraw all our forces from Cabul as soon as possible. Neither temporary reverses in Afghanistan nor persistent Bogy-

mongering in St. Stephen's, would turn the Government from its settled policy.

KEPT IN.

A Parliamentary Tragedy in One Act. (See Cartoon.)

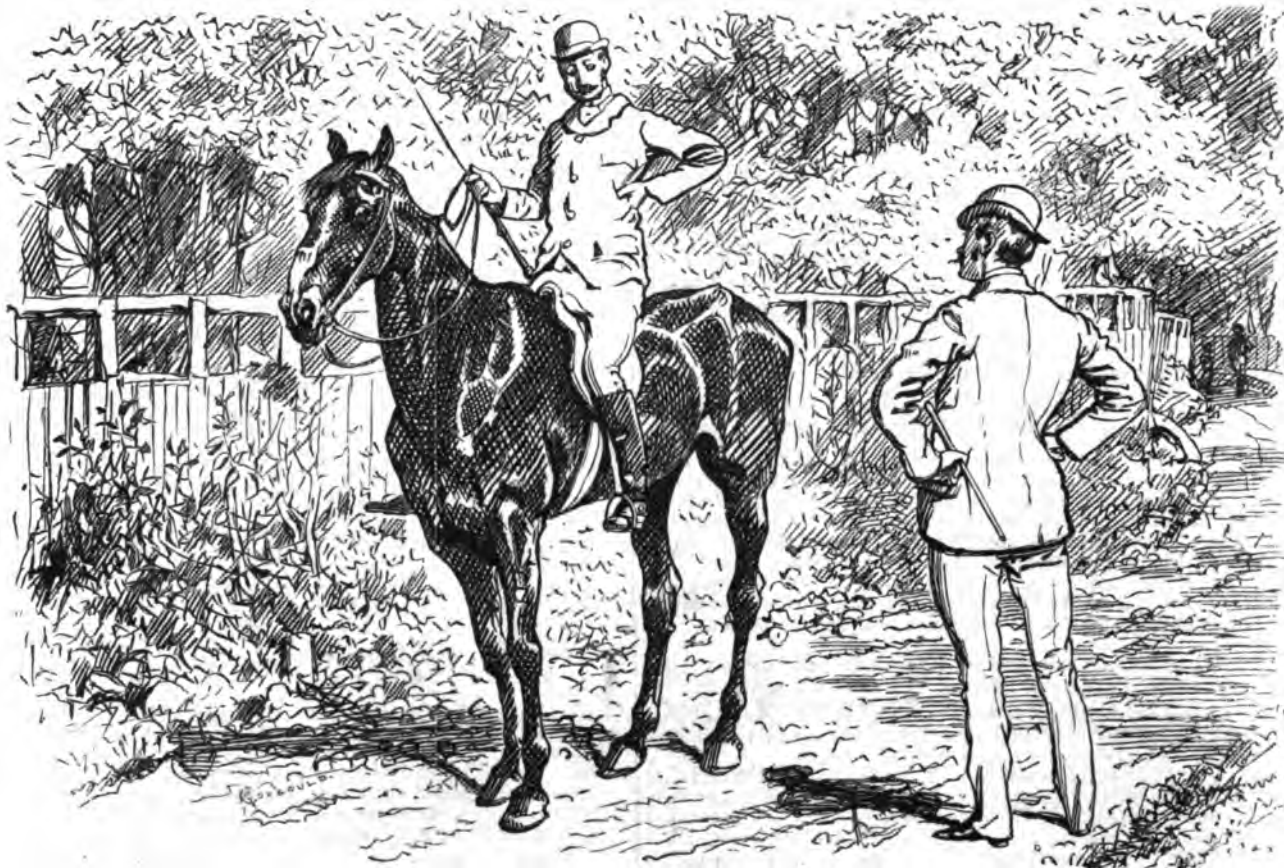
SCENE—St. Stephen's School, late in the Season.

Hartington (*Chief Usher*). Now, boys, the holidays—
Chorus of Boys. Hooray!!!

Hartington.

From press of work, must be put off.—Who groaned?
No one? That's well!—Must be put off until
You've polished off arrears—too many still.

Postponed,



EVIDENT.

"SOME VERY GOOD POINTS, EH?"

"SOME! SEEMS MADE OF 'EM!"

There is your Natural History (Hares and Rabbits),
Political Economy (Labour's habits),
Finance (the Indian Branch and STRACHEY's tripping),
And Navigation (Section Merchant Shipping)
And several minor subjects—

Chorus of Boys (murmuringly). Oh, Sir! Please, Sir!
Hartington. Who interrupted? NORTHCOTE?
Master Northcote. 'Twasn't me, Sir.

But when shall we break up?
Hartington (decisively). Not while this noise
Goes on.

Front Form (together). Oh please, Sir, 'tisn't us. Those boys
Behind make all the row.

Irish Boys (triumphantly). Not us, this time!
'Tis CHURCHILL, CHAPLIN, ELCHO! (*Aside.*) Ain't it prime?
Can't chivy us again; they've licked us hollow.

Hartington. A sorry lead for decent lads to follow.
Regret to keep all in for the bad few,
But there 's a lot of work that you must do.
Stop shindying, and you may get away
About—let's see—well, anyhow, some day!

Tableau!!

In Committee of Supply the House listened to Mr. STORY-MASKELYNE's stories, and the tales of (BERRESFORD) HOPE, concerning the British Museum, and the Minor Apostles of Economy had each his peculiar (and unavailing) peck at various votes. Officialdom's love of economy is a fine illustration of what the Scotch girl called "love in the abstract." But when Mr. TEUFELSDRÖCH THOMPSON proposed to do away with judges' marshals and javelin-men, and iconoclastic Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS spoke of the time-honoured legal paraphernalia of wigs and gowns, &c., as "old-fashioned rubbish," it was felt that "the man who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator" had at last been surpassed.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord DORCHESTER asking inopportune questions about Brigadier-General BURROWS "brought down the House" in wrath upon his devoted head, and had to "retire up" under a pelting shower of "unfair, unjust, ungenerous," and the like little amenities.

Ah me! these phlogistical times! e'en the calm brow of wisdom wears furrows,
With rows in the Commons on Rabbits, and shines in the Lords about BURROWS.

(*Commons.*)—Sir W. PALLISER opined that the Sherpur Camp ought not to have been abandoned before the result of General ROBERTS's expedition was known. The Government did not agree with him.

Then uprose CHAPLIN in his wrath (as easily turned on at the main as the Mulberry One's tears), and assuming (as Lord HARTINGTON remarked) the Leadership of the Opposition, asked the Government what the dickens they meant by putting the House in the "peculiar" position of being hard at it in the middle of August? Lord HARTINGTON retorted that the "peculiar position" had been caused by factious motions, irrelevant questions, and the general indiscipline of what Mr. BERRESFORD HOPE called "Her Majesty's Illegitimate Opposition," whether the proceedings of that party are more characterised by plagues or puerility Mr. Punch finds it hard to determine.

Then bland LABOUCHERE, in the Bill called "the Hares and the Rabbits" Would include other game which had equally horrible habits. For pheasants, put out in the park with their cooped foster-mothers. Old Gooseberry played with the barley-crops, wheat-crops, and others. The mild mangold-wurzel and innocent swede would then follow, Cart-loads of the former they riddled and left them all hollow. Since Game's "common property"—(*Groans*)—he'd instruct the Committee To extend this small Bill's small provisions without the least pity. "Heah! heah!" P. A. TAYLOR broke in, "though the Bill is so little, I will not oppose if you don't too much pare, trim, and whittle." Says HARCOURT, "The Bill's to save crops, 'tis not meant to spoil sport." Cries CHAPLIN, "That LABOUCHERE ought to be laughed out of Court For muddling up deer with winged game; and, serene as he looked, If he tried a day's grouse-driving he would be pretty well 'cooked.'" "It's all nasty envy," sneers ELCHO. Amendment snuffed out. Then HICKS on poached eggs, and renewal of row and of rout. "Confiscation," cries CHAPLIN, "should be this bad Cabinet's *nomen*," Which brought up JOHN BRIGHT to the rescue, that doimest of foemen. "In the name of the Prophet—eggs! eggs!" cried J. B., "'tis atrocious!" "Go to!" cries Sir STAFFORD, "O Quaker extremely ferocious!"

You'd pose as the Friend of the Farmer—that's *your* little game!"
And—so on—boy-snagging repeated—and more of the same,
Till after eleven long hours of such bullaballoo,
The House, tired and angry, adjourned at ten minutes to two.

Wednesday (Commons).—Eris again in the ascendant. Erin's champions entirely outdone by their English imitators, Lord E. CECIL, Mr. R. YORKE, Earl PERCY, the clamorously contentious CHAPLIN, and the exuberantly egotistic ELCHO—that querulous quintett of lovers of the imperative mood (and of the first person singular) playing such fantastic tricks before the SPEAKER as made Mr. Punch heartily ashamed of them. In the brief intervals of such intermittent shower of sputtering imbecilities, some small progress was made with the Hares and Rabbits Bill, the discussion thereanent being for the most part as much like "debate," in the old worthy sense, as Donnybrook to Roncesvalles. Eris, did Mr. Punch say? Nay, the ruling spirit of this Parliamentary Tokuboku must hail from the fish-market, not the three-forked hill.

"Poppuns and boys, I sing, whom cynic fate
And Landlordism's unrelenting hate,
Gave pigmy sport upon St. Stephen's floor,
Where the clean steel of heroes clashed before,"—

should be the exordium of the new Parliamentary Epos. Mr. Punch, like Sir W. HARCOURT, is sorry that in their "stand-and-deliver" kind of interrogation, the Angry Boys of Westminster have found "a new instrument of Obstruction." A pity that, like contraband Catapults, and surreptitious Squirts, all the instruments of these puerile plagues of Parliament cannot be incontinently confiscated. Meanwhile Jovian jobations from JOHN BRIGHT, and caustic repartees from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, seem to have little more effect than grape-shot on gnat-swarms upon this Revolt of the Midges.

Lord HARTINGTON's calm and resolute conduct of business under such irritating difficulties Mr. Punch doth much commend.

Thursday (Lords).—Three hours' discursive and dry-as-dust chat on recalcitrant Reporters, Affairs in Afghanistan, and the British Army. How distil essence from broad-blown chaff?

(*Commons.*)—In reply to Mr. ORWAY, Sir C. DILKE intimated that the question of giving an assurance to Turkey against further carving in the future, provided she consents to the slicing recommended at present, had been mooted. The promise had not been made; but "in principle" the Government did not object to it. Punch opines that this "principle" may bear fruit anon.

Then something notable at last. After much debate, not, of course, novel in argument, but also not ignoble in tone, the Burials Bill (down from the Lords with amendment, which will have to be amended) was read a Second Time by a majority of 179 (258 against 79). Mr. Punch congratulates Mr. O. MORGAN, the House, the Country, and the Church, on what looks like the beginning of the end of an embittered contest of twenty years about—shadows. BRERESFORD HOPE was comically ruefully pessimistic, JOHN BRIGHT pleadingly pathetically optimist, the latter remarking that when brought fairly face to face with the phantom Terror they had themselves conjured up, the opponents of Salutory Change generally "went to perdition" with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. Mr. Punch confidently predicts that in this, as in hundreds of previous "Rushes upon Ruin," the hosts of spectral fears and hobgoblin forebodings will be found to have been but the dimly dreadful unrealities of funk-ridden fancy.

Friday (Lords).—Piteous plaint from poor Lord REDSDALE:—

Late, late, so late! so little work to do,
Yet bound to wait that wrangling Commons' crew.
So late, so late! Why not employ us now!

Late, late! so late the measures come to us,
Small time is there those measures to discuss.
So late, so late! Oh, let us labour now!

Do we not know the grouse are on the moors?
Waiting for Bills is beastliest of bores.
So late, so late! Give us the straight tip now!

Lord GRANVILLE, whilst warmly commiserating, could administer but cold comfort.

(*Commons.*)—The Employers' Liability Bill at last got through Committee. Imminent solace for plaintive personages "in another place" who can take their turn at it next week.

Some serious talk on a serious subject—the present condition of the fever-stricken districts in the west of Ireland, ended in a Resolution to the effect that the matter demanded the serious and immediate attention of Her Majesty's Government, a Resolution readily agreed to by Mr. FORSTER, and earnestly emphasised by Mr. Punch:—

"Then, some having toiled, like the typical Nigger, whilst others obstructed and fouled, like the Turk;
So ended one more week of purposeless worry, and puerile wrangling, and—precious hard work!

HOPES OF THE HARVEST.

HAWFINCH sings—



ow St. Swithun
have sent the
land full
enough rain,
And haailstoans
terreeable a
pepper'n the
plain,
Likewise thun-
der and light-
nua, starm
hard upon
starm,
Down moor or
less damidge
thereby to the
Farm.

Let un sprinkle
the apples in
due time o'
year,
Sufficient to
plim the corn
well out in
ear;

But not goo on a plyun us wi' engine and hose,
Or a water'n-pot fixed wi' a double-holed rose.

The barley and whate has in places ben laid,
And be spiled in zum potion, med be, beyond aid;
But the clover done well droo a wet summer time,
And the turmute, coal-rabbi, and mangold be prime.

What wi' loads o' hay vit vor stock, this time, to ate,
There wun't be no fail this next winter for mait;
And the 'tatur is charmun, good-sized, though a lot
Be attackted already, in parts, wi' the rot.

For a while we've at last sin the clouds away clear,
And beheld the Sun all in his glory appear,
Wi' his veace broad and bamiah, so bright to behold,
As a shines on a signboord, all pictur'd in gold.

If he's come out vor good, he'll fast ripen the crops.
There ha ben, this here saizon, a good yield o' hops,
If the barley be saved, carried soon, safe and sound,
The relief o' the Malt-tax repale 'ool be found.

St. Swithun, we'll hope now thee'st emptd thy pail,
And draa'd off the sky that there drippun-wet veil,
That the Sun med blaze out as 'tis time vor un to,
Like a big dandelion aloft in the blue.

Seasonable Suggestion.

In the *Deal Chronicle's* account of the trial of the Sandwich Election Petition the following accidental misprint occurs:—

"Messrs. LUSH and MANISTY, Mr. ex-Justice MELLOR occupied a seat upon the beach, as well as the Mayor, Dr. JOHN HILLIER, and T. L. SURRAGE, Town-Clerk of Sandwich."

"A seat upon the beach," of course at this time of year would be far preferable to "a seat on the bench;" and the compositor's idea of an open-air Court is delightful, but, unfortunately, impracticable.

In the Lobby.

Fine Old M.P. (who never performs out of London). Grumbling about not getting away from London! Ugh! It's the same old tune.

Sporting M.P. (with a moor). That's what I complain of. It is the old tune, and we all want some fresh air.

UNFORTUNATE FOR AUTHORS.—Only men who can't write make their mark.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



H, the most contempt-shus fellers as I knows of is them as cums and eats like a Alderman and drinks like a fish, and nothing to pay, and then, wen they cums fur their 'ats, puts a shillin' in the plate, and takes out sixpence change! Shame on sich parasites, says I. A trow gent never wants change. I agrees with Brown that the finest Tray of the grate Dook of WELLINGTON was wen he give the woman a whole sov. for a play Bill, and refused change. Ah! he

was summut like a Dook, he was. I should like to meet the likes of him about wunce a weak.

A werry hinteresting insedant ocured the other night.

I was assisting at a grand Banket of the Washupfool Company of Grocers, and a werry nice Liberal set them Grocers in. They almost all gives me a shilling instead of sixpence, and that's how I judges of Mankind. Well, Mr. KOOP the grate Bruer had to return thanks for the Howse of Commons, and wen he begun, he looked, as it were, full to the bung, and didn't he froth away, like his own bottled Stout, agin that Mr. GLADSTON and all his set, and didn't he astonish the Big Wigs, speahally our very big Wig, the Lord Cheif Justus, who quietly got up and went away, leaving a glassful of the fine old Madeery, which I instantly removed, for fear it might be spilt, and put away, and very fine it were, sum of the best I ever tasted. Wot could have made him go away, afore he had finished his Pyne Apel too? As BROWN said to me, praps it was the eat or praps it were the drink he didn't like, or praps he didn't like so much of KOOP's bitter. Howsumdover it quite spiled the hole evening, and many on 'em went away talking so wicently that they quite forgot to pay for their Hats. I hates to see a Gent much hegsited, it does make him so forgetful of the Waiter.

I cannot for the life of me make out wot's in the wind. All the grate Cityt Compancees, I think they calls 'em the grate Gills, seems quite out of sperrits. They eats and they drinks much as usual, praps more; but they don't have so much fun as formerly. They're allus talkin about Spoilthenation and Codfishcation. I don't at all no what they means, but BROWN says they're a goin to be axed a lot of horquad questions about wot they does with their monney. I could tell wot they does with a lot of it, and quite rite too. Wot's better than Horsepittallerty? as I heard a Rite Reverend Bishup ask only last weak, and I could hardly help sayin, here! here! As I didn't dare do that, I showed my preshiation in my own way by instantly fillin him up a bumper of the fine old Madiery, well knowin if he didn't drink it, *sumbody else* would.

I sumtimes sees rum things dun. For instance now, only last weak I see quite a grand looking Swell slyly put 2 very fine Peeches in his coat pocket, so I took care, wen his attenshun was occipied, to give 'em such a jolly squeeze, as must have rather astonished him wen he got home, and tried to take 'em out. Peech-jam can't be nice in your best coat pocket.

(Signed) ROBERT.

Note.—You will undastand Sir as I rites all these Notes and as ritten em myself but the punkchewashum I leads intierly to my youngist boy who as ad a libberal eddecashun.

Foolhardy Fellows.

THE Risco Colliery Explosion is a very serious matter, and the gravity of this consideration is in nowise lightened by that of the fact that coal-miners, by neglecting to use their safety-lamps, or by abusing them to light their pipes, or by other carelessness equally gross, continually risk a Colliery Explosion in every coal-mine.

HOW TO WIN A VICTORY (?)

(An Incident from a Farce ending in a Tragedy.)

SCENE—A Room in a Government Office in India, filled with Models of Buildings, Plans of Drainage, Specimens of Cloth, &c., &c. Elderly Head of Department hard at work at desk covered with contracts, invoices, &c., &c. Enter Chief Clerk.

Elderly Head (looking up hurriedly from his writing). Now, my dear fellow, if you have nothing of very great importance to communicate to me, I wish you would leave me alone. Since I gave up my Regiment to come here, I don't know how many years ago, I haven't been so busy!

Chief Clerk. It certainly is important, Sir, and—

Elderly Head (interrupting). Ah! to be sure! Something about the new buttons! The pattern is not yet designed, but they are going on nicely. My compliments to the Chief, and the buttons are going on nicely.

Chief Clerk. Nothing about buttons, Sir, but—

Elderly Head (again interrupting). The site of the barracks, eh? Well, we have a choice of half-a-dozen; and when the Surveyors send in their Report, I will—

Chief Clerk. Nothing about barracks, Sir, but—

Elderly Head (interrupting once more). Stop!—it's the Soup! The Chief wishes me to have a voice in the Soup! Well, tell him, with my compliments, that I think imported vegetables, in tins, should be—

Chief Clerk. Nothing about Soup, Sir, but—

Elderly Head. I have it! The Chief wants my opinion upon the proposed Gas-works!

Chief Clerk. No, Sir—nothing to do with Gas-works. The fact is, it's a purely personal matter—you are to have a new appointment—out of the Office!

Elderly Head (with emotion). Out of the Office! Now, I really call this too bad—several degrees too bad! I have been here for years, and have fairly worked my way from the bottom to the top. Too bad, too bad! (Gloomily.) Well—what do they want me to do?

Chief Clerk. To attack the enemy immediately at the head of the Army, Sir.

Elderly Head (surprised). Eh? What! Good gracious! (After a pause, severely.) Be good enough to remember, Sir, that I commanded a company when I was younger. (With an assumption of military dignity.) A joke at the expense of a superior is unseemly, Sir—very unseemly!

Chief Clerk (shocked). Good gracious, Sir, it's not a joke! It's a very serious matter indeed (aside)—for the country!

Elderly Head (smiling good-humouredly). Well, well, I confess at the first blush the notion was a little comical! Eh? A quiet old official like me wearing a cocked hat and spurs, and dancing about on a charger, in front of a cloud of smoke—quite the warrior? Ha! ha! Yes—a little comical! (Regaining his gravity, and drawing himself up.) But doubtless the appointment is very flattering; and although a little rusty, I will do my best—yes, do my best! Buttons, Barracks, and Gas-works were certainly more in my line; but—(with cheerful gallantry)—cavalry charges, hollow squares, the manual and the pontoon—I should say the platoon—exercises, and—and—in fact, that kind of thing, will be a pleasant change—yes, a pleasant change! And now, my dear fellow, I shall want you for a good hunt for the rest of the day. You must really help me to find my sword!

[Scene closes in upon a vigorous (but unsuccessful) search.]

By a Despairing M.P.

EACH fruit in August we require
That bough and bush can bear,
But what we most of all desire,
Is what I want—a pair!

From a Well-Wisher.

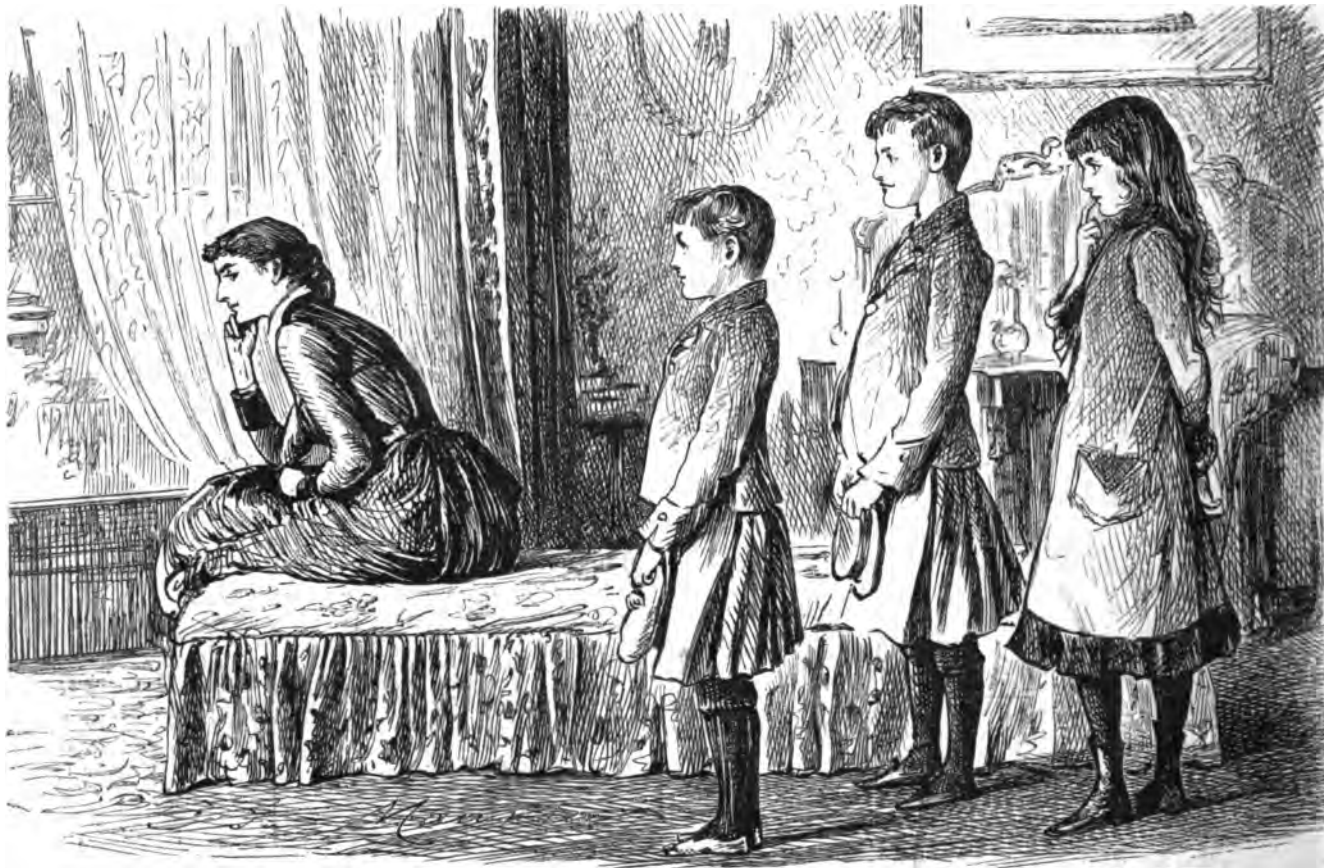
SORR,
Miss GENEVIEVE WARD is going to appear in an adaptation of the Dutch play *Annie-Mie*. The talented lady will play the heroine, and, bedad, I hope she won't be her own Annie-mie in performin' the part.

Yours,

THE O'ASIS IN THE DESERT.

THE MINIMUM.

ARTICLES that Mr. Punch declines to receive are those which are not even worth a "Mag." Digitized by Google



"A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Mamma. "YOU ARE VERY NAUGHTY CHILDREN, AND I AM EXTREMELY DISSATISFIED WITH YOU ALL!"

Tommy. "THAT IS A PITY, MAMMA! WE'RE ALL SO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED WITH YOU, YOU KNOW!"

SENTIMENT V. SPORT.

A MEETING of some consistent Members of the Anti-Vivisection Society was held the other day at their head-quarters, to consider about petitioning the Legislature against the Hares and Rabbits Bill, on the ground that it sanctioned the shooting of live animals, which often involved the infliction of much pain upon them.

The Chair was occupied by Sir SIMON SHEEPHANKS, who, moving a Resolution in accordance with the object of the Meeting, declared himself a Vegetarian, and, as such, entirely opposed to the destruction of living animals, even for the table, which, he contended, the greengrocer and baker could quite adequately supply without the butcher.

Mr. BEAPHY was sorry to say he did not quite see that; though he would have all animals that were killed for the use of being eaten, slain under chloroform or nitrous oxide, at least if it was quite certain that the anæsthetic would not injure the meat. If rabbits and hares were allowed to increase and multiply *ad infinitum*, they would soon destroy all the crops; and where would the Vegetarians be then? (*Murmurs, and cries of "Oh! oh!" and "Turn him out!"*) However, he had really much pleasure in seconding the Resolution as against hare and rabbit shooting—which having been carried—

Mr. SNODGRASS said that, like the Chairman, he was a votary of Vegetarianism, therefore he objected to the slaughter of any game of any description, whether winged or ground. Accordingly, he would move a Resolution to the effect that grouse, partridges, and pheasants, also quails, snipe, and woodcock should be inserted in the Schedule of the Wild Birds Protection Act.

Mr. WAGGLES would gladly second that Motion, notwithstanding that it undeniably tended in favour of Game Preserving. For all that, he would propose to entrust it to the care of Mr. P. A. TAYLOR, who, he doubted not, would readily advocate it in Parliament any Wednesday.

The Resolutions having both of them been carried with few dissentients, the constituents of the Meeting went about their business.

THE "JUMPER'S" PARADISE.—An Everlasting Spring.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE Messrs. GATTI are fortunate in securing the services of Miss ORRIDGE. She is a rich and rare specimen of the young and pretty contralto. When she sang "*Meet Me by Moonlight Alone!*" there was a rush of everybody to the front of the *Ambulauditorium*. The men cheered to the echo. I don't think the Ladies were quite so enthusiastic. Miss ORRIDGE can evidently draw as well as sing. This is an Orridge-inal remark. Mr. COWEN keeps his first-rate band in excellent order. Time was made for alaves, and he makes it for them—ruling over them with a rod of iron—by which I mean his *bâton*. No wonder that they are so submissive and yet so deeply attached to him, as he is never bullying, though he is always cowin' them.

The other evening was performed Mr. WALTER AUSTIN's *Camp*. *Camp* is an Overture, so don't run the final "s" on to the initial "o" and make it "Scamp,"—the Orchestra didn't do *this* to it by any means, but played it in first-rate style. *The Camp* was properly pitched, and on his doing his best everybody was in-tent. The Composer bowed from his private box in reply to a nod from a friend in the *Ambulauditorium*.

Miss BESSIE RICHARDS—a Precious BETSY—

Played in her best manner
Upon the Grand pianer,

and then went off to Germany. But "she will return—I know her well"—which last part of the quotation, though necessary to the song, is not in accordance with facts. If she is returning, so much the better for the Promenade Concerts, where she will be heartily received by the *Applauditorium*.

"BID ME DISCOURSE."

A Preacher's Proverb.—"Two Heads are better than one." The Congregation reverses it.

THE (TOO) LONG PARLIAMENT.—The Session of 1880.



“KEPT IN.”

HARTINGTON (*Second Master*). “HOLIDAYS! YOU’LL GET NO HOLIDAYS IF THIS OBSTRUCTION CONTINUES.”
MASTER HARCOURT. “PLEASE, SIR, IT ISN’T OUR FAULT—IT’S THOSE OTHER BOYS.”

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsallshire," "Beerjester Brewere," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wildsw," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arny Otapur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pull-baker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. DOWDIE'S GARDEN PARTY.



HE guests came in shoals.

"It reminds me, my Lord," said a witty Minor Canon to the Bishop, "of All Shoals' College."

And the Minor Canon went off with the roar of a Woolwich Infant.

The Bishop, ready for tennis or croquet, was in his lawn-sleeves, racket in hand. He was all smiles and bows, while Mrs. Dowdie, in velvet and lace, was the personification of dignified condescension. Everything was being managed admirably; Mr. MATTIX was here, there, and everywhere. The Bishop, however, never entirely lost sight of his Domestic Chaplain,

who had been entrusted with the key of the wine-cellar, and knew where a bottle of the best champagne was to be found when it might be wanted for a person of real appreciation.

Mr. FISBY, the Lawyer of Small-Beerjester, and his wife, were here. Mr. FISBY had broken with JOHN BOUNCE since the latter's discomfiture, and had attached himself to the Conservative party in Small-Beerjester. There were also Messrs. SCALEY and DRAWER, the Dentists; Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER and his daughter MORLEENA; Archdeacon OVERWAYTE and Mrs. OVERWAYTE, with their friend Mr. ARABLE of Bacon College, Oxford; Miss TINFOIL and her aunt Mrs. TAWDREY; Mr. GURGOYLE, the celebrated Architect, from London; the Rev. BENJAMIN BUTTRESS and Mrs. BUTTRESS, and the Misses BUTTRESS (2); Mr. LECTERN Curate of St. Allfudge, the Highest Church in the diocese, which had lately been taken down an inch or two in consequence of some threatened danger to the fabric; and with him were the Rev. BRASSCO ROWNER, his Rector, and his sub-Curates Mr. STOLE and Mr. COPE. There was Sir REXTER HALL, the great Evangelical Banker and large Landowner near Small-Beerjester, with his son ALBERT HALL, overgrown and empty. Prebendary HASCOCK, very red and very round, was sitting on the grass at the feet of Dean BOOSEY, who, with a glass of the Bishop's best port in his hand, was giving, as a sentiment, "Here's confusion to all canting, except de-canting!"

Mrs. HASCOCK and the three Miss HASCOCKS were stuffing themselves in the dining-room, where old Mrs. BOOSEY was taking her afternoon tea, into which the Bishop's butler had poured a little cognac by mistake, and being unable to take it out again, had left it there.

So the rooms and the gardens became full, and everyone paid his respects to my Lord, and did suit and service to Mrs. Dowdie, who moved about with well-regulated grace, more than content with her success, serenely happy in the anticipation of a complete triumph, which Mrs. OVERWAYTE might envy, but could neither prevent nor equal.

The Bishop, who had received from Mr. MATTIX sufficient information about the Marchesa to excite his curiosity, was so pre-occupied with the idea that he could hardly keep his gaiters on, so frequently did he unbutton and button them up again all wrong in his increasing excitement.

He hadn't been to a theatre for years, and had not had an interview with a *figurante* or a *coryphée* since he had given up all notion of a career in West-

minster Hall, and had taken the first steps, which he had been taught by Mrs. DOWDIE, towards his present position. Yet he remembered the time, when DIOX DOWDIE was not an entire stranger to the *coulisses*, and when little three-cornered pink notes used to be sent under cover of bouquets, and when a week's allowance went in a night's supper *à fresco* at the Royal Cremorna Gardens, or an uncle's aid had to be invoked to supply a little dinner at the "Star and Garter" on a fine Sunday evening in July. For one second the good Bishop, carried back in his imagination to forty years ago, suddenly spread out his apron with both hands, and, humming the inspiring Spanish dance from *Le Domino Noir*, executed a characteristic *pas*. Well for him was it that Mrs. DOWDIE was at that moment engaged in a discourse with Mrs. Prebendary WHEEZER in a distant room, or he would have received such a rebuke as would have sent signoras and ballet-dancers out of his head for some considerable time.

"I feel quite a boy again," said the Bishop to himself as he paused for breath, and looked round to see if he had been observed. Then he added, impatiently, "Why the deuce doesn't she come?"

At last, to the braying of trumpets, the clashing of cymbals, the booming of a big drum, and the crashing of an Indian gong, a superbly painted carriage, preceded by outriders, and drawn by four piebald horses ridden by postilions in glazed hats, red and blue ribands, and carrying long cracking whips, dashed up to the hall-steps. A perfect commotion took place. The Bishop was in a nervous flutter of excitement, and Mr. MATTIX, giving him, as he passed, a nudge in the ribs, whispered, "It's the Signora!" hurried into the hall to proffer his assistance. He was, however, nearly knocked down right over the big drum, and had his head almost jammed into a pulp by the cymbals as he encountered the *cortège* in the hall. SCARAMOUCH at once put his hand on his heart, and, bowing low to the Bishop, observed, *à propos* of things generally, that "on his honour it wasn't me," and then with a broad grin he suddenly put his arms a-kimbo, straddled his legs, wagged his head, and crying "Here we are again!" picked up Mr. MATTIX by his waistband, then hit Signor PANTALONE a backhander in the eye, which sent him into the refreshment-room, when the reappearance of the Blue Boy with La Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA on his arm soon restored what threatened to be a chaos into the most perfect order.

"I am so proud and happy to meet you, Bishop," said the Marchesa, in a musical whisper, as she joined her hands above her head and then whirled round him in a graceful measure, while Dr. DOWDIE, inspired by old memories, threw himself on one knee, and playfully followed the steps of her twinkling feet, as he used his shovel-hat for a tambourine, first tightening the strings so as to get some sort of sound out of it.

There was no one in the hall except a few of the dignified Small-Beerjester Clergy, who, hungrily expecting preferment, felt it incumbent on them to applaud every step their Bishop took to the very echo, and they were just calling loudly for the fandango when a terrible voice, proceeding from the dining-room door, exclaimed, "Bishop!"

It was Mrs. DOWDIE. The effect was electric. Not with contented eyes had Mrs. DOWDIE watched the arrival of this strange party, and Mr. MATTIX's enthusiastic reception of this intriguing, dancing, bedizened Italian woman, whatever she might be. Compelled to absent herself for a few moments, in order to superintend the erection of the tent for the talented troupe, Mrs. DOWDIE had not witnessed the entire performance in the hall. Had she done so, I doubt whether one strip of lace would have remained on La Marchesa's back, or if one single bracelet would have been allowed to adorn the fair foreigner's well-rounded arm.

A Joke from the McHaggis of Haggis.

I've just come fra' Paris, where my cousin, The McCOCKALKEKIN—ye ken The McCOCKALKEKIN o' that ilk maybe—and mysel' had a gay an' a happy time. As a wee bit mark o' respect to you, Sir, we beg to present you with our—

Motto for a Constant Beer-Drinker on the Boulevards—
—"Bock agen!"



REPUDIATION.

Butcher (rushing out). "HEY—ESS THAT YOUR DOAG, MUN!"

Donald. "AWHEEL—HE WAUS MINE ANGE, BUT HE'S AYE DARIN' FOR HESSEL YH NOO!!!"

WHY I AM IN TOWN.

Yes, of course, you are naturally surprised to see me with a seedy hat, and a frayed coat; and really now I come to look at it, my left boot has given way, walking down Tottenham Court Road in August; but the fact is, that it is all the fault of that confoundedly stupid Keeper of mine. He wrote and said that if I put off my shooting till September, the grouse would be so much better. The Duke, you know, who has got the next moor to mine, has gone up, you know; and a precious bad time he writes and says he's having. I am off to-morrow. So good bye! Good bye!

No wonder you are astonished to see me, in this shabby dress, shopping in Islington; but as the Marchioness wrote over to say that the people now at Tourville are not quite *distangy* enough, I thought I would wait a little, and then start for the Tyrol, my dear, and then Italy or Algiers; for the winter, you see. Good bye!

Me a eating whelks in the New Cut, is surprising, 'ARRY, I am bound to admit; but my pal BILL—you know him—oh, he's a real swell, a medical student, and fined at Marlborough Street reg'lar, he says that Margate is a bit mixed you know, a lot of 'ARRIES and such like cads, as you might say. It ain't good enough, old fellow, to be seen about with such a low set as them. But ta! ta! old man. There's the Governor; and I've got to get back to the shop.

Ha! ha! It is certainly a most ludicrous thing for you to see me in this costume. Did you see such a Scotch cap before? and what do you think of the broad arrows on the jacket and knickerbockers? Ha! ha! it is funny. I should have been enjoying my autumn trip in America, but, between you and me, my medical man forbade me leaving England for at least eighteen months. There he is now—one of the very best prison surgeons we have. What, is the time up? Well, good-bye. Always glad to see you here. Look in whenever you are passing.

Well, wot of it? S'pose I am driving a moke down in Vitechapel,

and a selling vegetables, instead of being at the sea-side, and enjoying the briny at Barking or Gravesend. Wot then? Sea-side, look at Goodwood! What with that their *Hidle Vice*, and that there *Chippendale*, I was put in a reg'lar ole. Why my account weren't ready at Tattersall's, I tell you. Sea-side, indeed! Get up! Chok! G'long!

Of course I am in town. You ought to know, if any one does. I ought to be in the Isle of Wight, when I had a particular invitation to go on the Prince of WALES' yacht. And if I hadn't thought you were out of town, too, you wouldn't have found me in this house at three in the morning, with a dark lantern, and a jemmy. This is what comes of stopping in London, when the swells are away, and only a lot of mean, miserly, suspicious owners of houses left. Take me away, Policeman! Bah, I am disgusted at such conduct!

By a Bicyclist.

We don't do things by halves;
With me let butchers deal;
For my one pair of calves
Make endless rounds of wheel.

Mutterings from Westminster.

"Thursday, 12th August.—Orders of the day—Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, Second Reading."

"EXPIRING LAWS"!—If here much longer we are forced to stay, "Expiring Members" soon will be the Order of the Day.

TAR! TAR!

MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL appealed to the "Dicky Sams" of Liverpool. SAM found it "all Dicky."

WILL YOU NOT NAME THE DAY?

(Song by an M.P. Dedicated to Lord Hartington.)

WILL you not name the day
 When I can get away
 Far from the House,
 When to the Grouse
 I my respects can pay?
 When from the stifling town
 I can to moors go down,
 Or on the seas,
 Where sun and breeze
 Do me a lovely brown.
 Will you not name the day
 When I can get away?
 Oh, won't you name?
 Will you not name?
 The Day!

[Plays exhausted symphony, and faints.]

Fact, of Course.

WHEN Dr. TANNER returned to food, a gentleman brought him one small ripe plum to begin with.
 "What on airth's this?" asked the Doctor, who was very irritable.

"Waal," replied the amiable Stranger, "I thought, as you'd just finished a Fast, you might like to try a *Sloe*."

The Doctor was irritable, and the Stranger left abruptly.

The Sting of it.

(According to the muddled Owner.)

CONFOUND all these new-fangled habits!—
 As if land didn't bring enough cares,
 Without making us give up our rabbits
 To fellows who give themselves *hares*!

Answer to a Correspondent.

"LEARNED THEBAN." Your article on NOAH's Arkitecture is simply admirable, but unsuited to our Yorick Columns. Try the *Builder*. (No. 2.)—You say you are blindly convinced of the existence of such a firm as *Shutters and Window*. No. Say "CHATTO AND WINDUS," and you'll be about right.

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.—The *Albert Victor*.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Clara (from the Country). "WHAT A SHAME! IT USED TO BE SUCH FUN, YOU KNOW!"

Caroline (from Town). "YES, POOR LITTLE THINGS! WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BUILD THEIR NESTS IN THE GARDENS?"

THE DUKE OF MUDFORD IN GLOOMSBURY.

THE Duke of MUDFORD's grip upon London extends far beyond Mud-Salad Market. As Lord CUL-DE-SAC and the Earl of No THOROUGHFARE, he claims and exercises a right of blockade in Gloomsbury. London is a very peculiar city. It is said to be sixteen miles long and eight miles broad, and is supposed to contain a population of four millions. Its parochial rulers for the last ten years have devoted all their energy to the improvement of the great avenues of communication from East to West, but the cross avenues are in much the same condition as they were in the days of Dr. JOHNSON. The Strand and Fleet Street have been improved, Oxford Street, Holborn, Newgate Street, &c., have been widened, a noble Embankment has been made, and a great serpentine roadway, extending from Waterloo Bridge to Whitechapel, is in course of formation. While this is done, or being done, there is not a thoroughfare worthy of the name from South to North, from Park Lane to Chancery Lane. Berkeley Street, Bond Street, St. Martin's Lane, and other cross streets have to get rid of their northern traffic by dodging round corners. The most central and most important thoroughfare from South to North, is composed of Waterloo Bridge (a bridge from which the halfpenny tax on suicide has just been removed), Wellington Street (which stands on a hill, and is adorned by the Thalia and Melpomene Theatres), Bow Street (which might be called Bow-legged Street, where criminals are tried), Endell Street (where they grow the criminals who are tried at Bow Street), and Gower Street, which belongs to the Duke of MUDFORD.

At the north end of Gower Street the traffic is stopped by a dual barrier, and turned round several narrow streets, to find its way to the Euston Road as best it can. Three of the largest railway termini

—the North-Western, the Midland, and the Great Northern—lie in this direction; but the Duke of MUDFORD, LORD CUL-DE-SAC, and Earl of No THOROUGHFARE claims his right to stand between these railways and their floods of traffic. The line must be drawn somewhere, and it is drawn at Gower Street. It was Mrs. PARTINGTON's mission to try to mop back the Atlantic: it is the Duke of MUDFORD's mission to push back four millions of people.

By the way, Mud-Salad Market was at its dirtiest and filthiest last Thursday. Such a standing nuisance in London ought to be as impossible as it is impassable.

Potation and Quotation.

TOWARDS the finish of a civic dinner, a Deputy, while engaged in a serious discussion with a Common Councilman on the vice of gluttony, became as mixed as his liquors had been. He insisted that Drives must have been an Alderman, because he was given to "turtle and fine linen, and fared sumptuously." "Sumphously" was a difficult word for the Deputy, but the Common Councilman admitted the correctness of the quotation, and was convinced.

"ERIN GO BRAGH!"

AN unusual number of earthquakes have lately been occurring in various parts of the world. But there isn't one of them to compare with the Irish Land Agitation.

"BRAY-VO 'ICKS!"—Though a sitting Member for Cambridge, you must henceforth be a standing joke as "The Eggs-M.P."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(The Colonel on Kempton Park Characteristics.)



and was told that Kempton Park was close to either Kensington, Surbiton, or Enfield. He added that he was not quite sure which, but he "knew it was somewhere there."

Finding, consequently, that the place was within easy reach of town, I luckily remembered that another friend of mine (at present travelling in Africa in search of lions) had offered me, just at the break-up of a jovial Greenwich dinner, the mount of a couple of the best of his hunters whenever I liked to use them. Accordingly, after securing for a moderate sum a good roomy omnibus, and ordering my friend's groom to put the animals into it, I found myself possessed of a truly *recherché* equipage. My only regret was the impossibility of communicating with the owner in Africa as to the advisability of driving his hunters in double harness. The groom said that the spirited animals were quite unaccustomed to this sort of work, and would be sure to be "skittish." Hearing this, I filled the omnibus, inside and out, with passengers, at a few shillings a head, as a sort of human ballast. This plan was perfectly successful, as the horses by the end of the day were broken in completely. When my friend returns from Africa (where I sincerely hope that both he and the lions are enjoying themselves thoroughly), I am sure he will be pleased with the new accomplishment acquired by his intelligent quadrupeds under my careful tuition.

Probably influenced by the diabolical appearance of the medallion on the Race-Card, I had pictured the meeting as a weird revel of the wildest character. I had expected to see Roughs maddened with drink, perambulating Ethiopian Serenaders almost speechless with the fierce excitement of the "Outer Ring," and—in fact—the rest of it. Nothing could have been more different. I know it is but a foolish fancy, but I cannot help thinking that Kempton Park, in pre-Reformation times, must have been tenanted by some strict monastic order of the most ascetical character, allowing themselves but one recreation—a little steeple-chasing. The lovely spot has evidently retained most of its pristine serenity. When I arrived, I found that the combined influence of gate-money and a certain solemn calm had affected every person present. There was an air of sweet resignation amongst the mournful occupants of the Members' Stand, and the space reserved as the Tattersall's Enclosure was filled with bookmakers of a decidedly "serious" type of countenance. Certainly before every race there were cries of "Four to one bar one!" but these cries seemed only to lack the stately accompaniment of the deep low tones of a cathedral organ. I have heard of "Horse-Chaunters." Were these specimens? Echo, latest edition, answers "I don't know."

The space in front of the Grand Stand was tenanted by commissioners of a comparatively gay character, but even these reminded one strongly of vergers on furlough, teetotallers thinking about backsliding, and undertakers' men out for a holiday. The gorgeous costumes of Brighton and elsewhere were conspicuous by their absence. I searched in vain for the bright green opera-hat, ornamented with red stars, I knew so well; the white cloth coat, adorned with blue braid and pink buttons, I had so often admired; the thousand and one sartorial combinations—pleasing and unconventional—that had so frequently filled my heart with joy. No, everything was staid and solemn. To ward off my tears, I lunched, and, after lunching, as a necessary consequence I plunged.

I record this plunging with a feeling of bitter sorrow not unmixed with shame. The numbers for the Richmond Welter Handicap Plate had scarcely appeared upon the board before I was "on" *Brilliance* for a sum beyond—far beyond—my means. I turned away my head as the solemn cadence of the race-bell told me that the horses had started. Then came a murmur—a soft, regretful murmur—from the sad-eyed ring-men, and the news had gone forth to the four quarters of the earth that *Guinar* was the winner! Not satisfied with my defeat, once more I plunged—this time on *Sabletail* for "the Shepperton All-Aged Selling Stakes of Five Sovs. each, with 100 Sovs. added." Again the modulated moans of bereaved book-makers told me that the rich prize had been carried off by another. I must have looked sad, for even the gentle-voiced "Member of Tattersall's and Newmarket Rooms," who (so his ticket informed me) "to prevent paying on two would entertain no objection on any consideration after the winner had passed the scales," sighed audibly as he politely refused to admit my assertion that I had really won because I had meant to back *Queen Frederica*.

HERE "Kempton Park" was I had not the vaguest notion. I had certainly seen a "Correct Card of the Races," but this had not given me much information. The document had been headed with a medallion sketch of two weird-looking persons riding two equally weird-looking horses, and bearing altogether a strong resemblance to *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* "making a (Walpurgis) night of it." But as the legend round the picture was "For Sport and Recreation," I could not help believing that the spot had nothing whatever to do with GOTHEN and Germany. Feeling puzzled, I consulted one of my friends (who prides himself upon extreme accuracy) upon the subject,

Galled to the very quick at this fresh failure, I hurried to the paddock, where the authoress of my undoing was to be sold by public auction.

In the centre of a melancholy ring stood the mare. The Auctioneer—an individual of highly respectable, nay, truly ecclesiastical appearance—was busily engaged in recording the bids. By his side lounged a sportsman in a pith hat of peculiar construction. This sportsman, who was bidding vigorously, was described, in the glowing language of the hammer, as "a Real Conservative English Gentleman." I asked who the "R. C. E. G." was, and heard, to my horror, that (from his name) he was apparently connected with a well-known Circus! The "R. C. E. G." appeared determined to buy the mare, evidently believing (as an excellent judge of horse-flesh) that *Queen Frederica* might one day be trained to dance a kind of polka with the Clown, or at least to take a glass of wine with counterfeited satisfaction with the Ring-Master. But the owner came to the rescue; and "the Heroine of the Shepperton All-Aged Selling Stakes of 5 Sovs. each, with 100 Sovs. added," originally valued at a "century," being bought in for £609 sterling, was saved from a "trial of endurance" in a hippodrome!

My *Sabletail* disaster did not end my misfortunes. I returned to the Ring, and selecting a bookmaker on account of his personal resemblance to Lord SHAFTESBURY, plunged once again.

Do you know what it is to "put money on a horse"? If you don't,—see the initial illustration to this article.

I backed *Montrose* for the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, *Sarsaparilla* for the Kempton Park August Handicap, *Playaway* for the Halliford Welter, and *Van Tromp* for the Middlesex Maiden. None of them won! I was a ruined man. At this crisis there was but one thing to do, and I did it. I turned Commissioner myself. The Biter ceased to be the Bit!

Only the last race remained, but I had heard something about it that made me believe that taking the odds against everything would be what they call in the City "a thoroughly sound commercial transaction." Accordingly, with unbounded generosity, I took One Hundred, nay, One Thousand to One, against the Field and the Favourite couple. Unused to this disinterested dealing, the Public rallied round me with cheerful alacrity. A quarter of an hour before the time advertised for the running of the race I inspected my book, with the following highly satisfactory result. I found that I stood either to lose rather more than Half a Million of Money, or to win no less a sum than £8 10s. 4d. Having this pleasing amount in my pocket, I now secretly withdrew, as it was really useless to remain any longer. But my Honour (without which life is quite valueless) was preserved. My absence had just become noticeable when the last race (as I knew it would be from the first) was declared void!

Need I add, as a man of the widest sympathies, that it was most comforting to me to consider (when I was well on my way home) that the Public I had left behind me so full of hope, so full of confidence, at Kempton Park, were just the sort of people to bear the discovery of their unexpected loss—after a slight display of excusable irritability—with very edifying equanimity? The answer will be in the negative, my dear young Friend, if you really know

THE COLONEL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



thorns of Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL'S Turcophil talker-talkes? *Punch* passes on.

(*Commons.*)—GORST, our *Sir Molester Deadlock*, still interrogative: "Will the Government undertake not to advise HER MAJESTY to prorogue Parliament until the result of General ROBERTS'S march is ascertained?" Hardly necessary, replies Lord HARTINGTON, with grim humour, since the Hon. Gentleman can secure that result himself if he be so minded. Obstruction asks Sir Dead-lock to enter into an engagement not to move on!

Then five hours' talk over six votes in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. Class II. (Law and Justice) Salaries of Prison Commissioners and functions of Visiting Justices canvassed closely and contentiously. Mr. Alderman FOWLER having weakly suggested that if they could not trust the Government in "trifles," there would never be an end to public business (the innocent Alderman!), Lord R. CHURCHILL "rounded on him" (school-boy slang seems so appropriate to the proceedings of Lord RANDOLPH) as "an old Tory" whom he, for one, didn't mean to follow. Has Toryism then, in the persons of the three Members of the fourth party, indeed taken a new departure?

To heckle with questions and bother with Bogeys
Appear the Fourth Party's preposterous rules,
The Young Tories think the Old Tories are fogies,
The Old Tories know the Young Tories are—fules!

"Fules" in a parliamentary sense, of course.

Tuesday (Lords).—

Earl DE LA WARR inquires what Railway Companies appear awake
To the advisability of using the Continuous Brake.
Lord REDDENDALE plaintively repeats his query, "What will Peers befall
In this strange Session, which would seem continuous with no break at all?"

(*Commons.*)—Mr. FORSTER, in reply to Sir W. BARTLELOT, administered a well-deserved double-thonging to Mr. DILLON, the sedition-spouting, outrage-provoking Member for Tipperary. Beware, Mr. DILLON, of Mr. *Punch's* *bâton* or *Toby's* teeth!

Then Lord HARTINGTON, on Indian Finance, at present synonymous with Indian Pickle. Some consolation is to be found in the apparent fact that but for the Afghan War there would have been fair surpluses during the last three years. As it is, there is a deficit of Nine Millions or so—quite a little "surprise packet" not discovered until a few weeks before the late Government left office. The military expenditure had, in fact, been pleasantly underestimated to the tune of Nine Millions, owing to the peculiarly humorous system of keeping military accounts in India. Military expenditure not being included in making up the books, the Indian Government had to "guess at it," and as Lord HARTINGTON said, "had framed these Estimates upon any basis without making any inquiry into the amount actually expended." Government will have to "guess again," as they can't "give it up." Thus—but the affair naturally lends itself to dramatic treatment:—

VERY ODD FIGURES!

OR THE OPTIMIST VICEROY AND THE OBLIVIOUS SECRETARY.

A FINANCIAL FARCE.

SCENE I.—*India.* VICEROY and FINANCIAL SECRETARY confidentially chatting over the Prosperity Budget.

Viceroy. Ah! highly satisfactory! Surplus small,
But still a Surplus. Good! And is that all?

Secretary (airily). Oh yes!—that is—well, 'tis the merest trifle,
That little Afghan business! [Pauses and puffs cigar.]

Viceroy (after an interval). Phewh! I stifle.
An Indian heat! (*Drinks deeply of iced potables*). Where were we? Oh, dear me,
The Afghan business?
Secretary (suddenly reminiscent). Well—in fact—you see,
Accounts not audited—hum—can't quite tell—
To a few millions—but, if all goes well,
'Twill soon be over. Ah! how close the place is!
I've estimated on the usual basis!
Viceroy. Quite right! Quite right! Quidnuncs at home seem queasy,
But, after all, the whole affair's so easy.
Hah! GLADSTONE and his lot will have to trudge it
When we make public our Prosperity Budget.
[Left enjoying themselves.]

SCENE II.—*England.* JOHN BULL and VICEROY having it out.

John Bull. Nine Millions out, and on the wrong side? Clearly

My Indian books must have been kept most queerly.

Viceroy. Ah well, you see, that "usual basis" bogged us,

And those "conjectural estimates" quite fogged us.

John Bull. "Usual?" "Conjectural?" Finance by guess,

You might have known, would land you in a mess,

A system worthy *Herbert Pocket*.

Viceroy (with interest). Ah!

Great Expectations as a fiction—

John Bull (impatiently). Bah!

Shifting the scene to India 'tis your story.

This is the price I pay for pinchbeck glory—

Out by Two Hundred (very near) per cent!!!

I hope that you and STRACHAY are content.

Of course I don't suspect financial riggers,

But these are—what you cut—Very Odd Figures!

Mr. *Punch* thinks so too; and, while desiring to imitate Lord HARTINGTON'S generous and gentlemanly forbearance, does not wonder that Mr. FAWCETT was "generally cheered" when he said that "some radical change must be introduced into the system of Government in India." "Radical" means Liberal, of course. The preposterous system, yet more than the peccant individuals, is the thing that demands pitching into.

Wednesday (Commons).—Employers' Liability Bill pushed on to Third Reading in spite of "assistance" from the Young Tory Trio. In Committee on the Savings Bank Bill, Mr. MAGNIAC hotly complained of the manner in which it was being "rushed through." Legislation by "ugly rushes" is indeed a thing to be strenuously deprecated; but isn't it rather lunatical, or Magniacal, for those who deliberately wrangle to complain loudly of being hurried? As reasonably shall the wayfarer who idly whittles his staff to chips, grumble at having nothing to walk with.

Thursday (Lords).—The Employers' Liability Bill read a First Time, without discussion. All will not be such plain sailing presently perchance.

The discomfiting story of Isandlana, as told by Lord CHELMSFORD, interested, if it did not wholly satisfy, a scanty House. Lord STRATHNAIRN, who had somewhat modified his original plan of attack upon the conduct of affairs in Zululand, made nevertheless a lively onslaught on the Short Service System, Civil War Ministers, "Hybrid Amateurs," Military Education (founded on the study of antique depravity and modern fiction), and incidentally upon the conduct of the Campaign in South Africa.

Lord CHELMSFORD, in a clear speech, defended the Short Service System, and



SIC TRANSIT!

ALAS, FOR THE PRETTY JERSEY COSTUME! 'ANDROME 'ARRIET, THE 'OUEHMAID, HAS GOT IT AT LAST, AND IT FITS HER JUST AS WELL AS HER MISSUM.

himself attributing the disaster at Isandlana to disobedience of orders on the part of dead Colonel DURNFORD.

Lord DENMAN thought that the narrative "must be satisfactory to every thinking man in the three kingdoms." A charming and comforting *consensus*! Perhaps we may hear anon who the "thinking men" really are, and what they think of it.

(*Commons*.)—Hares and Rabbits Bill again the *pièce de resistance*. The Champions of "Sport" valorously stuck to their guns, CHAPLIN indignantly minatory, BRAND bitterly monitorial. Sundry Amendments aimed more or less directly at the "vital principle" of the Bill, ruthlessly negatived by the "Mechanical Majority." Meanwhile, the "Little Victims" (see Cartoon), by no means "regardless of their doom," prick alarmed ears at the coming shadow, which, whether it be that of the Lord, who would preserve them for Sport, or of the Farmer, who would pot them for crop-preservation, can bode but small good to Puss and Bunny.

Friday.—Both in the Upper and the Lower House a considerable portion of the Sitting was occupied by heated discussion on the conduct of Public Business. In wrangling over waste of time our legislators wasted more. *Mr. Punch*, however, does sincerely pity the poor Peers, "kept in" with nothing particular to do. The Commons at least are hard at it.

Mr. BALFOUR moved—"That it is inexpedient in the interest of public business that important measures should be brought under the consideration of the House at a period of the Session when it is impossible that they should receive adequate discussion." Everybody agreed with him in principle, but the blame for the actual condition of affairs was tossed from side to side of the House like the ball in a well maintained rally at Lawn Tennis.

Lord HARTINGTON was humorously arithmetical, calculating that six Members of the House (Mr. GORST, Sir HENRY WOLFF, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Mr. BIGGAR, Mr. O'CONNOR, and Mr. FINIGAN), all Ishmaelites or Irishmen, had, between them, made 407 speeches, and that, if all Members babbled in the same proportion, the

Notices for Mudford Estate Office.

Thursday (Midday), August 19.—Heaps of Refuse all down Mudford Street and other tributaries of Mud-Salad Market. No Collection at the doors.

Instructions in the Great Block System will be given by qualified Professors, on application at the Mudford Estate Office, Gloombsbury.

Probable Change of Name.—On account of the delicious flavouring communicated by Mud-Salad Market to Garrick Street, it is proposed to alter its name to Garlick Street.

Lectures.

(*Subjects suggested for the "British Goat Society."*)

ON the force of a "But" in argument.
ON Fair Play and very little "Kid" about it.
ON Historical Nannygoats of Eminent Persons.

This Society, whose object is to induce every Cottager to keep a Goat, which, in return, will keep him, hopes to adopt for its motto—"Chacun a son goat."

Archæology at Home.

SPEAKING to the Archæological Association the other day at Devizes Town-Hall, Earl NELSON observed that meetings like theirs gave people "a zest to become antiquaries, to gather together little bits of their family history, and of the history of their respective parishes." Cultivated in this spirit, Archæological researches instead of resulting in mere dry bones, may be expected to reward investigators with the discovery of skeletons in the cupboard.

'Arry on Litterytoor.

"*Eros*." Four tales by the Misses BUTTS, TYTLER, and the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

'ARRY only read the title. "Why, they can't write their own language," he said, utterly disgusted. "Whoever 'eard of spellin' 'os' with one 'a'?"

"O' course," replied 'ARRY junior; "and, as it's taken four on 'em to do it, it ain't 'Er 'oss, it's *Their 'oss*."

So neither of 'em bought the book.

MAXIMUM OF THE MAJORITY.—Late hours are damaging the Parliamentary Constitution.

average length of a Session would be eight years or so, "a result which," as is frequently observed by EUCLID in similar circumstances, "is absurd."

Of course Lord R. CHURCHILL was virtuously indignant, and Mr. CHAPLIN savagely recriminatory. Well, the Government has made mistakes, and the present position of affairs is sufficiently exasperating, but complaint certainly does not lie in the mouths of the little minority of Obstructives, who cannot be acquitted of having wantonly wasted time with a view to impede legislation which they dislike, and discredit a Government which they detest.

Tongue v. Time. Tongue had rare sport.
Tongue wagged long till Time ran short.
Tongue complained. "You're out of Court,
For waste makes want," was Time's retort.

What little time could be spared from recrimination, was (in the *Commons*) devoted to further discussion of the Hares and Rabbits Bill.

Sporting M.P. loquiter—

"Game? Game? Bah! I loathe the name.
(Popping and spouting not being the same).
The moors invite,—'tis a thundering shame,—
Yes, a beastly swindle, *whoever's* to blame.
To keep a man here when the grouse should claim
His sole attention! A Bill to frame
Which at every turn must one's temper inflame
With verbal allusions to game! game! game!
Is the game of fends. Ah! the moors! I fear
Non-M.P.'s have the luck, who midst jovial cheer
Bring the game down there. We must keep it up here!"
[Left voting viciously.]

UNPUBLISHED TELEGRAM TO MR. FORSTER LAST WEEK.—"Come back to Erin!"—and he went.



ARTFUL.

Tramp (to the Rector). "YOUR SERMON WAS VERY MUCH THOUGHT TO LAST NIGHT, SIR—"

Rector (flattered). "INDEED, MY MAN! I'M VERY GLAD IF ANY EFFORTS OF MINE—"

Tramp. "YES, SIR, I HEARN A GREAT MANY A-TALKIN' OF IT IN THE PORTON, AND I WAS A-WALKIN' OVER TO RAMSGATE YESTERDAY, AND MY 'AT BLEW OFF INTO THE SEA, AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A OLD 'AT YOU COULD GIVE—" [Unusual result.]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Alinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine; or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooley!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arny Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED).

WE know what was the wrath of Juno when Jupiter demeaned himself to play at "Follow my Leda," and wasn't her husband a greater Divine than Jupiter? and, if so, wasn't his conduct worse? And could it be any comfort to her to think that if he hadn't metamorphosed himself into a swan, he had at least made an old goose of himself, and that history so repeats itself as to show how birds of a feather flock together?

Whether this all passed through Mrs. DOWDIE's mind I cannot say, for my acquaintance with this estimable woman does not warrant me in the conclusion that she was acquainted with anything more than a very vague outline of the classics, and had probably never heard either of LEMPRIERE

or of OVIDIUS NASO. Be this as it may, she gave La Marchesa such a look, as, if looks were lightning, would have blasted her on the spot, and then taking the Bishop by the arm, pushed him in front of her, two steps at a time, up the staircase to his dressing-room, where, locking the door, she wouldn't let him leave the apartment until she had so combed his hair, that had become seriously disarranged during his recent unwonted exercise, as to enable him to reappear among his guests, sleek, tidy, cool, and comfortable, as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

Once, and once only, was he able to slip away from his wife, and whisper in his Chaplain's ear,

"I'm immensely taken with La Marchesa."

The quick-witted Italian, who was eating a Neapolitan ice specially provided for her by Mr. MATTIX, looked up with an arch glance, and replied, softly,

"Come to the photographer's, and we'll be taken together."

"You will if I catch you!" exclaimed the now thoroughly roused Mrs. DOWDIE, who had returned, unperceived, to the refreshment-room. "And," she added, turning to the Bishop, "you'll be well shaken before taken, I can tell you. As to you, Madame, there's a reckoning—"

"Indeed!" interrupted La Marchesa. "I thought I was indebted to your hospitality for the ice; but as there's a reckoning, GIOVANNI" (this to the Blue Boy), "you have a shilling in my purse—give sixpence for the ice, twopence for the cakes, and the rest of the change she can keep for herself."

"Insolent!" hissed Mrs. DOWDIE, whom rage had now almost completely mastered. And to what act of violence she would have proceeded it is impossible to say, had not Archbeacon OVERWAYTE, who had been present during the greater part of this scene, whispered in her ear, "The professional person has sprained her ankle in dancing. She must leave the house at once. I'll see to it."

She pressed the Archbeacon's hand in silent gratitude, and for the second time led the Bishop away from this dangerous proximity. Dr. DOWDIE retired, looking back over his shoulder, and intimating, by signs, his undying admiration for his too lovely and too fascinating guest, and his great sympathy for her in her misfortunes.

It was not likely, however, that the Archbeacon would be allowed to succeed on such dangerous ground; and just as he was about to offer his arm to La Marchesa, he was suddenly recalled to a sense of conjugal duty by a sharp tap on the back of his head from his wife's fan, which was welcomed with a ringing laugh from the light-hearted Italian.

"I was going to help her, my dear," explained the Archbeacon, "because she's sprained her ankle, and is lame."

"Never you mind about her ankle, Archnoddy; you just let her ankles alone!" was that excellent lady's retort.

"But she's a lame woman!" pleaded the Archbeacon, warding off another rap of the fan.

"If she's a lame woman," replied Mrs. OVERWAYTE, "let a lame man help her. And you're not a lay-man, are you, Archbeacon? No; so you just come along, and insist on ARABLE's proposing to MORLEENA while Mr. MATTIX gets himself entangled in this quarter." And the far-seeing Lady walked her husband off at a critical moment.

And where was Mr. MATTIX all this while?

Seeing that he could do no good where he was, by the side of La Marchesa, and feeling that any interference between the Bishop and Mrs. DOWDIE would not be opportune, he determined to fortify himself with a few glasses of the liqueur of Ancient Thomas, and then, while the whole party was occupied with the doings of the Italian troupe in the tent, he would strike the blow, and propose to MORLEENA. She could but refuse him; and if she did, was there not La Marchesa in reserve? He would not begin by proposing to the Italian; her style of life was too uncertain for his fixed ideas of clerical preferment; and then to put himself at her feet would be to throw himself into the arms of what was now a thoroughly anti-Mrs.-DOWDIE party, and, yet awhile at least, he could not afford to break with the Bishop's wife. If MORLEENA accepted him, he might still indulge his artistic tastes in an occasional flirtation with the

Marchesa should she choose to reside in Small-Beerjester, and make friends with Mrs. DOWDIE. Big with these resolutions, Mr. MARTIN drained the contents of a quart of Ancient Thomas, and then murmured to himself something about "coming at once to the pint."

At that moment MORLEENA was strolling forth into a secluded part of the garden, in expectation—I must admit it, though it does seem a little in a heroine—of Mr. ARABLE happening to come out, before the Show was half over, to walk in that direction. After all, dear Ladies over forty, is it not what some of you would do yourselves? And if so, why not allow that it was not such great slyness in even so average an heroine as my MORLEENA? Mind, I don't set her up for a pattern to follow. If she had been an example to be followed, Mr. ARABLE would have known that, and he would have been there by now. No; she does not pretend to be a pattern; and I do not intend to make an example of her.

MY YOT.

(A Confidential Carol, by a Cockney Owner, who inwardly feels that he is not exactly "in it," after all.)



HAT makes me deem I'm
of Viking blood
(Though a wee bit
queer when the pace
grows hot),
A briny slip of the
British brood?

My Yot!

What makes me rig me
in curious guise,
Like a kind of a sort
of—I don't know
what,
And talk sea-along, to
the world's surprise?

My Yot!

What makes me settle
my innermost soul
On winning a pur-
poseless silver pot,
And walk with a (very
much) nautical roll?

My Yot!

What makes me learned
in outters and yaws,
And time allowance
—which others must
tot—

And awfully nervous
in sudden squalls?
My Yot!

What makes me sprawl on the deck all day,
And at night play "Nap" till I lose a lot,
And grub in a catch-who-can sort of a way?
My Yot!

What makes me qualmish, timorous, pale,
(Though rather than own it I'd just be shot)
When the Fay in the wave-crests dips her sail?
My Yot!

What makes me "patter" to skipper and crew
In a kibosh style that a child might spot,
And tug hard ropes till my knuckles go blue?
My Yot!

What makes me snooze in a narrow, close bunk,
Till the cramp my limbs doth twist and knot,
And brave discomfort, and face blue-funk?
My Yot!

What makes me gammon my chummiest friends
To "try the fun"—which I know's all rot—
And earn the dead-out in which all this ends?
My Yot!

What makes me, in short, an egregious ass,
A bore, a butt, who, not caring a jot
For the sea, as a sea-king am seeking to pass?
My Yot!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(The Colonel "assists" at the Brussels Meeting.)



ARE sport, Sir. The World's mine Oyster, and here in Brussels is one of our "Opening days." Uprouse ye, then, my merry, merry men, &c., &c. But I may tell you, confidentially, that for the last month or so the brave Belgians have been celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of their Independence. The Brussels streets have been during this time in a chronic state of banners and illuminations. The heroes of the hour seem to be "The Combatants of 1830"—complimentary allusions to them on bunting and in coloured lamps appearing at every corner of almost every road. Before leaving, I saw one of these aged quarrellers staggering under the weight of an enormous tricoloured flag. He was supported on either side by friends who urged him frequently to "hold up," and formed an amusing "feature" in a vague procession consisting, apparently, of all the restaurant waiters of Brussels, in dirty evening dress. His Majesty the King in a State carriage, a few loungers in red dressing-gowns, the entire Belgian Army, and other little odds and ends of an equally effective character. That there might be no doubt about the identity of the veteran brawler, he was labelled "a combatant," and appeared to be suffering from the combined infirmities of extreme old age and long-seated intoxication. Why he had selected 1830 for a display of his pugnacity, and after making this quaint selection, what he had done, and why he had done it, seemed to be secrets known only to himself and perhaps the keeper of the archives of some local police-station. These mysteries, however, appeared to be quite in keeping with the spirit of the moment. The Belgians have celebrated with the utmost heartiness the jubilee of their freedom, when no one (except, possibly, two or three professional historians) seems to have ever heard of their slavery. I, for instance, should have entirely missed the Liberation Fêtes had not my instincts as a veritable "gentlemen-jockeys-ors-ridere-sport-is-man" (as they called me in Brussels) carried me over to "assist" at the courses of Boitsfort.

My journey to Belgium was not quite uneventful. On the way to Dover I met two frank young English lads, who told me that they were going to Paris (at the instance of a strong-minded maiden aunt) to pick up a knowledge of the world, and to acquire accomplishments. Learning this, I thought it a duty I owed to their aged and sensible protectress to point out to them that an opportunity now offered for the commencement of what might be termed the finishing touches to their education. I suggested that they could not do better than entrust me with a sum (small or great—for preference the latter), to be expended by me on their behalf at the Brussels Races. Sad and strange to say, although so young, they seemed to distrust me, and even appeared to harbour a suspicion that in making my proposal I had some selfish object of my own in view! Need I say that, immensely shocked, and hurt to the very quick, I indignantly repudiated the unworthy insinuation, and for the moment had no more to say to them. However, I am naturally of a forgiving nature, and when we got to Mid-Channel my heart softened towards them. I happen to be an excellent sailor myself, and it pained me deeply to see how greatly the poor young lads were suffering. To cheer them up, I again broached the subject of the Brussels investment. At first they evidently misunderstood me, for they with extreme diffidence (so great was their lassitude) produced their tickets. Gently explaining that I was not the Steward, but only a staunch and true friend, they seemed to recognise me. With tears in their eyes, they offered me all they had in the world to say no more about it. As a token of my hearty forgiveness, I helped myself to a considerable sum, and noticing that they were really quite unequal to the fatigue of any further conversation, left them. On arriving at Calais, I immediately took the Brussels train. When I reached Lille, it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten to ask for their address, and had, moreover, neglected to furnish them with my own! Nothing could have been more unlucky, as mutual recognition had now become almost impossible! Having the worst memory in the world for faces, I felt sure I should never know them if I met them. They, on the other hand, would have considerable difficulty in identifying me, as (by my doctor's advice) I always travel in a false nose, a closely-fitting wig, and a pair of blue spectacles. I have a large assortment of these useful articles at home, from which I make a careful choice invariably before starting on a fresh journey. However, it is some satisfaction to me to consider that the money entrusted to me was expended in Brussels in the way proposed, to the very letter.

I cannot help thinking that "le Sport" must have been introduced originally into Belgium by a Mr. ASTLEY or a Mr. SANGER. When I arrived at Boitsfort, I found that the old traditions of the Circus

had been closely followed. There were the customary reserved places, the well-remembered band in uniform, the never-to-be-forgotten obstacles to be brought to the fore just before the last act—the ever-exciting race between barking dogs with nervous inattentive monkey jockeys. There was only one omission—there were no Clowns. However, the lighter part of the entertainment was chiefly supplied by “the Military.” Between the races a number of lads, in hussar costumes, practised the seemingly-not-difficult art of tumbling off their horses, to the great delight of an applauding crowd of spectators. The King, too, who, as usual, arrived in State (the chief mission in life of His Majesty seems to be to appear at the tag-end of a procession when everybody is going away), had a “comic scene” all to himself. The monarch had ordered the whole of his Staff to assume winter garments, while reserving to himself the right of wearing white nankeen pantaloons. The contrast between the lightly-clad Sovereign and his heavily-bullioned Court was most mirth provoking, and caused endless amusement (as it was evidently intended to do) amongst the loyal bystanders. This regal joke and the half-witted manoeuvres of the “cavalry” prevented the “*Réunion de l'Été*” from lacking a vein of humour.

The Betting Division consisted of a wicked-looking omnibus labelled “L'Office du Sport, Paris Mutuel,” and some half-dozen Ring-men of the ordinary type so dear to ‘Appy ‘Ampton. The omnibus seemed much neglected, in spite of an elaborate apparatus for the rapid issuing of tickets, but the Commissioners were doing excellent business. “*Key var lar Sheruari? Key var Marglau? Jug-you-lare A-gal-itty?*” shouted a gentleman who looked as if he had been warned off Newmarket Heath so effectually that he had not stopped running until reaching Brussels. On inquiry I found that the gentleman was inviting the public to “back the mare” or “*Magloire*,” or to lay “evens on *Jugulaire*.” As he spoke, the Band in the eccentric military costumes began to play a gallop, and the horses cantered round the course in the good old-fashioned circus form. I looked at my “*seul programme officiel*,” and was not surprised to learn that the first race on the list was the “*Prix de l'Hippodrome*”—quite as it should have been. I also became aware that the “Society for the Encouragement,” the Belgian Government, and the town of Brussels between them had contrived to “offer” about £500—to be expended upon prizes for five races. Encouraged by this liberality, some half-dozen skinny animals (that appeared to be very much missing the four-wheelers in which seemingly they had passed their youth and middle age) made a pretence of racing. They were ridden by English jockeys (speaking their own language with an idiomatic force quite unknown to the Conventional Dialogue Books), who treated the authorities with supreme contempt. The horses started when and how they pleased. The most interesting race of the day was the “*Prix du Fort Jaco (Steeple-chase Handicap)*,” of which a “plan of the course” was given in the official programme. The idea of fixing such an event to come off in the middle of August shows how thoroughly the Belgians have mastered “*Les Mystères du Sport Britannique*.” The road was full of “obstacles.” There was a brick wall about the height of a lady's fan, a hurdle, a “hurdle English,” a “river” (quite six feet broad), and some clay. The day was evidently a great feature, as it was printed in capitals. How the enfranchised cab-horses surmounted these difficulties, I know not, as I left before the race was run, as you shall hear.

In the kindness of my heart, my dear young Friend, I thought I would give the brave Belgians a little lesson in English. Selecting a secluded spot, I opened my umbrella, and commenced shouting, “*Don Giovanni Egalité! Qui va le cheval? Qui va Don Giovanni? Qui va le cheval!*” Perfectly charmed with the purity of my Parisian accent, an enthusiastic crowd surrounded me, and overwhelmed me with gifts of a pecuniary character. When my pockets were quite full, I thought it time to commence my lesson. I therefore quietly closed my umbrella, and began to move away. Upon this, my kind friends asked me a number of questions in French. Taking off my hat, I returned, “*Me English, me not understand French—nong comprenny!*” and then began, for the sake of the exercise, to run towards the Station. Then there was a scene of indescribable emotion. The mob rushed at me, and made the most frantic attempts to offer an explanation. It was of no use. I would be only satisfied with English, and English, alas! they could not offer me. By this time I had left the course, and soon afterwards (with the assistance of the Police and Military, who showed the utmost gallantry), returned to Brussels. At the polite invitation of the authorities, I left the same night for England.

Brave, dear Belgians! Good-hearted people, so proud of your independence, so free from guile, so happy in your jubilee! In spite of your present joy, I am sure that some of you have not quite forgotten
Your sincere well-wisher, THE COLONEL.

ENGLAND'S PUZZLE AND PAT'S CHARADE.—“You rouse my first by asking rent for my second, and my whole is my Country!”—Ire-land.

THE GREAT LORD MAYOR AT BOURNEMOUTH.

(From a Local Correspondent.)



THERE, now I can goo to bed comfortable, and lie my head on my piller in pace, fur now I be content; I've had my wish, and han't a got nuthun moor, in the way o' sights, to set my heart upon and long for in this here blessed wordle.

'Cause why, now at last I've a sin the LARD MAYOR. Now I've set eyes upon the LARD MAYOR o' London.

I went to Bournemouth o' Wednesday o' purpus to zee un. 'A come down vrom London to open the new Pier in state. I zee un do't. I zee un in his gown and goold chain. I zee un in his grandjer. I zee un in his glorie. I zee Sur FRANSUS TRUSCUTT, Lard Mayor.

The Mace-Bearer wi' the Mace went afor un; the Sheruffs foller'd aater un; Mr. Sheruff BAYLEY and Mr. Sheruff WOOLLORON. I thinks to myself how nigh Sheruffs sounds to Seruffs. But the farmer han't got no wings, and they doan't want fur bodies.

Aaater they, come others I hear'd called Civic Uffishles, Auficers o' the London Corporaashun; preshus fine, I believe ye.

Wi' the LARD MAYOR was the LADY MAYORESS. She got a key and took and unlocked the maain entrance to the new Pier. I see her.

The band o' the Grannyydear Gards, playun, marched up the Pier wi' DAN GODFREY at the head on 'um, as fur as the t'other end.

There the LARD MAYOR had a sort o' peeaper, or a writun on vellum o' sum kind, persented to un, and he wished Success to Bournemouth.

Aaater that, zum on em gie'd the LADY MAYORESS a goolden key to the maain enturnce, fur to let her in there anywhen she'd a mind to.

Then the LARD MAYOR farmerly declared the new Pier to be fully opened.

In the aafternoon there was a public lunchun in the Winter Gaarden, and five hunderd zat down to teeable. Among um 'sides the LARD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS was the new Vicar o' Bournemouth, Bishop RYAN, Bishop o' somewhere else, an 'a zed grease; as't med well take a Bishop of anywhere to zay afor the LARD MAYOR o' London.

In the avenun, a grand show o' vireworks was let off on the Pier, to the LARD MAYOR's honour.

Who is there amongst all the grandees of all the vorren naashuns on the vease o' the arth like the LARD MAYOR o' London City? What's the Emperor o' ROOSHIE or PROOSHIE to un? What's Prince BISMARCK? What's his High-and-Mightiness the Sultan o' TURKEY? What's his Holiness the PWOOP? Not vit to hold a candle to un, nare a one on 'em. Hooray fur the LARD MAYOR! The LARD MAYOR for ever! Glories to the gurt LARD MAYOR!

FAMILIAR QUOTATION ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT SESSION.

HARK to the Commons' cry of blank despair,
“‘Ware of Obstruction!” ELCHO answers “Where?”

CHANGE OF NAME.

SIR W. VERNON HARCOURT to SIR W. RABID HARECAUGHT.
Motto—“*Varium et mutabile Temper.*”

VIRGILIAN FORECAST OF THE SESSION OF 1880.

Infelix—“Sedet, eternumque sedebit;

OUR GARDENER'S CHRONICLE.

Don't place a sensitive plant near a laughing-stock, or there'll be a difficulty.



THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

Brown (entering Pork-butcher's Shop in France, and seizing a large Sausage done up in silver paper). "KESKERSATKERSAH!"

Fair Charcutière. "C'EST DU SAUCISSON DE LYON, MONSIEUR."

Brown (who always confuses measures of weight with measures of distance). "ALORS VOLEZ-VOUS ME DONNER UN KILOMETER DE SAUCISSON DE LYON?"

Fair Charcutière (who is never surprised at English eccentricity). "UN KILOMÈTRE, MONSIEUR! CERTAINEMENT; MAIS IL FAUDRA NOUS DONNER UN PEU DE TEMPS!"

THE MUD-SALAD MARKET HOTEL-GUIDE.

MUD-SALAD MARKET is renowned for its hotels. They are not palaces, but caravanserais—real comfortable old-fashioned taverns. Being in the centre of London, these taverns are always full of visitors. The "Mudford" takes in families; the "Gravystock" is devoted to bachelors. To know how to get comfortably to and from these taverns, is part of the science of London life,—thanks to the Duke of MUDFORD and the management of Mud-Salad Market. There are three days of the week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—which it is desirable to avoid, both for incoming and outgoing. If business or pleasure will not allow the intending visitor to avoid these days, the following directions may be useful:—

If you arrive by a morning mail, leave your cab about half a mile from Mud-Salad Market in any direction, and engage a porter to carry your luggage on his head. This will conciliate the market-people, and probably decrease the amount of "chaff" which is freely bestowed upon any person who tries to make the passage of the market without belonging to the fruit and cabbage trade. The passenger will pick his way carefully through the vegetable refuse, and, if his nose is at all sensitive, he will use a camphorette handkerchief. If his clothes have any appearance of respectability, he must not mind being called a "toff," and told that he "has got 'em on." When he arrives at the hotel, he will find it useless to go to bed, even at the most remote back corner of the building, as the purchase and sale of vegetables involves almost as much noise as a French Revolution. If he goes out on business, he will do well to keep away till late in the afternoon or evening, by which time the Duke of MUDFORD's scavengers have made things superficially decent. If he wishes to leave his hotel, to catch an early train on Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday, he will do well to engage a market porter for his luggage, and walk out of Mud-Salad Market as he walked into it. He should turn a deaf ear to any offer to fetch one

of the phantom vehicles known as "night cabs." They may start from a remote stand, but no amount of bad language will ever get them to their destination. The Mud-Salad Jungle is too much for them. The off days—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, not to mention Sundays—are less noisy and mud-salady, but more aromatic. On Thursday you may get a sight of bright flowers or a whiff of fresh mint; on Friday you get nothing but a stale smell of vegetable matter—

"They may sweep and may polish the place as they will,
But the scent of the cabbage will cling to it still."

Six of One.

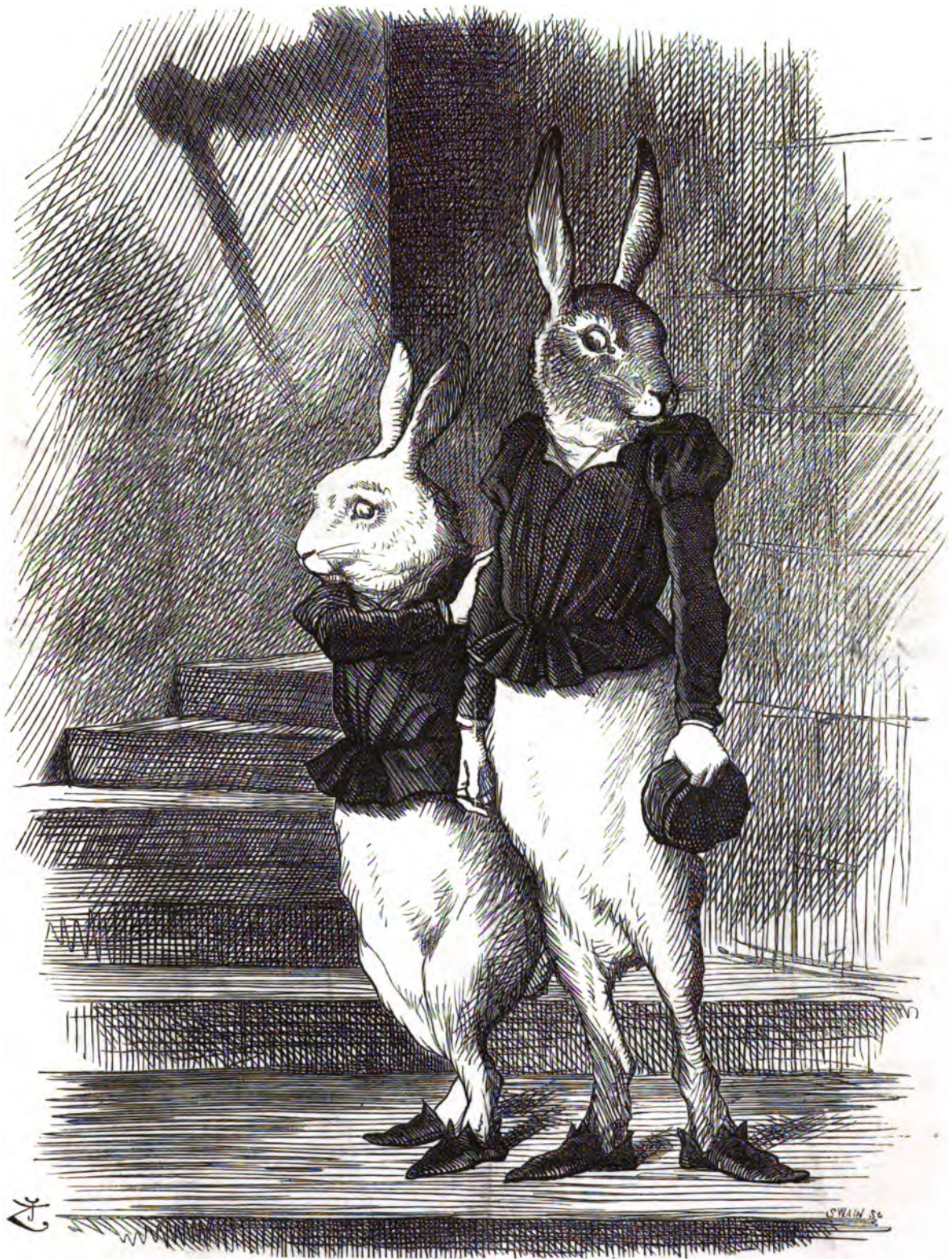
"EARL GREY, being unable to attend the House of Lords again this Session, has addressed an earnest protest to the Earl of REDBURN against legislation forced upon the country in the absence of the Peers."—*Daily Papers*.

CRIES GREY, "In their travelling togs,
They care not two straws for the House,
They're going, I fear, to the dogs,
Just as I'm setting off for the grouse!"

Nuptials, and Neighbours.

"MARRY in haste," as the proverb says, "and repent at leisure." With proverbial wisdom the French Law opposes legal obstacles to the contraction of hasty marriages. This legislation is conceived in a true artistic spirit, being intended to supply French Dramatists and Novelists with ample materials.

HOPEFUL PROSPECT FOR IRISH LANDLORDS.—A Rent—in the clouds.



LITTLE VICTIMS.

HARE (*terrified*). "WHAT'S THAT?—THE LORDS?"

RABBIT (*shuddering*). "P'R'APS IT'S THE FARMERS!!!"

(*With Mr. Punch's apologies to "The Princes in the Tower," by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.*)

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

(After Visiting Messrs. Gatti's Two Theatres.)



USIC's power to soothe the savage breast or smooth the savage beast—the quotation is indifferently given—may be true in certain quarters of the globe, but most assuredly is Music's power useless at the Promenade Concerts. Indeed there is something radically, or

Tory-ly if you like it, wrong about these entertainments. There is either too much bar or too much music. And the majority of the audience pay more attention to the bar at the back of the stage than to those which are delivered in front. If you were to do away with the music, it might be alleged that the entertainments would not be concerts in the strictest sense of the word. And if you were to do away with the bar, nobody would come and promenade. As it is, one has to hear a song under the following circumstances:—

Vocalist. "On mossy banks reclining,"

Deaf Bucoic. What does he say was shining?

Vocalist. "We sat, my love and I,"

Bibulous Individual. Oh, 'ARRY, ain't I dry!

Vocalist. "As daylight was declining,"

Justly Indignant Musician. This audience wants refining.

Vocalist. "And stars 'gan to peep from the sky."

Vociferous Turfite. Bend Or—that's all my eye!

Vocalist. "I heard not the curfew ringing"

A Lover of Music. I 'ate this wretched singing!

Vocalist. "Its warning loud and clear;"

'Arry. Not whiskey. I'll have beer!

Vocalist. "I heard but the nightingale singing"—

Draper's Assistant. I have been shooting—the partridges winging.

Vocalist. "I heard but Love's whisper near."

Professional Pickpocket. Of the Peeler let's keep clear.

Vocalist. "We sat till Cynthia smiling"

Adipose Personage. Oh, isn't this pushing riling?

Vocalist. "Shone forth with silver ray."

'Arry. Twelfth drink I have had to-day.

Vocalist. "For the hours in sweet beguiling"

The Marchioness of Camberwell. 'Ot! why I'm almost biling!

Vocalist. "Like moments flew swiftly away."

Appreciative, Courteous, and Musical Audience. 'Ooray! it's all over! Ooray!

At the Adelphi *Forbidden Fruit* is drawing good houses, and that despite the heat of the weather, when the sensible man hates pleasure even worse than he does business. *Forbidden Fruit* has been a very hard bit of work for the Adelphi—both Actors and Audience. They once played the *Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's, and a very nice, pleasant, chatty, gentlemanly play they made of it; but the exertions of H.K.H.'s servants to reduce *Shylock* to the drawing-room, were as nothing to the labour of the Adelphi villains to get down to light comedy. When you have been in the habit of cutting people's heads off, firing at landlords from behind hedges, throwing inconvenient witnesses down wells and over precipices, and generally displaying as much contempt for human life as if you were a Home-Rule Member of Parliament addressing an Irish mob, it is a struggle to do nothing wickedder than to use a little playful equivocation to the wife of your bosom, nothing more desperate than to imbibe rather freely in public gardens. And when, as an audience, you have been in the habit of having your feelings harrowed, and have nightly witnessed the triumph of Virtue over Vice, it is almost an insult to you to be told to laugh at the very people you have hitherto paid to make you cry. J. G. TAYLOR is first-rate as *Sergeant Buster*, and the humorous situations bring out the hitherto latent drollery of Mr. PATEMAN. When Melodramatic Miss BELLA PATEMAN—*pulchra*, not "*horrida Bella*"—condescends to "stoop to folly," what can a wondering public do, but admire? Miss JACKS, as the virtuously indignant Spies-and-Pond Barmaid,

is very good, and Miss MARION WEST comes out just strong enough as the rather objectionable Zulu. Messrs. LLOYDS AND PARRY's scenes are ingenious and effective, and the entire piece is as well "mounted" as usual by the Messrs. GATTI.

But—"a Comic Drama, by DION BOUCICAULT." Arrah, be aisy wid ye, DION! It's all part of the fun to say that Mr. BOUCICAULT wrote *Forbidden Fruit*. He wrote it—not he! This was how the comic drama was written:—

ACT I.

SCENE—A Bedroom. Clothes distributed with artistic confusion about the room: a Waistcoat in the fire-place, a Shirt in the bath, a Watch in the fender, and a Latch-key and some change in the boots. Person of Convivial Habits in bed. He wakes.

Person of C. H. Oh! ah! What a headache I have got! And how thirsty I am! (Drinks his bath.) Where was I last night? Let me see. To begin with, I dined at LIMMER's. Three of us, yes, the Captain and ARMSTRONG the Gentleman Jockey. Two, three, four—yes, we had four champagne-cups, and then, why we did have port. So we did drink port on the top of champagne. No, we did not, because I remember having several glasses of green Chartreuse. Ah! but that was afterwards at the Captain's Club. We must have had bad port. And then we went to the theatre—which was it? I remember we had to go down-stairs. Then of course it was the Criterion, for I remember now that ARMSTRONG said the American bar was so handy between the Acts, and during them, too, from the amount of gin-slugs we had. It was a very good piece we saw, rattling good, and made me laugh, though I have forgotten what it was about. Let me see. There was a husband running away from his wife, and Cremorne Gardens, and men sending false telegrams to their wives. Very funny, very funny indeed!

ACTS II., III., AND IV.

The same as Act I., varying the locality of the dinner, and the quality (not quantity) of the libations.

ACT V.

Person of C. H. "I must really eschew sack, and live cleanly." I want money. I will become an Author. I will write a comic play. Let me see. What was that about husbands running away from their wives, and going to Cremorne Gardens, which they are always playing at the Criterion? I remember now. I will combine my recollections of what I have seen very much after dinner for some years at the Criterion, and adapt them for the Adelphi, and call them *Forbidden Fruit*.

Arrah, now, Mr. BOUCICAULT, is not that the truth intirely, Jarlint?

No more on theatres or things theatrical this week. A wealthy aunt from the country insists upon accompanying me to Her Majesty's this evening, where she has not been since she heard GRIS, LABLACHE, and somebody whom she calls TROMBONI, but who is not known to fame. She is desirous to see whether Operas are given in the same way as they used to be, and whether the ballet still keeps up its character. She is grieved at there being no restriction as to evening dress, as she fears that it will do away with the "*coopdial*" of the house, and prevent the Court Ladies attending in their diamonds. Good soul, what should she know of the season, or of that celebrated Italian Opera, the Mastodon Minstrels, or of that far-famed sensuous Italian singer and passionate Italian actor, Signor BILLY RICI?

Sporting and Colonial.

Latest Betting on the Cape Two Thousand.

3 to 1 against Lord KIMBERLEY's Quiet Humour. (Offered.)
100 to 1 against Sir BARTLE FRERE's Lucid Explanation. (Nothing done.)
5 to 4 on JOHN BULL's Sound Judgment. (Taken.)

A POINT FOR MR. DILLON'S NEXT SPEECH.

(On the Appointment of the New Commander-in-Chief of the Troops in Ireland.)

"THE Saxon rules us with a rod of iron. And, boys, not content with that, what does he do now? Shure he's going to try STEELE."

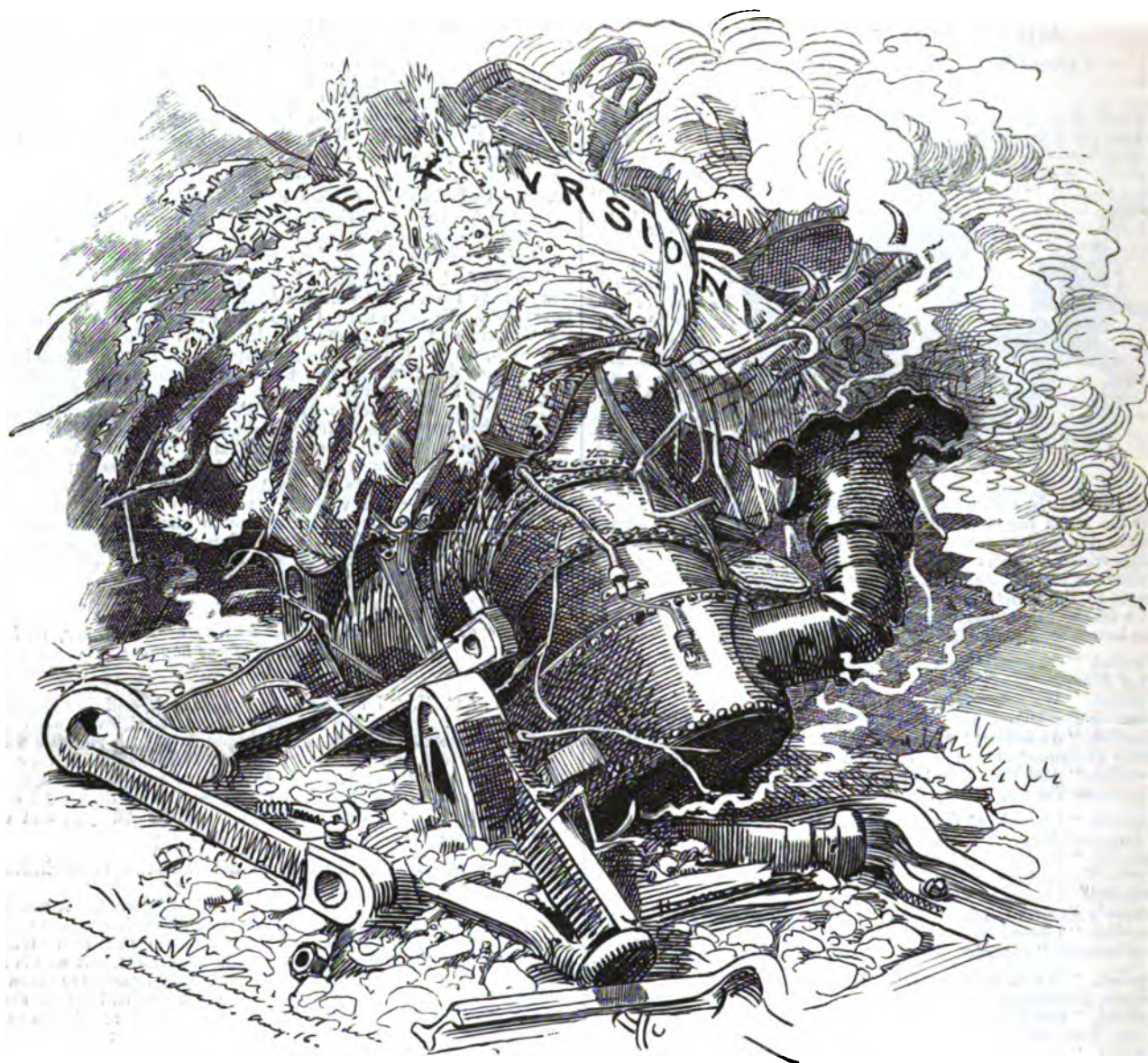
HAYGRARIAN HOUTRAGE.

First Rustic. 'Ow be grass crop?

Second Rustic. Hay 1.

[Hazzunt hommes.]

FIRST FIDDLE AT THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The Duke of EDINBURGH—Leeds. (Does he?—ask Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.)



"OVERLOADED ;"

OR, THE STRAWS WHICH BREAK THE CHEAP-EXCURSION-CAMEL'S THERE-AND-BACK.

EGOES OF THE WEEK.

I DID not go to Honolulu any more than BISMARCK went to Canossa. "We will not"—the Reichskanzler, OTTO FÜRST VON BISMARCK SCHÖN SOMETHING, I forget what, should have said—"We can not go to Canossa." I should have quoted the historic declaration in its historical "*plat Deutsch*" (best German "plata," or plates, are made at Dresden); only my memory is beginning to play me sad tricks; and not having RAUSCHINKEN and KARTOFFELSKOPF's Great English-German Lexicon at hand, I could not, for the life of me, remember whether "go" is rendered in the Teutonic-Sol-Fa speech of the music-loving Fatherland as "*gehen*" or "*gängen*." In Romaine Greek to go is *παρέρχουμαι*, and to go away is to *παρεργάζομαι*. But I am sure that BISMARCK said that he would not go to Honolulu—I mean Canossa.

Mem. I know Canossa (a small town near Reggio, in the ex-Grand-Duchy of Modena) very well, and have spent many happy days there at the good old Albergo of the Can del Pomo di Terra, kept by jolly old CANDIZUCCHERO. I bought an indisputably genuine CANALETTO from candid old CANDIZUCCHERO for an almost nominal sum, inclusive of butter, pepper, and salt, (what odd media the great Venetian master used! Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, and the members of the Painters' Guild, should look to the list of CANALETTO's vehicles,

which were not always gondolas) and sold it, the picture, at rather a high figure, to my poor dear friend MIRZA TATER KHAN: ("Who says he can't?" the estimable ALLBUT ALLHOT, used jestingly to ask) who was Secretary of Legation in the days when CANTACUZME ANYMAN KHAN was Persian Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Ah! the delightful Nevskoi Prospect. "Neva," shall I see thee more! And there are as many naves at the Great Kasan Church, as there are knaves among the waiters at DOMINIQUE's Restaurant.

But how was it, you may ask, that I didn't go to Honolulu. Well, in the first place, I remembered that Sandwich—(do you remember GEORGE THE THIRD's story about "JEMMY TWITCHER?" this was not the Lord SANDWICH, whose Lady was a friend of NIXON DE L'ENCLOS, and fought a duel with the Earl of STAIR, who, for all his much vaunted politeness, was in the habit of "stairing" very rudely at people, and remarking, when remonstrated with, "*stare super antiquas vias*," to which the Earl of SANDWICH retorted, "*Per Stare meglio state qui*," and so knocked him down on the staircase, and the pork-pie that had a diamond ring in it?)—I say that I remember (I hate parentheses, and warn all young journalists against using those "figures of speech" unnecessarily)—that Sandwich in Kent was nearer the Reading-Room of the British Museum than Hawaii.

Mem. Touching the porcine pasty alluded to above (the modern Greek for one is *πλεκούτιον του κοίτου*), I am in a position to state

that the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT did not exclaim, in his last moments, "Oh, Britain! Oh, my country!" What he really said was, "I think that I should like one of Bellamy's pork-pies." Lord ELDON (not the nobleman whose mansion was lately burglarised—*pardonnez moi le mot*—but the famous Chancellor, whom, from the fact of his living at Doubting Castle the Chancery suitors used to call Giant Despair), together with Mr. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, and Old GEORGE ROSE (who invented whitebait, and "Mrs. BROWN at the Play," but who was prematurely cut off, thus leading CHATEAUBRIAND pathetically to exclaim, "*Il a vécu ce que vivent les Roses—l'espace d'un matin*," and left all his property to his nephew ARTHUR, on condition that he should assume the name of SKETCHLEY), started off at once on horseback for London. On Wimbledon Common they were pursued by a gang of juvenile highwaymen, crying, "Throw out your mouldy coppers!" but ELDON, having succeeded in stunning one of these young desperadoes, by cleverly hitting him over the head with the Great Seal (which never left him, but which, for safety's sake, was placed in a Gladstone travelling-bag), the illustrious trio reached the refreshment-room of the House of Commons in safety.

They returned to Putney (by way of Melton Mowbray), with no less than seven pork-pies. But it was too late. With a sad smile, and in a faint voice, the expiring Prime Minister—the "pilot who stormed at the weather" as the "Aunt of the Jacobins" called him—murmured, "Roll them up in the map of Europe, and send them, with my compliments, to Mr. WATLING. They will not be wanted until the next Police Orphanage Fête at the Alexandra Palace."

Mem. BELLAMY (whom SHERIDAN used to call "Dinnerbellamy," and who always vehemently denied the imputation of having written the "Letters of JUNIUS"), was at first very loth to part with his pork-pies, which, as he wittily remarked, never performed out of London. "Well, you may take them," he said at last, "as they are for Mr. PITT; but there will be no MOORE of them for the BURGESSSES of Putney." A rare wag BELLAMY! When SAMPSON WOODFALL, the Printer, was in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms (your health, Captain Gossett, and all your wives' and families', and may they live long, and prosper!), the prisoner's table was supplied from the Commons refreshment-room (whence the popular saying, "Short Commons, and Long Parliamentary Returns;" and BELLAMY, when the captive, on being enlarged, paid his bill, jocosely observed, "WOODFALL, do they call you? By cock and pork-pie, Sir, you have been a Windfall for me!")

Instead, then (as I have endeavoured briefly to explain), of going to Honolulu, I went to Hammersmith, mainly, I admit, for the purpose of clearing up the mystery which has long puzzled me as to why FOOTE (or was it Serjeant BALLANTINE?) should have acquired such a reputation for wit by saying that peas ought to be sent to Turnham Green because that was the way to Hammersmith. Surely it would have been more humorous to say that epicures in August should go to Kensington, seeing that the old "Court Suburb" (I remember my great-grandmother telling me that she went to school at Birchington House—or was it at Bridlington Quay? but my memory is getting very treacherous—an old red-brick mansion on the site either of the



"AFTER THE FAIR."

Country Cousin comes up in August to see the Exhibition of Pictures at the Royal Academy!

Porter. "BLESS YER 'ART, WE'RE CLOSED!"

Country Cousin. "CLOSED! WHAT! DIDN'T IT PAY!!!"

Albert Hall, or of Baron GRANT's palace, or of the New Kensington Vestry Hall), because it is the way to Ham-and-Peas-Smith.

I found Hammersmith alightly dull. All the smithies were closed, and there were no Nasmyth's steam-hammers for sale at the ham and beef shops. Everything on the bridge was in a state of Suspension: in fact things in general reminded me of the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hammersmith (STANFORD's map of the Environs of London is the best: the veracity of Lyson, who was also the topographer of the Afghan War, is not above suspicion) omitted.

There will be no "EGGERS" next week, as I am going to have my hair cut. I am much pained that the psychological and archæological research necessary to explain exhaustively why I went to Hammersmith in lieu of Honolulu should have precluded me from replying to eight hundred and seventy correspondents, who ask me whether HANNAH MORE ever wrote or sang any comic songs besides "The Hackney Coachman." The fact is—but I must have my hair cut.—*Addio!*

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTER,
(G. A. S. superseded.)



A FRENCH CIRCE.

Landlady (to Jones, who is bargaining for apartment). "NON, MONSIEUR ! C'EST MON DERNIER PRIX, À PRENDRE OU À LAISSER—ET ENCORE SI JE VOUS LE OÙRE À CE PRIX-LÀ, C'EST PARCEQUE LA PHYSIONOMIE OUVERTE DE MONSIEUR M'EST SI SYMPATHIQUE QUE JE VOUDRAIS AVOIR MONSIEUR POUR LOCATAIRE !"

[We will not insult our readers by translating.]

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

I.—THE LUCKLESS M.P.'s.



I LOVE to be lazy and lounge 'neath the limes, And glance at orations one reads in the *Times* ! It makes me quite hot reading speech after speech—I cool my parched throat with a ripe ruddy peach—The Twelfth's gone and past and they're still in the House ! The Twelfth gone and past, not a bang at the grouse !

I read and I marvel, 'neath wide-spreading trees, And pity the sorrows of grouseless M.P.'s.

I swing in a hammock and smoke cigarettes, And list to the lawn-tennisian pets ; Who make themselves hot : they should take my advice, To sit and sip calmly some something-and-ice. I swing and I slumber, blow ring after ring, I dream and I wonder, I ponder and sing : When lulled off to sleep by the humming of bees, I dream of the dropping of dismal M.P.'s.

AGGRAVATING.

To be cheerily accosted three times in the same weary, sultry day, by jubilant friends, who are just off to Scotland, Norway, and Switzerland, and to be asked by each of them when you are leaving Town, and where you are going this year—your "goings" being likely to be bounded by the Charing Cross radius.

To receive letters full of tantalising accounts of lovely weather, beautiful scenery, delightful party, and the finest possible shooting, at your old friend DEBDALE'S place in the North, to which you have a pressing invitation, but are prevented from accepting it by business connected with the slow progress through Parliament of the Parochial Beadles' Compensation Bill.

As you are returning from a visit to your doctor, by whom you have been cautioned to take the greatest possible care of yourself, to go to bed early, and to be particularly abstemious in what you eat and drink, to be met by FRANK JOLLOND, who never had a day's illness in his life, and to be told by him how well you are looking, and that you are the very man he was on his way to ask to join a lively party at dinner, that evening, at the Star and Garter.

To be kept waiting three days in rainy weather, at Lowater, for the third volume of *Breakers Ahead*, by the Authoress of *Clouds in the Horizon*, *Mutterings of the Storm*, &c.

To receive a telegram from your old College chum, LAWRENCE ENSLEIGH, begging you to join him in a cruise to the Hebrides, in his new screw yacht *Dentifrice*, and to be obliged to answer that you cannot get off an engagement to accompany your Aunt JUSTINA in her annual visit to that quiet little hydropathic establishment, Lambley Nook.

To be told in confidence by one of the executors, the day before you are leaving Town for your holidays, that if you had shown a little more attention to your maiden cousin, EVERILDA MAYFIELD, you would most probably have been her residuary legatee, instead of the recipient of nineteen guineas. The will was proved under sixty thousand pounds, and the whole of the property, with the exception of your own and one or two other similar legacies, was distributed between the Hospital for Diseases of the Imagination and Fancy, the Pedestrians' Shelter Society, and the Home for Lost Canaries.

A BOW STREET VAUGHAN-ING TO MANAGERS.

WHAT they mustn't object to in their Theatres—a *Hiss-trionio* performance.

I've nothing to think about, nothing to do—
I drift down the stream in my nutshell canoe :
With pipe in my mouth, and with paddle in hand,
I would not change places with one in the land !
Who'd broil at St. Stephen's at this time of year,
Who might be so happy by Hambledon Weir ?
As white sails are filled by the light summer breeze,
Sincerely I pity those luckless M.P.'s.

All day is my own, I can just throw a fly—
Not dream of the SPEAKER, nor "catching his eye"—
Can lounge in a punt, go to bed when I please ;
I'm heedless of all Parli'ment'ry decrees !
'Tis lucky sometimes, when you can't reach the goal.
Most fortunate I—at the foot of the poll.
Had I but got in at Saint Shuckleton Lees,
I now should be groaning with Luckless M.P.'s.

Infant Prodigy.

"On the 17th instant, at 3 and 4, St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, the wife of GEORGE GABB, of a son."—*Times (Birth Column)*, Aug. 19.

At 3 and 4 ! This boy will be in two places at once. Here's a prodigy son !

NEW NOVEL.

THE *Athenæum* announces *St. Martin's Summer*, by SHERLEY SMITH, Author of *His Last Stake*. With this reputation, the new work ought to be *First Chop*.

MR. P.'S REPRESENTATIVE.

(On a few new features, and some older ones, at the Alhambra—
Farewell to Favart.)



La Fille du Tambour Major is still running at the Alhambra, and doing sufficiently good business to warrant the Management in calling her *The Fill* of the Alhambra. Miss EDITH BLANE is the dashing *Vieandière*, Mr. MERVIN the *Tambour Major*, Mr. LESLIE the amusing *Duc della Volta*—an exaggerated type of the *Beau in School*—while Miss LOSEBY has been replaced by Mlle. PETRELLI as *Stella*, and Miss FANNY LESLIE's part of the *Little Drummer* is both well sung and played by Miss ST. QUENTEN, who has been the round of all the Comic Operas in town, and having played in *Madame Favart* and *Les Cloches* for I don't know how many hundred

nights—which sounds like years in the life of a young Actress—seems at last to have found herself quite at home at the Alhambra. It was no easy matter to come after Miss FANNY LESLIE as the *Little Drummer*, but Miss ST. QUENTEN in succeeding has succeeded.

Two new features—not that there are any old ones here—"nobody is old or ugly in Ba-ath," as Mr. *Pickwick's* M.C. said—have been introduced among all the pretty features for which this house is celebrated. The *Gavotte* in Act II., and the *Grand Ballet d'Action*, which description, though suggestive of a Ballet of Barristers—(what a beautiful thing would be a *Ballet d'Action-at-Law*!!—why, Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN's *Trial by Jury* would be nowhere beside it—but it might be played first)—is explained away by the title, *The Alpine Brigands*. The music has been "composed expressly" by M. G. JACOB. Why "expressly"? Why put on all the steam? Why make it "hurried music"? However, there it is, and excellent it is from first to last, and throughout characteristically dramatic. Can I describe the plot? I will try.

The scene is "A Wooded Ravine near Milan." Festivity of happy Peasants, who are gluttons at dancing, and should be described in this respect as Ravine-ous. They don't converse,—only dance and "keep the tambourine a rollin'." Count *Lelio* (that most admirable of pantomimic artistes, Mlle. TH. DE GILBERT) arrives suddenly and tells a thrilling story, in which the happy Peasants appear more or less interested, though perhaps a trifle annoyed at the interruption.

Angry Brigand *Petrucchio* (Miss MATTHEWS) follows the Count, apparently demanding his legal fare,—dispute,—and there is just going to be a serious difficulty, when in bounds an elegant Lady, who seems to belong to some *corps de ballet*, probably performing at the Milan Theatre, with whom the naughty Count *Lelio* has eloped in a hurry, without giving her time to change her dress. She is really *Zanetta*, the sister of the Brigand Chief, and is played by Mlle. PEROLDI. With great presence of mind she settles the difficulty as to the cab-fare with her father—an extra sixpence does it, added to the prospect of a dance with *Pipeta* (Mlle. ROSA), the Innkeeper's daughter—and then everybody bursts into dance, until the Count, with unaffected affability, joins the Brigand Chief's sister in a *pas de deux*, and finally dropping the Count entirely, and going in to make a day of it and popularise the aristocracy with the ravine-ous peasants, he indulges in such a dance as even interests the *blasé* peasantry, and is loudly encored by the audience.

Then Mlle. ROSA and the Chief of the Brigands have a turn, much to the delight of the latter, into whose arms she skips in the most wonderful manner, bringing down the house—and a bouquet.

Very telling music, M. JACOB's; quite story-telling music, as it ought to be; and that's a catching tune, polka time, to which ROSA and the Chief execute their *pas*. The Innkeeper's daughter's Pa doesn't dance; he belongs to the Opera, and doesn't appear till the *ballet d'action* is over, when we go from pleasure to business, all the better for the relaxation. The *Gavotte* comes on about half-past nine, and the Ballet at ten. So much for the new features.

Madame Favart appeared for the last time on Saturday. It has been a genuine, but to me an inexplicable success. The management might avail itself of the three weeks' recess to make those Little-cause upper private boxes capable of holding more than one person com-

fortably. The arrangements, too, for entrance and exit—off the stage I mean—are about the most inconvenient—to say the least of it—in London. Uncommon report—for common report cannot be trusted—speaks highly of *Olivette*, the new Offenbachian Opera, which is to appear shortly—at least not shortly, but in Three Acts—quite long enough for any Comic Opera, however sparkling, says

MR. P.'S REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—During the hot weather, when so many London Theatres are closed, it is not astonishing to read of the great success of



"DRINK" IN THE PROVINCES.

THE TOP OF THE GAY-MARKET.

ABOUT half a mile westward of Mud-Salad Market, as the crow flies, is an unlicensed, ill-regulated, open-air, kerb-stone, midnight kind of cattle-market, called the Gay-Market. We say "as the crow flies" advisedly, for no crow of respectable habits would probably fly in that direction. The Gay-Market, as it now exists, is mainly the creation of Lord MIDNIGHT BRUCE, the Police, and the Middlesex Magistrates. The Police may possibly derive some profit from this market, and Lord MIDNIGHT BRUCE and the Middlesex Magistrates may be under the fond impression that by turning a certain order of Vice into the open highway under the glare of the gas-lamps, they are forwarding the cause of Virtue.

Does it occur to these theoretical moralists that instead of regulating the few who are hopelessly bad, they may probably be corrupting the multitude whose tendency is good?

No city in Europe presents such a disgraceful picture as the top of the Gay-Market between midnight and one or two in the morning. Here is a Metropolis which has worked for years and spent countless millions of money to carry off its sewage unobserved, apparently revelling in a public exhibition of its worst moral impurities. Here the sort of foreign produce which the powerful pencil of JOHN LEECH, years ago, showed that JOHN BULL would willingly dispense with—enters into unholy competition with *Moll Flanders*, who sometimes finds a coronet in the mud, but more often goes to the work-house. Bullies, betting-men, shop-boys, swells—riff-raff of all kinds—mix with the overdressed females, and block up the pathway with a crowd whose object is unmistakable. The roadway is half filled with lingering broughams and cabs driven by knowing cabmen, while the police look on, like spectators at a show, in speechless admiration, or hopeless bewilderment.

Which is the best system?—A licensing body of some six hundred more or less ignorant and prejudiced gentlemen—chiefly amateurs—who leave London, with its four millions of people, without a Casino or a Music-garden, and thrust our necessary evils under our noses in the most public of our public highways, or a public licenser who knows his business, and provides a few places, under responsible management, where even the most degraded have no excuse for flaunting rowdyism?

The Tunis Question.

THE Italian snubs the Frank and doth impugn his Right to stretch eastward. This a piteous lute is. Discordant Notes! Yet neither out of Tune is!

The Mudford Metropolitan Disgrace.

THE *Æsthetic Poet* of the Period would find a congenial subject in Mud-Salad Market, where he will be thoroughly able to realise the Beauty of Decay. The place is disgustingly delightful to any one who can revel in refuse and be rapturous over rottenness.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, August 23 (Commons).—Dillon v. Forster. No case, but seven hours of wordy abuse, which, to summarise, were as useful and entertaining as to make a *précis* of the annals of Donnybrook or Billingsgate. Mr. DILLON, the Irish Guy Fawkes *manqué* gets his deserts elsewhere. Enough! Limp, listless, unlistening Mr. Punch lounged on his seat and mused. "Ton of ice used daily to cool atmosphere of House of Commons! How much would it take to cool Members' tempers?" Dreamily working out this sum, Mr. Punch slept and found himself and the House transferred to the fabled region where men's words freeze to silence as they fall from their lips. Hurroo! mentally vociferated Mr. P., as SULLIVAN inaudibly shouted nonsense to a welkin that wouldn't ring, and blatant BEEGAR's ineffectual facial spasms writhing forth inaudible vocables to an air void of acoustic properties, reminded him grotesquely of a mute Medusa in speechless tantrums. Hurroo! Here at last is a cure for Obstruction. MUNCHAUSEN, I thank thee! At the moment, the melting moment, refrigeration's salutary rule ceased, a thunderous *toh-u-bohu* of ten-pugnacious-Paddies-contemporaneously-perorating power burst upon Mr. Punch's appalled ear, and he awoke—and fled.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord REDSDALE may take comfort. No longer have he and his companions occasion mournfully to pipe:—

We are poor Peers, poor pumped-out Peers,
And we've got no work to do—o-o!

The Employers' Liability Bill comes up. Second Reading moved by the LORD CHANCELLOR. Lords CRANBROOK, BRABOURNE, and CARNARVON, with SOMERSET's sub-acid Duke, whilst effectually "dissembling" their love, refrain from "kicking it down-stairs," but each intimates that he is Miching Mallecho, and means mischief—in Committee.

(Commons).—"Come Back to Erin!" sing the Irish Members in chorus, but hardly in unison. Mr. Punch declines the invitation. He has pictorially expressed his view of the position (see Cartoon), and PAT had better take his friendly advice than give heed to counsels of confusion from Cork, or traitorous tips from Tipperary. Mr. Punch, for his part, takes a placid pipe on the terrace, whilst PADDY plays the lion's part (all roaring) in purposeless debate within.

Wednesday (Commons).

SCENE—The Peers' Gallery. Lord BRACONSFIELD, Sir S. NORTHCOTE, Sir W. HARCOURT, and Mr. PUNCH discovered conversing.

Mr. Punch. Ah, back to the old haunt, my Lord? Right glad to see you look so taut and trim.

Lord B. (*quits the buck*). I've had Recuperative rest. Trust W. G., in the *Granfully Castle*, out at sea, May find a like relief from wear and worry, Under the care of CLARK and DONALD CURRIE. Seems dull without him here. How imperturbable HARTINGTON looks!

Sir W. Harcourt. Ah yes, he's not disturable
By gnats, like our dear Premier.

Lord Beaconsfield (*caressing his hyacinthine fore-
lock.*) Humph! I fear—I—sometimes—

Sir W. Harcourt. Scorpions are not midges!
Sir S. Northcote. Hear!

Sir W. Harcourt (*tartly*). Pity you cannot keep
your midges—

Lord Beaconsfield (*deprecatingly*). Hush!
We're here on neutral ground. You've quite
a rush

Of business on to-day.
Sir W. Harcourt. Oh! Wednesday now,
As less devote to verbiage and row,
Is our best work-day. Why, this afternoon
We've really marched to quite a quick-step
tune.

The Ground-Game Bill knocked off; then
Savings Banks.

Now the Grain Cargoes! Order in the ranks
Is all we want.

Sir S. Northcote (*aside, meditatively gazing below
the gangway*). I wonder if the sight
Of BEN will cow my cockerels? Vastly slight
Is my control.

Mr. Punch (*to Lord B., sotto voce*). My Lord, we
miss you much—

Your steely hand-grip and your silken touch.
NORTHCOTE means well, but in his handling
moves

Much like a spinster mild, in cotton gloves,
Fumbling on the piano.

Lord Beaconsfield. Ah, poor STAFF
Can't understand the art of cutting chaff.

Not the sole fumbler, though! (*Gazing intently
at Sir W. H.*) You see, too much
Of daah undisciplined may mar the touch
More than too little.

Mr. Punch (*significantly*). Habet!
Sir S. Northcote (*jubilantly*). Ha! ha! ha!

Lord Beaconsfield. Well, this grows tame. I
think I'll say Ta-ta! [*Exeunt.*]

Thursday (*Lords*).—In debate on the
Employers' Liability Bill, Lord BEACONS-
FIELD moved an Amendment that "The
Act shall continue in force till the 31st
December, 1882, and no longer unless Par-
liament shall determine." And thereby
hangs a tale. A boy, whom the Earl's
Secretary had commissioned to take the
Earl's Amendment to the printers, had put
it in his pocket, and forgotten all about
it!!! Behemoth and Small Beer, but this
is soul-shaking, suggestive, indeed, of a
moving Melodrama, to be entitled *A*
(*Printer's*) *Devil of a Mess*; or, *the Earl's*
Amendment and the Oblivious Urchin's
Doom.

Oh! it was the Adolescent who the Earl's
Amendment had

To carry to the printers, but, forgetful little lad,
He put it in his pocket, like a surreptitious top,
Or a slyly stolen apple, and—allowed it there to
stop!

Off with his head? Oh, not at all! the times
have altered much,

The urchin was a traitor, and deserved his death
as such;

But instead of Tower Hill and Axe the lucky
little churl

Got mentioned in the *Times*, and complimented
by an Earl.

But although Lord GRANVILLE considered
that he was a very intelligent boy who had
endeavoured to dispose of the proposal in
the best possible manner, the Earl's Amend-
ment was carried, with others, and the Bill
passed through Committee.

(*Commons*).—Lord R. CHURCHILL's super-
sensitive soul having been the prey of a
perfect gamut of [disquieting emotions—
astonishment, indignation, alarm, regret,
&c.—since hearing the "new Irish Policy,"
supposed to be disclosed in Mr. FORSTER's
last speech, felt himself impelled to relieve
his surcharged spirit by calling the CHIEF
SECRETARY a wicked incendiary. Hence
waste of some hours which would have been
better devoted by the House to Supply,



"AND THIS IS FAME!"

House of Commons Official (*to Stranger who is returning to his seat in the Gallery*). "NAME,
SIR!"

Stranger (*Editor of the "Mudborough Gazette," and Author of many justly celebrated Works*).
"NAME! AHEN! BRAGGOT—J. B. BRAGGOT!"

Jaded Official. "TUT-TUT-TUT! 'NOT THE SLIGHTEST USE MENTIONING YOUR OWN NAME,
SIR. I WANT THE NAME OF THE MEMBER WHO INTRODUCED YOU!"

J. B. B. (*disgusted*). "OH!—TOMKINS!"
[*Returns wrathfully to his seat, and determines to write a scathing Article in next Number
on "Understrappers."*]

and by Lord RANDOLPH to the further manipulation of that refractory moustache of his.
Can it be that chronic patriotic passion affects that hirsute adornment, as wrath is said to
do the bristling beard of the Grand Turk?

Then followed (in Committee on Supply) "linked bitterness long drawn out" (Hibernian
tap) anent the Constabulary Vote, relieved only by a crystal-clear, earnest, calm-tempered,
and kindly-hearted ovation from JOHN BRIGHT; elocutionary pearls thrown before perverse
and wrong-headed Irish porkers.

Obstruction once again "made a night of it," Thursday's sitting being prolonged until

mid-day on Friday, a continuous cantankerous scrimmage of twenty-one hours, relieved only by LABOUCHERE's cynical drollery, and SULLIVAN's "palpable supper" of plum-buns. A *reductio ad absurdum* of "Nights and Suppers with the Gods"! The combatants, after compromising the credit of the House, and their own reputation for common sense, compromised also the matter at issue (which nobody seemed very clearly to understand), and the House adjourned at ten minutes to one, to re-assemble at two. Then, passing from Buns to Bunnies, it read the Ground-Game Bill a Third Time, amidst quite a little shower of classical quotations, and despite the fervent denunciations of Jeremiah-NEWDEGATE, the dread vaticinations of Cassandra-CHAPLIN, and the tart taunts of Thersites-ELCHO. The latter terrified the House by swearing, "with truly tragic intensity, that 'he would rather have his tongue out than'—be as other Members are—even as that renegade HARCOURT! The thought of a tongueless ELCHO staggers the alertest fancy, and causes the keenest intellect to lose its hold of the Categorical Imperative. ELCHO without his tongue! As easy to imagine Echo herself, having lost her voice from cold, engaged, like the fair *Juliana* of poetic fame, in sucking Ipecacuanha lozenges!

Then, wearied by wrangle and long dead-lock
(The fashion, alas! in this long-winded latter day)
The House adjourned about five o'clock,
To meet again on Saturday!!!

[And Punch is left lamenting!]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RUM SHRUBBERY.



N a small room near the hall, apart from the dining-room where Mrs. DOWDIE was occupied with her numerous guests, and far away even from the secluded corner where the Bishop was sitting discussing old port and telling side-splitters in an under-tone to his inferior clergy, Mr. MATTIX had been assisting his solitary meditations with copious draughts of the spirituous liquor of Ancient Thomas.

His mathematical mind was occupied with a proposition which within the next half-hour he was determined to make to MORLEENA. He tried to screw himself up to consort pitch; but on leaving the room to follow MORLEENA, his head came in sudden contact with the sharp floor, when it struck him that the screwing operation had not been completely successful, and that there was still a screw loose somewhere—the somewhere being apparently in the region of the knees. —“Screwed!” he murmured to himself as he rose from the ground. “Screwed, but not sufficiently tight.” And he stammered over the five-syllable word as if his tongue were in a knot.

But MORLEENA was in view, and, with the influence of the Ancient Thomas still on him, he assumed a cordial manner as, guiding himself by the hedge, he followed her into the shrubbery, and approached her cautiously.

“Tohk!” he said, playfully.

MORLEENA was startled. She was not aware of having been pursued.

“I beg you will leave me alone,” said she, in a freezing tone. But a gentleman in whose veins the fire of the Ancient Thomas still burns, is not so easily frozen.

“I want to have—li’le”—(he meant “little,” but emotion probably choked his utterance)—“li’le con’sash’n with you,” murmured Mr. MATTIX, tenderly.

“As little as possible,” answered MORLEENA, seeing no way of escape, as the man blocked up the narrow path, and extended his arms so as to clutch both sides of the shrubbery.

The time for letting out his great secret had arrived. How should he let it out to the best advantage? It was not like a fly, or a newspaper, to be let out by the hour. No. It must be done now, or never; and, on the whole, he preferred now. To fall was, he saw, inevitable; and to go on his knees would be at once easier, safer, and more effective. He knew he was already saying unutterable things with his eyes, winking and leering, while his face was wreathed in smiles.

“Do not arshk mer to leave yer, MORLEENA,” he whispered, with the impassioned look of a half-converted satyr—“Listen, my onion—I mean my own one!” But the latter was a stronger expression than the other, and MORLEENA drew back. She saw how he was now, and she could not dissemble an expression of the deepest disgust.

There are some moments in life when both men and women feel themselves imperatively called on to make a face; in which not to do so is a struggle against a very natural revulsion, or is calculated to excite a disagreeable suspicion. There are people of both sexes who never make faces even after the most nauseous and blackest of black draughts; but such are generally dull, close, unimpassioned spirits, evil-doers, bad livers.

He wished to give her his arm, but MORLEENA refused it, observing that she had a very good one of her own.

“So you have,” replied MATTIX, leering at her more rapturously than ever—“so you have: it’s a boo’ful arm. You’ve got wingah, too—I mean two wingah—like angel—an’ mush speak t’yer.”

“I don’t know what you can have to say to me,” she replied, steadying her eyeballs previous to knocking him down with one of them like a nine-pin.

“Don’tah yer?” he asked, kneeling on one knee, and steadying himself with his hands on the other. “Don’tah yer? Light, light, O light!”

“I must go,” exclaimed MORLEENA, interrupting him.

“No—don’t go, shweeteah!” he continued, stretching out his hands towards her. “Don’t go! Don’t be unchristian an’ unkind!” Then, as unable to pass him as though he were a bad shilling, she turned on her heel, and walked away.

He followed her for some distance on his knees, and then suddenly plunging forward, he grasped her hand, exclaiming,

“O boo’ful creashur! Boo’ful creashur! I love yer to subahtrao-shun!” And with considerable cleverness he suddenly contrived to pass his arm round her waist.

But MORLEENA was too quick for him.

“Waist not, want not!” she cried, and dealt him such a terrible smack with that little hand of hers, which had had some previous practice on the devoted head of JOHN BOUNCE, and, as my readers know, had sent that eminent reformer flying.

“You’re an abominable, horrid, hypocritical man!” she screamed in her just wrath; “and it would serve you right if I told your bishop of you, it would! You’re a fulsome, fawning, canting, abominable, odious, nasty, spirituous man! But I’ve a brother-in-law to protect me; and—ah!—would you?” she suddenly broke off, as the undaunted MATTIX, whose passions the box on the ear had only still further inflamed, tried to imprint a burning kiss on her glowing cheek, and, without more ado, she gave him one on the left, another on the right, followed closely by two more sounding thuds on the side of his head, that sent him through the bushes and down the slope into the deep muddy ditch below, and there leaving him, she walked away triumphantly, only anxious to wash her hands of the contagion as soon as possible.

Mr. MATTIX, for whom I confess I have no more love than has MORLEENA, and not a whit more pity, overcame by the excitement and the unwonted exercise, and weakened by the fast evaporating fumes of the Ancient Thomas, lay unconscious until he fell into a deep, sweet, refreshing sleep. And so for the present we will leave him in the ditch, out of which he was for a long time most unwilling to come; but when he did come out, it is almost needless to add that he came out uncommonly strong.

And now it is to be feared that every well-bred reader of these pages will lay down the book in disgust. What! This a heroine worthy of sympathy? She is a hoyden, not a lady; a romp, a coquette, a muscular unchristian woman, a young virago, a bold bad thing, a minx, a hussy, a tartar, a HELEN MACGREGOR, a CATHERINE of Russia, a Queen Bess, a LUCREZIA BORGIA, a rum’un, a Tom-boy, a tigress, a lioness, a gymnast, an Amazon—in fact, a bad lot.

Well, perhaps she cannot be altogether defended; and though I am responsible to a certain extent, yet I must candidly own that her

conduct has surprised even me. I did not think, I admit, that her little hands were made to scratch eyes and bang heads; or if little hands are to be made for this purpose, the less they are made the better. But you, dear Ladies of all ages, will understand her. You will have seen, long ago, that Mr. MATTIX deserved all he got on his ugly face, and deserved it handsomely. You, my dear Ladies, will not be hard on my MORLEENA—for, after all, she is my MORLEENA; and remember that no one knows anything of this scene of violence in the shrubbery except you and myself, who are everywhere where we shouldn't be, and so have witnessed the foregoing episode. Let us be charitable; let us be discreet; and let us first follow MORLEENA into the house while Mr. MATTIX is sleeping, and when he has recovered consciousness we will be on his track.

"A SERVANTS' LIABILITIES BILL."

(In Nubibus.)

BRITONS AND WORKING MEN,

THE abominable selfishness inseparably combined with Capital, has naturally suggested to Employers of Labour that the Employers' Liability Bill, rendering masters responsible in heavy damages for accidents occasioned by the acts or omissions of their men, over whom, in many cases, they can have no control, ought, in reason and justice, to be balanced by a corresponding measure, with a view to the Liabilities of the Employed. The apparent equity of such an arrangement may even have rendered the possibility of its proposal an object of some apprehension amongst a few of the more thinking portion of yourselves.



ever, you will see that you may safely dismiss any such fear from your too sensitive and scrupulous minds.

The circumstances of your position exempt you from any possible liability to any serious fine. Blood, you know, is not to be got out of a post; and you would be bled to little purpose by stoppage of your wages in case you did anything which made you liable to receive the "sack" at your hard Employers' hands.

That, for instance, JOHN THOMAS, is the extent of your liability in case you leave the coal-scuttle on the staircase, and thereby cause one of your fellow-servants, or any one else, to tumble over it and break his leg. We shall see, perhaps, whether in such a possible event, your master, under the Employers' Liability Bill, if enacted, will be subject to pay for your breakage. If that is to be his liability for your carelessness, vexation will probably excite him to demand that you should be liable to imprisonment and hard labour.

That is a liability, friends, which Employers, no doubt, would like to see added, by way of make-weight, to the Liabilities of the Employed for expensive accidents arising from their want of care; but you have no real ground for alarm on that score.

There is no present prospect of the introduction of a Bill providing for the penal liability of the Employed for acts endangering their fellow-labourers engaged in common employment. Do not therefore distress yourselves with thoughts that might deter you, coal-miners, from neglecting to carry safety-lamps, or, if you have chanced to comply with your Employers' regulation in that particular, might prevent you from sucking flame through the gauze of your lamp to light your pipe. Factory hands, you need not let any anticipation of increased liability make you unduly anxious to take any superfluous pains for the safe sheathing of machinery in motion, or mind overmuch what you are about with lucifer-matches.

Pointmen, signalmen, and the rest of you workmen employed on Railways, you may safely depend on being laden with no aggravated liability whatever for getting drunk, or going to sleep, or chaffing one another when you ought to be on the look-out. Rest content with your existing liability for the consequences of your acts—a liability, when they prove fatal, perhaps to multitudes at a time, practically limited, at the worst, to a doubtful chance of an occasional conviction for manslaughter.



Diner (miffing). "WAITER—I REALLY THINK—THIS FISH IS NOT FRESH!"

Waiter.—"YESSIE—'CAN'T ANSWER FOR THAT, SIR—I'VE HONLY BEEN 'ERE A WEEK, SIR!"

A SIGH FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE First of September, remember,
We've not had a crack at the grouse;
'Twere hard that the partridge no cartridge
Should feel, since we're kept in the House.
Oh, men in the City, pray pity
The folks who work harder than you;
Experience teaches that speeches
Will lengthen, whatever we do.
There's LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will search ill
In measures as mild as can be;
Eternally BIGGAR will figure,
And CHAPLIN 's the worst of the three.
There's GORST, who will chatter, no matter
How late—he's his eye on a place:
Each *monstrum horrendum*, who'll send 'em
A little of modesty's grace?
Who'll stop their diurnal nocturnal
Loquacity?—nothing but words!—
To get our work over for clever,
And stubble, and bonny brown birds?

Getting on with his Barrow.

"CANON GREENWELL," the *Athenaeum* told us about ten days ago, "is at present investigating the contents of some Irish Barrows, and is staying at Portrush." The Canon could have done it better in the Seven Dials. The journey to Portrush gives more change, leaves less afterwards, and the proceeding is less costerly.

CAPTAIN MAUGHATH, M.P.

SANG an exhausted Member at St. Stephen's, "How happy could I be with heather!"—but with only a distant prospect of being heather'd, he had a very near one of GORST.

HOUSE OF LORDS' AXIOM.—Prepossession is Nine Points of the Law.



THE LAST THING OUT.

SENSATION CREATED EVERY MORNING AT CREVETTEVILLE-SUR-MER BY COLONEL F— (OF THE GUARDS) AND THE LOVELY LADY MAGNOLIA D—.

[They generally return to Shore in the Afternoon, as fresh as they started.]

THE IRISH GUY FAWKES.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

I SING the Tragi-Comedy of DILLON, worst of sinisters,
Who terrified the House of Lords, the QUEEN, and all her Ministers,
That is, he would have frightened 'em, aye, scared 'em into fits, Sir,
But that they knew the speeches of this man of wandering wits, Sir,
Were all bow-wow-wow!

Hibernian highfalutin', bosh, and bow-wow-wow!

He went to Tipperary, did this alyest of intriguers,
And got three hundred thousand men to join the new Land
Leaguers;

That is, he would have got them, just to carry out his plan, Sir,
But the thousands wouldn't muster, so his scheme it failed to
answer

To his bow-wow-wow! &c.

He up and freed poor Paddies all, to their extreme content, Sir,
From owning any landlord rule, or paying any rent, Sir;
That is, he would have freed them, were it done by simply saying it,
But Law, of course, enforced the rent, and PADDY went on paying it.
'Twas all bow-wow-wow! &c.

Then, having caught him stirring up sedition in the nation,
FORSTER to him administered a stinging flagellation;
And every honest man rejoiced to see him lay the lash on.
And though the biting of the whip put DILLON in a passion,
'Twas all bow-wow-wow! &c.

So let us sing long live the QUEEN! and long live Ireland also,
May PAT find truer patriots than some he's pleased to call so;
And ne'er may England from her rule of right and justice vary,
Notwithstanding Bogus traitors like the one from Tipperary,
With his bow-wow-wow!

His wicked, wild, wrongheaded, curriah bow-wow-wow!

SPIRITED CONDUCT.

LAST week Dr. FORBES WINSLOW gave an account, in a letter to the *Standard*, of a visit he paid to a *seance* given by Mr. BASTIAN, a "Medium." On entering the house, Dr. WINSLOW says, he was shown into an upper room with folding doors dividing the bed-room from the sitting-room. Says Dr. WINSLOW:—

"All lights were now turned out, with the exception of one small jet, and before long a supposed spirit, clad in dress clothes, made its appearance at the door behind the curtains. One of the audience, Mr. CUMBERLAND, apparently pretended to recognise this as the spirit of his departed brother; but on its third appearance smothered it with cochineal by means of a squirt with which he had provided himself, and, jumping forward at the same time, he seized the spirit, and after having a severe struggle to drag what proved to be some human being into the room, withdrew, his fingers being nearly dislocated in the contest. . . . Ultimately, accompanied by Dr. KOLMERS and Mr. CUMBERLAND, I insisted on going into the bed-room, but the Medium was stated to be very ill in a trance. He had, however, time to take off his disguise, but not to efface all the cochineal from his face. . . . Declaring my identity, I pronounced the whole thing an imposture from beginning to end."

Bravo, Dr. WINSLOW and Mr. CUMBERLAND. Permit me to offer you a cochineal couplet:—

Spirits are alippery as eels to feel;
So, would you catch a Spirit?—*Cotch an eel!*

Question about Mud-Salad Market.

THE muck heaps of vegetable refuse lie at many persons' doors around Mud-Salad Market, but at whose door lies the neglect of a grave public responsibility? At the Duke of MUDFORD's? *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and if proper instructions are not given to the *Alhum*, whose fault is that? Call at the Mudford Estate Office, or at the Mud-Salad Market Inspector's Office—there really is such a person, incredible as it may appear—and inquire within.



FRIEND AND FOE.

MR. PORCH (pointing to Agitator). "REAP THE HARVEST YOU'VE GOT, PAT, AND DON'T WAIT FOR THE CROP HE'S SOWING."

A GROAN FROM A GILLIE.



Lasses shouldna' gang to shoot,
Na, na!
Gillies canna' help but hoot,
Ha, ha!
Yon douce bodies arena' fittin'
Wi' the gudeman's to be pittin'.
Bide at hame and mind yere knittin'!
Hoot, awa'!

"Wimmen's Rechts" is vara weel,
Ooh, aye!
For hizzies wha' ve nae hearts to feel;
Forbye
Wimmen's Rechts is aiblins Wrang
When nat'ral weak maun ape the strang,
An' chaney cups wi' cau'drons gang,
Auch, fie!

Hennies shouldna' try to crawl
Sae fast—
Their westlin' thrapples canna' blair
Sic a blast.
Leave to men-folk bogs and ferns,
An' pairtricks, muircocks, braes, and cairns;
And lasses! ye may mind the bairns—
That's best!

TOWALT (X) his mark.

COMPARING NOTES.

NOTES.

(From the St. James's Gazette.)

THERE will scarcely be a more convincing illustration of the judicial blindness, the crass incapacity, and, we may almost say, the criminal ineptitude of the Administration with which the country (and ourselves personally) are afflicted than the substitution of buck-shot for rifle-bullets as ammunition for the Royal Irish Constabulary, who are not half numerous enough to begin with, and should be armed, in addition to rifles and bayonets, with hand-grenades, revolvers, dog-whips, and snickasness. Buck-shot is, when sought to be used for the purposes of rifling tenants, about as serviceable as lollipops would be. Buck-shot, forsooth! Buck rabbits

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

(From the 2 P.M. Gazette.)

THE Government authorities in Ireland have acted with their usual sound discrimination, generous humanity, and excellent judgment in directing that buck-shot, instead of rifle cartridges, should be supplied to the Royal Irish Constabulary, whose principal duties, when they are not occupied with playing "The Shan Van Vocht," and the "Wearing of the Green" on the accordion, in their barrack-rooms, appear to be the shooting of evicted tenants, and the tearing down of placards, affixed to the walls by the local WILLINGS. The Irish Police are a standing monument of misgovernment in Ireland; but the determination of the existing Administration to "buckle to"

and hare triggers would suit Mr. GLADSTONE's weak-kneed Janisaries better. *Quousque tandem Catilina abutere patientia nostra?* If these things are done with impunity in the Greenwood, what shall be done in the Dry? We are both.

GEORGE CHUMP, a hardened little villain seven years of age, described as "of no occupation," was lately charged before the East Grimbriber Bench of Magistrates, Rev. EBBAN FLOW, Sir ALBERT BISCUIT, Bart., and Lt.-Col. TROUNCHEM, with stealing a marigold, value half-a-farthing, from the garden of the Rev. ALMOND ROCK. The charge was fully brought home to the abandoned prisoner by the evidence of Mr. INSPECTOR BLABBERDYNE. The Rev. Chairman told this young hopeful (who, it was further stated, was a Radical of the deepest dye), that he was an incorrigible little miscreant, who deserved to be sent to penal servitude for life. As it was he sentenced him to three months imprisonment and a whipping with the birch. The birch is only for budding criminals. The heinous crime of stealing marigolds has increased to monstrous proportions since the coming into office of a Cabinet of plundering, blundering, dundering, treaty-sundering incapables.

The usual sensational stuff has appeared about the "ovation" bestowed on Mr. GLADSTONE, on his leaving Charing Cross Station for Gravesend, with Mrs. GLADSTONE and family, and on his embarking at the "Tea and Shrimps, Ninepence" hot watering place on board the *Grantully Castle*. Of course we wept salt tears when the Right Honourable Gentleman was prostrated by illness; but we are weeping saltier, more passionate, and more indignant tears now, when we think of the unhappy Mahomedans in European Turkey plundered, of their pillage, their shintyana, their djabadaulis, their yashmaks, their yataghans, and even their hattiaharifs (their only protection from the inclemency of the weather), by the pitiless Bulgarians. In fact, we can do little else but weep now, when we think of a WOLFF crying in the wilderness and no man regarding him, and a House of Commons yawning at the eloquence of an ASHEMAD-BARTLETT, bore he never so bravely. Evidently the Deluge has come; and we (who have fortunately secured passages in the Ark) can do nothing but mean and wring our hands.

in the matter of cartridges, cannot be too highly commended. Government by buck-shot, although at the first blush it would seem to indicate a predilection for a sluggish policy, will be recorded with applause in the continued "History of Civilisation," by some future BUCKLE.

The fiendish sentence passed by the amiable trio who dispense "Justices' Justice" at East Grimbriber on a poor little urchin named GEORGE CHUMP, who had been guilty of the trifling offence of plucking a marigold from a garden, affords another proof of the crying necessity of immediately disestablishing the Church of England, extending the County Franchise to the proportions of universality, and making the recently published biographies of ROUSSEAU, VOLTAIRE, and DIDEROT, text-books in all the Board Schools. The wretched little CHUMP was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a birching. Why not to the Knout, the rack, the stake, the bastinado, and the Oath of Parliamentary Allegiance? Of course the Chairman of the Bench was a clergyman. So was the prosecutor. There was also, we perceive, a Colonel TROUNCHEM on the Bench. The time is ripe for the LORD CHANCELLOR to be told plainly that he must not put any more soldiers nor clergymen on the Bench.

The enthusiasm with which Mr. GLADSTONE and his family were greeted on leaving Charing Cross Terminus for Gravesend, and the cheers and God-speeds with which he was acclaimed on embarking at the Terrace Pier on board the *Grantully Castle*, should scarcely, we think, be taken as possessing any direct political signification. It is to be hoped, and we would gladly believe that there are, as many staunch Conservatives as there are fervent Liberals who rejoice at the restoration to health of an illustrious English statesman and a thoroughly excellent man, and who sincerely wish that he may have "a good time," as the Americans phrase it, during his health-trip. We profess very often in print, and on the platform or in the club room, to regard this or that Prime Minister as an Enemy of his Country, and a Mischievous Incendiary whose head might fall, with great advantage to the nation, on Tower Hill; but in our inmost hearts we do not mean anything of the kind. We think the Prime Minister, be he a Conservative or a Liberal, be he a Beaconsfield or a Gladstone, a very fine fellow, and we should be unfeignedly grieved if anything happened to him.

TO MESSRS. DILLON AND CO.

THE Seed that mischievous Agitators scatter broadcast in Ireland—Sedition.

TOMKINS'S FIRST SESSION.



April 29.

Delighted at being able to write M.P. after his name, the new Member for Grassborough speaks of the House as

"THE JOLIEST CLUB IN LONDON."



August 27.

Rather "mized," after twenty-one hours' continuous sitting, he says,

"THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT! IT'S THE LATE PARLIAMENT! AND I CAN'T GET A PAIR!"

THE NEW OURANG.

As described by Mr. Frank Buckland.

'TWIXT four and five feet high he is,
If not a little bigger; "phiz,"
It seems he has a baby "phiz,"
Although a massive figger.
His hair is what you may call red—
"Twill larger be a year hence—
He gains, by baldness on his head,
"Professional appearance."
He puts his arm forth from the cage,
In fashion most unruly,
And screams and yells when in a rage—
A pleasing creature truly!

Cobbling and Cookery.

ACCORDING to Mr. RICHARD JEFFERIES, the "Amateur Poacher," Author of *Round About a Great Estate*, and other delightful and instructive works on the ways of wild animals, and the manners and customs of typical rustics, the cobbler of "Okebourne village" has actually been known to sole and heel shoes of his customers with highly dried and hardened bacon. This cobbler would hardly have held that "there is nothing like leather." In his time, and in a season of famine, the natives of Okebourne might really have contrived to subsist, in a measure, on a species of fried soles, and fried heels also to boot—hob-nailed boot.

NO SECRET AT ALL.

A *Cruel Secret*. A new novel by a new Author. This *Secret* is "let out" by MUDIE, and kept, only for a short time, by subscribers.

WIMBLEDON "SUB JUDICE."

PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTIONS.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—We want something about the Wimbledon Marking Scandal. Of course you know all about it. But as the decision of the Court is not yet published, pray be careful.

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—Am I to understand that I am to exercise perfect freedom of opinion?

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Of course. But treat the matter seriously, and make it general.

THE ARTICLE.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON (that greatest of modern Generals) has called the English a nation of shopkeepers. It was an empty reproach that met with a sufficiently suggestive commentary on the blood-stained field of Waterloo. But had not the answer reached the Emperor from the mouths of the cannon unlimbered before the little Belgian farmhouse, a negative would as surely have arrived from Wimbledon—the home, nay, the very birthplace of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain. That excellent Institution was founded exactly one-and-twenty years ago. Then (as now) the Duke of CAMBRIDGE appears as President. In 1860 the Council decided to—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—A most admirable opening! But may I suggest that we scarcely want a history of the N.R.A. A little descriptive writing is always effective. A word-photograph of the spot would be capital. I need scarcely repeat that as the matter is *sub judice*, we must be careful.

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—Hum! I have the honour to enclose the continuation of my article.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

Who does not know Wimbledon?—wind-driven Wimbledon! Who does not know the Railway Station at Putney, with its two platforms, its double set of lines, its newspaper-stall? Who does not know the white tents resting on the fragrant heather like a nest of poached eggs shining in a dish of verdant spinach? Who does not know the Cottage—a tiny toy decked with many-coloured flowers? Who does not know the Refreshment Marquee—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Capital! Really capital! But perhaps we had better go straight to the subject. I know that you hold a Hythe certificate. Your technical knowledge of the matter will be simply invaluable.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

And yet it is difficult to suppose that there could have been any doubt about the proper mode in which the Register should have been kept. The merest tyro in musketry knows that it must be signed by the Marker, countersigned by the Captain or Officer of the section, after which the column's "duplicate total points" corresponding with the practices executed are initialed by the Officer in charge, to verify their agreement with the column's "total points," and then torn off and handed to—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—The most interesting narrative I have ever read! terse, epigrammatic, admirable! Still, do you not think it would be as well to popularise the idea for the general reader?

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—The General reader? Why, a Sub-Lieutenant would clearly understand it, Sir!

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—I mean the non-professional reader.

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—As you wish, Sir.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

Here it is necessary to say, for the benefit of the Public (who are wholly and entirely ignorant of all military matters), that the Marksman is the person who fires off the rifle. The rifle is a weapon consisting of a certain amount of wood and steel. This weapon is loaded (that is filled) with an explosive composition called gunpowder, and a missile made of lead yeelp a bullet. The gunpowder is put into a tube (called a barrel) first, then the bullet. When ignited, the powder propels the bullet through the air, and—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Brilliant! Quite brilliant! But, excuse me, have you ever been a Polytechnic lecturer?

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—Sir, I cannot betray confidence. It is the duty of a soldier to obey his superior. I have the honour to enclose a continuation of my article.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

That grave abuses exist, must be manifest to the most casual observer. It is time that the guilty ones should be withered with scorn, crushed to the very earth with a weight of bitter ignominy! We have no hesitation in stating in the clearest possible manner that *those we are about to mention* have outraged humanity. They have made a display of wicked and vulgar ignorance. They have been convicted in the minds of all true Englishmen of the most

hi frauds, the most degrading of felonies. Not a hundred years ago they would have been hanged for their transgressions, and it is a mistake and a misfortune that the law now shows them clemency. The names of these infamous villains are—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—For both our sakes I must cut you short! What you are writing is rank libel!

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—You have no right to interfere with a professional man writing on a professional subject! Sir, I am absolutely shaking with indignation!

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Shake, but hear!

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—I am at your orders, Sir. Pistols for two, and coffee for one.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—No; permit me, coffee and cigars for two. I trust to your kindness of heart, sound sense, and moderation, and I am sure the conclusion of your admirable paper will be simply excellent.

THE ARTICLE (concluded).

The Scandal at Wimbledon can be only dealt with by military men. What right have a pack of incompetent civilians to talk about it? But there is a lower depth. The Editor of this paper has dared to lecture the writer of this article upon his facts, his literary style, and his convictions! The writer of this article is an old Soldier, and has been out in his day a score of times, and is ready to go out again. He is a dead shot with a pistol, and taught ANGLO fencing. He tells the Editor of this paper that—

[Remainder of the Article editorially suppressed.]

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

II.—THE SONG OF THE SANDBOY.



O HOLIDAY-MAKERS can rarely be still,
But take super-human exertions
And make themselves hot and exhausted and ill
To organise horrid "excursions"!
Let those who enjoy it ride out in a "shay"—
Exploring each dell and each dingle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

They think it delightful to walk on the pier,
And try to create a sensation;
When passengers land, looking pallid and queer,
A cause is for great jubilation:
Let lunatics listen to bands when they play,
And nod to their noise and their jingle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

Anemone-hunters roam over the rocks,
All hoping to fish up a tank-full;
They hopelessly ruin their shoes and their socks—
O why can't they rest and be thankful?
They rave o'er a wrinkle, a wrasse, or a wray,
And sea-weeds that with them commingle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

They think it is pleasant to go for a sail
With wind in a dubious quarter;
When waves "chop about," and they get very pale
And up to their knees in the water.
Let maritime maniacs, wetted with spray,
Discourse on a cleat or a cringle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

I'd much rather take a good pull at ozone
Without all this bustle and riot;
If well-meaning friends would but leave me alone,
To bask in the sunshine and quiet.
Such labour as theirs fills my heart with dismay—
The thought of it makes my blood tingle—
So I will throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

[Left rolling.



A FREE TRANSLATION.

(With Punch's Apologies to the Shade of Uhland.)

Our Seaside Poet—

"TAKE, OH STEWARD, THrice THY FEE;
I'VE BEEN AS ILL AS ANY THREE!"

THE MUDFOG PAPERS.

Messrs. BENTLEY AND SON have republished CHARLES DICKENS's *Mudfog Papers*, which first appeared in their *Miscellany*. Those who remember ALBERT SMITH's brochures, such as *The Gent*, *The Ballet Girl*, &c., may easily see in what school he had studied, by reading *The Pantomime of Life*. But the other evening, while assisting at a representation of *The World*, by Messrs. MERRITT, PETTIT, and HARRIS, we were tickled into a sudden guffaw by this line placed in the mouth of Mr. JACKSON as the Comic Villain—"Vell, 'ere ve are again, as the QUEEN says ven she opens Parlyment!" The absurd association of ideas struck us as a decidedly original turn of humour. Oddly enough, on reading the *Mudfog Papers*, we hit on the following passage in *The Pantomime of Life*:—"We take it that the commencement of the Session of Parliament is neither more nor less than the drawing up of the Curtain for a Grand Comic Pantomime, and that His Majesty's most gracious Speech on the opening thereof may be not inaptly compared to the *Clown's* opening speech of "Here we are!" (DICKENS, by the way, omits the "again.") "My Lords and Gentlemen, here we are!" appears, to our mind at least, to be a very good abstract of the point and meaning of the propitiatory address of the Ministry." The authors of *The World* had probably never seen or heard of the *Mudfog Papers*; but, even after this distance of time, *les grands esprits se touchent*. The *Mudfog Papers* are most interesting as a specimen of DICKENS's budding humour. Perhaps the best in the collection is *The Pantomime of Life*. The description of the *Pantaloon* and the *Harlequin* is inimitable.

A Swell's Review.

A Tramp Abroad is equal to any book by two authors. Of course it is. It's by MARK TWAIN. Second Notice, by our Lardy-Dardy Swell: "Aw! vewy amusing—vewy—aw! He's not at all a slow Twain, though he stops at such a lot of places. Yaas. Wead it. Yaas. You can get it at SHUTTERS AND WINDOWS. I mean CHATTERS AND WONDERS—I mean CHATTO AND WINDUS. Adoo."

TOUCHING CEREMONY IN THE IRISH HILLS.—"Waking" the Echoes.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



ow often I've thort that on the hole, praps, the Sheriff is about the most wonder-fullest chaps as I knows on. Your Lord Mayor and your Aldermuns gets a good Prentiship as Common Counsel, and so gets hardened to 'igh livin'. But a sheriff comes suddenly into it, without any prupperation, and the natural consequence enshews, one or other on em is layd up about wunce a fortnite for the fust few munths, and no wonder, wen one thinks wot they has to go through.

Wot becoms on em all? Brown says they takes their Carriages with em, and goes to Africa and becomes African Princes. But in course that's only his nonsence. Tho' I was told by a friend of mine, who's a second hand Coachman in Long Aker, that his master wunce had a order to paint up a old Sheriff's Coach with lots of red and blue and gold and silver, and sprawlin lions and things, and to make two woodin hosses as large as life, runnin on fore wheels, and painted quite natterel, and they was all sent to Africa as a present to one of the Chiefs, who used to have ten niggers tied to the hosses to pull the Coach along, and he used to sit on the Box and flog 'em all the way! I shoudn't have liked to have had to wate on *His Royal Hiness*.

To my mind the hite of human dignity is a full-blown Master Free Mason with his apron on, and all the ensines of his office!

Many and many a Rite Honnorebble Gent have I had the honnor of assisting down-stairs wen leaving the hospitibble Board; and once a Royal Pussunidge, who was speechless with emoshun, grasped my hand, and shook it! I made all my family go thro' the same seremony before I woshed that onerd hand.

I don't think as how we perfeshnal Gents is treeted with proper respek. I heerd a young Swell say, only last week, that he hated wearing white Chokers, they made a man look so much like a Waiter! Well, I want to no wot he'd like to look like? Why, only a short time ago, a very young Nobbleman, evidently quite unused to City life, came to a great City Gill bankit, and wen I went up to him to take his Hat, I made my ushal bow, which I copies as neer as I can from Royalty, the young Gentleman axahally shook hands with me and adrest me as Woshupfool Marster! I never was so taken a back in all my life. I axahally blusht to that ekstent that I must have looked like a meer vulgar Country Squire!

I am sorry to see that a lot of Forren Mussenneries has cum over from France and Gemmany to take the bread out of the mouths of the fine old English Waiter, tho' preshus little of that common Stuff they'd find in mine. I wonder where this here Free Trade is a goin to take us to? Who ever thought of Free Trade in Waiters? The thing's ridiklous. A fine set these Mussenneries are, to be sure! They rush about here, there, and everywhere, making themselves as they calls' it jinrully usefool, & attending to anybody as wants anything, the Ijots! No quiet dignity, no orty demeneer, no stickin in one place, whether you're wanted or not, and, above all, no conveeneent Defness! Ah! if this sort of thing goes on, it will cause a nice sort of change, this will! Why at least harf on us won't be wanted at all, and the rest will have to intirely halter their old sistum. All werry well for boys; but how about us as has grown gray in the suvvis? My Wiskers, which is wot is called Mutton Chop pattun, has begun to change colour, and wen I asked Brown how it was that my wiskers changed before my head, he said, with a laugh, it was becos my jaws had more work than my brains. I wonder what he meant, sum of his charf, I suppose.

(Signed) ROBERT.

WHY THERE ARE NO "EGOES" THIS WEEK.

LAST week our esteemed Contributor gave the reason for his conspicuous absence. He told us that he was going to have his hair cut. Naturally enough, we were most anxious to know where this operation was to be performed. There seemed to be some reluctance on his part to inform us. But in the interests of the public we pressed the question. The answer was most completely satisfactory. He had determined on undergoing the operation; and when Our Own Egoist has determined on anything, he does it, or has it done for him. Yet he is such a wonderful man, that we thought it highly probable he would disdain all assistance, and insist on cutting his own hair as, years ago, when quite a child, he had cut his own teeth. And at that time how irritable he was!

On inquiry at his house, we ascertained that he had abandoned all idea of cutting his own hair, and had made an arrangement with a distinguished professional operator, who cuts hair "By Appointment."

Being nervous as to the after-effects of the operation on a naturally delicate constitution, we arranged to be present on an occasion which might be fraught with fatal consequences if skilful hands were not employed. All that money could do, up to one shilling, was done. With our Artist we were on the spot during the cutting, of which we subjoin a Cut.



We are glad to say that our excellent Contributor is in perfect health and spirits, but, owing to the fact of his being compelled to have his hat removed in order to submit to the operation, he did not recover himself quite so soon as we had expected. Previous to placing himself in the operator's chair, our excellent Contributor shook hands with the hairdresser, and said that he forgave him. It was a touching scene.

The patient was under the influence of Gas for more than twenty-five minutes, and on waking he was understood to exclaim "Shampoo!" whereupon a young assistant, with more zeal than discretion, at once wheeled him to the basin, and put his head under the tap. This quickly reentered him to more than his ordinary self, and, starting up, he explained that he had asked for "Champagne," and not "Shampoo." The mistake was easily rectified with a draught on Pommery & Co. *très sec et bien frappé*.

Latest Bulletin.—Progressing favourably. Hair growing again.

QUOTATION ADAPTED TO INDIFFERENT SERVICE AT AN OVERCROWDED SUPPER.

WAITER! Waiter! everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!
Ancient Mariner (very dry).

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

III.—A VIEW ON THE FRENCH COAST.



ALK about lazy time!—
Come to this sunny clime—
Life is a flowing rhyme—
Pleasant its cadence!
Zephyrs are blowing free
Over the summer sea,
Sprinkling deliciously
Merry Mermaidsens!

Despite the torrid heat,
Toilettes are quite complete;
White are the little feet,
Fair are the tresses:
Maidens here swim or sink,
Clad in blue serge—I think
Some are in mauve or pink—
Gay are the dresses!

If you know Etretât,
You will know *M'sieu là*—
Oh, such a strong papa!—
Ever out boating.
You'll know his babies too,
Toto and LOLALOU,
All the long morning through
Diving and floating.

Oh what a merry crew!
Fresh from the water blue,
Rosy and laughing too—
Daring and dripping!
Look at each merry mite,
Held up a dizzy height,
Laughing from sheer delight—
Fearless of slipping!

He hath a figure grand—
Note, as he takes his stand,
Poised upon either hand,
Merry young mer-pets:

Drop them! You strong papa,
Swim back to Etretât!
Here comes their dear Mamma,
Seeking for her pets!

A SEASONABLE SURPRISE.

(We visit the Alexandra Palace—by the merest chance. Our Report.)

HELPLESS we lay, like the ship "in the Bay o' Biscay, O," in the bay-window of the Election. All our blooming companions were jaded and gone. We were jaded, but couldn't go. We thought of our chains, and sighed for the Brighton Pier. "Too late—alas! too late!" Oh, for a dinner out of town at some new place, and an *à fresco* lounge! In Paris, in Brussels, in any Continental city, we should have known what to do; but here—nothing. The Play was not the thing at all. Richmond? No; if there were any amount of Richmonds in the field, we are tired of the place, *quâd* dining. Purfleet, Greenwich, Gravesend! With Titanie whitebait, and muddy river? No. Like Sir Charles Coldstream, we were used up. Nothing in any one of 'em.

Suddenly, little TOBY MORY jumps up cheerily—he and ourselves are the only two left in the Election, as fogies don't count. "I've never been there!" he cries. "Where?" we ask. "The Alexandra!" is his answer. "Bah!" is our retort uncourteous. "After Richmond, Purfleet, &c., a needless Alexandra ends the song. Besides, Palaces are horrid places." We speak boldly in the Election—but the fogies are asleep. "Let's try it," urges TOBY. And he opens the A.B.C. "How do we get there?" we inquire, yieldingly. Then we object that it is too late. "Not a bit," cries TOBY MORY. "Waiter! Hansom!"

We place ourselves in TOBY's hands. It may be the blind leading the blind, neither of us being acquainted with the place; but TOBY and ourselves know our way about blindfolded.

From King's Cross we went to Wood Green, where we descended just as the "gloaming" had set in, about 7.30, and seeing before us a very undignified sort of half-illuminated entrance, which proved to be "The Palace Gates," we presented ourselves to two Check-takers, who eyed us suspiciously, carefully inspected our railway-tickets, and finally passed us in.

The air was appetising, the hour late, and so we engaged a pony-trap to make the ascent to the Palace. The Postilion, evidently aware that he was carrying CÆSAR and his fortunes, took us at a solemn pace up the hill. Fearing to stagger the officials by the impressive grandeur of our arrival in state, we pulled up well in the shade, gave the Postilion *largesse*, bade him to keep his own counsel (or to retain him when necessary), and smiling to nobody right and left, we entered the building. TOBY was for going to see all the entertainments. "No," we said, resolutely; "there is but one entertainment for us, and that is dinner."

Instinct, and a friendly man who was waiting for some one to come in and see Mr. HOWARD PAUL's Entertainment, led us to the *salle à manger*. We selected our table, by an open window, with a view of nothing in particular (lit up) in the distance, and there sat

down. The table was laid for eight; so with ourselves in the chair at the head, and TOBY MORY on my left, it looked as though we had invited guests, who had thrown us over at the last moment.

Undepressed by this, we summoned the waiter. He flew—in an opposite direction. Again, "Wai—!" "Yessir!" and he presented us with a bill of fare, with which to amuse ourselves while he was busy, and vanished out of the window like an uncaged bird. "Wai—!" "Yessir!" He was back again—and away. Could we put salt on his tail? How to catch that waiter. "Wai—!" "Yessir!" and this time he handed us the wine carte—and once more flew out of the window. A marvellous waiter! Was he a spirit?

But these wonders did not allay the pangs of hunger—though sweet music from a mysterious piano arose and calmed the savage breasts for a while. At last—unable to shoot the waiter as, like Folly, he flew, we walked up to the Master of the Feast, and gravely informed him that we had studied the *menu* twice carefully, that we had heard two tunes on the piano, and were thoroughly pleased with everything so far—but *might we dine*? Would he command the tricky sprite of a waiter, by some mighty spell, to serve us with—in fact—our dinner? Mr. PROSPERO, the Master—civilly did this—most civilly, and a capital dinner was served. Grouse excellent. Champagne first-rate. Everything good.

And then—we strolled forth. Once more the distant lights intrigued us. Beautiful and extensive grounds, and oh, the loveliest night!!

People coming up the steps told us that something was going on—as we understood them at first—"on three legs." This turned out to be their way of pronouncing, "On the Three Lakes." So thither we wended our way. Time 9.30. Sounds of music and revelry. Thousands of twinkling coloured lights. Marvellously beautiful effects of light and shade, while the electric light was thrown on one of the three lakes, around which was a crowd—reminding us of the Gathering of the Clans—listening to the band and to a singer in the Pavilion on the water's edge.

Our surprise at this scene was only equalled by our intense gratification. Here we were. Where? Surely at Baden-Baden, or assisting at some *fête* on the Continent! A really fairy-like scene, and within the easiest distance. A great boon to the tired Londoner, who has no Vauxhall, no Cremorne, to go to. And, to our thinking, far surpassing the—but comparisons are odious, and the allusion is clear as crystal.

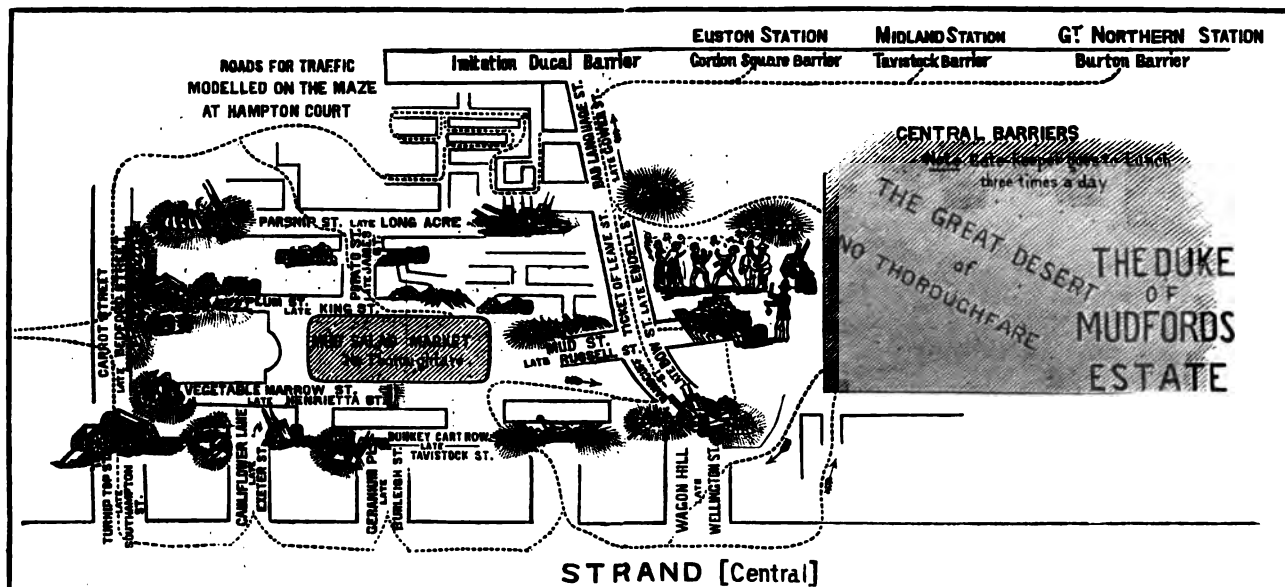
This is emphatically no puff, but tardy justice done to a place of which we have hitherto steered clear—no puff, we repeat, except as a return for a breath of air on a very hot night, and one of the most strikingly picturesque *à fresco* scenes we've come across for years.

At ten we began to return. Being uncertain as to trains and stations, we inquired of an official. "Oh," was his answer, "the trains go anyhow now."

Fancy a Bradshaw compiled on this plan! However, we found the trains going quite regularly, not by any means "anyhow," and so we returned rejoicing. To all who are compelled to remain in the Little Village, we recommend our experience of a night's outing at the Alexandra Palace.

NEW TRANSLATION (Vide LORD BEACONSFIELD'S speech on the Ground Game Bill).
—*Digitized by Google*—
"Expertly Crude." Trust the Poacher.

THE MUDFORD MUDDLE AND ITS IMITATORS.



ONE Saturday morning last May, a Cabman, not too well versed in the ways of London, determined to drive his empty cab from the centre of the Strand, to meet his grandmother at the King's Cross Station. He tried Bedford Street, and found it blocked with carrots; he tried Southampton Street, and found it blocked with turnip-tops; he tried Exeter Street, and found it blocked with cauliflowers; and he tried Burleigh Street, and found it blocked with geraniums. Looking up Wellington Street, he thought he saw an opening through a forest of cabbage- and basket-waggons. Tilting against one of the latter, he brought an avalanche of strawberry-baskets on his head, and nearly lost a wheel. Recovering from this, he tried to get through Bow Street, but found an impassable crowd round the prison-van of a popular murderer, as well as a barricade of coaster-mongers' barrows. With great patience and perseverance he passed at last safely through these obstacles. In Endell Street he was delayed by a little prize-fight; and when he reached Gower Street he found the roadway a little difficult. A gas-pipe had exploded, a water-pipe had burst, and the Vestry were repairing part of the highway. He turned down Woburn (or Gee-Woburn) Place, to enter Gordon (or Trap-Cab Square), but the gate-keeper had gone to one of his three daily luncheons. On the gate-keeper's return, the cabman was refused admission. His cab was empty. Two trucks, a pig, a dray, a waggon, two calves, a donkey, and a tradesman's cart were also sent back, not coming within the Duke of Mudford's patronising regulations.

The Cabman was ingenious. He gave a small boy twopence to get inside the cab, and then applied again with this important passenger. He was admitted. Before he got half through Gordon (or Cab-Trap) Square, the boy jumped out of the cab, and ran away. The Cabman was helpless, and looked for a passenger. There was not one to be seen. He drove to the Gordon Street Ducal barrier, and was repulsed; he drove to the Tavistock Street Ducal barrier with the same result; and so on to the Endleigh Street and Upper Woburn Place Ducal barriers. He got off the Mudford Estate on to the Flint-Skinners' Estate, and was refused a passage on any terms at Burton Crescent. He became bewildered, wandered in his route, and tried, for no particular reason, to get into Mecklenburg Square by way of Heathcote Street. He was not going to any particular house, and was kept outside like the Peri. A few sheep, pigs, horned cattle, carts, and drays were playing the parts of other Peri, and were referred to 50 Geo. 3, cap. 170. He got on to the Doughty or Tishborne Estate, but as he was not going to the house of a subscriber to the gate-keeper's salary, he was thrust back. He wandered again, and found himself face to face with the London University barrier at the end of Gower Street, maintained to provide artificial quiet for a tenth-rate hospital. Turning, bewildered, from this imitation Ducal barrier, he got, somehow, into the Tottenham Court Road. He had lost his grandmother, and tired his horse. He plunged desperately into a refreshment-house. It was not a Coffee-palace.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER LOVE SCENE.

"WHAT an afternoon!" said MORLEENA to herself as she entered her sister's boudoir. She was staying with the Archdeacon and his wife, who had not yet returned from Mrs. DOWDIE's party.

She looked out of window at the sun setting, and she wondered whether, if she had a partner to set to, she would blush as deeply as the sun. And who was to be her partner, after all? Not JOHN BOUNCE—he was dismissed; not Mr. MARTIN, that was clear. Had not Mrs. Archdeacon whispered in her ear that Mr. ARABLE was most eligible? Did not Mr. ARABLE hold the Precentorship and Percentorship which her father, in consequence of the agitation set on foot by the *Penny Prometheus* and JOHN BOUNCE, had been compelled to resign? Was not this an inducement? Well; and if MORLEENA chose to take this view of the situation, who can blame her? Not I, for one, most assuredly.

She was aroused from her reverie by a step on the hearth-rug.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Mr. ARABLE.

"Not in the least," she replied, vaguely, for she was conscious at that minute that he was disturbing her.

Then it seemed as if they had nothing further to say; and so he stood twiddling his fingers on the hearth-rug, while she continued looking out of window at the sunset.

Presently he asked her,

"Have you ever seen a ghost?"

"Never—to my knowledge," was her answer.

Then he nervously made one with his pocket-handkerchief, and moved cautiously up towards her, working the puppet with his fingers, and causing it to perform various exaggerated actions.

"Do you know what it is doing now?" he asked, bashfully.

"No. What?"

"He is making love."

She did not dare ask to whom, so he only told her, as he came from behind the fire-screen where he had been hidden, that it was a very old-fashioned amusement.

"Do you mean making love is old-fashioned?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Mr. ARABLE, gently laughing; "and the pocket-handkerchief puppet, too."

"Ah!" returned MORLEENA, gently; "I like everything old-fashioned."

"So do I," returned Mr. ARABLE. And then he begged her pardon for stepping on her dress, and she replied that it was of no consequence. Then he walked up and down the room irresolutely; and as she gazed out on the sun, she felt tear after tear slowly coursing down her face.

Mr. ARABLE was restless. He executed a few steps of a hornpipe on the hearth-rug, and then performed the first half of the *menuet de*



Saxon Sportsman. "WHAT ARE THOSE CONSTABLES DOING THERE, TIM!"

Irish Gamekeeper. "SHURE THEY'RE A WATCHIN' PAT NORTON, SORR!"

Saxon Sportsman. "WHAT FOR? WHAT'S HE BEEN DOING?"

Tim. "OOH! BEGORN' HE'S PAID HIS RINT, SORR!!"

la cour. At last he stopped in front of her, and unable to bear the silence any longer, he asked,

"Where are you going on Sunday?"

"To church," she answered, simply.

"Will your mother know you are out?" he continued, in an agitated tone.

"I have no mother, Mr. ARABLE," she said, turning her head away as another and a bigger tear trickled slowly into her mouth.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. ARABLE; "but if you go to church, with whom will you go?"

MORLEENA looked up. She felt that things were looking up just now, and she sympathized with them and looked up too, meeting his calm, eager, melancholy gaze.

Wouldn't he speak plainer? Would he not make some sign? And if he did, was she a Freemason to understand him and return it?

"I go with my father—when he accompanies me."

"Accompanies you! Is he the Organist?"

"Sometimes. But he is still the Beadle."

"Ah! But if he is not with you—"

"I shall be alone—alone—in the wide world!" And again another and a far bigger than any of the others trickled down her cheek.

"That's a whopper!" exclaimed Mr. ARABLE.

"Mr. ARABLE!" she cried, and rose from her seat; "you dare accuse me of an untruth?"

"No, no," he hastened to explain. "When I said 'whopper,' I alluded to the tear, not to any statement of yours. It is like the best place at the Opera—it is a *Grand tier*!"

"Oh, Mr. ARABLE, how can you joke?" she murmured softly.

"I don't know how I can," he replied in the same tone, "but I do. Perhaps I was wrong. I own I was unwarranted in asking you the questions I did. I would not have hurt your feelings for the world; but I am glad now that, besides the inquiry as to your mother's knowledge of your being in or out, I did not inquire whether she had ever taken in washing, and had parted with her mangle."

"Oh, Mr. ARABLE!"—It was all she could say, she was so completely taken by surprise.

He went on:—

"Yes, such a question would have been indelicate—very unmanly. I ask your pardon."

"I grant your grace," she answered softly, withdrawing from him to some distance.

"You do!" he cried, deeply agitated, and taking several steps backward. "You grant my grace! I, a middle-aged bachelor, who really never learnt dancing, and only know a few steps of the hornpipe and minuet! You grant my grace! Ah! MORLEENA—"

And there he stopped.

"Go on!" she murmured, looking piteously up in his face from the other end of the room.

"MORLEENA! 'Go on!' I am going on! I feel I am going on—anyhow!" And in another moment, regardless of his white tie, he had clasped her closely to his clerical waistcoat. How it was done, whether he had drawn her to him, or whether they had bounded up against one another from each end of the room, they could not tell. Nor can I declare. Such things are; nay, such things are of daily occurrence. There was a sympathy between them which thrilled through them like an electric shock; for the moment they had lost their heads and their hearts; she had his, he had hers; he was she, and she was he; she was the Prebendary and Precentor, and he was MORLEENA: each was either, t'other was both; neither knew who was who! And she was the witch that had charmed his life and drawn from his lips the first kiss he had ever given to woman, and that made him feel that now for the first time in his bachelor life he began to realise above all relatives and beyond all antecedents the simple theory of what was what.

"Oh, let me go!" said she—"let me go now!" And she bounded like a soft roe to her own room, as the Archbishop and Mrs. OVERWATTE appeared on the threshold of the boudoir.

THE SONG OF THE SHRIMP.



O I am a roving, rolling Shrimp!
I love to sport in the salt, salt spray:
I roll, I wriggle, just like an imp,
But always keep clear of Pegwell Bay!
For Pegwell Bay is a parlous place,
Where trippers come, for their tea sharp-set;
'Tis full of snares for the shrimping race,
When shrimpers shrimp with the shrimping-net.
Its pools are pleasant, and tho', forsooth,
Its sands are soft and its shells are gay,
There's many a brave and shrimply youth
Has found his level in Pegwell Bay!

O, I am a cunning, crafty Shrimp!
I love to swim all the livelong day;
I'm lithe and lissom, I'm gay and jimp,
But never am seen in Pegwell Bay!

O, I am a lively laughing Shrimp!
I love to flash through the water gay;
I'm quick and careless, I'm light and limp,
But never am caught in Pegwell Bay!
I hear that they broke my Uncle's back,
And cracked his skin, with a fiendish shout;
Off countless cousins they "took a snook,"
And loudly clamoured for pots of stout!
They wrung the neck of poor Grandpapa;
They gaily curried my dear Aunt JANE,
And as for superb old Grandmamma,
I never shall see her like again!
O, I'm the cutest of curly Shrimps;
I love to venture sometimes in play;
Although, perhaps, I may take a glimpse,
I never swim into Pegwell Bay!

"What's Sport to You," &c.

This is from *The Freeman's Journal*, Aug. 28:—

GUNS; Central-Fire Walking-Stick Shot Guns, with steel barrels of the newest and most approved construction; capital Guns for roadside amusement. — & Co., Dublin.

"Roadside amusement!"—potting a middle-man from behind a hedge, or making game of a landlord, might, in some Irish districts, come under this description.

Hymn to the Knight.

"It has pleased HER MAJESTY graciously to confer on Mr. RUPERT KETTLE the honour of Knighthood."—*Daily Paper*.

SIR RUPERT, it's clear that you've shown us your mettle—
You couldn't do otherwise, being a KETTLE.—
And though like most kettles you look much the same,
You've now got a handle tacked on to your name.

DEFINITION.—Lords and Commons—The House of Peers and the House of Pairs.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE,
AND THEIR MIGHTY DOLLAR.

A Dramatic Duologue, illustrative of Florentine Life and Manners in the American Capital.

By the Author of "A Legend of Florence."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HON. BARDWELL SLOTE (*Member of Congress for the Cohosh District*), Mr. W. J. FLORENCE.

Mrs. GEN'L GILFLORY ("*who has lived so much abroad*"), Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE.

Greek Chorus—Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Author of *Plain English*.

SCENE—*The Gaiety Theatre, Strand, W.C.*

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE discovered, admirably suited to each other, and indulging in a "private smile."

Mr. W. J. Florence. My dear Mrs. W. J., it is dramatically understood, I think, between us that, during the next three hours or so,

I am to be the Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE, Member of Congress for the Cohosh District, somewhere out West, a venal, jobbing politician who has been a lawyer in some obscure place, and is, consequently, habitually addressed as "Judge," and that you are a wealthy widow, Mrs. GEN'L GILFLORY, "who has lived so much abroad." You are very good-natured and (as I think) charming. (Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE blushes slightly.) But for dramatic purposes you are to be extremely vulgar. You really speak French with much fluency and purity; but (always for dramatic purposes) you are to speak it like a *V.E.*

—I mean a *vache Espagnole*. Is that O.K.—I would say All Correet —Mrs. W. J.?

Mrs. W. J. Florence (instantaneously assuming the voice and mien of Mrs. GEN'L GILFLORY). *Parfatemong, mong share. Vous mavay donné le tip direct. (With a peculiar trill.)* LIBBY, Dear!

Enter Miss C. GILCHRIST as LIBBY DEAR, in "skirts shorter than they orter."

Libby Dear. Well, Aunt, what's the racket?

Mrs. W. J. Florence. Child, you want *tong*. *Vous ne serray jammay distangay. Toofoore vous mett-y le gras dans le fire.* I insist upon your immediately asking Lord CAIRNGORM, a Peer of the British Realm, *ung cray noblehomme*, to marry you. *Voilà ser kee ay la matière.*

Libby Dear. I shan't. I want to marry CHARLEY BROOD, although he can't say bo! to a goose.

Mr. W. J. Florence. Is he sound on the goose?

Mr. John Hollingshead, as Chorus. For the information of those ignoramuses the Dramatic Critics, I may mention that in America the expression "Is he sound on the goose?" means "Are his political principles all right?"

Mrs. W. J. Florence (in a rage). *Fermy en ho! Shut up! (To LIBBY DEAR.) Eng-fang terrible et desobeissang*, you are seventeen years of age, and, if you dare to marry CHARLEY BROOD, I'll whip you. *Alay, feel ingrate ay naughty!*

[Exit LIBBY, crying.]

Mr. W. J. Florence. And now, Mrs. Gen'l, the "caboose" bein' clear, I'll undo the top button of my mind. Sukkumstarnoes over which I have no kyind of control impel me, by a Large Majority, to A. & Q.: that is, to axe a question. Mebbe you've been axed before, as the hatchet said to the prairie snag. Will you marry me, Mrs. Gen'l? I hev no floatin' cash balance, but I'm a whale at borrowin' money.

Mrs. Gen'l Gilflory (aside). Shade of my departed General, look down upon me! (Aloud, with dignity.) No, Sirree, I won't marry you—(aside)—at least, not till the end of the Fourth Act.

Mr. W. J. Florence. No offence, Marm. What might you a gi'n for that thar umbral?

[Looking curiously at her sunshade.]
Mrs. W. J. Florence (indignantly, and hitting him on the head)



with the sunshade). *Impertinong! iammay soor le Continong des parallel libertis song prennay.*

Mr. W. J. Florence. Axe pardon, Mrs. Gen'l. It's O. S.—all serene. This is where the trouble is. I had a Large Majority of stone-fences, brandy-smashes, sodas and dark bottom egg-nogs, corpse-revivers, morning-glories, fixed-bayonets, mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, and tip-and-ties last night at the bar of the House of Representatives; and this morning I've got whiskey in the hair. I feel sorter as if I'd got the F. J.-J.'s—the Flying Jem-Jams.

Mr. John Hollingshead, as Chorus. The American drink called a "Tip-and-Tie" (I state this for the benefit of the grossly ignorant Critics) is an abbreviation for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," a party cry at the period when the late General TYLER, the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe, was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. *[Bows and retires.]*

Enter LIBBY DEAR in a long train.

Mr. W. J. Florence. And what's a-goin on down tu the Capitol, Miss LIBBY? Are they a-tellin' lies and thievin' greenbacks by a Large Majority?

Mrs. W. J. Florence. *Oui, feel, parlay, et dîtes noo kess ker serparse lar bar.*

Libby Dear. Oh, Aunt, they're raisin' Cain, and breaking the pack. If I wasn't married to CHARLEY BROOD, I'd propose to Lord CAIRNGORM, who has just drowned himself in the Chickahominy.

Mrs. W. J. Florence (*hitting LIBBY with her parasol*). *Malleroose, malleroose!* You shall be locked up in the cupboard on bread and water for a fortnight, *ay sank song lignes de Telemark poor apprande par koor.* (To Mr. W. J. FLORENCE.) Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE, go and get a divorce. You can buy one for two dollars seventy-five at MUPPLE'S Dry Goods Store in Pennsylvania Avenue.

Libby Dear (*eagerly*). But it's all right, Aunt, dear! Lord CAIRNGORM has come to life again, and is engaged to marry an Indian squaw from Colorado; all our friends have found Nevada silver mines, or Pennsylvania oil-wells in other people's pockets, and the Era of Universal Happiness has set in.

Mr. W. J. Florence. Geewillikins! And I'm happy, too! I feel like a pea-nut that a Bowery small boy's goin' to shy at a song-and-dance-man. Under these sukkumstarnses, Marm' (*turning to Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE*), will you, by a Large Majority, be mine?

Mrs. W. J. Florence. *Tray volongteers, mong cher juge!* LIBBY, Dear!

Mr. W. J. Florence. Oh, Jerusalem! Joy! joy! joy! (to Black Butler in background.) Let it rain cock-tails!

The Spirit of Mr. SAM WARD hovering over the footlights. It's an intelligible play isn't it? Elegant dialogue, too, eh? But (*confidentially to the audience*) although Mr. and Mrs. FLORENCE are admirable Comedians, and their *Mighty Dollar* certainly represents in its way, legislative and financial getting at Washington, this is not how I managed matters in the days when I was King of the Lobby.

(Curtain falls.)

The House and its Kitchen.

(*Resignation of Mr. NICHOLL, the Commons' Caterer, in consequence of Mr. MONTAGUE GUEST having complained of the Cuisine.*)

COULD Mr. NICHOLL
Our palate tickle
With boiled and stewed and roast,
We'd eat with zest,
And not one Guest
Would quarrel with his host.

Novel Anticipations.

Flogging the First-Born. By the Author of *Beating the Air.*
The Home of Truth. By the Author of *The House of Lys.*
The Hill Replaced. Sequel to *The Veil Removed.*
Blacklegs. By the Author of *White Wings.*
Low Water. To be taken with *High Spirits.*
Lorenzo. Sequel to *The Mate of the "Jessica."*
A Trusting Hind. By the Author of *A Doubting Heart.*
My Father's Daughter. By the Author of *That Son of Mars.*

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



HERE'S many a time as I wonders when I hears a Washupfool Master, or a prime Warden, or a Lord Mare, or a Sheriff, or even a mere Common Councilman a busting away like thunder about the rights and priverlishes of this that and the other, whether they're quite the same sort of Swells at home. Ah! that's rather a okkard qeshun for a good many on us. Tho' I ain't got any partickler cause of complaint myself, for in course my professional duties naturally runs me into late hours. But BROWN says he knows for a fact that many and many a Swell, old as well as young, gets into Parliament because it gives him a nice excuse for a larch Key. But then BROWN will go on so. Owever I do happen to know that a certain very imaint sittizun, who goes it like one

o'Clock wen he's a Chairman, is as mild as a new Stilton wen he's at home. You wouldn't believe it were the same party. Thunder and lightning abroad, and milk and water at home. I know it bekos I once lived with him, but only for a short time. I missed my society, and my exsitemunt and my fees and my wine. Oh no, it didn't do at all. And, if the truth must be told, rather different wittles for both on us. No reel Turtel, and no reel Jam! not of any Kind, but all quite plane; so plane that I didn't at all wunder at Master having so many important dinner engagements. No! public life quite spiles us all for mere domestick enjoyment.

One of the most elegantest dinners of the whole Season was given last Thursday week by the Fishmongers Gill, which is considered, and naterally, one of the most important of the lot. They're a very nice respectable set is the Fishmongers, tho a leetle too libberal in their Politicks for my money. Much as I likes Libberality in most things, in Politicks it means Change, and, like Masters and Wardens, I wants no change.

That bright jewel of a Soldier, Sir GARNET WOLSEY, spoke well as he always does. He goes right to the pint, like a charge of Cavalry. I likes to hear him stand up for the young Soldiers. He says they're just as good as the old uns. Ah! I wish I could say the same for the young Waiters.

After that we had rather a rum thing. They drunk to the French Embassador, and, may I never taste Old Port again if he didn't return thanks in French! I should like to know how many on us understood him. I didn't for one, and what's more, didn't pretend to. How many on 'em can say that? Why, to watch 'em, as me and BROWN did, a grinning and nodding their heads, you'd ha' thought they all knew what he were talkin' about. Then they drunk the House of Lords. That's the toast for me, especially when nicely buttered. I riverences the House of Lords. I never knowed a Peer as gave me less than half a crown.

(Signed) ROBERT.

Found him at last!

AFTER announcing that he was going to appear at the Haymarket Theatre last Saturday, Mr. J. S. CLARKE suddenly changed his mind, and finding the Theatre too hot to hold him, intends to keep it closed for refrigerating purposes during the next fortnight, — a less expensive process than cooling it with the Boucicault-patent-Bridal-Tour-Ventilator. It is clear that Mr. CLARKE possesses some private and authoritative tip as to what the next fortnight's temperature is going to be, and henceforth the temporary tenant of the Haymarket Theatre will be identified with the Clarke of the Weather.



A SKETCH AT TROUDEAUVILLE.

AFTER THE BATH, THE COUNT AND COUNTESS DE ST. CAMERBERT HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH THEIR FRIENDS BEFORE DRESSING; AND MONSIEUR ROUCOULY, THE FAMOUS BARITONE, SMOKES A QUIET CIGARETTE, BEFORE HE PLUNGES INTO THE SANDY RIPPLE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, August 30 (Lords).—European Concert "all right up to now," says Lord GRANVILLE. Turkish movement rather too *rallentando*, perhaps; but it is hoped that the lagging Ottoman will soon be brought up to time.

Ground-Game Bill. Lord REDESDALE boldly moves its rejection. But who recks REDESDALE? Apostate Peers look upon Abdol as an old fogey. The Great Educator rises, and posing as Chiron, Nestor, Ulysses, and Puck—particularly Puck—all in one, addresses the House on this wise:—

The Bill is bad, bad with as baneful badness
As our beloved Abdol (worthy fossil!)
In his three points hath pictured it; base breach
Of contract-freedom; violation vile
Of immemorial rights of Property;
Shapen to stir up strife 'twixt close-knit souls,
The Damon and the Pythias of our day,
Landlord and Tenant. Arrogant as false,
Conciliation none, nor compromise,
Containing. Lo! it turns the lawless poacher,
Land's loathliest enemy, to an "expert,"
A licensed trespasser, who may, o'erbold,
"Stand in the sunshine of the Constitution,"
And flourish his free weapon in the face
Of Providence and of the Manor's Lord.
Most horrible! (*Shudders visibly.*) Yet, to reject the Bill,
As REDESDALE moves, were—well, were ticklish—ticklish.
Dignus vindicæ nodus? Not such knot
This knotty question quite. For me, in faith
I have no interest in the subject, none.
Hughenden's hermit, I, calm Cincinnati,
To cabbage-culture sworn, not any more
A candidate for Parliament, nor like
To rear or tumble Ministries again;
Only the Constitution's humble champion,
And yours, my Lords, and yours! (*Pauses, much moved, then
rallying, proceeds.*) Peers, 'tis a trap,
This bold bad Bill, baited to snare your pride

And catch your prejudice, and so disarm you
For imminent Constitutional Armageddon!
So, to Committee let it pass, and there
Be purged, pared, picked to pieces, purified,
As your sweet wills and subtle wits decree,
Till 'tis a very *Bottom* of a Bill—
By much Amendment, as by Ass's head,
Translated, changed, transmogrified. So do,
O Peers, my ermined brethren; proving thus
That you're self-sacrificing patriots,
Paladins versed in valour's better part,
And—more considerably up to snuff
Than REDESDALE or the Radicals conceive!

And behold the Peers did even as Puck advised, with results that may perchance be manifest anon.

(*Commons.*)—The Irish Members kept their word, and did not considerably "out-run the Constable" in the matter of that Constabulary Vote, which was agreed to after due debate.

Then COURTNEY suggested, *de die in diem*,
Verbatim Reports! Well, of course they may try 'em;
But *Punch* would just warn the palavering lot,
That at 85, Fleet Street, no rubbish is shot!

The Sitting wound up with Navy Estimates and Ways and Means.

Tuesday (Lords).—Hare-skins! Rabbit-skins!!! (*See Cartoon.*) Little more left of the Ground-Game Bill when their Lordships had done with it. Tenant farmers think there's a good deal to be got out of it, and the old "Expert"—thank thee, BEN, for teaching us that word!—thought so too.

(*Commons.*)—The old old Optimist v. Pessimist controversy anent our Iron-clad Fleet once more resumed between Officialdom and ex-Officialdom. The upshot, of course, was that nothing could be better than the actual state of affairs, or more satisfactory than the worse outlook. JOHN BULL pays his money, and may take his choice of the two views.

Then prolonged palaver about the Dark Continent, the land of geographical mystery and political muddle. The relations between



“HARES’ SKINS! RABBITS’ SKINS!”

BEN (the old “Expert”—sarcastically). “NOT QUITE THE ENTIRE ANIMAL, WILLIAM, EH?”



CATCHING THE EARLY BIRD. (AUGUST 31.)

Customer (curious to know how Partridges get into "the Market" so early on Sept. 1st). "I WANT A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES FOR A SICK RELATIVE."

Poultryer. "CAN'T HAVE 'EM TILL TO-MORROW, SIR."

Customer. "BUT COULDN'T YOU TO-DAY; AS A FAVOUR FOR AN INVALID? I'LL GIVE FIFTEEN SHILLINGS FOR THEM."

Poultryer. "W-E-L-L—(hesitatingly)—IF YOU'LL MAKE IT A GUINEA—(decidedly)—YOU SHALL HAVE 'EM!"

[Customer departs satisfied.]

the Colonists and what we call the Mother Country (but they seem to regard as a sort of Mother-in-Law Country), are a little strained. South-African settlers, like South-African sherry, seem to have a fine faculty for disagreeing with everybody except, perhaps, Sir BARTLE FRERE; and the Home Government cannot agree with him. It is clear that "England in Africa" is not yet a satisfactory subject for epic treatment. Who will be our Scipio Africanus in a peaceful sense, a worthy successor in policy to LIVINGSTONE in pioneering? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, on behalf of the Government, avowed the most excellent intentions in the most exemplary manner. Mr. Punch hopes that something good may come of it. Burials Bill, back from the Lords, read a Third Time.

Wednesday (Lords).—Chorus of Peevish Peers. Eh? What? Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill? At this time of the Session? Pooh! pooh! altogether infra dig. Those confounded Commons are coming it quite too strong. Let's chuck it out, unconsidered, just to show we're not to be trifled with.

[Do so, by a majority of 12. (Commons).—Chorus of exasperated Paddies. Another base and brutal insult from the Hereditary and Irresponsible Legislators! Revenge!!! Let's oppose the Appropriation Bill!]

Mr. Punch (and the Public). "A plague on both your Houses!"

Thursday (Lords).—The Ground-Game Bill having been ground down till, like the Yankee girl's nose, it rather resembles "the little end of nothing whittled down to a point," is allowed by the Peers to pass, amidst fresh ebullitions of patrician petulance. To doggerelize it:—

Lord VIVIAN regarded all Rabbits as Vermin, and hinted that he such vermin hated; Lord BATEMAN was sick of Hares and Rabbits, and wished they were all exterminated. Lord FEVERSHAM vowed farmers value these "vermin" forty millions are annually vended. Then the Lords' little game with the Ground-Game Bill, at least for the moment, was ended.

(Commons).—Over the Census Bill Honourable Members got senselessly incensed concerning the "return of religious opinions" question, Orthodoxy and the other Doxies along-whanging each other just as if they were really in earnest. BRIGHT turned on his tarterest tap. You should know better, JOHN. Noblesse oblige! Let the Olympians keep to their Nectar, and scow the sour small beer of petty polemic.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Ah! Happy Thought! The Eastern Question! Mustn't finish the Session without a chat on that novel theme. What is the Government doing? Nothing, I trust, or at least nothing that means anything. But what is all this shocking talk about "Coercion" and "Naval Demonstrations?" Methinks I sniff gunpowder! European Concert all very well so long as it plays no military music, nor drowns the still small voice of my soul's idol, Absolute Non-Intervention. Let the Government formally take the pledge of Total Abstinence (from aught but toast-and-water and talkee-talkee) before it sends us to our homes.

Lord Hartington. The Naval Demonstration is simply a demonstration of the unbroken harmony of the Six Concerted Powers. Q. E. D. The Turk is not an absolute donkey; and I won't insult him by supposing that he'll court actual Coercion; but if he does—ahem!

[Not to be drawn.]

Mr. Bourke. We won't embarrass you, as you embarrassed us; but, oh! what a lovely mess you are making of the whole business!

[Hugs himself.]

Sir H. Wolff. Ditto to Mr. BOURKE.

[Chuckles.]

Sir C. Dilke. The Six against Turkey mean peace, not war, and would preserve the Porte, rather than pickle it. Conservatives cast cold water on the European Concert: we trust it to keep Europe out of hot water. You'll see!

[Subsides into his seat, and a serene smile.]

Mr. Punch. I must keep my eye on the lot of you!

[Keeps it.]

*Friday.—Long Sessions make short tempers! That, Mr. Punch opines, is the only possible excuse for the peevish competitive puerilities in which Lords and Commons to-night indulged. That grave and reverend Signior, Lord REDESDALE, gave notice of a bogus *tu quoque* Resolution reflecting on the Lower House, Mr. T. O'CONNOR, as a retort discourteous, moved to abolish the official salary of Lord REDESDALE. Mr. FORSTER was intemperately minatory of the Upper Chamber, Sir S. NORTHCOOTE as intemperately denunciatory of Mr. FORSTER. Finally, Mr. CALLAN made an unmitigated Jerusalem of himself, and got "named" and suspended. Fitting climax of childish contentiousness! In the lucid intervals of shindying insanity, the Lords agreed to most of the Commons' Amendments to the Burials Bill, and the Commons to certain of the Lords' Amendments to the Ground-Game Bill. On Saturday the Lords agreed to amended Amendments on Ground-Game, late Hares and Rabbits, Bill, which, to quote our astute old Expert, is not quite what it was on its first appearance in the Upper House.*

Hurroo! Land at last! Prorogation imminent—as Mr. GLADSTONE would say, "within measurable distance." Mr. Punch's prophetic (and impatient) soul flies in advance of the lagging hours, and thus informally dismisses lingering Session and long-tried Senators:—

My Lords, likewise also ye gents of the Commons, No doubt you're impatiently waiting my summons. Farewell! get ye gone from my eyes and the House, Go pop at the partridge, go bang at the grouse. Having weathered all storms, use this glorious weather To breathe Autumn's ether, and sniff Autumn's heather. Forget ills of Ireland on Scotia's hills; Let your musings, dear boys, be of bags, not of bills. Be your talk still of sport, not its laws but its pleasures; May your consciences lose the dead weights of dead measures All work and no play has made JACK a cross boy; Let him now in relief from long jawing find joy. Let ELCHO court silence, and REDESDALE woo peace, And CHAPLIN and CHURCHILL from cheerying cease. May NORTHCOOTE find Firmness, and may HARCOURT find Tact, And FORSTER Discretion, and GOSSET grasp of Fact. From A. BARTLETT's bonnet may gales blow the bees, And WOLFF lose those Bogeys that stupidly tease. May sanity clear DILLON's much-muddled mental-man, May churl BIGGAR learn to behave like a gentleman, May Commons and Lords get their wits out of tangles, Learn manhood and manners and out boyish wrangles. The Queen's Speech to summarise—autumnise rather,—Be off! Go to everywhere!—Jericho—farther! You've had a hot Session; we hope that next Season You'll do better work with more temper and reason. At present relieve House and Town of your presence, And Punch of the task of extracting more Essence!

"SEASIDE MAIDENS."—*Tinsley's* Summer Number. Specimens of Henty Working, very Henty-resting.



AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

Professional Temperance Orator. "WAITER, HAVE YOU GOT ANY SODA-WATER?"

Barman. "YESSIR—PLENTY, SIR. A BOTTLE OF SODA, SIR!"

Prof. Temp. Orator (ostentatiously). "A BOTTLE OF SODA-WATER, PLEASE; AND (sotto voce)—I THINK YOU CAN PUT A GLASS OF BRANDY INTO IT!"

DIARY OF THE PREMIER AT SEA.

THURSDAY.—On board the *Grantully Castle*. Thousands assembled on Pier at Gravesend—wanted me to make speech. Had to say (by Doctor's orders), "Very sorry, couldn't oblige them, unaccustomed to public speaking," &c. Assembled thousands disappointed. I can see them now, however, consoling themselves by tearing old labels from my luggage, which lies on Pier, as slight mementoes of my visit.

Half-an-Hour later.—Have just stepped down into cabin. Luxurious furniture, sofas, &c. A writing-table! Sat down at once, wrote six post-cards, also letters to BISMARCK, SULTAN, AMER, and others; also articles on Homeric Ships; and was beginning my Life of Lord B——d, when Doctor came in, and said, "Must not exert brain."

Hour later.—Luggage come on board. Boat seen approaching with Mayor and an Address, also Deputation and Address from Liberal Association. By Doctor's advice we steer away. I attempt to make slight speech to Liberal Deputation through speaking-trumpet, but stopped by Doctor. Wish I'd learnt the dumb alphabet. Will do so.

Evening.—Just passed the Nore. Deputation and Address from keeper of the light-ship.

10 P.M.—Time to "turn in." Do so. Think of HARTINGTON. Wouldn't he be glad to be able to "turn in" now!

Friday, 4 A.M.—Went on deck. Ordered back to bed by Doctor. However, when he left cabin, lit candle, wrote sixteen post-cards. Knock at door. Captain, Mr. DONALD CURRIE, Doctor, my family, several M.P.'s, most of the crew, and the man at the wheel, outside, imploring me to husband my strength. Why "husband"? Why not "wife"? Note for pamphlet on *Mixed Marriages or Husbandry*.

8 A.M.—Go on deck. Deputation and Address from occupants of passing fishing-boat. Gratifying; but causes delay. Jib, spanker, and topgallant flying, I think. (*Mem.*—Write *Work on Navigation* this evening.)

A GREAT TEMPTATION TO VISIT SCOTLAND.

K—ARMS HOTEL.—HIRING in all its Branches, including a superior HEARSE; also a new BRAKE, seated for Twenty. The only House running a Machine Daily to all the principal Trains running to and from Fordoun Station. The best and greatest variety of Machines, and the best Horses in the locality are kept.

THE best "Machines" we have for hire,
And nags so good they never tire;
Excursions if you wish to take,
To moor or mountain, loch or lake,
To ancient town or ruin grey,
Or any place where you will pay,
All carriages that run or roll
Shall take you swiftly to your goal—
The roomy brake, the rattling trap,
The cart canine—without mishap;
And if, like LEIGHTON, you intend
At some snug inn your days to end,
Come to these "Arms," in far N.B.,
They'll take you in—for £ s. d.,
Provide a doctor and a nurse,
And find you "a Superior Hearse."

A Great Chance.

SINCE the following advertisement appeared in the *Lincoln Gazette*, there has been a tremendous rush for the place.

IF there is any active young CRIER and BILL-POSTER out of a job, who can live on about 1s. 3d. per week, there is a grand opening.—For particulars apply to —, sworn in Town Crier and Bill-Poster, on liberal terms, Horncastle.

We hasten to give it publicity. *Why are there no "Eggs" this week?* Is it possible that our esteemed Contributor— But no—Anyhow, we'll telephone to the Sworn Crier, and hear him swear on the subject.

A Card.

A SECTION of the British Association at Swansea was entertained with a paper on "The Required Amendments of the Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom," read by Dr. ACE. If Dr. ACE treated this interesting subject in a suitable spirit, he has entitled himself to be described as the ACE of Hearts.

10 A.M.—Have just discovered that man-at-wheel is a Tory. Very distressing. And I mayn't speak to him. Doctor's orders to me: captain's orders to him. Gave him a few copies of Midlothian speeches. He wants to know where Midlothian is. *Query*—Does this bring question of disfranchising man at wheel within the sphere of practical politics?

12 Noon.—"I stood on bridge at mid-day." (Not "midnight," as LONGFELLOW says. N.B.—Post-card to LONGFELLOW to-night, correcting his error.)

Weymouth.—*Grantully Castle* surrounded with boats. Thousands of bathing-machine women, and children with spades, cheering on beach. Deputation and Address from local Liberals. Beg me to come on shore, lay foundation-stone of new Liberal Club, tell them last reports from Afghanistan, make political speech, but, above all, to husband my strength. *Note.*—Is not an "h" omitted in *Weymouth*? Write article for Magazine on this and on Cowes.

Off Portland.—Inhabitants of whole South of England collected on Portland Bill. They wave handkerchiefs, and ask for speech. I explain principle of Hares and Rabbits Bill through speaking-trumpet. Doctor begs me to stop.

Plymouth.—Tory stronghold. Inhabitants all assemble, and cheer. *Query*—Reaction? Deputation and Address from local Anti-Vaccinators. Doctor very angry. I retire to cabin. Hear of all-night Sitting in House of Commons! Would that I were there! I try to escape to London by one of the boats returning to shore. Caught by Doctor. Forced to stay. Very provoking. Next time must travel with a box of disguises. Made up as B——d I might escape notice. Telegrams to HARTINGTON, FORSTER, DILKE, &c. Propose to Captain to invite Messrs. BIGGAR, PARNELL, SULLIVAN, &c., to accompany us on voyage. Captain objects—fears disturbance on board. I tell him he shall have compensation for any disturbance. He asks, "What compensation?" I reply, he to pay \$100 to each Home-Ruler. Strange, he doesn't see where the compensation comes in exactly.

Off Scilly Isles.—Originally, of course, *Scylla*. But what's become of Charybdis? What is the Scotch song about "Scylla

have to spare"? Post-cards to everybody at Midlothian asking the question.

Saturday.—Feel very strong. Try to cut out down mainmast with axe. Stopped by Captain, who says, will interfere with navigation of ship.

Propose to Captain to let *Grantully Castle* sail off to Constantinople, to form part of Naval Demonstration. He says, "No powder on board." I reply, "Don't want powder. SULTAN never spoken to in firm manner that he hasn't at once yielded," &c. (Quotation from Midlothian speech.) Captain says, would be happy, but Tory man-at-wheel would never consent to steer for Constantinople to coerce SULTAN. I offer to steer myself, also to reef or set sails when required, to swab decks, attend to boiler, light engine-fires, &c. Doctor says, really must husband strength. Why "husband"?

Sunday.—Off Irish Coast. Deputation and Address from distressed landlords, also from distressed tenants. Ship fired at by Fenians. Is this gratitude? Retire to cabin, and think about Irish Land Bill. Telegram from HARTINGTON:—"Hope you are husbanding strength. When may we dissolve?" Telegraph back:—"Why dissolve? Go on to October." Send off post-card to CZAR, another to SULTAN, and five others to persons asking for my autograph, my opinion on the best sort of nibs for pens, and my views on Phrenology. Note.—Can Cocoa nibs be utilised for writing purposes? Look up subject for pamphlet.

Greenock, Monday.—Deputation from Liberal Association, with a Scotch Baillie at their head. Thank goodness! Have succeeded in making a speech at last—Doctor fortunately being engaged below—feel like Dr. TANNER did after his fast. Deputation "hoped I wouldn't work so hard." I said I wouldn't.

N.B.—Despatches to RIFON—mustn't put this in Scotland, however—AMKER, BISMARCK, &c., &c. Go on with *Life of Lord B—d*. Write twenty-seven post-cards, and three magazine articles. Doctor says must really husband energies. I will.

Oban, Tuesday.—Ship going at "dead slow," because of crowds of boats, with wild fishermen on board. They want to see me, they say. When they see me, they cheer. Touching. Involves my standing on bridge all day. Go below, and shake hands with fishermen through port-hole. Read *SHELLEY'S Hellas*, and determine to annex all Thessaly to Greece. Practise a hornpipe before turning in. Doctor says husband energies, &c. Why "husband"? I will.

[Jumps on shore, and trains up to Downing Street in time for Cabinet Council.

A PUZZLER.

We call this from the *Western Morning News* of Aug. 31:—

WANTED. a steady, respectable Youth, as JUNIOR CLERK in the Nursery.—Apply, &c.

A very Junior Clerk he must be. About four years old, perhaps. But *what*, if older, is he wanted for? To act as under-nursery-maid, and with some knowledge of arithmetic, to set down two and carry one? Can't make it out.

THE BUN INCIDENT.

By drawing the attention of the House to Mr. SULLIVAN'S Buns, Mr. LABOUCHERE treated him to an additional Puff.



GAUL AND ALBION.

Tom. "ASK THEM TO COME AND PLAY CRICKET WITH US, EFFIE."

Effie. "VOULEZ-VOUS VENIR JOUER CRICKET AVEC NOUS?"

Alphonse. "NO, SANK YOU, MESS! MY PARENTS SAY IT IS NO GENTLE FOR ZE LITTLE MESSSES TO PLAY ZE CRICKET! VE VILL PLAY ZE SKIPPINROPE IF YOU VILL, OR ZE SHUTTLEDORE AND ZE BATTLEDOCK!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PUT every halfpenny you have, on *Robert the Devil*. Mind—*Robert* for the Leger! Not *Robert* the excellent waiter who contributes to your paper, but *Robert* the winner. He won't make a waiting race of it you'll see.

Private and Confidential. House of Co—

And now, my dear Sir, a word in justice to myself. I was silent last week. This needs no excuse, as you know my hints on sporting matters are only to be occasional. But I know that quite a different interpretation has been placed upon my absence from your columns. I am perfectly well aware that the following story is "going the rounds."

I am accused (in spite of my well-known dislike to unnecessary writing) of having forged the name of the widow of my uncle to a bill of exchange for a considerable sum! Having done this, it is actually asserted that I discounted the document at a sacrifice of eighty per cent.—thus realising only a *fifth* of the marketable value of the security! This unbusiness-like conduct (it is so like me to be unbusiness-like!) it is pretended was followed by a wholesale seizure and realisation of some Stocks I happened to be holding in trust for two little orphans of tender years. They say this of me when they know that I perfectly doat upon children, and am always playing with them! It is further reported that after holding the plate at a church-door, I decamped with the proceeds before the conclusion of the sermon! I did leave early, but simply because I was carried away by my feelings.

It is declared, too, and apparently on most trustworthy authority, that I have managed to rob a Bank when all the world was slumbering! Yet I am *always* in bed by eleven, except when *absolutely prevented by some pressing engagement!* However, let that pass. I proceed with the other events in the indictment. The Police pretend to believe (so I have been told by a Magistrate I met on the Bench the other day) that I, as Treasurer of the Poor Widows' Crust of Bread Fund, the Sunday Scholars' Bank, and other equally meritorious institutions, have used the Voluntary (I lay a stress upon the word "Voluntary") Contributions to me in my official character for my own personal maintenance! Is this not really sad? How few understand the real meaning of the proverb, "Charity begins at home!"

Why continue the long list of my alleged peccadilloes? Sir, in the most solemn manner in the world, with the utmost impressiveness, I declare that the whole story has been considerably exaggerated!

Yours,

THE COLONEL *en retraite*.

* Remainder of address illegible. House of Commons or House of Correction? Much the same, by the way, when an Amended Bill comes down from the Lords.—ED.

NO POLITICAL QUESTION.

Q. Why was Mr. GLADSTONE during his cruise like an itinerant tinkler?
A. Because he was travelling "on the mend."

THE CRY OF THE CLERK!



HY do they talk of the Border-Land, the rippling streams and miles of heather, To one who, scribbling, pen in hand, can scarce keep body and soul together? My border-land's twist life and death, and I long for the hum of the Underground To take me away from the roar of the street, the City's crash, and eternal sound. That rings in my ears from morn to night, from the dawn to the dews, from the light to the dark.

Why do they open their ears to sorrow, and close their fast to the Cry of the Clerk?

Envious? No! Let them visit the sea, neither pain nor pleasure are far to seek, But seas and summers are not for me with a salary under a pound a week.

My only change is from desk to home, my only trip on the tramway cars;

My baby's face is my only moon; and the eyes of my wife are my only stars.

The rocks I climb are the paving-stones, and the Milkman's voice is the morning lark

That wakes me out of my land of dreams, —Where I journey at times, though a penniless Clerk!

Twenty odd years I have sat at the desk, in the same little den in the same old court, Profit and loss I have balanced them up, the firm seemed richer when bread was short. Drones and bees in the same glass-hive; but they looked on as I made the honey, But it did seem hard they should waste so much, when I could have cringed for a loan of money

To save my sick, to bury my dead, to bring to haven the buffeted bark That threatened to split on the sands of Time with the life and love of the threadbare Clerk!

I don't growl at the working-man, be his virtue strict or morality lax; He'd strike if they gave him my weekly wage, and they never ask him for the Income-tax! They take his little ones out to tea in a curtained van when the fields are green, But never a flower, or field or fern in their leafy homes have my children seen. The case is different, so they say, for I'm respectable,—save the mark! He works with the sweat of his manly brow, and I with my body and brain—poor Clerk!

Respectability! That's the word that makes such fellows as I grow lean, That sends my neighbours to Margate Pier, and sets me longing for Kensal Green! What in the world is a slave to do, whose ink-stained pen is his only crutch, Who counts the gain that staggers his brain, and fingers the till that he dare not touch! Where's the ambition, the hope, the pride of a man like me who has wrecked the Ark That holds his holiest gifts, and why? Because he is honest and called a Clerk!

Why did I marry? In mercy's name, in the form of my brother was I not born? Are wife and child to be given to him, and love to be taken from me with scorn? It is not for them that I plead, for theirs are the only voices that break my sorrow, That lighten my pathway, make me pause 'twixt the sad to-day and the grim to-morrow. The Sun and the Sea are not given to me, nor joys like yours as you fit together Away to the woods and the downs, and over the endless acres of purple heather. But I've love, thank Heaven! and mercy, too; 'tis for justice only I bid you hark To the tale of a penniless man like me—to the wounded cry of a London Clerk!

CRICKET EXTRAORDINARY.

WE don't know much about Cricket—off the hearth; but we fancy that this report, from the *Daily Telegraph*, of the Yorkshire and M.C.C. match is a startler:—

"The M.C.C. had 134 to get to win, but on going in they made a disastrous start against the bowling of PEARE and BATES. Before a run had been scored, Mr. WALKER was bowled for 8. BARNES was sent back, and at 14 Mr. STEEL was caught behind the bowler. Mr. STUDD was caught at short leg, MIDWINTER was caught at slip, and FLOWERS run out."

Before a run had been scored Mr. WALKER was bowled for eight. Where was the scorer? Asleep? Or didn't WALKER run? Or is it all a beautiful dream? As we began by remarking, we do not know much about Cricket; but we cannot refrain from remarking on the evidently cowardly conduct of Mr. STEEL, who "was caught behind the bowler." Why did he hide behind the bowler? Why didn't he stay and face the ball like a man? We shouldn't have done so, we admit; but then we shouldn't have put ourselves forward in so conspicuous a manner. But to get behind the bowler, and be caught there!—Bah! It's un-English.

M.C.C. v. Hampshire.—The M.C.C., in their match last week against a Rural District, produced a rural Eleven, which included a Wood, a Hill, a Park, a Green, a Bird, a Wild, a Long, and a West.

WHY is a Prize Mastiff like two London Cabs? Because he's a Hansom one and a Growler.

GAME.

Shotover Park, September 1.

DEAR SIR,

IN reply to your request that I should give you an account of "my day with the Partridges," I send these few lines, in haste to catch the post—(we're always catching something here. Such a sporting country!)—and to tell you that I had my day—without the Partridges. That's all.



Sport at Cartridge Castle. (Report from House-keeper's Room.)—Ma's cupboard open. Splendid sport among the Preserves. Real jam.

Sport. — We have received good reports of the sport at High Beech, Epping Forest, Chingford, Margate and Ramsgate and Scarborough Sands, where the Cocoa-nut shooting is first-rate. Aunt Sallies rather shy. Nuts rather wild.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE *City Press* is right in saying—

"The reconstruction of the Central Criminal Court is just one of those matters which should by no means be delayed a moment longer than can possibly be helped. . . . The visit which we ventured to recommend the members of the Committee to pay, when the business of the Old Bailey is in full swing, would enlighten them upon the many points it is desirable should be taken into consideration in the work they are about to undertake with the sanction of the Corporation."

The "business of the Old Bailey in full swing" is unpleasantly suggestive. But the subject, like the Court, should be thoroughly ventilated. And, *a propos*, as we have New Law Courts, why not furnish them with a few new Laws? For the present, as suggested, let the Committee visit the Old Bailey while the business is "in full swing," and in order not to decide hurriedly, let them suspend their judgment.

Hero to Héro.

Horse Guards, Elysian Fields, Sept. 3, 1880.

F. M. the Duke of WELLINGTON presents his compliments to Major-General Sir FREDERICK S. ROBERTS, K.C.B., V.C., and begs to say that by reference to the *Wellington Despatches*, vol. ii., p. 361, Sir FREDERICK will see that the Duke marched to Poonah from Seringapatam at the rate, upon an average, of thirteen and a half miles a day. Sir FREDERICK S. ROBERTS has marched from Cabul to Candahar at the rate, upon an average, of sixteen miles and three-quarters daily. F.M. the Duke heartily congratulates the General, who has been walking so rapidly and so triumphantly in his footsteps.

BOUND TO BE SO.

JUDGING from the cartloads of trashy books on the leading Libraries' Lists and at the bookstalls, there must be a large number of ready but unreadable writers whose incapacity is only equalled by their pen-and-ink capacity, which must be prodigious.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

At the Westminster Aquarium.



WHEN the large Establishment opposite the Abbey, and within hail of the Houses of Parliament, was opened to the public, the more earnest of Mankind believed that the prospects of Science, Art, and Literature, were brightening. In the address presented to a Prince of the Blood at the inaugural ceremony, pointed allusion was made to the fact that ALBERT THE GOOD had left at his lamented decease many schemes for the regeneration of the World in general and the British Nation in particular, in an unfinished state. It was suggested that certain Philanthropists, bound together by the magic brotherhood of the Limited Liability Act, had taken this very much to heart, and that they had determined, through the agency of a Summer and Winter Garden, and a Receiptacle for Unusual Fish, to set everything right. In a word, what the PRINCE CONSORT had commenced, was to be finished by the Directors of the Westminster Aquarium. A first step towards the Millennium was made by the election of all the Birth, Wealth, and Talent of England to the distinguished post of "Honorary Fellow." It was generally understood that the body thus constituted was to act as a sort of Collective Guardian Angel to the Institution. Since then the walls of London have told occasionally of the progress of the good work. At one time the hoardings were covered with a very remarkable woodcut representing an apparently inoffensive young lady in a bathing costume, in the act of being blown from the mouth of a six-thousand-and-eighty-nine-ton gun, to the evident delight of a crowd of well-dressed loungers. And at this very moment the public are being earnestly invited through the same agency to gaze upon another young lady in another bathing costume, as she, with pink boots, holds high revel over some buns and a cup of tea on her back in a tank. But as the exception proves the rule, these little eccentricities of management might inferentially denote that the great scheme of national improvement, in the sternest sense of the words, was progressing satisfactorily. I determined to judge for myself, and expend a shilling—or more.

Before entering, I glanced at the placards on the walls. I particularly noticed three pictures. One represented an enormous gorilla, presumably about eighty feet high, as he seemed to be resting in a forest, with his hand clutching the tree-tops. The next depicted a desperate battle waged by a select band of graceful but bloodthirsty savages. The last was a little perplexing—it was a strange group labelled, "Comic Military Band twice daily." Perplexing, I repeat, from a Millennium point of view. The battle and the gorilla sketches might have had some connection with the Darwinian theory and the Survival of the Fittest.

Glancing sorrowfully at a couple of melancholy seals in a bath, and courteously refusing to buy a magic pen-wiper, or some equally useful article of a young female, who, although personally a stranger to me, addressed me in a manner suggesting that she had known me intimately all my life, and longer, I approached the Grand Marquee. This I heard was the home of "Ourang, the Old Man of the Woods," whose pictorial acquaintance I had already made in the sketch of the gorilla. I paid another fee (the second), and found myself in a red and white tent, nearly entirely occupied by the basin of an unused fountain. In a corner was a cage, and in the cage was a wretched looking monkey (seemingly rather larger than a good sized cat) clinging listlessly to the top bars of his prison. This was "Ourang." The creature gazed at me sadly, having probably satisfied himself that I had not come in with an "order." His expression said plainly, "Poor idiot! you have paid an extra shilling to see me!" Then he yawned. I couldn't help asking with *Dick Swiveller's* friend in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, "Is the Old Man friendly?" The Old Man was friendly, but bored. Finding that "Ourang" seemed anxious to shun observation, I turned my eyes away, and consequently came face to face with the following "notice":—

"Visitors are most particularly requested not to give the animal food of any description. The greatest care has to be exercised in choosing its diet."

This would have excited my curiosity had I not seen on the ledge of the cage a collection of comestibles that were apparently being reserved for "the Old Man's" dinner. The collection consisted of three halves of lemons, a small brush (such as is used for blacking boots) and some sawdust. Having made this discovery, I thought it time

to take my leave. As I departed I observed that "the Old Man" was seemingly attempting to break the tedium of his confinement by peeping through a hole in his tent at the half-suppressed grimaces of a solemn looking Gentleman in evening dress, who was busily employed on the stage of the Institution in giving a spirited rendering of the characteristic sounds of a country farm-yard. I was glad to notice this as it seemed to attract Ourang's attention for a moment from the evidently startling performances of the Industrious Fleas, who, although advertised to appear in another part of the building, had certainly chosen "the Old Man" himself as a platform for a portion of their little entertainment.

I now followed the sound of some hideous shouts to their source—a room in the gallery. For a third time I paid a shilling. On entering the apartment, a youth was saying "They will now 'unt. They will 'unt their prey and surround it. When they've 'unted it they will sing their song of joy." Upon this seven Zulus, in African costumes that I cannot help fancying must have received some important additions from a miscellaneous collection of articles of British manufacture, began to jump about and yell in a manner suggestive of an *impromptu* charade got up by schoolboys quite devoid of dramatic talent. Such a hunt!—or to adopt the evident Zulu pronunciation, such "an 'unt!" After a few more Colney-Hatch performances they began to shake hands with the spectators, with the immediate result of clearing the room. I lagged behind, having noticed a certain sameness in the Entertainment (which I had only partly witnessed), and asked if what I had seen differed materially from what I had not? The youth, a most courteous young gentleman, explained to me that, "he thought the words of their songs was different!"

Did the exigencies of space permit, I would report in detail how I paid a fourth shilling to see CHANG, sixpence to visit my valued friend, the Chess Automaton from, I think, the Crystal Palace (business was slack, and there was a slight delay in my admission, rather suggestive of the Automaton and the Lecturer having a friendly chat together in their shirt-sleeves during the pauses between the performances), and three-pence to gaze into a glass which increased my naturally graceful proportions to a condition of revolting obesity. I was lured into this last exhibition by seeing a placard bearing the inscription, "Roars of laughter! See yourself as others see you!" I, so far from being amused, was very angry, and nearly knocked the attendant's (a small boy's) head off! As for the Giants, I could learn nothing about them, as "the full descriptive lecture at 3:30" was not delivered. What there is in my personal appearance to induce everyone to pester me to buy photographs as touching mementoes of my visit, I don't know. But so it was.

It remains but to say that, as I left, a talented gentleman, in yellow satin trousers, was balancing a quart bottle on his nose, or performing some other dangerous feat of an equally intricate character on the stage, to the languid satisfaction of a group of well-dressed visitors of both sexes. I attended the place in the afternoon. In the evening I understand, there are many attractions, chiefly due to the marvellous magisterial licensing system of the period. In spite, however, of this encouraging fact, I fear, when I consider the lofty objects aimed at by the original Directors, I cannot honestly declare that the Millennium has commenced at the Royal Westminster Aquarium—just at present.



Reminiscences.

The Girls' Own Paper has recently given specimens of Ladies' handwriting.

"Ah!" sighed an old beau as his grand-daughter showed him fac-similes, "How well I know them all!" The little one wondered. What a funny Grandpapa!

BONNIE BAR-GEE.

"The Corporation propose placing a Memorial Stone on the site of Temple Bar, in the middle of the roadway."



"'Tis a jolly conception!"—'twas TRUSCOTT who spoke—
"Though Temple Bar's gone, we can still have our joke;
So let each civic wag who loves humour and me,
Vote for putting this Stone where the Bar used to be.
Come, out with your trowels, and up with the Stone,
Though Cabmen may cavil, and Bus-drivers groan.
We care for no pleadings or warnings—not we!
For it's up with the cry, 'Calipash! Calipee!'"

Now the Stone is erected, objectors are beat,
And the Civic wags laugh at the block in the Fleet,
While Truscott, the joker, cries, "Well, as you see,
'Tis a noble memorial of humour and ME!"

So crash goes the hansom, and smash goes the van,
There's a mingling together of horse, wheel, and man,
Just over the spot where the Bar used to be
They triumphantly cry, "Calipash! Calipee!"

There are fools in the East as in West, South, or North,
But there yet may be time ere the edict go forth,
Since there *are* sober men who the reason can't see;
For obstructing the Fleet where the Bar used to be.
Come, put up the trowels, and leave well alone;
Come, abandon the scheme, and have done with the Stone!
For if once set up, 'twould a laughing-stock be,
To be fitly inscribed "Calipash! Calipee!"

BEWARE!

"THE KEEPER'S GUN" is largely advertised in the *Field*.
Safe so far, but what if the next invention is "the Lunatic's
Gun!"

REWARD OFFERED.

THE Gentleman who was wrapped-up in himself and directed by
his landlady to Victoria Station must have gone wrong, as he has not
since been heard of.

COMING OUT.

PAN is the name of a new weekly satirical journal to appear on the 25th inst., edited, we believe, as well as illustrated, by Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON. Satirically, of course it will be a frying-pan and a warming-pan; and "I'll warm you!" ought to be an appropriate legend under an illustration of that sort of Pan. But is it called after the great god, Pan, and to be a sort of *Satyr-day Review*? or is it *pan* the greek, as every school-boy knows—except the one we've been educating ourselves—for "everything"? If *Pan* means everything, we trust he'll do something, and that something well. The popular "G. A. S." is to be a main contributor, which will insure the brilliancy of the Light articles.

A propos, in answer to numerous Correspondents, our esteemed Correspondent who signed himself "ELECTRIC LIGHT ('G. A. S.' superseded)," is rapidly recovering from his temporary loss of hair. The locks are removed, and he is free!

Timely Hint from the Queen.

DUKE of MUDFORD "K.G." i. e., Covent Garden. To remind his Grace of the Order so much needed there. Thank your Majesty.

THAT'S GOOD.

At a meeting of the Grammarian Society it was resolved:—

"That that 'that,' that that Member placed after that other that, is redundant, and that that 'that' be accordingly expunged."



A REMINISCENCE OF THE 1ST.

(A Blazing Hot Day.)

Small Rustic (to tall London Visitor, who, being considered dangerous by the other guns, has been asked to beat, "Because, you know, old fellow, you do it so well.") "Now, ZURE, YEAV HEV DUN THEY THREE FIELDS VERY WELL, NOW DO'E ORAWL IN THER—(pointing to covered ditch)—AND WORK ROUND THE NEXT TWO, AN' I'LL STAY HERE AN' MARK!"

AGONY-POINT AMUSEMENTS.

THAT Humanity might be human but for its amusements may soon become an aphorism fit to pair off with Sir G. C. LEWIS's celebrated proverbial paradox. Perhaps were it frankly advertised that a young girl was about to ruin her health in public for pay, or openly submit to the pangs of the rack for so many hours at the Royal Aquarium, some shock might be experienced even by sensation-hardened pleasure seekers, some inquiry made as to the power of the law and the responsibility of parents. That would be brutal and brutalising torture of course. Miss BECKWITH's sponsors have only undertaken that she shall attempt to remain in a tank of water exposed to general view for one hundred consecutive hours. That is public amusement! True the poor child—she is little more—recently tried a much shorter swim, and broke down, sick and suffering. People praised her "pluck" then; they will now reward her success, or solace her failure with the same cheap tribute of selfish folly. Pluck is a good thing. But displayed by a young girl in the form of prolonged endurance of purposeless suffering, in the interest, presumably of greedy relatives and callous betting men, it loses its charm, if not its credit.

A swim of a hundred hours is as objectless as it is penitential, as ungraceful as it is degrading. Exhibitions of prowess, skill, elegant deftness, even of cool nerve and not too agonising endurance, are legitimate enough when voluntarily undertaken by competent and responsible agents. But a girl of eighteen floundering in a tank for four days and nights at a stretch, probably doing irretrievable damage to her constitution, at the bidding of "friends," and for the morbid gratification of stupid gazers, is, we protest, an exhibition as ungraceful in itself as it is disgraceful to the parents who instigate it, the law that permits it and the public that patronises it.

THE CLOTH AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

SURPLICES, ecclesiastical vestments, and other textile fabrics, namely, sermons. These latter are often spun out too long; and, in some instances, they get worn threadbare.

LANDLADY'S LOGIC.

Rents at the Seaside must be kept up—

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Because last year was a bad season. | 1. Because last year was a good season, and therefore this is likely to be bad. |
| 2. Because the season began late, and you must make hay, &c. | 2. Because the season began early, and will therefore soon be over. |
| 3. Because the house has a sea view. | 3. Because you are nicely sheltered from the sea. |
| 4. Because you are near the railway, which is handy for going to town. | 4. Because you are some way from the station, and so not annoyed by the cheap-trippers. |
| 5. Because you are near the hotel, which is always convenient. | 5. Because you are not near the hotel, and so escape the noisy young men leaving it at nights. |
| 6. Because you are close to the Church. | 6. Because the Church is a nice distance off, and you are not roused by the bells. |
| 7. Because you are surrounded by all the shops in the place, and have only to step out to get anything. | 7. Because you are quiet and retired, away from the streets and noisy shops. |
| 8. Because the Doctor is next door. | 8. Because, though within easy reach of a medical man, he is not under your very nose, which is of course unpleasant, as if you were going to be an invalid. |

PEPYS OR PEP'S?—"PEP'S Diary!" growled a victim of indigestion as he took down the immortal work of PEPYS. "Ugh! I shall write a Dis-pep'sy's Diary!" Then, to interest and amuse himself, he opened a volume of somebody's *Digest of Law*.

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

(Notes by Wandering Willie.)

September.—Get my route for Brussels. (Note for Joke-book, or joke for Note-book—"Root" for Brussels. Result, "Sprouts." Think it out as I go along.) Having got it, the question arises, Which am I to take? Meeting little TAFF RAYLE in the street, he at once suggests accompanying him on board his yacht. Good. Done.

Odd that until now I should always have associated yachting with the possession of great wealth and high rank. Now, RAYLE is one of those men reputed to possess £500 a-year of his own, and, though a barrister, very little of anybody else's. His legal career began, and, as far as I know, ended with the defence of an old lady charged with picking pockets, who, on being sentenced to seven years' penal servitude—about fourteen times the ordinary sentence—threw a boot at her advocate. Mentioning this generally to little PITCHER at the Club, he tells me that everybody hires someone else's. That seems complicated. "But," he explains, "they share the expense." TAFF RAYLE didn't ask me to share any expense. Must be careful to behave as a guest. No, I don't like this idea at all, and am thinking of crying off when I run against RAYLE again; and it comes out, in the course of conversation, that he has had his present skipper four years, that his yacht is named the *Dora*, and that she is a thirty-tonner.

A thirty-ton yacht! It is curious what little that conveys to me. The *Dora* may be anything between the *Great Eastern* and a canoe, for all I know. What is a ton? Well, one orders coals by the ton, but beyond the fact that they last an uncommonly short time, my knowledge of tonnage there ceases. Stay! I once heard a man in the Guards say that so many of his men went to the ton, and— But who said it, and where he is now, I don't know.

Now to find out what a ton is. Ha! Here at the Club is the very man, MULTIPLE, M.P. for Numbers, a man that has tackled GLADSTONE himself on his Estimates, and has sent several Secretaries for India to untimely graves through his masterly exposure of their Budgets. I will get all information as to what a ton is from him. *He doesn't know.* Sir HORTON KIRBY still in town. As he has got a "ton" in his name, he ought to know. (Query.—Would he like me to make a joke about his name? Better ask him first, and see if he's likely to take it good-naturedly.) He is off before I have made up my mind whether to give him my joke on his name or not. It will keep till I see him again.

August 23.—The day at last. Up with the lark—that is, a decent, sensible lark—and don my yachting costume. A fisherman's cap, which gives me quite the appearance of *Masaniello*; a jersey, with "*Dora*" in red letters, and "R. T. Y. C." beneath.

Charing Cross Station! Here are TAFF RAYLE and his friends who are going with us. He introduces us in such an offhand manner that we have to find out who we are afterwards from one another quietly and in corners. At present, all I can ascertain is, that one is BOB and the other is BEN.

In the carriage. BEN is a cheery little man, with the *Racing Calendar* and all the Sporting Papers. He asks me what will win the Ebor Handicap. Now, I only know the name of one horse of whom I am perfectly certain he is living, so make answer, "Bend Or." He laughs heartily, and says I evidently know a thing or two. Perhaps I do, perhaps I have been knowing a thing or two all my life without being aware of it. Emboldened by my first success, I ask him what will win the Cesarewitch, a name I get out diffidently, not quite certain whether it hasn't been run already. He wants to know how he is to know till the weights are out. This throws a new light upon my knowledge of horse-racing, and I meditatively answer, "Which also holds good about the St. Leger." At this he roars, and says I am a warm member. "My wig! Shouldn't I like to go printing with you! Shouldn't we stand on velvet! No weighing in accounts for you, but also touching, eh? We must go to Newmarket together. You are a warm un." All this is said in such evident tones of admiration, that though I have no idea of what he seeks to convey, I cannot take offence. I certainly am a "warm un," but this is natural in such September weather. BEN says, "Yes, it is very natural." Good fellow, BEN.

This suggests what I may enter in my Note-book as a Tennis-sonian illustration of



"THE BENDOR DIFFICULTY."

BOB, it appears, is a great authority on cricket. He attends every match in London, and can repeat the county scores of the season off by heart. He wants to know how I would constitute an English team to play the Australians. I suggest that Nottingham man, CLARKE. He laughs and winks, and says perhaps I am right, and that we'd better not engender ill-feeling, and adds that I evidently know my way about.

I subsequently discover that CLARKE has been dead for several years. Did BOB know it? Think not. If so, I've impressed him. The Yacht. We're off. I have pictured the deck of a yacht with sailors in red caps splicing things for'ard. I recline astern, on a tiger skin. By me sits, in irreproachable costume, an 18-carat golden-haired beauty. She passes over to me some cup, looking on me caressingly the while, as I, daintily taking a cigarette from my mouth, utter some pretty conceit. On the Pier, someone, gazing in envy, remarks, "That's a lucky man with that fine yacht and that lovely girl." To which his friend responds, "Trust a Swell to enjoy himself. Don't we pay taxes for him?"

ERITH.

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.

(Hood's Own—for Somebody Else.)



N the loudest things that are worn
With her cheek a peculiar red,
A maiden sat, in a gentleman's vest,—
This one idea in her head:
To be stitched, stitched, stitched,
Yet a little more tight in her skirt,
The while, with her voice disdainfully pitched,
She sang the "Song of the Flirt!"

"Work! work! work!
In the broiling drive and row!
And work! work! work!
At the stifling crush and show!
And I'm so sick of it all,
That to-morrow I'd marry—a Turk,
If he'd ask me—I would! For, after this,
Yes,—that would be Christian work!"

"Work! work! work!
On the lawn in the lazy shade;
Work! work! work!
In the blaze of the baked parade!
Tea, and tennis, and band,—
Band, and tennis, and tea:—
If I can but ogle an eldest son,
They're all the same to me!"

"You men, do you dare to sneer,
And point to your sisters and wives!—
Because they simper 'Not nice, my dear';—
As if they had ne'er in their lives
Been stitched, stitched, stitched,
Each prude in her own tight skirt,
And wouldn't have been, without a blush,
Had she had the chance,—a Flirt!"

"And why do I talk of a blush?
Have I much of Modesty known?
Why, no. Though, at times, her crimsoned cheek
Grows not unlike my own.
Yet strange that, not for my life,
Could I redder as she does, deep.
I wonder why colour called up's so dear,—
Laid on, should come so cheap!"

"But, work! work! work!
With powder, and puff, and pad:
And, work! work! work!
For every folly and fad!
With Imogen's artless gaze?
No!—Phryne's brazen stare!
With soul undone, but body made up,
I've all the fun of the fair!"

"So I work! work! work!
My labour never fags.
And what are its wages? A Spinster's doom,
And a place—on the roll of hags.
Still I ogle away by the wall,—
A playful, kittenish thing;
Autumn well written all over my face,
Though my feet have lost their spring."

"So at times, when I'm out of breath,
And the men go off in a pack
To dangle about some chit just 'out,'—
Who smirks like a garrison hack,—
I try for a short half hour
To feel as I used to feel
When a girl, if my boldness was all assumed,
My hair, at least, was real!"

"And at times, for a short half hour,
It seems a sort of relief
To think of FRANK, and the few bright days
Before he came to grief!"

My work? May be! Had I a heart,
My tears might flow apace;
But tears must stop—when every drop
Would carry away one's face!"

In the loudest things that
are known,
With her cheek a peculiar red,
A maiden sat, in a gentleman's vest,—
This one idea in her head:
To be stitched, stitched,
stitched,
Yet a little more tight in
her skirt;
The while with her voice
disdainfully pitched
(Some ears at the sound, I
wis, might have itched),
She sang the "Song of the
Flirt!"



BUMBLEDOM ON ITS DEFENCE.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,

As a Middlesex Magistrate, I am much pained by the remarks in your last number about the Licensing System. I consider that system perfect—absolutely perfect. I tremble to think what would become of the four millions of helpless—not to say brutal—creatures in London, if they were not strictly ruled on what I may call Clapton and Stoke Newington principles. We have two duties to perform, and we perform them without flinching. We are Trustees, so to speak, for the great Gin-and-Beer-producing Interest, and we have to see that nothing is granted to the hundred thousand pot-houses (more or less) within our jurisdiction which would interfere in the least with the sale of drink. Music and dancing, together or separate, we venture to think would so interfere with this sale; and for this reason (if for no other) we should deal out music and dancing licences as sparingly as possible.

Apart from this, however, according to strict Clapton and Stoke Newington principles, we look upon music as an error, and dancing as a crime. We treat any man who dares to apply to us for the simple licence for music as a lost sinner; and if he applies for the compound licence (music and dancing), we regard him as a hardened offender.

It is nothing to tell us, as we have been told by a Parliamentary Committee, that we are dealing with two-thirds of the "places of amusement" in London, and with property that may be valued at more than a million sterling. Our mission is to put down amusement and to uphold drinking—simple, unalloyed, and steady drinking. We care nothing for public opinion, and even less for the Press. Our body is strong in numbers, and stronger in prejudices. If we happen to have a few misguided Liberals in our phalanx of Six Hundred, the men of sound Clapton and Stoke Newington principles are strong enough to over-rule them. We are the men who are always present, who know our own minds, who have a compact out-and-dried policy. We rule the Bench, and through the Bench we rule this miserable Metropolis.

It is our firm conviction that if ancient Babylon had been blessed with a body of gentlemen like ourselves, it would still have been a thriving if not a very cheerful city.

DRACO.

"Recommended."

Stedfast to Death, a tale of Irish life—a description, by the way, that sounds characteristically Irish—is the title of a powerfully-written one-volume novel by Mrs. BERENS. The Authoress has evidently mastered the subject in all its bearings.

THE BEST AUSTRALIAN MEET.—The gathering of the Eleven at Kennington Oval.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

I WAS sent for all in a hurry last week to attend the Minister's White Bait Dinner at Greenwich. They allers has the same waiters because they know we can be trusted. We used to be sworn to secrecy on the *menus*, but that's done away with. I've heard of quite fabbilus prices being offered by Gents of the Press to be pumitted to attend as waiters, but it's really somethink ridiculous, as if a mear Riporter could be a Waiter, without a propper addioashun. Well, of course, I'm not a-going to betray any secrets, or any of the important bits of informashun as I heard, but there's a few little thinks as I'm quite at liberty to menshun. Ah, what a mistake it was of the old Liberal Government to give up their Animal Dinner once a year! I allers knows there's something wrong when a Gent doesn't care about his dinner. And so it turned out, and they was turned out, not at all to the regret of Livury Campinins and Waiters.

Well the first thing as struck me was to see young Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, why he didn't look above 25, but lor bless yer, he held his own with the best on 'em, and to watch him dressed as if he'd just emerged from a ban-box, you'd think he'd bin in a Cabinet all his life. Mr. BRIGHT were preassunt; and there were a rore all round when he were arst if he'd have sum more, and he says, "Suttlingly, I like a big peace." Sir W. HARCOURT was the life and sole of the Party, as I'm told he is everywhere. Oh didn't he send the chaff flying about, and yet never forgot his propper Dignity. How some men are lost to the World! To think that such a man should only be a mere Sekriterry, and then to think what a Lord Mare he'd a made! Another instance of the wrong man in the right place. They all seemed a little afraid of Sir HENRY JAMES, and no wonder, why his wit seemed as bright and as sharp as a new carving knife.

"These mushrooms is very small, Waiter," said Mr. FORSTER to me. "This one's bigger" said I, pointing to a large one. "I wish it wos," says he, sending his fork into it so fiercely as almost to upset the lot.

I think I never heard more purer charrytubble sentiments than was egg-prest about the Home-Rulers. It were a uncommon plessunt party, tho' as I were takin' a 'oliday, miksin plessur with bisniss, by elpin a friend at Margit to be sumund to Grinidge was ruff on me.

(Signed) ROBERT.

HOLIDAY "HAUNTS."

(At Cheddar.)

How grandly rise these mighty piles of rocks,
Where Nature's hand Man's puny efforts mock;
Here all may read what my whole frame is thrilling—
"Plain teas are ninsence, or with eggs a shilling."

See how the valley winds its way between
The beetling cliffs, so sweetly specked with green.
No sound to break the spell—all seems forsaken—
"A nice day, Sir, to have your portrait taken."

O, sweet it is 'midst scenes like these to wander,
And o'er great Nature's handiwork to ponder;
Here, far remote from Cockney cries, I'll tarry—
"I'm blest if this here don't beat 'Ampstead, 'ARRY!"

ANYTHING MORE?

THIS recently appeared in a daily paper:—

G OVERNESS.—WANTED, a Young Lady as Governess to three children (good English education only required), and occasionally to wait at table and attend upon parties of the highest respectability. Must have a knowledge of cooking, and be willing to make herself generally useful as mother's help. A servant is kept. Will be a good home for many years. Character as to honesty and suitability indispensable. Apply, stating age and salary required, &c.

And, alas! how many applications will there be in answer to this Advertisement. But why keep a servant at all? Perhaps after a while, if the Governess suits, the servant will be dispensed with as a mere luxury.

Currie-ous Definition.

A FEW days ago two Italian Organ-grinders were charged at the Hammer-smith Police Court with annoying the inhabitants of Notting Hill. Their defence was that a Mr. CURRIE, one of the householders, encouraged their playing, "because he was fond of music." It seems, however, that this eccentric individual "appeared to be deaf." The two Grinders were drawn for ten shillings a piece. The Magistrate suggested that Mr. CURRIE ought to pay the money. That made it hot even for CURRIE. Apparently hardness of hearing is not taken as an excuse, and it is a satisfaction to know that a deaf man who encourages organ-grinding can, by a Magistrate, be deaf-fined as a nuisance.

Dot-in His Eye.

Mr. TOOLE announces that at a *matinée*, *Dot* will be revived! Poor *Dot*! Is she to be revived for this once only? If so, it sounds likely to be a lame affair, or a Dot-and-go-one *matinée* performance. It ought to do more than that, as *Caleb Plummer* is one of our Great Tragedian's best parts.



“CHIC.”

Mrs. Robinson. “How ‘CHIC’ SHE IS, GEORGE!”

Mr. Robinson. “If it comes to that, so’s HE!”

Mrs. Robinson. “I REALLY MUST GET MYSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE HER!”

Mr. Robinson. “If you do, I’LL RIG MYSELF OUT LIKE HIM, AND THERE’LL BE A PAIR OF US!”

A PRISONER OF WAR!

HECTOR MACLAINE, R.A., *Murdered at Candahar*, A.D. 1880.

COME! gather round, and I’ll tell you a story—

Strange it may sound in material days.

War is the theme, and its issue is glory,—

Silly old troubadours jingled such lays.

What is the name of my hero? Writ plain,
Soldier, and Scotchman, it’s HECTOR MACLAINE!

HECTOR sounds well in a story of battle.

HOMER had some such old hero in Troy.

Schoolboys may doubt; but the roar and the rattle,
Cannon and smoke—that’s the school of the boy.

Woolwich Cadet! oh! so cruelly slain:

Why did they leave you, young HECTOR MACLAINE?

Leave you, my lad? When your “pals” all adored you.

Was there one comrade refused you his life?

War is full dear; but we could not afford you,

You who rejoiced in the drum and the fife.

Ours is the loss, but to fame is the gain:

Why did they kill you, young HECTOR MACLAINE?

Kill’d you a prisoner! Left there, and lonely,

Waiting in hope for the grasp of our hand,

Straining your ears for our cheering, and only

Living to leap at the lilt of your band!

Curs’d be the murderers! Children of Cain,

Those who betray’d you, our HECTOR MACLAINE!

How our hearts beat when we thought we could save you;

We were so cheery, and you, boy, so far.

Unfurl the colours! We thought they could wave you

Hope from the lads to the far Candahar!

Strike up the pipes! for we’ll at him again:

ROBERTS is marching to HECTOR MACLAINE!

Mercurious fate! When the Highlanders started,
Firm in their purpose to rescue a friend,
Out from the ambush the enemy darted,
Called the last roll, stabb’d,—and that was the end!

Just as we breasted the hill from the plain,
Died, like a soldier, young HECTOR MACLAINE!

Died? Why, of course, he met death like a hero,

Baring his breast whilst the prisoners fled.

He was the victim, his gaoler the Nero,

Piling his body on heaps of the dead.

Still, ere you fell, and were mixed with the alain,

Scotland was true to you—HECTOR MACLAINE!

MUDFORDBURY IMPROVEMENTS. (P)

WHILE Mud-Salad Market glories and thrives in its filth, about five or six acres of land have been cleared in its immediate neighbourhood, and not a whisper is heard that one yard of this ground is to be devoted to the improvement of this metropolitan nuisance. The east side of Mudfordbury and other property has been pulled down, about 150 houses have been cleared away on the east side of Dreary Lane, and the papers inform us that these “extensive areas are now being built upon.” How built upon? Warehouses, “residential chambers,” the usual number of pot-houses, of course, and everything instead of supplementary markets, are doubtless in course of formation, but not a sign of even an extra dust-hole for the Ducal refuse. Three-and-Thirty Millions a year are collected and spent by our Local Rulers—to say nothing of our Eighty Millions of Imperial Taxation—and yet the centre of London is still a wilderness of rotten vegetable matter.

DANGEROUS OBSERVATION FOR AN IRISH LANDLORD.—“I’m Game!”

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT (*just now*).—A “Concert Stuck.”



UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED.

LANDLADY (*Sea-view House*). "APARTMENTS, SIR! LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, THEY'VE BEEN LET EVER SO LONG. WHICH WE THOUGHT AS YOU WAS NEVER A-COMIN'!!"

EXHAUSTED M.P. "AH!! THAT CONFOUNDED PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN! NOTHING BUT STOPPAGES!!"

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.

*A Lay of 'Kennington Oval and the Great Cricket Match,
September 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1880.*



APPROPRIATE

I sing not of the tented field, but of the grassy sward,
Where England's champions, flannel-clad, brown-browed, of shoulders broad,
Met in fair fray, on an Autumn day, eleven stout and true,
From the far-off land of tinned meats and the bounding kangaroo.

All omens favourably smiled, for e'en the Weather's Clerk
Forbore to play on this great day his usual pluvial lark;
The sun shone fair on wickets rare, while cloudlets in the blue,
High o'er the huge gasometers, like Peace's ensigns flew.

Only one sorrow smote those souls, who longed for "all things fair,"
SPOFFORTH's swift balls should smite no sticks—the "Demon" was not there;
But MURDOCH, like King HARRY, scorned in heart or hope to fail,
SPOFFORTH, like PERCY, was but one, and *this* team had ne'er a "tail."

Then up stood stalwart W. GRACE, and up stood stout E.M.,
Right well they knew that England's hopes hung largely upon them;
The Champion flashed his dusk slant eye right warily around,
The Doctor braced his shoulders, and with light foot beat the ground.

A hit! A hit! A single! So! Steady, Sirs! Keep straight bats!
For close around the fielders crouch, lynx-eyed, alert as cats.
BLACKHAM at wicket, SLIGHT at point, test nerves of steadiest stuff,
And think not if ye sky or spoon that GROUBE or MOULE will muff.

How's that? A shout! The Doctor's out, those brothers stout must part,
But LUCAS see, the great A. P., old Surrey's champion smart!
These ready two the strife renew, and "play" and "hit" as though
They meant to stay till Michaelmas Day, or slog till the time of snow.

But LUCAS piles and passes off, young BARNES he comes and goes,
And still Leviathan slogs and slogs, still grows his score, and grows;
Till having summ'd his One-Five-Two, at length his sure eye fails,
And PALMER's ball his off stump takes, one inch below the baits.

Oh never sure rang louder cheer from round the tourney's ring,
Than greeted him the long of limb, swart-bearded, swift of spring;
And never more did knight rejoice who foe from saddle bore,
Than MURDOCH's men to end at last the Champion's spanking score.

Time fails to tell how long and well scarce lesser heroes fought,
How HARRIS drove, STEEL cut, MOULE stopped, and ALEXANDER caught,
Till, their time come, the English team could slog and swipe no more,
And the lot were out, 'midst a mighty shout for Four Hundred plus one score!

Nor boots it tell what a crooked spell of Cricketer's cross-luck
Had MURDOCH's men from the moment when their Captain "made his duck";
Of the follow-on when hope seemed gone, to all save MURDOCH stout,
But he took to hitting like any tan, and they could not get him out!

In vain deft MORLEY hurled his fast left-handers in,
in vain
STEEL's swiftest, GRACE's straightest ones down on his
bat did rain;
Though round him fast his fellows fell, sore-hurt yet
firm stood he,
Hour after hour, till he raised the score to the figures
One-Five-Three!

One point above great GRACE's pile; nor beaten then
by ball,
Midst one huge shout, first in, not out, top scorer of
them all,
To tent he went. Then the Britons, fagged, to the
wicket once more passed,
And it cost them six good batsmen more to win the
match at last!

For many a year, in many a tent, on many a Cricket-
ground,
Whilst the Hatfield beads in the brimming jug as the
Shandygaff goes round;
They will tell again how the Champions twain of the
South Land and the West
Contended so, nor friend nor foe could say who bore
him best.

How well Lord HARRIS's splendid team upheld old
England's fame!
How MURDOCH's men the honours halved and played
their up-hill game;
Punch to his own young lions drinks; but he brims a
beaker too,
And lifts his shout for our kinsmen stout from the Land
of the Kangaroo!

VERY LIKELY.

We read in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"Turkey will not be invited to participate with the other
European Powers in the forthcoming Naval Demonstration."

We are glad to be able to add to the above piece of
news a few invaluable items of intelligence of a some-
what similar nature:—

1. Master TOMMY JENKINS, who is now suffering
durance vile in the coal-hole, owing to the concerted
action of the two chief Domestic Powers, Mr. and Mrs.
JENKINS, for the crime of refusing to give up his best
alley-tor to Master JIMMY TOMKINS, will *not* be invited
to participate in the preparations which are now being
made to give him a good sound whipping when he emerges
from confinement.

2. Mr. BILL SIKES will not be invited to participate
with Mr. Justice HAWKINS when the latter pronounces
sentence on him (Mr. SIKES) for some trifling *laches* con-
nected with erroneous theories as to the rights of private
property. On the contrary, Mr. SIKES, who, in the
"give and take" of life, has hitherto been exclusively
occupied with the "take," will find that the judicial
application of the above phrase is that Mr. Justice
HAWKINS gives the punishment, and that he, Mr. SIKES,
takes it.

3. And, finally, Mr. SIKES begs to give notice that if
he is ever restored to his proud birthright as a free
Briton, he will not in all cases deem it necessary to in-
vite the participation of casual passers-by when he is
negotiating the transfer of their watches, silk pocket-
handkerchiefs, and purses from their pockets to his
own.

Her Majesty's Haverley's.

ONE of the best things in the Mastodon Minstrels'
performance is the Champion Transformation Dance.
The whole programme is certainly the most go-a-head
Nigger Entertainment we've seen for some considerable
time—varied as a kaleidoscope; never stopping; the
Minstrel Boys taking encores in a sharp, business-like
on-we-go-again sort of manner, sometimes on the stage,
sometimes in the orchestra, giving themselves scanty
breathing time, and the audience no thinking time, de-
lighting everybody, specially the Antiquarian, who may
here see the Mastodon, and study his original Bones.

THE TRULY "GREAT UNPAID."—The Irish Landlords.



QUITE IN HIS LINE.

Stout Major (to Professional Actor, who has been asked down to coach the Garrison Amateurs). "AW—WE PLAYED THE BELLS AT OUR LAST THEATRICALS, OF WHICH I'VE THE MANAGEMENT. I—AW—PLAYED IRVING'S PART MYSELF. AW—IMMENSE SUCCESS!"

Professional (drily). "OF COURSE YOU'VE SEEN HIM IN IT!"

Major. "YA—AS—BUT—AW—I DIDN'T COPY HIM IN THE LEAST—AW—MY OWN 'BUSINESS.' AW—ENTIRELY DIFFERENT READING. IN FACT, EVERY ONE SAID IT WASN'T A BIT LIKE HIM!"

[Professional agrees with him.]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER THE FAIR.

THE next day Canon MATTIX woke up with a headache, but having availed himself of a prescription given him years ago by his old friend the Bishop of SODA-AND-BEE, he felt sufficiently recovered to reflect calmly and deliberately on his next step. The *Small-Beerjester Chronicle* published the intelligence that the Deanery was vacant, a piece of news that had been known in London some weeks before it reached Small-Beerjester. But the Canon had other views just at this moment: he flew at higher game than a Dean's hat and gaiters, and probably it had struck him that could he oust Dr. DOWDIE he might himself step into the episcopal shoes. The revenues of the see were considerable, and sufficient to support two luxuriously. But who would be the other one? Not MORLENA: that was at an end, and M. MATTIX anticipated a pleasant and effective vengeance in the prospect of exercising his power when he should be Bishop of Small-Beerjester, to depose the Archbishop, to excommunicate Precentor ARABLE, to dismiss Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER the Master of Deedler's, and to supply their places with his own creatures who would be subservient to his will and pleasure. He would even go so far as to recall JOHN BOUNCE, ordain him and make him Beadle and Percentor of Small-Beerjester Cathedral on the consideration of his sharing the fees and emoluments. And who should be Dean?

"Dean," he murmured to himself, as he looked at his watch, "*Je dine chez elle*," and smiling at his own conceit, he brushed his hair, arranged his white tie, drew on his best gloves, and humming "*My own, my Guiding Star!*" he set off in the direction of La Marchesa's hotel, for at the Canon's request she had taken up her quarters at the well-known Hostellerie called *The Crummet and Crozier*, the best Inn in any Cathedral city in England.

At the moment of his entrance La Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA was on the table in the act of pirouetting before the glass. Placing her fair hand on Mr. MATTIX's shoulder, she leapt lightly and gracefully to the floor.

"I was thinking of you," she said.

Mr. MATTIX pressed her hand with both of his. It was like a piece of delicate veal between two slices of ham. Then she took his hand between hers. It was another tableau to see; a piece of underdone beef between two layers of the whitest bread. She was graceful as the celebrated Venus of Mile End, while he was only a raw Adonis ready to be done brown at the fire of her eyes.

"Oh, my own one!" exclaimed Mr. MATTIX, as he knelt before her. He was fond of kneeling, unprofessionally, and out of the Cathedral. "Oh, my own one! my Cleopatra! my Dido! my Cæone! my Clytemnestra! my Venus! my Juno! my Hebe! my Miltum-in-Parvo! May I call you mine?"

"Yes," replied the Marchesa, "if it gives you any pleasure."

Mr. MATTIX blushed to the very roots of his hair.

"We will go on a tour," said the Marchesa.

"We will. A wedding-tour."

"Yes, we'll be married first, if you like," Mr. MATTIX sank at her feet, and declared that the Bishop should unite them that very day, and the Marchesa continued,—"But when I say 'Tour' I mean a professional tour."

Mr. MATTIX was not quite so ready with his answer this time, but he threw on the Marchesa a look of tenderness which she accepted as a perfect assent to the proposal.

"We'll go in for it thoroughly. Three months in all the principal

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

IV.—THE PHILANTHROPIST.

*O UNDER the wall, when the peaches are ripe,
'Tis soothing to smoke the post-prandial pipe!*

It is not, I fancy, quite well understood
When pleasant—how mortals are glad to do good.
To frighten the wasp and to warn off the bee,
And pluck a ripe peach, just by way of a fee,
Is grateful, I reckon, to you friend and me!
We feel the delight of a philanthropist
Whose name is writ large in a charity list.

*O under the wall, when the peaches are ripe,
'Tis soothing to smoke the post-prandial pipe!*

To Editor.—Too lazy this week to do any more. Accept this
postscript in prose from Yours, THE L. M.

(From the Lazy One, by Wire.)

I CAN, p'r'aps, account for my laziness,
And, too, for headache and haziness,
Because, my dear Punch,
I took for my lunch,
The other day, at Sleepy Hollow,



A LITTLE PICKLE AND CRAB TO FOLLOW.

[*.* What a picture of shellfish enjoyment!—ED.]



Mabel. "IN SOME COUNTRIES, THOSE PEOPLE KILL AND COOK AND EAT EACH OTHER, JACK!"

Jack (who knows how lo'sters are treated). "I SUPPOSE THEY BOIL THEM FIRST, THOUGH!"

places. I know the ropes. Picture posters everywhere, representing Zazzeglia and the Canon. Here look!" and she produced a large drawing and held it before the eyes of the enamoured clergyman.

"Now," she exclaimed, before he had got over his first astonishment, "I will illustrate the idea in person," and touching a spring in her bodice her dress flew off as if by magic, and showed her in the dazzling costume portrayed on the advertisement.

Then she whirled round like a cockchafer, and Mr. MATTIX, carried away by the novelty of the situation, pursued her as vainly as he might have run after a brilliant butterfly, falling over the chairs and tables and bruising his ankles in the chase.

"This is a very shin-ful proceeding," laughed the Marchesa, as her devoted admirer paused for breath. "Now I'll teach you a *pas de deux*," and taking Mr. MATTIX's hand she twirled him round and round in a mortal agony lest he should fall headlong into the fender, and then, spinning him like a top, she sent him with one whirl into the corner, where he sat all of a heap, gasping, panting, and utterly, hopelessly, enamoured of his enchantress.

"There are more *whirls* than one," he sighed to himself, as he beheld her still carelessly pirouetting.

"We shall make a heap of money on the tour," said the Marchesa.

"Money is not everything," pleaded the Canon, who thought he might as well make one last effort to keep up his clerical character.

"No," she returned, "and everything is not money. You can return afterwards with heaps of coin, and be Bishop, Archbishop, what you like."

"If I could induce the Bishop to accompany us," he broke in.

"Well, why not? Bring him."

An idea occurred to Mr. MATTIX. Under the influence of this siren of the Dead Sea, several ideas were occurring to him of a very novel and unclerical character. What to her were Bishops and Curates, and Deans and Archdeacons, except she could use them as shining lights for an evening's *al fresco* entertainment? And, after all, if she were once his, what matter to him what became of the Bishop of Small-Beerjester. Did he not hate Mrs. DOWDIE? Would it not be well to compromise Dr. DOWDIE, to get him out on such a tour as that proposed by the Marchesa, then to represent his conduct in the highest quarters, and to walk into his Bishopric himself! Yes. Here was the design.

Mr. MATTIX loved wildly, madly, furiously, and truly. La Marchesa did not love at all, but she knew every move on the board, and

she foresaw a brilliant success, an independence in store for her, and a position in society far above that of her old companions, the Blue Boy, Pantaleone, Scaramouch, and the other Circus people.

"I am free," she exclaimed, "the Bishop will marry us. Bring him. If you love me, bring him."

"Love you! I do! But—"

"Don't but me," she cried, warding him off with both hands.

"I won't. I will do all you ask," and, unable to resist her smile, he kissed her hand again and again, and was stretching out his arm to draw the little form still nearer to him, when a sudden sharp report, as of something falling in the next room, interrupted their *tête-à-tête*, and caused the Canon to rush to the door of communication leading into the next apartment. It was locked, but through the keyhole he saw a woman stooping and picking up an umbrella which had dropped and caused the noise.

"Mrs. DOWDIE, by Jingo!" exclaimed Mr. MATTIX, and before La Marchesa could utter a word he had rushed from the room out into the passage, and had turned the key of the next apartment.

He returned excitedly to La Marchesa, who was anxious to hear what had happened.

"Nothing," he replied, in a hurried whisper, "except that Mrs. DOWDIE has dropped her umbrella while listening to us. She is locked in."

"The prying old cat!" shouted La Marchesa.

"Yes," and then Mr. MATTIX added, "when the cat's away the mice will play. I am off to the Bishop."

"Good," cried the Marchesa, "pay him his fees for our marriage ceremony beforehand, and that will encourage him. Three guineas will do it. Cheque to the Bishop and we mate in one move!"

"We do! We will!" cried the devoted Canon, as he once more covered her hands with kisses, and rushed from the Hotel.

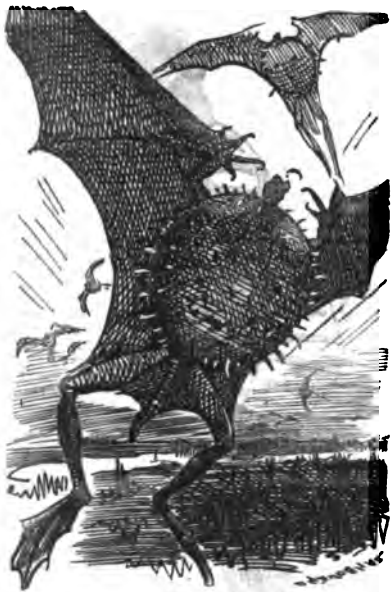
OFF!

SIR,—I was just sitting down to write you a long and exhaustive article on the Dark Races of the Western World, when my eye suddenly lighted on this one line in the 2 P. M. Gazette—"Discovery of a new Gold Field in Australia." Here's a field for me! I'm off. No more at present from your at present unattached

COLONEL.

MR. PUNCH'S NIGHTMARE.

(A Vision of September.)



IT may have been the Salmon Mayonnaise, or it may not. Yet, so it was!

"Come," said the Spirit (it was crying). "I will show you things that shall harrow up your soul!"

Then it moved its pea-like wand.

In a moment Mr. Punch found himself in a country inn. A tourist, clothed in a cheap, ill-fitting costume, was angrily expostulating with the proprietor.

"What! Three shillings a night for a small room, and eighteen pence for attendance! As sure as my name is SMITH, that I live at Clapham, that I escape Income-tax as recipient of something less than a hundred and fifty pounds a year, will I have revenge! Mark me well—'A Swindled Traveller' will I write to the Times!"

The hotel-keeper and his family sank upon their knees as the vision faded away, giving place to another.

And now the Spirit and his unwilling companion were in a suburban kitchen-garden. A venerable idiot was busily engaged in watching the lazy gambols of a corpulent spider.

"A most interesting study," murmured the venerable idiot, "and one that has given me materials for a letter exceeding in dimensions a column and a half. I must send it to the Papers."

The Spirit uttered a despairing cry, and waved his pen once more.

A railway station. A lawyer's clerk was chuckling over *Bradshaw's Time Tables*.

"Five minutes late to-day, and to-morrow (come a fortnight) nearly half an hour too early! What glorious discoveries! My contribution will look well under the heading of 'Railway Unpunctuality.' Not a moment must be lost in sending my communication to the Papers."

"And he will be as good as his word!" shrieked the Spirit. "I have known him for many, many years!"

The Spirit had scarcely spoken when the scene had changed again. A person with a vacant expression of countenance, conjuring up recollections of Hanwell and Colney Hatch, sat before a desk in a study. He looked up as Mr. Punch stood before him. "I was writing to you!" he cried, in an ecstasy of joy. "I am the inventor of the joke about the hero of the Channel swim being Webb-footed, and I have just finished an exquisite *jeu de mot* turning upon the double meaning of TANNER the faster and 'tanner' the slang for sixpence. See, here it is—"

"Take me away!" gasped Mr. Punch. Then he found himself in the presence of a lady. Such a lady! Blue spectacles, short iron-grey ringlets, and fifty-two! With these advantages a long red nose and a sneer worthy of *Mephistopheles*.

"I am a spinster," cried this unpleasant-looking female, "and I warn you that Woman at last shall have her rights! In these twenty pages I have fully expressed my views!"

"Behold, I send them to the Papers!"

"No, no!" murmured Mr. Punch, as he hid his eyes in his pocket-handkerchief; and now, quite unmanned, wept bitterly.

He was now in a library.

"I have discovered," said a gentleman with very long hair, "that exactly 46,782 persons pass, on an average, over London Bridge in the course of a summer's afternoon. I have ascertained, also, that the word 'and' is used no less than 863,472,003 times in the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*. I have also calculated that—"

"But why bore me with these uninteresting facts?" asked Mr. Punch, interrupting his persecutor.

"Why, indeed?" acquiesced the gentleman with the long hair. "Will you not see them, and many others of a similar nature, in the letters I periodically send to the Papers?"

And yet another Scene. A company of beer-bemuddled Agriculturists were seated round an empty table—a table that recently had groaned under the weight of fish, vegetables, and butcher's meat. A fifth-rate "silent Member" was holding forth in a desultory fashion upon the affairs of the world in general and the nation in particular.

"My speech of many hours' duration will not be lost," thought the droning bore, as he gazed upon the slumbering faces of his audience; "as an 'Extra-Parliamentary utterance' it will go down to fame—in the Papers!"

But here Mr. Punch started up.

"I will see and hear no more!" he shrieked. "Who are you?"

"I am the Spirit of the Press," was the mournful response; "and these creatures for many weeks will haunt us both. We must learn to love them."

"Love them! Never! Who are they?"

"The Monsters of Dulness! The Twaddlers that will suck up every inch of printing space! In a word—the Vampires of the Silly Season!"

And Punch shuddered as he repeated it. But the Spirit had vanished without offering him any compensation for his night's disturbance.

A PICK-ME-UP.

"ZOE DONE" is in everyone's mouth—at least its proprietors would be delighted if it were.

A case was sent us for Counsel's opinion. The case in question has been since tried before us magisterially. The opinions of our Tasting Faculty are—

First.—Zoedone is a first-rate drink for everyone who likes it.

Secondly.—That to those accustomed to ginger-beer every day, Zoedone will be a pleasant change.

Thirdly.—A real saving at children's parties, when, on the immortal Marchioness's method of dealing with the orange-peel and water (*vide Old Curiosity Shop*), the young idea may be induced to believe that it is indulging freely in Champagne.

Fourthly.—Zoedone is a blessing—but not an unmixed blessing,—as it goes capably with any spirituous liquor, *e.g.*, brandy,—the proportions being left to the fancy of the individual mixer.

Fifthly.—Zoedone may be safely recommended as a beverage for your mother-in-law, and as an admirable economical substitute for Sparkling Rhenish and Moselle Wines for a guest who has been asked for a day and has invited himself to stay a month.

N.B.—But, seriously, here is our private and confidential tip. It is a tonic, no doubt about it; but being rather sweetish, the Zoedone must be thoroughly iced; then—put a liqueur glass of brandy into a small tumbler of Zoe, and, if you like a shandygaffian sort of drinking, you will find this, what the leading Counsel finds his occasional fifty guineas, a gentle and agreeable Refresher. *Solvitur drink-no-endo.* Verb. sap. We dedicate to Zoedone this Byronic verse—

Made of something, ere we part,
Tell me, tell me what thou art?
If the truth must be confest,
With a nip thou goest best.
With liqueur, one little "go,"
Zōn-dōn o'ds āyāwā.

(Signed)

TRISTRAM SHANDY GAFF, Sworn Taster.

THE END.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1880.

(A Vague Reminiscence of Longfellow.)

TARDILY, wearily,
Reacheth its goal
The Session of '80,
Tired old soul!

Cover the benches,
And put out the light;
Divisions are over,
And sittings all night.

The bells are all dumb,
And idle the wire;
Rant sinks into silence,
Reporters retire.

Fewer and fewer
The few footsteps fall;
Quiet and Constables
Reign over all!

The World.

THE Drury Lane Advertisement says "there is but one opinion." Indeed! *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. Does the advertisement imply that only one person has seen the *World*? Or that the audience spoke on the subject as one man? Did it only pay as one man? But it's good all round, say Messrs. MERRITT, PETTIT, and HARRIS, the three men of the *World*.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

At the Polytechnic.



OME time ago the new Directors of this Institution did not seek to disguise the fact that in their opinion chemistry had been unduly sacrificed to comic entertainments, and that mechanical engineering had been altogether put on one side to make room for "ghosts" and optical delusions. But all this, so the new Managers promised, was to be changed.

On entering I purchased a programme. This was the first change of the new Management. In the olden days the book used to cost a penny or twopence—now the price was raised to threepence. However, I was amply repaid for the extra outlay by finding that I had bought *The Polytechnic Journal; a Museum of Literature, Science, and Technology*. Amongst the contributors to this unique publication were Lord JEFFREY

(whose name appeared to a memoir of JAMES WATT), Bishop HEBER (who furnished a column about "Egyptian Ruins"), and other contemporaneous writers. The four pages devoted to "Literature, Science, and Technology," contained three letters addressed "to the Editor." The first two anent "Racing in Engines" and "Anomalous Action of Whitworth Planes," were answered; but the last, about "Rejuvenescence," remained unsolved. As a proof that the contents of the *Journal* scarcely merited the designation of "light reading," I give an extract from the latter:—

"The problem of Rejuvenescence, therefore, resolves itself into this: Can the density of the body be diminished, or be prevented from increasing? The solution of this problem is not, in my judgment, beyond the resources of science, and I should be glad if your readers would try their penetration upon it."

Having "tried my penetration upon it," I could only murmur, in humble tones, "Query—Anti-Fat?" But the gem of the paper was unquestionably an article upon the "Secret of Success," written presumably (as it was unsigned) by the erudite Editor himself. Here is an extract which strikes the key-note of the Essay:—

"The most important element of success is economy—economy of money and economy of time. . . . Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this—work much and spend little."

Thus prepared for an "economical," but scientific entertainment, I entered the Large Lecture-Room, and was immediately mulcted sixpence for a seat that under the old management had been accorded "without any extra charge." I found the audience (not a large one) busily employed in munching toffy, which had evidently been purchased in the Institution during the hour and a half so generously allowed by the Directors for the enjoyment of the initial item on the programme—"Inspection of going Machinery and different Exhibits." When the stock of nutritious sweetstuff was all but exhausted, a well-informed gentleman appeared at an illuminated desk, and disclaiming (in the dark) any scientific pretensions for his lecture, said that he was there to exhibit "the oxy-hydrogen microscope," which, he added, "had recently been greatly improved by the addition of new achromatic powers." After this he seemed less certain of his ground, and appeared to be playing a sort of game of illuminated questions and verbal answers with the officials in charge of the dissolving views. Thus, when the officials threw anything on the disc, the Lecturer hastened to say what it was. For instance, a thing looking like a gigantic elephant appeared suddenly with a jerk on the screen. But the well-informed gentleman was not in the least surprised. "That," he exclaimed triumphantly, "is a water-beetle!" The elephant hurriedly disappeared, and, after a pause, an unconventional portmanteau took its place. The Lecturer was again equal to the occasion. "And that," he continued promptly, as if solving a complicated but easily-unravell'd conundrum, "is the eye of the water-beetle enormously magnified!" The officials "tried" the Lecturer with a number of other objects, inclusive of a "Daddy Longlegs," a bit of flannel, the gizzard of a cricket, and (to quote the *Polytechnic Journal*) "some Living Inhabitants of our Ponds and Ditches, illustrated by numerous living specimens." But no, he knew them all, and hadn't to guess twice for any one of them! This was the more remarkable, as he must have wondered how they (the officials in charge of the dissolving views) "could ever think of such clever things!" After this came some pictures called "London as it is and was," chiefly remarkable for a "mythical sketch" of Town as a dismal swamp, and some

highly interesting photographs (especially to Londoners) of the Mansion House and other neighbouring buildings.

And now the stage was cleared for the feature of the programme. Presumably in the cause of scientific research and technical education, the Directors had engaged "the Anderson Family." The curtain rose, and discovered a scene representing some illuminated tea-gardens. Then a poor little person (the sex was uncertain) in a purple suit, appeared with a stereotyped smile, and danced about in a mechanical manner. He (or she) was soon followed by three smaller children carrying whips. The four then sang, in the shrillest of shrill voices, "*The Three Jolly Waggoners*," "*The Roast Beef of Old England*," and "*John Barleycorn*." One of these little ones



was a wee mite called "Baby EDITH," and it was painful to watch her, as, with painted eyes and rouged cheeks, she unsuccessfully strove to throw some sort of spirit into an "Entertainment" (save the mark!) about as dull as the water of "our Ponds and Ditches!" The "*John Barleycorn*" glee had a disagreeable taste, because the poor children attempted to give a point to their meaning by rubbing their waists after the fashion of a Clown in a transpontine pantomime. The company was now strengthened by a youth in a false moustache, and a lady. The latter sang "*My Pretty Page*" with "Baby EDITH," who in this scene appeared to be more than usually anxious to do her best. The programme included Miss FARREN's song, "*Crutch and Toothpick*," with the dance cut out, the "*Bold Gendames*" (sic) by the youth in the false moustache and another "baby," and some "nursery rhymes." A topical duet, "*Moses and Maron*" (suggestive of the music-halls), was announced, but omitted. In its stead, the child who had strutted about in the lime-light as the hero of "the crutch and toothpick" (poor little dot!), gave an unpleasantly precocious rendering of "*I am such an Artless Thing*." To put it mildly, the engagement of "the Anderson Family" by the Directors of the Polytechnic Institution cannot do much to advance the interests of either Science or Technical Education.

It was quite a relief when the Lecturer who had so successfully answered the "puzzles" earlier in the day returned to his illuminated desk, and told us all he knew about (to quote the programme) "Modern Guns, &c." The "all" was delightful, but it did not quite exhaust the subject from an artilleryman's point of view.

And now we had reached the last item—"Asmodeus and the Bottle-Imp," by "Professor ROBERT HELLIS."

"Come," I thought, "this is encouraging. So far the entertainment has been lacking in scientific research. Here is a Professor at last; and now I may expect something really great in the 'ologies.'"

But I was doomed to disappointment. The Professor commenced his lecture by saying that he was a Ventriloquist, and that he begged to introduce to our notice two puppet friends of his—an old lady and an old gentleman. Then we had the usual kind of thing. The male puppet confined his remarks to allusions of a purely personal character.

"You haven't much trouble in combing your hair!" remarked the figure, opening and closing his mouth "smartly."

"What, Sir?" asked the Professor politely, in a seemingly fatigued undertone, and evidently to emphasise the observation.

"You haven't much trouble in combing your hair!" repeated the puppet, with the same spasmodic movement of its mouth.

"Don't be rude, Sir!" remonstrated the Ventriloquist, stroking a bald pate, and mildly feigning anger.

"Your head would make a capital skating-rink for flies!" retorted the figure. After ten minutes of this mirth-provoking entertainment, the puppets were dismissed, and the Professor gravely informed us "that he had some influence over an Imp." Upon this a mournful lad, in an eccentric costume, was introduced upon the stage, to be looked in a box, and to appear (with the aid of a pane of glass that was very visible to the audience) in a gigantic bottle. This ended the entertainment so far as I was concerned, as I refused the kind and pressing invitation of an official "to wait and go down with a party in the diving-bell."

As I left the building I could not help recalling the past glories of the old place. The new Directors may have secured "economy," but they certainly have not achieved success at the Royal Polytechnic Institution—"Limited!"



AN AQUATIC DEMONSTRATION.



" Ragusa Goosey Gander !
Whither do you wander ? "

sardonically sing the Cynics and Turcoophiles, who look on the Aquatic Demonstration as an anserine assemblage at best. Formidable fowls truly, to all appearance, potent of pinion and tremendous of beak. If only they will cackle, and hiss, and peek in concert, they ought surely to scare the sleepy old bird on the bank into instant surrender. But will they ? " Not a bit of it ! " say the sly old sluggard's sworn friends, confidently. " Far too palpably afraid of each other to frighten an astute and tenacious creature like you !

Birds of a feather in outward appearance only, their flocking together is temporary, if not fortuitous. More of the egregious than of the gregarious about *this* Goose-gathering ! "

So far the Cynics and Turcoophiles. Meanwhile the hoppers for better things are having an uneasy time of it. The Co-operative Coercers are such a long time settling the terms of their co-operation and the character of their coercion ! Will the Gallic *Anser* turn tail ? What does the Teutonic one mean by his queer antics ? Can Goose-herd SKYMOOR keep his flock together, or will these formidable fowls end by falling foul of each other ? Or will the Aquatic Demonstration turn out to be a sort of Wild-Goose Chase, after all ?

A Message from the Sea.

THE following, found in an old brandy-bottle, picked up off Margate, has been forwarded to 85, Fleet Street :—

On board the *Welcher*. Lat. 10° 478, or thereabouts ; long. say 74. Tell the Insurance Offices that we are sinking. They will be interested in the matter. You see *Robert the Devil* did win the Leger. But don't collect my bets. I will look to them myself ; also my Life Assurance Policies. Can't write any more. Sinking faster than ever ! Bless you !

THE COLONEL.

Answer to Numerous Correspondents.

Mud-Salad Market.—The Duke of MUDFORD was made a K. G. (Kovent Garden) about ten days ago. We mentioned the fact last week ; and beg to explain to all inquirers that the initials " K. G.," while Mud-Salad Market is in its present state, would stand as well for " Knight of the Gutter," as Knight of the Garter. But which ever you please, my little dears !

BENEVOLENT.

" I GAVE him a good start," as the Ghost said, when he had frightened a little Boy.

MUSICAL COLLEGE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—The House of Keys.

AGONY-POINT AMUSEMENTS AGAIN.

NOT for one hundred consecutive hours, as the advertisements seemed to suggest, but for one hundred hours in six days, had poor Miss BROOKWITH undertaken to play the porpoise in a tank at the Aquarium. And it must be admitted that in this graceful girl-swimmer the porpoise has found a formidable rival. She seems as much at home in the water as Arion's dolphin, or a South-Sea Islander. An exhibition pleasing enough in itself but for its ridiculous and cruel prolongation. The very tedium must be dull torment. Adroitly devised interludes, bouquets and lime-light effects cannot hide the palpable facts of fatigue, restless weariness, and injurious exhaustion. Interested persons will no doubt advance plausible defences, but to common sense and good feeling the thing is found indefensible. Fits of chilliness, headache, nausea, chest-soreness, hacking cough, loss of appetite, and sleeplessness, however intermittent, and however much minimised, tell their own tale.

The fact remains that the physical powers of a girl are being over-taxed to provide the public with questionable amusement, and serve the purposes of betting-men and speculators. The public, putting personal selfishness and professional casuistry resolutely aside, should look that fact fairly in the face, and then what remains to be said for such fruitless exhibitions of painful endurance? Nothing, surely, that anyone but a callous pleasure-seeker or a cynical sporting-man will care to urge.

The graceful evolutions of a young girl, who can dive like a pearl-finder, float like a mermaid, slip through the water like a seal, and perform agile and fanciful freaks that neither seal, mermaid, or pearl-finder ever thought of, are interesting enough, and legitimate enough performances for public exhibition, *provided always that they are not so strained or prolonged as to cause distress or injury to the performer.* Where a feat becomes painful to the exhibitor, it should cease to be pleasurable to the spectator. When suffering is found amusing, amusement becomes brutalising. The road is straight and clear, though it may seem long, from the Aquarium to the Bull-ring, or the Arena. This is the plain principle which should be clearly seized and firmly enforced by all who desire to raise an effective protest against Agony-point Amusements.

PARROT TALK.—Polly-syllables.



‘WINGED!’

First Gael. “WHAT’S THE MATTER, TONAL!”

Second Ditto (who had been out with Old Briggs). “MATTER! HUR LEGS IS FULL O’ SHOOTS!”

THE CHIEFTAIN’S CRUISE.

(An Ossianic Fragment, discovered on board the “Grantully Castle,” after W. E. G.’s departure.)

BRING, daughter of THINGUMMY, bring the harp! Fetch hither also the brimming beaker! I sing of the wanderings of a health-seeking hero. I drink deep to the woe of the late-smitten smiter of swashing blows. GLAD-STONE, grey-haired chief of the Lib-rals, shakes no more his spear in the halls of the West. Northward hath he flown, the deep-orbed axe-wielder of Hawarden. His foot is on the white-sail’d walker of watery wastes; he seeketh rest amidst the rock-aided rivers, and solace in “the infinite egotism of strange seas.” The sons of Green Erin howl in the halls of St. Stephen’s; their roarings reach not him. Many a Ministerial mull can tire wind-weary ears in the Chamber of Confused Counsels; he calmly coasteth by the Mull of Cantyre. He traverseth the wandering world of waves. Like wind-blown mist his waving locks float wide on the air of Oban, he gazeth afar on the Mountains of Morvern, and the green hills of the Land of Lorn. Joy lighteth the snow-wan face of the aged hero as soundeth the thunderous acclaim of many fishers, or pealeth through the cloven darkness of shuddering night the wail of the piercing pibroch.

The sable waters of gloom-clad Corniak roll darkly before him. From the high hills of Coolin come Coolin’ breezes, fanning his frayed fevered brow; he forgetteth the clashing of To-ry spears in the calm contemplation of Scour-na-Gillan. Obstruction knows not he as he climbs the mountain-paths, like the bounding roe, like the hart of echoing Cona. Race the heather-laden boats o’er the rolling billows of the bay; up the far hills flies the voice of the mellow-mouthed Chieftain, as he leads the loud-lunged chorus of handlers of the oar. “Row, brothers, row!” he chanteth, with silvery strength; and the ash sweeps bend in the rattling rowlocks. On desolate Loch Scavaig cometh a boat, four stalwart sons of the Highlands therein,

* The Times.

their beards blown by the winds. They draw near, the rugged Children of the Mist, and desire to gaze upon the face of the age-worn Chieftain of white-cliff’d Albion. So fairly fares he, the wave-wandering Warrior! So may he fair fairly back to the green glades of Hawarden, and the echoing Halls of the West, bringing health from the ozone-laden air of Ardnamurchan, and strength from the briny breezes of Tobermory!

When Obstruction meets Obstruction.

OUR DEAR DUKE OF MUDFORD,

Do not allow your Grace to be moved into any undue activity by the remarks of a ribald Press. Look at us! The papers made offensive, uncalled-for, and ungentlemanly remarks about our action with regard to Temple Bar for over five-and-twenty years. Did it have any effect? No. For Temple Bar fell down of its own accord. And now your Grace sees we are erecting a far more efficient barrier against traffic than was ever the late lamented Bar. Will your Grace take a hint? Pull down your gates, and put up drawbridges. That’s the way to settle the Press.

Your Grace’s obedient Servants,
THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

“He was a Careful Man, he was!”

THIS appeared the other day in the Times:—

GROOM and GARDENER.—Understands Flower and Kitchen Garden. Age 22, single until suited. Very steady. 1½ year’s character.

There’s caution! But how is he to be sure that he is suited? There’s the difficulty. If he had put it “Single till he fancies he’s suited,” that would be another pair of shoes. How long will it take him to be certain that he is suited? In case of a mistake, he’ll find it difficult to be non-suited afterwards.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUGGESTIO FALSI.



R. MATTIX, on quitting the Marchesa, walked at once, without delay, to the Palace. He knew that Mrs. Dowdie had been in the next room, with her ear to the key-hole, and he also knew that all now depended upon his immediate interview with the Bishop, who was yearning for emancipation from his thralldom.

He found Dr. Dowdie alone in his sanctum, twiddling his thumbs, and rubbing his knees. In a few concise speeches he put him in possession of the object of his visit, and stated that if the Bishop consented first to join him and the Marchesa as man and wife, and afterwards to join them himself as a friend, they might be the nucleus

with the Marchesa's companions Pantaleone, Scaramouch, and Arlequino of a first-rate Provincial Travelling Company, with a fortune before them in the future. After hearing his acrobatic notions, the Bishop pondered a moment, then rising from his chair, turned three times head-over-heels on the library-floor.

"What does your Lordship mean by that?" asked the Chaplain. "Why?" replied the good Bishop; "the meaning is very simple. You asked me if I tumbled to the idea? I did: I tumbled to it. Now go on."

"We can do a good business on tour," Mr. MATTIX observed.

The Bishop rubbed his knees, and observed, that he thought it was highly probable.

"Of course Mrs. Dowdie must be kept in the dark," the Chaplain went on, slightly lowering his voice.

The Bishop looked round nervously. Some little monitor within the Bishop's breast whispered that the woman whom it was thus proposed to him to keep in the dark was his own wife; and what a wife, oh Bishop, thou too well knowest! To enlighten such a woman would be but to kindle a conflagration. Hadst thou not better, Bishop, remain in thy sanctum discontentedly, yet for all that treated with outward respect, and fed well and regularly? But there was another monitor, which advised him differently, and as follows:—"Cut the apron-strings, Bishop. Go forth, O Christian warrior, and enjoy yourself! Cast off the old woman, and soar forth with the freshness of paint, the merriment of a grig, and the frippiness of a paroled pea on a big drum! Go it, you Christian Cripple! You'll never do it no younger!"

All this passed within the Bishop's bosom, as Mr. MATTIX sat opposite him, pencil in hand, ready to draw out a plan of the proposed tour, and to calculate expenses. Slowly the Bishop closed his right eye, and nodded to his Chaplain to proceed.

Satisfied with this sign of encouragement, which plainly indicated the commencement of premeditated mutiny in the camp, Mr. MATTIX continued in a low and earnest tone, which went right to his Diocesan's heart.

"Say our tour lasts three months to begin with. You can travel with the Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA, and we will alternately go on as Agent in advance."

The Bishop nodded again, rubbed his knees slowly, and listened attentively.

"Of course you will not have much to do, my Lord, as I shall arrange all the advertisements. You will be the Great Attraction. You will be announced everywhere as The Sevenanaispenny Ordinary at Five o'clock every afternoon. You will merely have to sing one song, 'The See! The See!' and will appear, accompanied by the Marchesa on the guitar."

This was too much in unison with my Lord's feelings to be altogether unpalatable; yet before he determined on the step, he wished to hear further details.

"Your Lordship will approve of this first-rate picture-poster," said Mr. MATTIX, with a twinkle in his eye as he drew from his pocket a carefully-folded sheet on which was portrayed in three colours a figure of the Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA in full acrobatic costume flying through the air, while a likeness of Canon MATTIX was kneeling with his hands stretched out towards her in one corner, the legend below being "La ZAZZEGLIA flying from the Canon!"

The Bishop carefully examined the picture and rubbed his knees with an air of considerable satisfaction.

"And did she?" presently inquired Dr. Dowdie, silyly.

"Did she *what*, your Lordship?" asked his Chaplain.

"Fly from the Canon, eh?" and the good old Bishop chuckled with suppressed merriment as he dug his episcopal forefinger into his Chaplain's ribs, and made him wince again. When the Bishop felt at home with a friend he liked his *ottum cum dig* in the ribs.

"Your Lordship," replied the Chaplain demurely, casting down his eyes and defending himself from the fun which had been digitally poked at him, "the Lady is only waiting for you to unite the Canon —"

"Ignite the Canon, you mean," interrupted the Bishop, who, in view of his freedom, was becoming merrier and merrier every moment, and being hardly able to restrain a shout of laughter, was sorely put to it by being compelled to chuckle in silence, "which effort," Dr. Dowdie said in a choking whisper, "is sure to give me the buttercups, I mean the hiccups."

"If your Lordship makes me laugh so," whispered the Chaplain, who was so struck with the humour of the situation as to be almost hysterical, "I shall explode."

"Remember you're a Canon, and don't. The noise of your explosion would bring down Mrs. Dowdie, like a bird," exclaimed the Bishop anxiously. With his new ally at his elbow he felt himself ready to face even Mrs. Dowdie with composure. Still he would rather defer the evil moment, as many a man in his circumstances has done before him, if he could not avoid it altogether, and leave the Palace without her interference.

Mr. MATTIX continued:—

"Your Lordship will unite the Marchesa and myself —"

"With pleasure," replied his Lordship, amiably;.

"And then we three will take a Provincial tour. Sharing expenses and profits."

"Quite so," rejoined, the Bishop, considerably mollified by the proposal. "Halves."

"Decidedly," answered his Chaplain. "As I have already said, we shall advertise you as one of the chief attractions, and give you a line all to yourself in the bills. You will put yourself down for a salary."

"My charge will be heavy," said the Bishop.

"It generally was—at least so the clergy said at a visitation; but they bore it, and we will accommodate the prices to your charges."

"Good!" said the Bishop, rubbing the calf of his leg, "nothing could be fairer. What shall I have to do for it?"

"Play a pastoral before the show begins, and—when you were at college didn't your Lordship get an Exhibition?"

"Certainly."

"Does your Lordship happen to have it now?"

"Yes. It is in excellent order. But it will require a caravan to itself. Do you propose my showing it?" asked Dr. Dowdie.

"Between the first and second parts," replied Mr. MATTIX. "We can travel in the Caravan and entitle the show 'Dr. Dowdie's College Exhibition.' Having been accustomed to examine candidates for orders in your Lordship's diocese, I will undertake the acting-management, and will find out everywhere exactly who are the people to whom orders should be given, and to whom they should be refused. As a rule the free list will be suspended—"

"Any clergyman belonging to my own diocese presuming to come in without paying shall be suspended at once," observed the Bishop, with his severest air of authority. "What does the Marchesa say?"

"She consents, of course. She is willing she says to 'seek the bubble reputation even in the Canon's mouth,'" answered the Chaplain.

"The bubble!" repeated the Bishop. Then sinking his voice to a whisper, he said, "Blow the bubble, my boy! but if Mrs. Dowdie's anywhere about—"

Scarcely were the words out of Dr. Dowdie's mouth than there was a rustle at the door, which was thrown open, and in stalked Mrs. Dowdie herself.

NEW NAME.

SHOULD Members of Parliament be detained as long next Session as they have been this time, the House of Commons will be known as the House of Detention.

THE PEER AND THE PEASANT.

(A Drama dedicated to the School Board, Metropolitan Magistrates, and Parents.)

The Peer. Hallo, JACK! How are you?

The Peasant. First-rato, my Lord, and glad to see you home again from Eton.

The Peer. Well, I ain't sorry myself. How's the fishing?

The Peasant. Prime, my Lord.

The Peer. Well, then, get some bait and come along with me.

The Peasant. Wish I could, my Lord; but I am off to school.

The Peer. What! do you go to school now?

The Peasant. School-Board, you know, my Lord.

The Peer. Ha! What do you learn there?

The Peasant. Oh, nothing—at least, as little as I can, my Lord. May I ask your Lordship what you learns at Eton?

The Peer. Oh, the same—the same as you, you know. What do they do when you don't learn anything?

The Peasant. They whacks us, my Lord.

The Peer. Does it hurt?

The Peasant. Not me, my Lord; but it *does* him. He taps me across the hand with a cane, and my Mother goes in and baashes him over the head with a poker, and gets him fined for assaulting me.

The Peer. Why, I got whished four times in a fortnight, without doing anything of that sort.

The Peasant. Did it hurt, my Lord?

The Peer. Rather!

The Peasant. Then why don't you send your Lordship's mother, the Duchess, to Eton, to go and bang your old Master?

The Peer. H'm!

[Exit, dubious as to the scholastic advantages possessed by the Youthful Aristocracy over the Sons of the People.]



"OH, I SAY! WHAT A SHAME TO MAKE US GET UP SO EARLY! I'LL GO HOME AND TELL MY MOTHER!"

A Proposal of the Period.

"I've rank and wealth; and, Lady, here's my hand;
And never shall my fancy from you range."

"Yes; that's an offer I can understand;
But what am I to give you in exchange?"

"Well, in return I ask your heart." "Ah me!
Kind Sir, I now must own my helplessness.
Ask me for anything but that. You see,
It's just the one thing that I don't possess."

Solvency for the Sublime Porte.

A TURKISH official newspaper reports the discovery, in Arabia, of a gold mine, which it describes as "one of the richest in the world." Unless that organ of the Sublime Porte affirm the thing that is not, the SULTAN is a Mussulman *Micawber*, for whom something has at last really turned up. Let us hope that this reported discovery of a gold mine may turn out to be authentic, and prove good news for the creditors of the impecunious Padishah, ABDUL HAMID MICAWBER.

A FAMOUS HOLIDAY.

It was a summer evening.

The Pointsman's work was done;

And he before his own box door

Felt precious glad for one;

And by him loafed about the line
The Night-watch, due at half-past nine.

And, as he loafed about, he came

On something flat and round,

That smashed had caught his shuffling feet
Upon the gravelled ground.

And then he asked what he had found
That was so smashed—yet flat and round.

The Pointsman took it from his mate

Who stood all sleepy by;

And then he clapped it on his head

And said, "Lor' bless you—why,

It's what some bloke dropped by the way
On that there last Bank 'oliday!

"I often come across 'em here,

There's many round about;

Why, if you had to find your 'ats,

That ditch would rig you out!

There's scores of 'em, so I've heard say,
Wos dropped on that there 'oliday."

"Now tip us 'ow it come about,"

The other, droway, cries,

The while, the crownless chimney-pot

Upon his head he tries.

"Now, tip us: say, whose job it wor?

What did he smash the 'Scursion for?"

"JIM's wor that job," the Pointsman said;

"He 'ad too long a bout!

But what he smashed the 'Scursion for

I never could make out.

He fell a blinkin, I dus say,

And took his little 'oliday!

"But them as was a-takin' theirs

(And some—it was their last),

Was 'appy, singin' of their songs:

And, as she busted past,

You might 'ave heard 'em, laughin', say,
'This 'ere's a famous 'oliday!"

"So, when she come upon them points,

As crammed as you could pack,

And not a soul a-chaffin' there

Know'd death lay on the track,—

It did seem 'ard in that there way

To end their 'famous holiday!"

"And, oh! it was a 'orrid sight,

When off the line she run,

With dozens lying stiff and still,

Who started full of fun!

But, there—had JIM now not give way,

They 'd 'ad a famous 'oliday!"

"He got it precious 'ot for that!"

The other stroked his chin.

"Maybe. But it's the Company,"

Said he, "I'd like to skin!

I'd let 'em all at Bot'ny Bay

Just try their famous 'oliday!"

The Pointsman faced his mate. Quoth he,

"Where can your reck'ning be?

Here's parties pays a bob or two,

And gets three hours o' sea;

And, if they ain't smashed up, I say,

That there's a famous 'oliday."

"And, what's to come," the other asked,

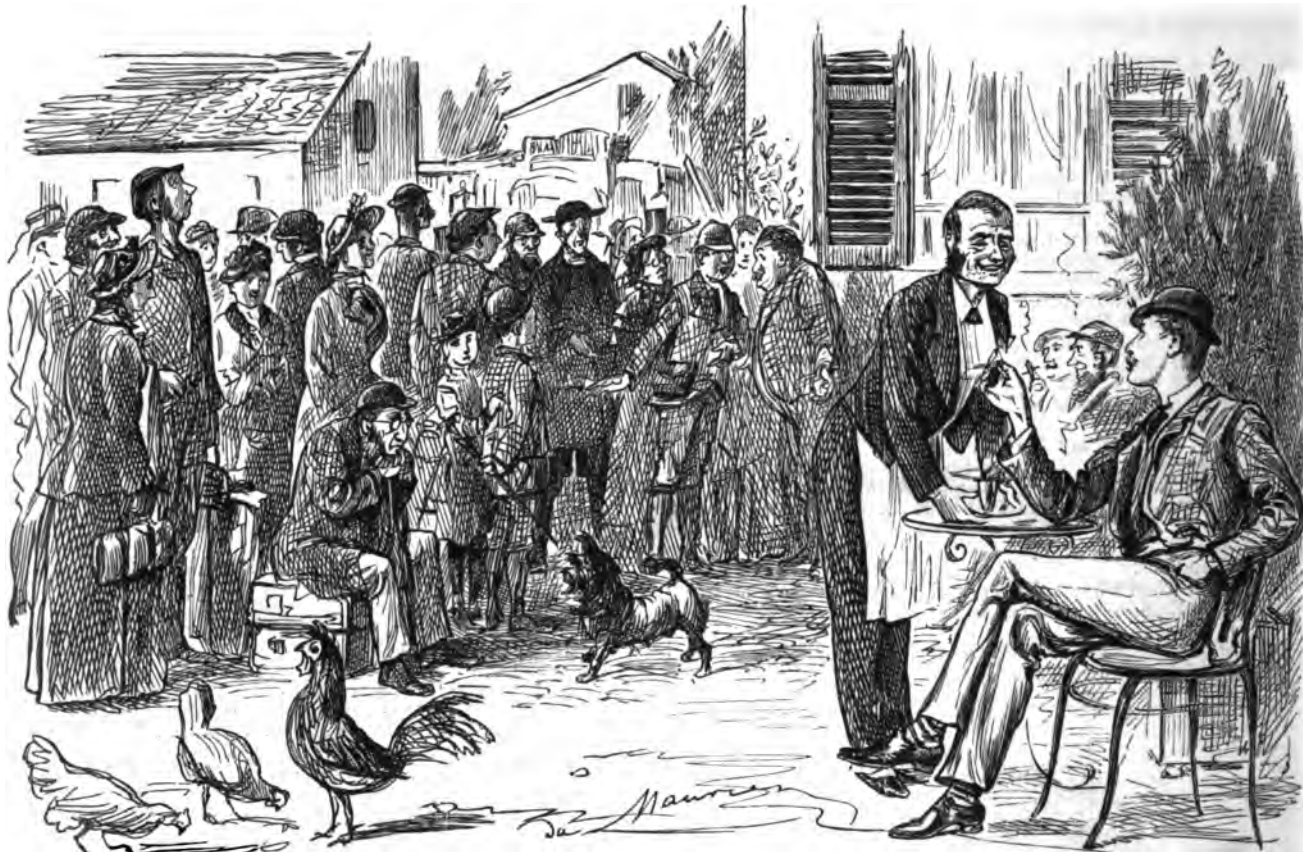
"Of scares now like this 'ere?"

The Pointsman smiled. "My mate," he said,

"You're green, that's pretty clear.

Why, 'what's to come?' Next year, I'll lay,

Another famous 'oliday!"



A MISNOMER, SURELY!

Tourist. "YOU HAVE RATHER A LARGE PARTY THIS AFTERNOON, SANDRO!"

Waiter. "YES, SARE! IT IS VUN OF MISTARS COOK'S PARTIES. DERE ARE TWENTY-THREE PATIENTS IN ALL!"

RUS IN URBE.

(A Meditation in Mud-Salad Market.)

THE fat mud churned by many a heavy wain
 Into putrescent hotch-potch slab and alimy,
 The pavements fouled by rotting leaves and rain,
 The gutters choked, all greasy, grubby, grimy;
 Here frowzy bulks potato-stored, a-dust,
 There tumble-down strange structures shored and hoarded,
 A sodden slime doth all things here incrust;
 A sad and sooty scene, unsavoury, sordid.
 The clamorous carman yells upon his cart,
 The foul-mouthed oster curses by the kerb, he
 Uncurbed; for this is London's loveliest mart,
 Its *Rus in Urbe*!

Hence radiate muck-choked roadways far around,
 Which strike the strange wayfarer with wild wonder
 What midden huge, what central garbage-mound,
 From fairer thoroughfares these aludge-ways sunder.
 No cottage dust-heap, cumbered with stale waste
 Of a year's joakin-fodder, smells more rankly;
 No reeking swamp, whence nose-nipt travellers haste,
 Seethes 'neath the sun more dirtily and dankly.
 All sluggish vehicles that are, uphoke
 These foul and fetid roadways, dusk and narrow,
 Waggon, cart, truck, and, with sonorous "moke,"
 The oster's barrow.

How foot unfouled, how thread unshouldered, clean,
 These dolorous ways? Here tumbles the tost hamper,
 There flies stale garden-stuff that once was green,
 Mudgrubbers grope, and shoeless urchins scamper.
 The hobnailed churl with elephantine hoof
 Slops sullenly along, uncouth, uncaring,
 And brazen girls slack-garmented, shame-proof,
 Hustle and holloa, draggletailed and daring.

Piled cabbages and basket-barriers block
 The devious ways, and sacks, and crates, and cases;
 And frowzy crones with grey and touselled shocks,
 And wrinkled faces.

Whence haply issuing—if luck so will—
 Come we upon a low, uncomely cluster
 Of roofs and avenues; nor taste nor skill
 Decks these arcades, whereunder closely muster
 Vendors of—rags and refuse? mud? manure?
 Not so; of Nature's choicest, cheeriest benisons;
 Of luscious fruits, and flowers fair as pure,
 Worthy of song from lyres as sweet as TENNYSON'S.
 And nought, save care in storage and display,
 Needs there to make this rookery, Covent Garden,
 As a Duke's pleasure trim, and green and gay
 As any Arden.

Did *Dux* mean leader still, and not a slow
 Reluctant follower of all improvement,
 We might have all this altered at a blow
 With some alert "His Grace" to lead the movement.
 Shall dull patricians and parochial dolts
 Perpetuate the nuisance? *Punch* protesteth.
 While the Duke's Dusthole every sense revolts,
 And in the midst of Babylon muckdom nesteth,
 He means to peg away, since, for his part,
 Whatever vested interest it disturb, he
 Holds Covent Garden *might*, in London's heart,
 Be *Rus in Urbe*!

Something in It.

FROM South Australia a correspondent sends us the following anagram:—

"WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
 At trees a man will go wild."



A HOLIDAY TASK.

SCENE—*Mud-Salad Market.*

DUKE OF MUDFORD. "SWEET PRETTY PLACE, AIN'T IT?"

MR. P. (*Inspector of Nuisances*). "NO, MY LORD DUKE, IT ISN'T PRETTY, AND IT ISN'T SWEET! HERE, TAKE THIS BROOM, AND MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF IT!"

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

V.—THE TAM O' SHANTER CAP.

Upon the Spa at Scarborough, the Minstrel was a panter—
He asked a Wilful Maiden why she wore a Tam o' Shanter?
She gazed upon his furrowed face, half doubting if he chaffed her,
Then, noting well his solemn mien, she answered thus, with laughter:—



At others wear, upon the Spa,
The "Rubens" hat or
bonnet;
The "Gainsborough," the
Tuscan straw,
With *marguerites* upon
it—
The "Pamela," of quaint
design,
The "Zulu," or the
"Planter"—
But as for me, I much in-
cline
To wear my Tam o'
Shanter!

Let others sport the fluffy
hat,
The "Sailor Boy," or
"Granny;"
The "Bargee," or some
other that
Is anything but canny.
If petticoats be short or
long,
Or fuller be or scantier,

Or if you think it right or wrong—
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter.

I'll wear it if it's hot or cold,
Let weather what it may be!
Will this Child do "what she is told"?
Or is she quite a baby?
I do not care for my Mamma,
Or even *Punch's* banter;
Despite the chaff of dear Papa,
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter!

You ask me if I'll tell you why
I cannot do without it?
Because it keeps me cool and dry—
You seem inclined to doubt it?
The reason why? There, pray don't tease!
I'll tell you that instant.
The reason is—*Because I please*
To wear my Tam o' Shanter!

STARVATION FROM SPIRITUALISM.

If you are asked to give an example of a fool's question, answer "*Cui bono?*" Possible truth means possible, even though for the present unintelligible, good. This your fool does not see. If the alleged facts of Spiritualism were not fallacies, the question "*Cui bono?*" objected to Spiritualism would be a fool's.

Believers in Spiritualism, however, on the other hand, may some of them have the confidence to ask, "*Cui malo?*" (What's the harm of it?) An answer to that demand is afforded by evidence given at a recent inquest as to the death of an unhappy simpleton who starved himself to death by an attempt at "doing Dr. TANNER's fast." It was to be expected that one fool would make many. A witness deposed that—

"Last Wednesday week he asked the deceased, 'Why don't you take some food?' and he replied, 'Mind your own business. The spirits will keep me alive.' Deceased was a Spiritualist."

Notwithstanding this testimony, however, the jury returned a verdict that "deceased died from inanition owing to want of food, and that death was caused by misadventure."

Were the gentlemen of the jury Spiritualists likewise? and was that their reason for not finding that their condisciple destroyed himself by starvation under the influence of insanity?

SALE—NO SELL.

THE "Belhus Hunters." This is not the sale of the broken-winded horses which is a daily event near St. Martin's Lane. This is a case of Belhus-to-run, not Belhus-to-mend.

JUSTICES' JUSTICE;
HOW (NOT) TO RECTIFY IT.

(*Vide Recent Correspondence in Daily Papers.*)

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud, Esq.

SIR,—My attention has been called not only by the outspoken comments of the Press, but by the indignant questions of several Members of that House of which I have the honour to be the greatest ornament, to the fact that last month you sentenced a boy named WILLIAM GONOFF, and aged nine years, to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing a shilling's-worth of turnips. An explanation of so marvellous a miscarriage of justice will oblige,

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR HISTORICUS,—I sentenced the youth named WILLIAM GONOFF—whose right age is fifteen, by the bye—to ten days' imprisonment for stealing a pound's-worth of turnips, and for assaulting the police. Will this suit you? Yours truly, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud, Esq.

SIR,—I am credibly informed that the child, WILLIAM GONOFF, was sentenced by you to a month's hard labour for stealing six-pennyworth of turnips, and that his age is five. Your explanation is unsatisfactory. Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

P.S.—You ought to have flogged him.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR HISTORICUS,—WILLIAM GONOFF is forty-seven, and he was sentenced to three days' imprisonment for stealing two acres of turnips, and for assaulting five policemen. Since then he has murdered his grandmother, has committed bigamy, and has burnt a church. Are you satisfied now? Yours sincerely, J. P. STROUD.

P.S.—I had no power to flog him.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

SIR,—The tone of your explanation is completely wrong. I repeat you ought to have flogged WILLIAM GONOFF.

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR OLD MAN,—If you are so precious fond of flogging WILLIAM GONOFF, why didn't you come and do it yourself?

Yours ever, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

SIR,—I will let you know whom you are calling "dear old man." I order the immediate release of WILLIAM GONOFF.

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

HA! ha! What a wag you are! WILLIAM GONOFF was released four days before your first communication ever reached me. You old quiz!

Yours, my boy, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

SIR,—Why the deuce didn't you tell me that WILLIAM GONOFF had been released before I commenced this weighty correspondence?

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR OLD CUSSY,—Did you ever see TOOLE in *Ici on parle Français*? If not, get somebody to give you an order. I will reply as does Mr. TOOLE in that play, that I didn't tell you that WILLIAM GONOFF had been released before you commenced your correspondence—"Cos you didn't arst me, cos you didn't arst me." I am going to send this correspondence to *Punch*. Ta! ta! dear old chappie!

Yours for ever, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

You may send your correspondence to the—

(And then the HOME SECRETARY breaks into tears at the thoughts that a career hitherto unsuspected of any too great softness of heart should be tarnished by an uncalculated-for exhibition of sentiment, not to say sentimentality. Likewise having torn his hair at the reflection that victory rests for once with the purveyors of Justices' justice, he reads up the subject, and writes to the *Times*.)



A QUALIFIED JUDGE.

Squire Hornsail, M.P. (who had been Inspectin' the Board School). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, CHILDREN. YER READS WELL, AN' YER SPELLS WELL; BUT YER HAIN'T SOT STILL!"

A SUCCESS SCORED AT THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

WE wouldn't have missed the Humorous Night at the Promenade Concerts for a trifle—and we're very fond of trifle. The house was cram-jammed from ceiling to floor by an audience that showed itself decidedly appreciative and strictly critical. They were there to enjoy real wit in music, and would stand no nonsense. They didn't care a sixth of their entrance-money for some of the compositions, which could well have been spared from the programme, but MOZART'S *Village Musicians* (a musical joke), created quite a *furor*. It was immense. MR. A. BURNETT, as one of the chief village violinists, played the part to perfection. How the audience roared when he seriously got into an impossible key, and had to come back again somehow. They encored him to the echo, but MR. COWEN knew that so delicate a jest would not bear immediate repetition, and wisely went on with the next movement. The horns perpetually coming in out of tune evoked shouts of laughter, and the triumphantly discordant finish was greeted with prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

Passing over MISS MARY DAVIES' Song, and WEBER'S *Caprice*, we came to SCHERZ'S humorous *Meditation on a German Air*—a bad title, by the way, as the composition was simply a series of Musical Burlesque pieces on BACH, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, &c.

That on MOZART was the best, as being a caricature of a style: the Military March was next; and then the Burlesque of VERDI; but, on the whole, there was too little in it of the real spirit of original caricature, and too much of very ordinary Burlesque talent. However, it was successful, though anything would have had to be very first-rate, coming after *The Village Musicians*.

Then MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING sang MOLLOY'S Nursery Song, "*The Baby and the Fly*." The only humorous point about this was the fact that MISS STERLING had to sing it. A Comic Song for MRS. SIDDOX would have been about as appropriate. A good Low Comedian in petticoats might have done something with it; but as it was, it served as padding, or being MR. MOLLOY'S, as paddy-ing between SCHERZ'S Imitations of Popular Composers, and ROMBERG'S *Toy Symphony*. As the Chief of the orchestra entered, bearing toy-drums, rattles, penny-trumpets, and bird-whistles, they were greeted with cheers. The Symphony was successful, chiefly as a

curiosity; and MR. A. BURNETT as the Cuckoo, MR. HUGHES as the Melancholy Quail, Messrs. ELLIS and REYNOLDS as the Toy Trumpets, and Messrs. HORTON and OULD as agreeable Rattles, were a real treat.

Then MR. RIGBY sang something, not a word of which reached us, except one line which sounded like, "Lift up your fist and hit me straight in the eye," but as this could by no possibility have formed any part of a sentimental song, we only quote our impression of it, being unable to refer to our programme which had long ago fluttered away on to the heads of the audience beneath. Then MR. CHARLES HALLÉ having played, as only MR. CHARLES HALLÉ can play, WEBER'S "*Invitation à la Valse*," bowed, and retired. Being vociferously encored, he re-appeared, and, with the modesty of true genius, evidently convinced that only his graceful bow had been encored, he repeated *that* and once more disappeared. But the audience soon enlightened him as to what they wanted, so he piano'd again, and once more was vociferously applauded.

Then we had the "*Presto and Finale of Haydn's Farewell Symphony*." To describe this, which literally brought down the house, would require more space than is just now at our command. How the musicians, one by one, blow out their candles and steal away, how MR. BURNETT is the last to go, how MR. COWEN, with his eyes like St. Anthony, "fixed on the old black book," i.e., the score, still goes on conducting until a servant jogs his elbow, and awakens him to the fact that he is in the situation of the last Rose of Summer, left alone, while all his blooming companions have alighted away and gone—all this, we say, must be seen to be appreciated,—and, indeed, so marked was the success last Thursday that a voiceless man (all part of the joke) came forward to announce, that, in consequence of the immense success of the entertainment, he, the voiceless man, had great pleasure in informing the audience,—tho', personally, he had no voice in the matter,—that this "*Humorous Night*" would be repeated on Tuesday. The voiceless one retired bashfully amid cries of "Speak up!" And then those quite close to the platform who had been in the voiceless man's confidence all along, told their neighbours what he had been saying, and so the news spread. So great a success ought to be repeated more than once before the end of the season, with some few changes in the programme.

A VERY SHADY SIDE OF PALL MALL.

THE superficial observer would suppose that this was quite the principal street in London. It contains nearly a dozen English palaces called Clubs, the price for a back room on the third floor is seldom less than one hundred a year, and the Prince of WALES lives at 65. This ought to be enough to give an aristocratic tone to the street, but unfortunately it contains an Arcade—an Opera Arcade—and since the “dark arches” of the Adelphi have lost their popularity, this Arcade is the chosen resort of the midnight tramp. A few coffee-stalls form what an advertiser would call an *al fresco* café, the steps under the columns are more comfortable than a three-penny lodging-house, the well-paid cabmen, on their way back from Pimlico to Theobald’s Road, supply the “Swell” element, and the “gay” contingent is represented by a few draggle-tailed female phantoms whose language comes untranslated from Ratcliffe Highway. Emboldened by the patronage of Club porters and gentlemen’s servants, these muddy Venuses and their companions are very liberal in their attentions to passers-by, and being so near Scotland Yard, they enjoy a freedom from Police interference which would not be accorded to them in Whitechapel. Perhaps, when the Harley Street murder is discovered, and the Authorities are not quite so over-worked, they will give a little attention to the Bottom as well as to the Top of the Gay-Market.

A SAD SHILLINGSWORTH.

TIME was when English maids and wives
Led modest and secluded lives;
But in these latter days they vie
In seeking base publicity.
The face that once at home would shine—
The glory of the ancient line—
The lips, the sweetest under sun,
That in old days smiled but for one;
The eyes that veiled themselves always
Beneath the rude observer’s gaze;
All these, if haply he be willing,—
The Cad can purchase for a shilling!

BY A TRAVELLING FELLOW.

“AN Unknown Quantity”—abroad. The amount of water required by a Briton for his morning’s bath.

MOTTO FOR HABERDASHERS (adapted from the Rules of *Vingt-et-Un*).—“Ties pay the dealer.”

LOOKING FOR A SITE.

THE following communications (among thousands of others on the same subject) have found their way into our letter-box:—

SIR,

NOTHING is easier than to find a new site for a Flower and Vegetable Market. The Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have never been able to utilise profitably a portion of their land. Now is the time for seizing the opportunity of turning their greatest incubus to good account.

In a sentence, why not send Mud Salad Market, with its unsavoury etoeteras, to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington?

A PHILANTHROPIST.

SIR,

THE scandal of the hour (indirectly shared by all London) affects us very much. Quite a number of carts, laden with vegetables, pass every night down the Kensington Road, within a few hundred yards of our very windows! Send the Market to Bayswater. There is a spot specially adapted to the purpose, close to a house called The Retreat.

A PRACTICAL MAN.

South Kensington (opposite the Horticultural Gardens).

SIR,

WILL you permit us to suggest an alternative site to that at present occupied by Mud-Salad Market. The new Law Courts are, from an architectural point of view, a disgrace to the Metropolis. Surely they might be pulled down and the space utilised for the erection of a commodious receptacle for fruit, flowers, and vegetables!



A POOR RELATION.

Mrs. Jones—née De Topsawyer (to ragged old Seneschal, who is showing her and her party the Tomb of William the Conqueror). “C’EST TRAYS ANTERRESSONG POOR MWAW, VOO SAVVY. PARSKEE JE SWEEX OON DESSONDONT DE GILTYOME LE CONKYTRONG!”

Old Seneschal (bowing). “ET MOI AUSSI, MADAME!”

[Disgust of Mrs. J.]

The stoppage in Fleet Street caused by the market carts, &c., would not be much greater than that already arising from the erection of the new granite substitute for Temple Bar.

We shall be very happy to take the matter in hand professionally, and can guarantee a satisfactory result to all parties. Enclosing our Business Card, we remain, Sir, your obedient servants,

Gothic Chambers,
Westminster.

TUDOR, GABEL, & Co.,
Architects.

SIR,

By all means move Mud-Salad Market. It is easy enough to find a site. Why not the grounds of Buckingham Palace, or the Temple Gardens. What on earth can lawyers want with gardens? Or the Zoo? If the beasts were allowed to remain, they would feel quite at home in the general row and confusion. Or South Kensington Museum? It is already full of curiosities, and the market would be a valuable addition to the collection. Is the Thames Tunnel large enough? It would be nice and cool in the summer. Some of the City Companies would only be too happy to give up their Halls for such a public benefit. They always are.

Hanwell.

COMMON SENSE.

UNHEALTHY EMPLOYMENT.

THE occupation of a Reviewer. At his best, when at work, he is always in a critical condition.

A NEW HATCH’EM CASE.—The Person who laid an Information is now sitting on a Jury.

IMPORTANT TO YACHTSMEN.

At the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, may be seen in the grounds a model vessel, size of life, on which the boys are exercised in the rigging, so that they may not go to sea without knowing the ropes. An excellent idea. But why not apply it to intending Yachtmen? Institute a first-class Yacht College. Keep Yachts of various tonnage on the grounds. If the Yacht College is by the sea-side, the fresh breezes and the sight of the ocean will obviate all necessity of ever quitting shore. All the fun, none of the inconveniences, and scarcely any expense. The practising Yachtman can let his imagination roam freely, and, as he generally does "fancy himself" pretty considerably as being "all there," he can easily fancy himself anywhere. By an arrangement with Mr. SAM MAY of Bow Street, or Messrs. AUGUSTE & Co., the Theatrical Costumiers—assisted by the eminent scenic Artist, Mr. BEVERLY, they could wake up to find themselves in some different port every morning, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. This, of course, would add to the expense; but a well-organised Collegiate System could manage the whole thing at a comparatively trifling outlay. We make the Mem. at once, as it's just as well to yet it down before it escapes our memory.

N.B. (which means *Nota Bene*, or North Britain—which-ever you like).—Here's a first lesson for the Nautical Latin Grammar:—



ACTUM EST DE BALBO—i.e. "HAUL UP" WITH BALBUS.

THE BRITON'S RETURN.

BACK to town and, egad, I'm uncommonly glad
That my holiday outing is over,
For Old England's the spot after all. I'll be shot
If my heart did not leap to see Dover!
They may prate as they please of a tour beyond seas,
And how minds are expanded by travel,
But give me the old town, though the trees are all brown,
And my house upon Kensington gravel.

It may simply be prejudice, yet I've oft said
That your foreigner's rather repulsive;
For his language is queer, and he shouts in your ear
With contortions completely convulsive.
And I don't think he'd mope if deprived of his soap,
Or would hold himself much of a martyr;
For his matutine tub seems reduced to a rub—
That is quite independent of water.

He can cook well enough, but the sauce-covered stuff
Might be anything—horseflesh or kitten,
And the joint is unknown, which wrings many a groan
From the beef-loving son of Great Britain.
But I'm back now at last, and my troubles are past,
Though my baggage was cruelly undone;
It was very unfair, for I'd nought "to declare"
But my pleasure at landing in London!

Strong Recommendation.

THE following advertisement, unearthed from the *Daily News*, shows a real appreciation of the total abstinence theory and practice:—

TO MASTER COOKS and CONFECTIONERS.—A Young Man, just finishing his apprenticeship, is in WANT of a permanent SITUATION in London. Been an abstainer all his life, and whose character is otherwise unimpaired. Will have first-class recommendation from present employer.—Address, &c.

O Wise Young Judge of what's good! There's a great future before this youthful Confectioner.

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE!

THE completion of the new organisation of the Infantry being now under consideration at the War Office, we beg to publish (*pour encourager M.M. les Scieurs de long en haut—en Anglais*, "for to encourage Misters the Sawers of the wood at the top") a few appropriate titles for the new territorial Regiments. It will be seen in performing this feat that we have prefixed to some local peculiarity a more or less martial epithet. In these days of cherished military traditions such a course should be followed by the best results. In the appended list the first column indicates the present number, the second the proposed new designation, and the third our suggestive supplementary distinction:—

Regiment.		
1st	The Royal Scots . .	The Bold Bang-go-Sax-pence Boys.
2nd	The Queen's Own Surrey Regiment	The Theatre Royal Victoria Blood and Thunderers.
11th	The Devonshire Regiment	The Never-to-be-whipped Creams.
17th and 45th	The Royal Leicestershire and Notts Regiment (Sherwood Foresters)	The Courageous Crystal Palace Fêters.
18th	The Royal Irish . .	The Personally Patriotic Pats.
22nd	The Cheshire Regiment .	The Quite-the-Cheese Men.
28th and 61st	Royal Gloucestershire Regiment	The Strongly Recommended Double Glosters.
34th and 55th	Royal Cumberland and Westmoreland Regiment	The Liberating Lillie Bridge (Good Friday) Wrestlers.
37th and 67th	The Hampshire Regiment	The Gallant Go-the-Whole Hoggers.
57th and 77th	The Royal Middlesex Regiment	The Chivalrous Cookney Conquerors.
72nd and 91st and	The Argyleshire Highlanders	The Ubiquitous Use-a-Posters.
102nd and 103rd	The Royal Dublin Fusiliers	The Sinewy and Stimulating Extra-Stout Men.

BLACKING 'EM TO WIN.

IN the *Field's* report of the performance of the Cambridge Town Bicycle Club, we find this entry:—

"Half-Mile Race on 'bone-shakers,' not exceeding 36in.—BANKHAM, 1."

Mr. BURGESS on Mr. MOORE's back would have been "in it." There isn't a better "bone-shaker" than Mr. MOORE of Moore Hall, St. James's. But then—he never will perform out of that Hall. Anyway, it's a tip for the Mastodon Minstrels and any other



DARK RACE.

Any Amount—Reward!!!

JUST at the last moment an invisible individual rang the bell and left the following Query and Answer in our post-box:—

Q. Why should an Auctioneer be a melancholy person?

A. Because he is always in a *more-bid* state.

Anyone giving information that shall lead to the detection of the perpetrator of this outrage, shall receive the above reward.

A PROTRACTED INH-QUEST.—Looking out for a hotel at a fashionable overcrowded Watering-place.



"THE GENTLE CRAFT."

Preceptor (after a lecture). "Now, WHAT ARE THE PRINCIPAL THINGS THAT ARE OBTAINED FROM THE EARTH!"

Pupil (and "disciple of Izaak Walton"). "WORMS, SIR!"

[Loses Fifty Marks!]

LAST MEET OF THE SLOW COACH CLUB.

(By the "Veteran.")

THE last meet for the Season of the Slow Coach Club, of which his Grace the Duke of MUDFORD, K.G., is President, and the motto of which is "*tarde venientibus osses*"—not *ossa*, as the fine old fruity saying has been ridiculously misquoted by a contemporary—took place on Monday last. It had originally been intended to hold the meet in Mud-Salad Market; but, it having been represented to the Committee, first, that the Market was not a meat one, but an emporium for fruit and vegetables; and next, that the Slow Coaches might interfere with the numerous waggons full of cabbages which form flying butresses to the church of St. Paul, and help to prop up the colonnade of the Piazza, it was agreed that the Slow Coaches should assemble at that delightful expanse of greenery, Abney Park, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the Club by the late Sir THOMAS ABNEY.

Of course I went to see the start of the Slow Coaches. My fine old crusted friend and ex-M.F.H., JEM POLEAXE, tooled me down to Abney Park in a truly cemeterical manner. JEM owned to me, with a racy smile on his way, that he thought he could combine a little pleasure with the business of the day. "For, d'yee see," he observed, "there must be a tidy lot of good old rusty worn-out screws at the meet, and I may see my way to bidding for a high-mettled racer, ha! ha! or two." JEM's humour is all banter and beeswing, and he has moved in the very first circles.

So at a high, gee woa, yoicks! pace we sped to the Park; and with one of WATLING's excellent pork-pies, a canful of PECK and FREAN's biscuits, some DU BARRY's Revalenta Arabica, and a glass or two of the celebrated Cockalorum Sherry (a natural wine; the vines are never plastered, but are carefully polished every day with Nubian Blacking) under my waistcoat, I felt as high tol-lol frisky as a fox might feel with the whole Pythohley, Quorn, and East Nor-Nor-West-Norhampton hounds at his heels, to say nothing of the Belhus hunters, and the Babraham Rollicking Roaring Rams. Ah! for the grand historic days, when my late lamented and fine old crusted friend, Sir HARK-AWAY GRIMSTONE EYENUFF, Bart., used to hunt all three packs at once in a ring-fence! How cleverly he would pass the Soap Works! How triumphantly

he would shoot the second arch of the Suspension Bridge, on the Middlesex side, and foul a steam-launch, full of Cookneys, hired at "The Eight Bells."*

It was open house and open cellar at Eye-snuff Hall. 'Twas there I met my dear old crony, SOAPY SPONGE, and jolly old JORROCKS, and NIMROD, of the *Quarterly*, and JEHU, and METHUSALEH, and all the old jovial set. And TOM MOODY, the Whipper-in. You all knew him well. *Eheu! fugaces*. The quantity of "Comet," "twenty," and "forty-seven" port, Chateau Margaux, Pontet Canet, GUINNESS'S Stout, and the celebrated Cockalorum Sherry (a natural wine, containing positively no acid) was something enormous.

Wesat behind JEM's fine old mare, *Black Bess*, that beat *Eclipse* at the Derby, the *Godolphin Arabian* at Goodwood, the *Coffin Mare* at the Leger, and the *Flying Dutchman* at the Whetstone Park Handicap in the days when I was getting my earliest lessons in things horsey, by being horsed at St. Broomback's Charity School. JEM drove me in a gig, of the regular bang-up, stay-for-nothing, rumtumdiddy order—which has recently been repaired by those excellent carriage-makers, MESSRS. SPRING, DICKY, and SQUAB, of 910, Song Acre, W.C.

We found a rare gathering of the regular old 'uns at the Park—fine old tawny Britons after my dear old friend Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY'S own heart. None of your yawning, hisping, crutch-and-toothpick calibre, but jolly dogs of the Lord GEORGE BENTINCK calibre, fine old mellow bucks of the Admiral Rous type. There were several Old Masters distinguished for their pictures of fox-hunts. There was Old FULLER (a most worthy Corinthian), Old BURTON (who looked rather Melancholy), Old DAN TUCKER, Old JOE (who would persist in kicking up behind and before), Old Dr. JACOB TOWNSEND, and Old PARR. You may be sure that my brother veterans and I attentively scanned the drags and the prads and the bang-up old nobbs who held the ribbons. There were twenty Slow Coaches at the meet; but perhaps the palm both for superiority of horseflesh and vehicular elegance must be awarded to my noble friend, Captain the Honourable VELVET PAUL SHILLIBEEK, whose tasteful equipage, drawn by four magnificently-matched black Flemish horses, with long manes and tails, and superb action, excited general admiration.

Through an odd fancy of Captain SHILLIBEEK, he has trained his grooms to sit, not in the dickey, but on the roof of the drag, with their legs swinging at large; and this, combined with the singular uniformity of redness in their noses, produces a very spirited effect. Captain MUFF got his little lot clubbed with Mr. STREATHAM COMMON'S invalid team, "*Farcy, Glanders, Spasms, and Shouldershotten*," and Sir HECTOR O'DEAR had a bad spill in endeavouring to get his highly attractive contingent (Dutch pinks) into line. But, on the whole, the form was superb. Not a galled jade but winced. Not a wither but was wrung. Not a fetlock but was sprung. I never saw a creamier show of "fiddle-case" heads and "star-gazers." They were all roarers. Drooping flanks, sparkling hooks, CULLETON'S crests, puff-pasterns, oyster-barrels, asthmatic crops, victoria docks, strangled stifle-joists, hundred-ton cannon bones, and stony curb-places—all the points of the Perfect Horse were distributed among this peculiarly cheery high-toned and down-the-road lot. The Admiral would have wept, and Sir JOSEPH would have danced a high, gee woa, tantivy to see the show.

The whips, having been all thoroughly awakened by the Club "Knocker Up," snuffed all round to make themselves lively, and tooled away in fine style to Kensal Green, where they were to dine. Your correspondent, after filling his box with some right Macabaw (SNEEZUM'S, in Great Catechu Street, is the only place where you can get genuine Macabaw), adjourned to TOM TICK'S genial hostelry, the "Slate and Chalk," and there JEM and I refreshed ourselves with a chop, supplied to the establishment by those highly respectable butchers, MESSRS. BLOCK AND ORNAMENT, of Hackney Coach Marshes, and a glass or two of the celebrated Cockalorum Sherry (a natural wine, with never a headache in a dozen of it). Then, hey for TATTERSALL'S! Outside TATTERSALL'S.

* Some dim reminiscences of the University Boat Race seem now to have got interpolated in our Correspondent's otherwise graphic narrative.—ED.

BISMARCK'S NEW BUSINESS.

THE Director-in-Chief of the "General Prussian Commerce and Trade Company (Unlimited)," presents his compliments to the Crowned and Uncrowned Heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and hopes by increased attention to business—his own and theirs—he may merit their esteemed patronage, and enjoy a continuance and an extension of past favours. He begs to enclose a plan of a new Co-operation System, under his experienced management, and hopes that no sort of obstacle will be thrown in the way of converting all the ports of all nationalities into one universal Bis-market.

Ode (and Paid) to the Town Clerk.

He was a lucky man,
He was a lucky man,
His salary went
Up twenty * per cent.
He was such a lucky man!

* Twenty-five, my boy! That's "The Cry of the (Town) Clerk." But ain't I en-titled to it, eh? Yes. Daily and Knightly.—J. B. M.

A Cutting.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following extract from the *Derby Mercury* :—

WANTED, SITUATION as GARDENER. No objections to waiting. None but thorough Gentlemen need apply.

Fortunate that the Advertiser has "no objections to waiting." It strikes us that he will have to wait some considerable time.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 1.



"THE HARTINGTON"—OUR NEW MODERATOR.

"Highly recommended as a delightful medium for diffusing a clear and gentle light all round, and economising the expenditure of midnight oil."

"OH, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!"

MR. MARCUS FALL has written two interesting and amusing volumes, called *London Town* (TINSLEY). We do not say to Mr. FALL what everyone knows was said to Dr. FELL, but on the contrary :—

We do much like you, MARCUS FALL,
The reason we can't tell at all;
But this a certainty we call,
That we do like you, MARCUS FALL!

By the way, what a run there is just now on the name MARCUS—MARCUS STONE, MARCUS WARD, MARCUS FALL, &c. It's very attractive, and frequent repetition seems to suggest that it might be improved to Re-Mark-us.

"Who Will to Cupar," &c.

BUT no one will after reading this item from the *St. Andrews Citizen* :—

"CUPAR.—While the crops were being cut down last week at Horselaw, the reapers included the worthy tenants, Mr. and Mrs. GAY, both of whom are now upwards of eighty years of age."

Eighty years! A green old age truly, and "all flesh is grass," but these are scarcely sufficient reasons for the reapers when cutting down the crops to include this excellent couple. Poor dears! This calls for inquiry at Cupar.

SUGGESTION TO SIR W. V. HARCOURT.—Site for a House of Detention for Juvenile Offenders—Try Birchington.

PLACE TO FINISH OFF A GOUTY PERSON.—Port-land.

LATEST FROM THE FLEET.

(Notes from Sir B. S.'s own private Pocket-Book.)

Gravosa, Sept. 20th.—United European Fleet a-lying at anchor. I take supreme command to-day. Proud position! Would be prouder, if I knew what I am expected to do, or how to do it. We're all safe in harbour at present, however. Perhaps I ought to inspirit the various crews by a striking theatrical coup. I'll "demonstrate."

Have just done it. The coup didn't come off quite. I first ordered Band to play the different national anthems in turn. They began with "*Marseillaise*." German Admiral came on board, furious, to know why I hadn't begun with the "*Wacht am Rhein*." I told him Band shouldn't play again, and sent him back pacified. Second part of coup was, signalling (*à la NELSON*) to the other ships—"Europe expects every man to do his duty." French Admiral signalled back—"What is my duty? May I telegraph to Paris to inquire?" Russian and German Admirals have sent to ask what I meant, as they use—it seems—a different code of signals. Austrian Admiral took it for order to—"Weigh anchor, and sail port," while Italian Admiral thought it was—"Ditto, ditto, and sail starboard." Result—Bad collision between Austrian and Italian Ironclads.

Austrian and Italian Admirals have just come on board. Both accuse each other of causing collision intentionally. I make long speech of very soothing character. At end, find they neither of them understand English. *Happy Thought*.—Demonstrate. I do so. Admirals much pleased. They've retired.

Sept. 23rd. On the way to Dulcigno.—Another dispute between French and German Admirals. Both come on board, using what I take to be German and French bad language. Demonstrate again. Very violent exercise this demonstrating. Result satisfactory.

Happy Thought.—Have settled French and German dispute by

ordering French band to play "*Wacht am Rhein*," and German band to play "*Marseillaise*" till told to stop.

Sept. 25th. Off Dulcigno.—At last! Wretched little place: not half as big as Herne Bay. Had greatest difficulty in getting my happy family so far. Got 'em here now, however. Demonstrate from the quarter-deck. Three Albanians on shore, apparently much interested. I have demanded surrender, in name of United Europe. They reply in Albanian, so can't make out exactly what they say, but it sounds something like "United Europe be blowed!" RIZA PASHA encamped on one side of town, five thousand Montenegrins on other side; we in the harbour. Why doesn't RIZA PASHA storm the place? Says he has orders not to use force. So have we! Why don't Montenegrins storm place? Call them "the most heroic race in Europe"! Pooh! The three Albanians have disappeared. Demonstrate once, and to bed.

Next Day.—Have again demanded surrender. French Admiral just come on board. Feels nervous. Is he sea-sick? He says "No; but should like to telegraph to Paris." I ask, "What on earth about?" He replies, that "he was ordered to steam away directly offensive operations began, and he isn't sure whether Albanians won't consider the demand to surrender offensive." Demonstrate to him that he's all wrong. He admits it, and calls for the Steward.

Have just sent deputation to Montenegrins to ask when they are going to begin. Curiously enough, they have also sent a deputation asking when *we* are going to begin. I tell them they are the most heroic race in Europe, and it's obviously their business more than ours.

Still later.—Albanians have begun to fire at us! One shot certainly was fired! What can they mean? Are they demonstrating? Ask 'em by signal. No answer. Idiots.

Mystery explained. Russian Admiral and crew have been engaged in making faces at the Albanians over the sides of their ships. This has irritated Albanians. Query.—Do Russians want another

Navarino? How can I stop them making faces? What fools the Albanians are to mind Russians making faces at them!

On shot being fired, French vessels have steamed away! Russian Admiral come on board. Says, "Must retaliate," &c. Wish GLADSTONE had come here in *Grantully*.

Sept. 26.—Ultimatum. Everybody demonstrating. No more notes at present. "All write—up to now." Belay! Avast! &c., &c.

WEARY WOMANKIND!

THREE weary young women of London town
Sent up their thoughts when they went to rest:
A Slatern was one, in her greasy old gown,
And a Mother another, whose kindly breast
Had soothed the screams of a fractious child
That had beat at her heart and her brains all day,
And the third was a Seamstress, lean and mild
Though weary—these women had something to say.

The Slatern she owned she was weary of JACK,
Good fellow, no doubt! but whose curious ways
Were impressed on his wife by some weals on her back
And by terrible bruises—well, under her stays;
And she thought on this night would she ever get rid
Of a man who when drunk didn't care how she fed.
She'd been true to the fellow, and did as he bid,
So the heart-broken Slatern crept into her bed.

The Mother was weary, for half of that day
She'd been bearing her burden from door unto door;
No woman may rest on Her Majesty's way,
But now her poor babe was asleep on the floor,
So she thought, this sad mother, "Will weariness end
By starving, or prison, or how will it be?
I haven't a penny," she sighed, "or a friend!"
Still she slept, and determined the morrow to see.

The poor little Sewing-Girl, weary of course
With the whirl of the wheel, the machinery's click,
She'd the strength of a mouse and the work of a horse,
And the child was so quiet she hadn't a kick!
So she said, "It don't matter, for many, worse off,
Cannot cling to the wheel for support, and must die."
But before she could sleep she remembered the scoff
Of girls whose smart feathers attracted her eye.

Now, would you believe it? When all were asleep
And the woes of all womenkind seemed at an end,
That a cry just as bitter and sighs quite as deep
Went up to humanity, seeking a friend
For the prettiest girl that the mind could depict,
With the neatest of dresses and softest of hair,
Her waist it was slender, her conduct was strict,
But beneath her blue eyes was the black of despair.

"I am weary!" she said; "on my honour it's true,
Though I've spent all the day amidst ribbons and lace.
My sisters! your fashions are pleasant to you—
They are torture to us! 'Tis a sin, a disgrace
That you sit at the counter all day and you fuss.
Our task is to stand, your delight is to shop.
It's the joy of your lives, but it's death unto us—
You are hardest to please when we're ready to drop.

"It wasn't our fault that our fathers have failed
At home, at the farm, or the forge, or the mill,
But you've got us all fast, at the counter we're nailed,
Like the dubious coin that was saved from the till.
We are modest! Who dares to deny it? We try
To be women as good as you see we are neat;
But we stand all the day, and are ready to die,
Till we drag to our rest with our weary young feet.

"Tis easy to scoff, but more tedious far
To smile and look merry from eight unto ten,
And the school of the shop and the counter and bar
Doesn't teach us good lessons of women or men!"
So the Slatern, the Mother, the Sewing-Girl alight,
Dropped off into dreams about toil and the town;
But the weariest woman who slept that night
Was the fair-haired girl with the neat black gown!

THE REAL SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.—Hunger.



"SMALL BY DEGREES"—

"MAYN'T I HAVE SOME MORE SUGAR IN MY TEA, AUNT GEORGY?"

"WHY, YOU 'VE HAD THREE!"

"YES; BUT THEY MELT AWAY SO!"

THE MEMORIAL OBSTRUCTION.

LAST week the attention of those mighty Archons, the Common Councilmen, was drawn to the New Temple Bar Memorial, which Mr. STEVENSON rightly denounced as "a mighty obstruction." Whereupon, Mr. BEDFORD, the people's real friend in Epping Forest, but not at Temple Bar, spoke up for the Obstruction, and finished by saying—

"The Memorial would do credit to the Corporation as a work of Art, and it would also mark their ancient boundary. The Press had taken up this matter, as they sometimes did, without understanding what they were writing about, whereas if they would only have taken the trouble to measure the roadway, they would have discovered that with the Memorial it was as wide again as it was before."

Oh, "they do not know everything down in Judee," don't they? The City objects to the Press, the Press objects to the squash,—as squash there's safe to be. If the only object of the Memorial be to "mark their ancient boundary" why not let a Memorial Tablet into the wall by CHILDS' Bank, or a splendid Brass representing the LORD MAYOR and Corporation. The metal is cheap enough, and plenty of it, in the City.

Votes in Vienna.

A VIENNESE beauty, a forward young Miss,
T'other day, it appears, won a vote by a kiss:
But the law 'gainst corruption is terribly strong,
And 'tis said she'll be made to repent it ere long.
What becomes of the kiss? Since the voter dared earn it,
In justice one hopes he'll be made to return it.

RECEIPT.—How to Convert a Conservative into a Liberal.—Try the Reform-
a-Tory system.

BASS BOTTLED BY G. A. S.



MONSTER CONCERT.

IR.—In last week's "Echoes" the following suggestion was made by "G. A. S."

"In the case of a quiet street, where a difference of opinion touching itinerant minstrelsy exists, why should not the residents be polled, and if there be a two-thirds majority against the brown aliens from Leather Lane, and the German 'green baize' bands,

and so forth, why should not the parish authorities (under an amended Act of Parliament, of course) be empowered to affix, in a conspicuous position at the corners of each street, enamelled iron tablets, bearing the inscription, in Italian, German, and English, 'No Street Music Allowed Here,' and specifying beneath, the amount of fine or imprisonment, or both, to which a street-musician, playing in that street, would be liable if he persisted in playing after a first warning."

Now, Sir, I may tell you that I live in a quiet street, consisting of four houses; some people call it a square, or a court, or even a blind alley. But we are all highly respectable inhabitants. Being a quiet street, the average amount of noise we endure from morning till night would supply a Monster Concert for a month.

Quiet is indispensable to me, being engaged in literary pursuits, so I polled our street as directed by "G. A. S.," and here is the result.

No. 1.

Singcon Snood (myself). Don't want street music.

Mrs. Singcon Snood (my Wife). Let the poor things earn a living. I am sure they don't interfere with your rubbishing Greek.

Wellington Rhode Singcon Snood (my Son). Anything is better than ACACIA's eternal "Sweethearts' Waltz."

Acacia Rhode Singcon Snood (my Daughter). A million German bands are better than a brother learning the flute.

Jemima (my Cook). It do cheer the depressed heart up do a bit of music.

Anna (my Housemaid). They plays just like a Circus, and Circuses is 'eaven.

No. 2.

Miss Flapper (Spinster). They should be put down, as they make my pug howl.

Harriet (her Housemaid). Their melodies is frivolous and not improving. Away with them!

Jane (her Cook). To think of a policeman admiring one of those Italian-Irish organ-grinding huzzies, instead of taking them all to prison!

No. 3.

Mr. Baldhead (Widower). Put them down, by all means, and give everybody who encourages them six months on the treadmill.

John Baldhead (his Son). If Mrs. WEATHERBY will wring her infernal parrot's neck, he will vote against them.

Servants. Have no opinions, and are not likely to have, in BALDHEAD's house.

No. 4.

Mrs. Weatherby (Widow). Unless JOHN BALDHEAD will leave off coming home at three in the morning, singing music-hall songs, and shouting like a maniac, she will vote for them.

Servants. I should like to know what the value of my Servants' opinions is on the subject.

Now, my dear Sir, will you kindly notice in what position, owing to "G. A. S.'s" brilliant suggestion, we stand:—For Organs, 5; against Organs, 5; neutral, 2; neither for, against, nor neutral, 4.

A street once tolerably happy, is now pandemonium. When an organ or a band arrives, my household is delighted, and asks me about the poll. Mr. BALDHEAD sends me an indignant message, Miss FLAPPER asks whether I have treated her with the courtesy due to her station in life. Mrs. WEATHERBY and JOHN BALDHEAD now cut each other dead, and me too. The servants on either side tell frantic fictions of each other's masters and mistresses to the tradespeople. The once happy family is a bear-garden.

I bear no malice to "G. A. S." Let him come and live here.

CORNICAN BROTHERS & CO. (LIMITED).

At the Lyceum.

WHEN it was first intimated to the theatre-going Public that Mr. IRVING, in an ecstasy of inspiration, had exclaimed, "Happy Thought! Revive the *Corsican Brothers*!" everybody young enough to remember its first success at the Princess's under CHARLES KEAN, said to everybody else, "Capital notion! Just the thing for IRVING! Safe to be a big success!"

If the question had been asked, "Why is it safe to be a big success?" the answer would have been, "Oh, mysterious—weird—ghost-like, you know—IRVING all over."

Exactly: that's all it amounted to. Pale face, attenuated frame, and thin legs settled the question. He must be a Corsican Brother's ghost; and so he became a Corsican Brother's ghost, and has produced the piece with "New Scenery, Dresses, and Appointments," and, we are bound to add, "dis-appointments." Not, however, as far as Mr. IRVING individually is concerned. The little he has to do he does thoroughly well. His *Fabien—Farbbyang* as they call it at the Lyceum, the healthy Corsican Twin, is artistically contrasted with *Louis*, who, in the Second Act, appears to have come to the *Bal Masqué* at the Grand Opéra made up as *Alfred Jingle*, or "Dismal Jemmy." If he had only got a GIBARD to "double" him and dance in this scene, that would have drawn all London!

In spite of its having been cogitated over for so long a time, there is an utter lack of novelty in the stage-business. When *Farbbyang* is about to inflict a long story on his acquaintance, *M. Alfred Meynard*—who looks like *Nicholas Nickleby* on a tour—he says, "From my brother's friend I have no secret; you shall know all;" and then he tells him his brother's secret—a most unwarrantable breach of confidence, by the way—commencing. "Three hundred years ago"—whereupon they both seat themselves, and *M. Meynard* does his best politely to show that "the story interests him much." Then there was the old ghost-music, and there was the inevitable sliding-trap, which created such a sensation till we knew how it was done; and there was the "Double," looking uncommonly like a cheap tailor's dummy, but being in reality, Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON, who having been saved from the wreck in *The World*, at Drury Lane, is now able to appear as somebody else's ghost at the Lyceum. But this talented gentleman, Actor, Singer, and Composer, having been selected for the part, why did Mr. IRVING lose such a splendid chance for a new line in the bill as—

Ghost of Louis (with a Song) . . . Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON.

He could have put words to the fine old Ghost melody, and have sung it himself. "And is Old Double dead?" No, he isn't, but all alive, oh, at the Lyceum!



Then again, instead of the Ghost coming from below, he should have been let down as a surprise from above. Since the sliding-trap was invented we have had the sliding-roof, and the ghost could have come down flop on *Farbbyang*, and startled him in real earnest. Or here, again, one of the GIBARDS would have been useful, suddenly appearing from above by some such mechanical arrangement as set Mlle. ZENEA flying noiselessly about at the Gaiety. Everyone expected something new in ghosts; and everyone was disappointed. Alas!

When that old ghost was new,
Life wore a roseate hue,

And we were boys together. The truth is, *The Corsican Brothers* is a bad piece, depending on certain effects, which should be novel and startling or they are nothing. The dialogue is flat, and there is no relief to the gloom, except the episode of the hen, which is tedious from being lugged in to spin out the Act with a little local colouring.

CHARLES KEAN, ALFRED WIGAN, or WALTER LACY, as *Château-Renaud*, JULIA MURRAY as the dignified lay-figure *Emily*, and fascinating CARLOTTA LECLERCQ as the chief of the ladies at the supper-party, carried the piece triumphantly, when "that old ghost

was new,"—and, perhaps, such a cast might do so once more. But now the supper-scene is as dull as such things mostly are in real life—and so far is to be praised as holding the mirror up to nature.



Mr. TERES as *Château-Renaud*, is as weak as he was as *Captain Hawkeley*. He hasn't done much since the wicked young Squire in *Olivia*.

The *Bal Masqué* Scene is very good, bar the immovable figures in the upper boxes, who look as if Madame TUSAUD had taken her wax-works out for a night's treat to the Grand Opéra, and left them there. The brilliancy of the Scene is marred by the stupidity of the dances, the mechanical movements, the laughter "to order," and the dulness of the music. Everyone, however, knew the fight was coming, and that *that* was to be the event of the evening.

It came, and was the event of the evening. Then, after the duel, *Farbyang* overcome with grief, leaning on *Meynard*, disappears behind a tree (old business), and immediately afterwards Mr. MATHISON, The Double, without a song, deeply affected ("Double, double, toil and trouble"—it is hard work), and leaning still more heavily on poor *Meynard*, appears, while Mr. IRVING makes a dive below and a rush for the sliding-trap. Mr. MATHISON is not quite Mr. IRVING's "Double," he is only his "Half-as-much-again."

By the way, Mr. BOUTICAULT makes *Farbyang* say, "The dead travel fast"—which is about the one good line in the piece—(only, where did it come from?)—but this is not borne out by facts, as *Louis's* ghost slides along as slowly and gravely as Mr. *Pickwick* when he assisted in keeping "the pot a-bilin," and represents rather the pace of a Parliamentary train than an express.

We suppose the *Corsican Brothers & Co.* will be a success, though not the success expected. The costumes being all of the *Nicholas Nickleby* period, when *Sir Mulberry Hawk* and *Lord Verisopht* were men about town, might suggest the notion to Mr. TOOLE—(why didn't he play *Château-Renaud*?)—of producing *The Cheeryble Brothers* at the Folly. Well—may Mr. IRVING's shadow never grow less; and may he, at all events, be thoroughly satisfied with the ultimate result of the *Corsican Brothers & Co. (Limited)*.

Theatrical Mem.—Mr. CHARLES WARNER has given up *Drink*, and taken to the Wells. This is natural enough, and we hope he'll be re-*Coupeau'd* for his change. The *Sadler's Wells* people are great patrons of "The Bard." Their motto is that "Bard's the Best." So Mrs. BATEMAN is quite right to give it them strong. But is Mr. WARNER as *Othello* with such an *Iago* as Mr. VEZIN, quite strong enough as yet? Mr. WARNER probably recollects the legend of the Super, who on being given a line to speak, slapped his forehead and exclaimed, "more study!" In going in for SHAKESPEARE, Mr. CHARLES WARNER may adopt as his motto and his rule these two words, "More Study!"

Apropos "de Boots" our CLARKE of the Weather has consulted the Barometer, re-opened the Haymarket, and re-appeared as his old friend the Major with his usual success.

WHY is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit Whiskey manufactory?—Because it's a secret still.

COLLEGIATE FARMING.

SCENE—The Parlour of the "Blue Boar." Pipes and Ale. Behind the former, with the latter between them, seated at a table, Farmers MEADOWSWEET and MAYFLOWER.



MEADOWSWEET (to MAYFLOWER, reading a daily paper). What's the news, naaibur?

Mayflower. Nuthun much to spake of. Nare a word about pigs. Purty goodiah accounts o' the harvest all over the countree. Hullo! though. Here be zummut new anyways.—(Reads)—"Wilts and Hants Agricultural College."

Meadowsweet. Collidge?

Mayflower. Ees. Collidge. Aggericulcherul Collidge.

Meadowsweet. Aggericulcherul Collidge! Collidge what fur?

Mayflower. 'Spose to taitoh Collidge boys the nollidge o' farmerun. O' coorse we knows aggericulcherul manes farmun.

Meadowsweet. Aggericulcherul Collidge. Well, that there's a rum start. What about un? Goo on, woo't.

Mayflower (reads)—

"During the session the students have been drilled in all the details of the management of live stock and crops on the College farm, and courses of lectures—many of them delivered in the field—have been given by Professors WRIGHTSON, CHURCH, FREEM, SHELTON, and CURTIS."

Meadowsweet. Lecturs! Aaa! Now I twigs. Farmun taught I s'pose, from behind a teeable, over a radun dex, the Collidge farm the vloor o' the lectur room, and the aggericulcherul scollards drilled in all the daytails o' the manidgement o' crops wi' make-believe imitaaihuns, and, as fur the live stock, by manes o' 'ooden moddles. 'Ooden 'osses and cattle, pigs and ship.

Mayflower. 'Ooden ship; ees. Practisun upon 'ooden ship in the lambun sazun! Ha, ha, ha!

Meadowsweet. Ho, ho!

Mayflower. Ah, but to be sure it sez they didn't begin till May, when the lambun work was all over.

Meadowsweet. That 'oodn't matter upon a Collidge farm inside the Collidge, and the lambun work acted out on the vloor.

Mayflower. The 'count winds up by sayun that the stoodents be dismissed fur vacaiahun till the sixth o' October, when, at the commencement o' the autumnal session, the annual valleyaiahun o' the farm ool be prosaded wi'.

Meadowsweet. In fancy cipherun. Well, this here is the rummest goo I've a heard on fur many a day.

Mayflower. Well, here's success to farmun, and much good med the Hants and Wilts Aggericulcherul Collidge doo the British Farmer!

Meadowsweet. Speed the Plough!

Mayflower. Steam-plough now-o'-days, naaibur.

Meadowsweet. Machinery, machinery! Where be ut all to end?

Mayflower. I fancies at times things must be draaun on to the end o' the worlde.

Meadowsweet. Well, there, howsomedevery, let's try and make the best on't we can in the manewhile. Missus, outsize there, plaze, a drap moor beer.

(Enter Missus with beer, and Scene closes.)

An Asinine Error.

AMONG intelligencee from Paris a telegram the other day announced that,—

"VICTOR HUGO will, on the Fifteenth of October, publish a poem entitled *L'Âne*."

This production might have been expected to be a work of genius dealing with political, moral, and social problems, from what, to the stolid, common understanding, would probably appear an asinine point of view. Wags might have suggested that the groundwork of the story under which the purpose and meaning of *L'Âne* had been veiled by its distinguished author was taken from the once popular and still sufficiently celebrated English idyl, "*If I had a Donkey wot wouldn't go*." But *Âne* turns out to have been a misprint in the *Rappel* for *Ame*, which makes a material—not to say immaterial—difference.



"SUMMING UP."

Captain. "WHAT'S THE CHARGE, SERGEANT?"

Sergeant. "THIS TIME IT'S DRUNKENNESS, SIR. BUT THIS MAN IS THE MOST TROUBLESOME FELLOW IN THE REGIMENT, SIR. HE GOES OUT WHEN HE LIKES, AND COMES IN WHEN HE LIKES, AND GETS DAUNK WHEN HE LIKES—IN FACT, HE MIGHT BE A HORFICER!!"

THE DUKE OF MUDFORD AND BUMBLEDOM.

THERE is a bond of sympathy between Dukes and Beadles which is not altogether for the public interest. The Duke of MUDFORD is not only allowed to fatten upon Mud-Salad Market, but he is allowed this privilege on cheaper terms than his neighbours. He is rated with the lightest possible parochial touch. He is allowed the free use of dozens of so-called "thoroughfares," and for his Market proper he is put down at the far too moderate assessment of £10,000 a year, with an additional £1200 a-year for the new Flower Market. His theatres are favoured by the local authorities to an almost equal extent. The huge area of Drury Lane Theatre is only rated at a few more annual pounds than the Gaiety Theatre, which is less than half its size, and Covent Garden Theatre, with its vast annexe, called the Floral Hall, is equally a pet of the parish. These two colossal properties are put upon nearly an exact equality with the little Vaudeville, the smaller Olympic, and the smallest Strand. The humour—the practical fun—of Bumbledom does not end here. The Lyceum is rated at nearly \$500 a-year less than the Gaiety, though it is practically half as large again, and the Globe and the Opéra Comique are let off, for some mysterious reason, for little more than half the rates levied on the Olympic and the Vaudeville, though their holding capacity is just double. The Adelphi is scarcely fairly treated by being assessed at nearly three times the amount levied on the Opéra Comique or the Globe, as it can hardly claim to be more than a fourth larger than these houses.

There is a grim pleasure in drawing the attention of Theatrical Managers to these beauties of parochial taxation. The new assessments have just been made, and the old assessments were more unequal still. There is no appeal, and nothing can be altered for the next five years. Such is the elasticity of Local Self-Government.

MUSIC AND DANCING.—The European Concert seems likely to end with a Breakdown.

A HOME SWEET HOME SECRETARY.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT will earn his title to be considered a genuine "English Home" Secretary, if he only succeeds in dealing summarily with juvenile offenders, whose conduct ultimately wrecks the happiness of so many homes. The thoughtless lad, who should be whipped soundly, is now made a gaol-bird. The first committals, writes Sir WILLIAM V. HARCOURT in the *Times*—

—"are for comparatively trivial offences. Children of ages between nine and thirteen go to prison for throwing stones, breaking windows, playing at pitch-and-toss, obstructing thoroughfares, bathing in canals, threatening people, common assaults, trampling down grass, &c., though, of course, many of the committals are for more serious offences, which yet in children of such tender years are of a very different dye from similar crimes when committed by persons of riper age."

And soon afterwards he hints at a simple remedy:—

"It seems clear that the existing restrictions on committals to industrial schools, and on the employment of a moderate personal chastisement for small offences as a substitute for imprisonment require to be reconsidered."

"Moderate personal chastisement!"—that is what it must come to. And Mr. *Punch's* commentary on it is his present Cartoon.

"Vulgar Venice."

IN Venice the echoes of TASSO no more,
As Lord BYRON remarked, can be heard by the shore.
And now, from the latest reports, it appears
We shall soon see the last of the gay Gondoliers;
For steamboats will ply by each palace and fane,
And RUSKIN will greet them with savage disdain;
At FLORIAN'S still we shall lounge, but, ah me!
We shall scarce know the City that sits on the Sea.

Good News.—The man who was under a cloud has got over it.



DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT (*preparing the right remedy*). "AHA! MY LADS! YOU'LL CATCH IT PRESENTLY!"

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BISHOP'S CHARGE.



NDOMITABLE in courage, and panting for the fray, Mrs. DOWDIE advanced to the writing-table.

"Now, Bishop, tell me what's been going on here! Why is this most disreputable person still in your entire confidence?"

The Bishop was silent. He had stood patiently and placidly; but, like cream, he had stood too long, and was now beginning to turn; and, when he did turn, he felt he would be uncommonly sour.

"Perhaps," commenced Mr. MATTIX, "if I might—" "You mightn't," retorted the infuriated dame. "Now, Bishop, are you going to turn this person out, or not?" inquired the indignant dame.

There was a dead pause in the room. How long it had been there it was impossible to say, for it was only at this minute that the three became aware of it. And the Bishop sniffed uncomfortably, as though there were something wrong with the drainage. He sat on his chair twiddling his thumbs, and wishing that the two would fight it out there and then, like two evil Genii, and leave him to benefit by the result.

"Do you know, Bishop, how this person," and she pointed with infinite contempt and aversion to Mr. MATTIX, "has been going on with the female who calls herself the Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA?"

"The Bishop is in full possession of the facts, Mrs. DOWDIE," said Mr. MATTIX.

"Is this true?" asked the Bishop's wife, facing her husband.

"Mrs. DOWDIE," interrupted Mr. MATTIX, humbly. "His Lordship, like the Admiral in the ballad of WILLIAM TAYLOR, 'has very much applauded what I've done,' and with his sanction and his smile on my work I am happy."

What dreadful words were these that greeted the ear of Mrs. DOWDIE! Rebellion, flat rebellion, or rather upstanding rampant rebellion stirring up the Bishop on his throne, and rearing her hideous head in the Cathedral City of Small-Beerjester! If Rebellion were allowed to rear her hideous head in the city, she would soon rear the hideous heads of a hundred communistic offspring, as plenty as asparagus, springing up from the ground in the night, like fungi, within the very walls of the Palace itself!

"Mr. MATTIX," said the Lady, with slow and dignified voice, measuring out her words as if they were verses at so much a foot, "I beg you will take your notice to quit from me. You are too much a caricature of a man yourself for me to ask you to take yourself off. But I order you to go."

The Chaplain felt that everything depended on the Bishop's firmness. If the Bishop could cut himself adrift from his apron-string moorings, hoist the flag of freedom, and set sail on his own See before his mate could launch out, the wind would bear them away, and the victory would be gained at a single blow.

"Leave the room!" said Mrs. DOWDIE, imperiously.

"If I go I shall certainly not take the room with me," returned the Chaplain, eyeing his patron uneasily.

"My Lord," exclaimed the exasperated Lady, "is Mr. MATTIX to quit, or am I?"

In making it a question of quits, Mrs. DOWDIE was wrong. A drawn battle was as much out of the question as a painted one on canvass. It was real, deadly war. She was boiling over with wrath. Up to this moment the husband

of her choice had answered very well; now he wouldn't answer at all. All compromise was impossible. It would not do for Dr. DOWDIE to discharge the Canon at the enemy's request; that was to waste powder and shot. He had one strategic movement at command, which he had never yet employed against his better half. Quick as thought he opened a drawer and took thence a voluminous and clearly printed pamphlet, which he folded up like a Field-Marshal's *bâton*, and waving it wildly above his head he dashed forward at his luckless spouse. Horrified at the sight, Mrs. DOWDIE turned ashen pale, and placing her hands to her ears, fled precipitately through the open door which the Canon immediately locked behind her. Having done this, he turned to examine the weapon the Bishop had used with such marvellous effect. One glance at the title-page sufficed—it was His Lordship's Charge.

"Up, Guards, and at 'em!" exclaimed the Bishop, throwing himself back in his chair. "It was Waterloo over again!"

"Charge, CHESTER, charge!" cried the Chaplain, exultingly.

"And I did—rather," said the Bishop; "it broke the enemy thoroughly."

"A splendid charge!" cried the Chaplain; and then they sang together, "*Suoni la Tromba*" from *I Puritani*.

The battle was won. Now all they had to do was to make the best use of their victory before the enemy repulsed, routed, beaten at every point, and utterly demoralised, could steal a march upon them. Capua and Cannæ are close together; and a victory may be the prelude to a total defeat. Mrs. DOWDIE has not been portrayed in these pages as an agreeable or an amiable Lady; and no page in her family history that I've seen in the Palace would give her a better character than I have done. She retired to her boudoir, and looked out of her window at her laurels, which had suffered considerably in the recent storm. Should she summon allies to her aid? If so, whom? Who was there in Small-Beerjester but would rejoice at her fall? She had offended the Archbeacon and Mrs. OVERWAYTE by bringing forward Mr. MATTIX as a Candidate for Mr. SIMON SIMPLER'S Mastership of Deedler's. But Mr. SIMPLER still held it. Then she had intended her husband's Chaplain for the Precentorship; but Mr. ARABLE was now comfortably installed in that position. MORLEENA hated her, because she thought that Mr. MATTIX had been incited by Mrs. DOWDIE to pay her his odious addresses. Doubtless Mr. ARABLE held the same views. And how was she to call on her former enemies for help to expel her husband's Chaplain from her own Palace?

Had I the pen of an Epic Poet, I might possibly do some justice to the struggle now raging in Mrs. DOWDIE'S breast; but I have not, and so will content myself, and I trust my readers also, by simply informing them that at this minute, as Dido DOWDIE sits disconsolate at her Palace-gate, "a darnin' a hole in her stocking, O!" there appear on the war-path no less a personage than the Archbeacon of Small-Beerjester accompanied by Mrs. OVERWAYTE, and the Master of Deedler's.

Editor to Author.—Sir,—In your own interests, ours, and those of our readers, we must draw your attention to the fact that the doings of Mr. Mattix and the Marchesa, the Bishop, and the Bishop's wife in your latest Chapters, so closely resemble those of Mr. Slope and Madame Neroni in *Barchester Towers* as to make us doubt their absolute originality. We request an explanation.

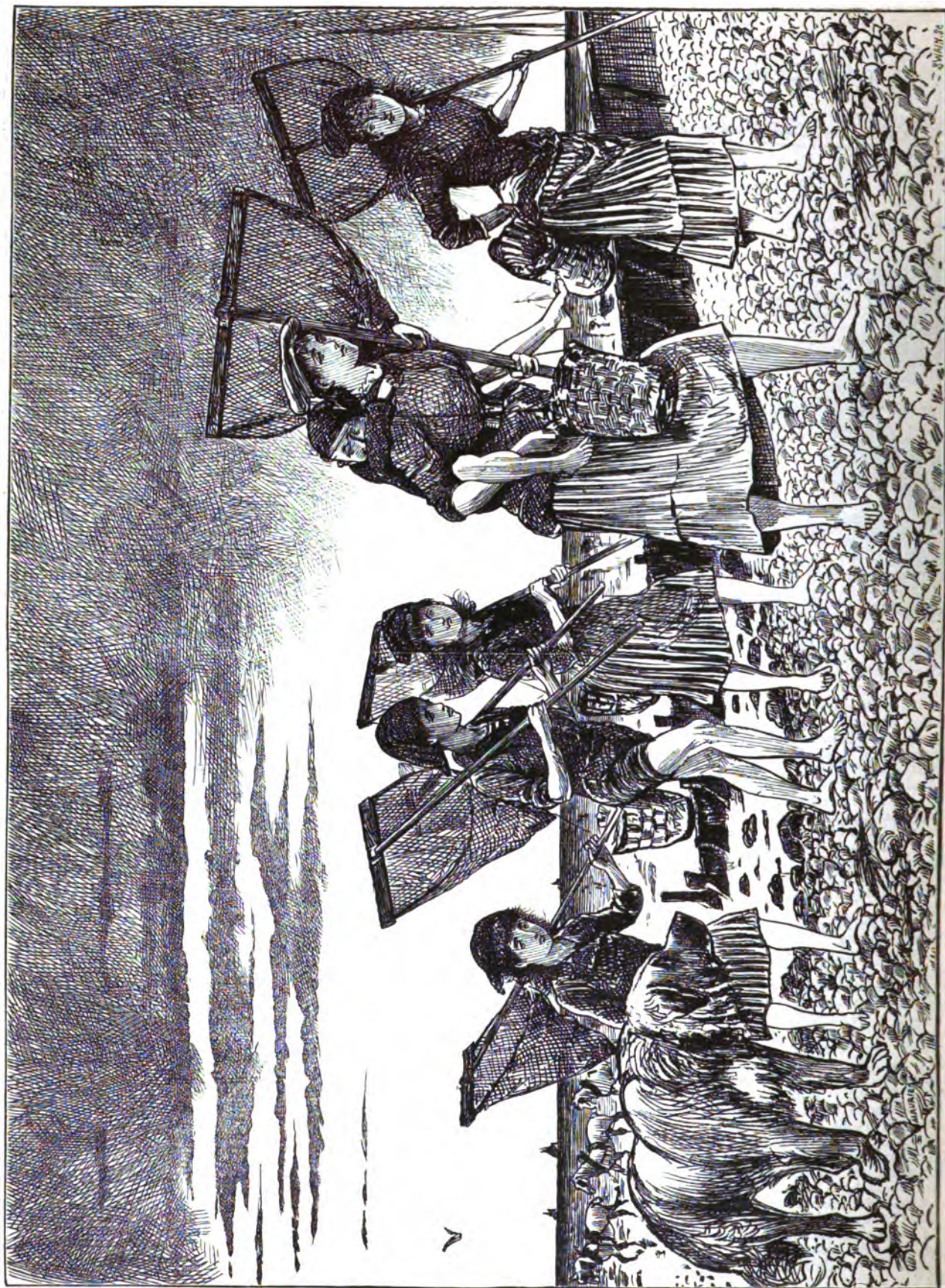
Author to Editor.—My name's DOLLOP, not TROLLOPE, for whom I have the greatest possible respect. If his Mr. Slope and Madame Thingummy and his Dowdies resemble my thoroughly original characters—so much the better for them. Similar subjects similar treatment. But when you impugn my honesty, I say what the Raven said—"Never more!" So let the Novel Publishing Co. settle up, and I've done.

Editor to Author.—Didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Cheque with last Chapter.

Author to Editor.—In that case, last Chapter at once.—A. D.

NAUTICAL NOVELS.

A NEW Sea-Waverley Series, being Romances, of Amphibious Life, by the Author of *White Wings*.



FAREWELL TO FAIR NORMANDY.

ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM THEIR LAST SHRIMPING EXPEDITION, THE BROWNS SADLY REFLECT THAT TO-MORROW THEY RETURN TO BLOOMSBURY AND—LESSONS!



CONSIDERATE.

Stout Equestrienne (regarding toll-ticket). "DEAR ME, MY GOOD MAN, THIS MUST SURELY BE A MISTAKE. 'HORSE AND LOAD, THREEPENCE'!"

Tollman. "NOA, NOA, MEM—I'VE STROOK OOT TH' PENNY. I HEVN'T CHARGED FOR THE LOAD."

THE WHEELS OF DEATH.

Ho! Shareholders, assemble and hear with bated breath
The mournful lay I sing to-day, ground from the Wheels of Death.
From city and from hamlet still the sad story comes

Of orphan child and widowed wife,
Of shattered sense and lifeless life,
And swiftly stricken homes.

Hark! at it smashing and crashing and mashing,
Blending them all in one huge gory pile,
First class and worst class, call all a curst class,
Bought by the Vampire of so much a mile.

See, there go eager workers, with eyes made dim by toil,
Beguiled away for one brief day
To see the sunlit waters play,
Or watch the billows boil,

Beguiled by gaudy placard and bill with colour bright,
Come soon, come late, they'll meet the fate
That claims them ere the night.

Hark! at it smashing and crashing and mashing,
Blending them all in one huge gory pile,
Not sent by coercion, but lured by "Excursion"
Bought by the Vampire of so much a mile.

And there parts wife from husband, and there goes friend from friend;

They little know the road they go,
The fierce and unrelentless foe,

That drags them to their end;
They little know that fate wills so,
They may not meet again.

Hark at it smashing, and crashing, and mashing,
Blending them all in one huge gory pile;
Maidens and mothers, fathers and brothers,
Bought by the Vampire of so much a mile.

Ho! shareholders, directors, who rule the iron way,
Whence dead men cry and vainly try,
To stem the death-wheels drawing nigh,
Can endless slaughter pay?

If so, raise high and higher the holocaust of crime,
Let rich and poor, and old and young,
Into the Vampire's jaws be flung,
For money, money, must be won,
Till the Red Race for aye is run,
And spent and finished Time!

Hark at it, smashing and crashing, and mashing,
Blending them all into one gory pile!
First-class and worst class, call all a curst class,
Doomed for the Vampire of so much a mile!

CHINA AND ENGLAND.

"The foot is so squeezed upward that in walking only the ball of the great toe touches the ground. . . . During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing, and for about two years the foot aches continually, and is the seat of a pain which is like the pricking of sharp needles. With continued rigorous binding, the foot in two years becomes dead, and ceases to ache. . . . When once formed, the 'golden lily,' as the Chinese lady calls her delicate little foot, can never recover its original shape."

The Times, Sept. 22, 1880.

Oh, benighted Orientals!

"The waist is so squeezed in, that whether in walking or riding, the action of the victim is alike painful and ludicrous. . . . Not only during the first year, but for ever the pain is so intense, that the sufferer can do nothing without undergoing tortures. The figure is spoilt, and the damage done to internal organs is of the gravest character. The lungs are contracted, and the heart is grievously affected. . . . When once formed the 'wasp waist,' as the English lady calls her delicate little waist, can never recover its original shape."

Any Medical Book, 1880.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Tower.

SEEKING that Mr. Secretary CHILDERS had announced that he had visited the Tower with "so much pleasure and instruction that he proposed giving even greater facilities to the Public to inspect the National Collection," I thought (wishing also to be amused and instructed) that I could not do better than follow the Right Honourable Gentleman's example.

I consequently arrived on a Saturday or Monday (at any rate, it was a free day) at half-past ten o'clock, and took my place in an enormous crowd which had been marshalled by strong detachments of the Police and the Military, with the assistance of strong posts and heavy chains, into a tail of about a quarter of a mile long. We moved up to the Entrance-Lodge by detachments of thirty. The two or three hours consumed in this slow march gave ample time for the careful inspection of a huge chimney in the precincts of the Tower, which seemingly was supposed by the less washed of our number to be connected with a furnace used for cremating Beef-Eaters. No doubt the wish was father to the thought, as Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard appeared to be on the worst possible terms with certain members of the Public.



On entering, I found that the Authorities, evidently foreseeing the inner man would require nourishment after a three hours' wait, had prepared a Refreshment-stall for me. The edibles consisted of Bath-buns, sweet-stuff, and the cheap edition of Mr. AINSWORTH'S *Tower of London*; the drinkables of several ginger-beer bottles in a washing-tub, and two or three mysterious "wines," one of which, no doubt to honourably distinguish it from the rest, was proudly labelled "Grape." With a view, however, to discourage a wild orgie before the Public had received instruction, and yet with a nice feeling for the interests of trade, a placard over the counter bore the inscription—"Visitors can return for refreshment after visiting the Armouries." I had just made a note of this seductive invitation, when I was carried by the stream out of the Lodge into the open air, after a Warder who was wearing an undress uniform strongly suggestive of a "more-than-usually Pretty Page."

"E's got on a Tam O'Shanter 'at," whispered a Lady at my elbow. Then she added, as she regarded, for the last time, the waiting and expectant multitude, "I see why they 'ave only two free days in a week. The whole lot of 'em would shirk their work and come if they 'ad more."

The Warder gazed sternly at the would-be Protectress of the Commerce of London, and pointed at the moat with his umbrella.

"This," said he, in a quick undertone, "in times o' war is filled with water and mud!" This piece of "information" was received with a respectful "Law!" and we hurried on. The Warder walked rapidly a dozen paces, and brought us up with a jerk. "Portcullis!" he said, sharply, and the visitors gazed about them hungrily, as if they were looking for something good to eat. Immediately we were on again. "Bell Tower," he jerked out—"EN-ER-Y THE EIGHTH—Prison!"

At this, some of the least wealthy of the Public for a moment paused, and appeared rather ill at ease. Finding, however, that they were not to be taken into custody, they plucked up courage and followed their guide, who was already out of sight.

"Traitor's Gate," he was saying, as they came up with him. "Entrance to the Tower from the Thames. That's the Thames!"

We were one and all delighted with this, and stared at the river as if we had never seen it in our lives before. The Warder turned sharply round and said, with gusto, "This is the Bloody Tower, where the Royal children was murdered."

The information was received with acclamation. Our guide stopped in the foot he had resumed, for a moment, to exclaim, "See them 'inges—all that remains of the 'riginal gate."

We all fought to examine the "inges;" but he was off again, and before we could get breath to murmur "Jack Robinson," we were across a yard, up some stone steps, past a staircase, and into the Horse Armoury. The Warder paused for a moment, but only for a moment. Then he commenced a sort of disjointed lecture, in a rapid mumble, of which I could only catch a word here and there, although I listened most intently. However, I made out the names of "the Earl of Hesse," "Kat-e-rhine of Angeroo," "Count Odi the Fiddler," and one or two other equally rare historical personages. I heard one sentence, however, in its entirety. "This Prince," said

he, "died about eighteen, although he was not in battle,"—which seemed to imply that the favourite infantile complaint of the Fifteenth Century (when the croup and "teething" were unknown), was a malignant attack of warfare.

For the rest, the Golden Rule of our guide, in dealing with any perplexing article of historical interest, seemed to be, "When in doubt, say it was found in the Spanish Armada." But it is only just to admit that he was very conscientious on one point. He never passed a suit of mail without pointing at it with his umbrella, and telling us to an ounce the weight of the armour. This being the case, it was only natural that the Public should take in one idea firmly. This idea (I am afraid it was the only one) found expression at the conclusion of the discourse upon the Horse Armoury, in a universal murmur, "Oh lawks! Ain't they 'eavy!"

And now we had pulled up, exhausted, to examine the instruments of torture. Here the Warder became more intelligible, and gave us quite a little Polytechnic lecture upon the working of the thumb-screws, with practical illustrations. But the appearance of another party with another Warder, at the other end of the gallery, started him off again like a frightened hare. We hurried past Queen Elizabeth, sneering at us from a wooden horse, rushed by scabbard assegais, tumbled up a staircase, and were brought to anchor in a long, narrow passage. The Warder, having distanced his rival, smiled triumphantly, and appeared quite communicative.

"That," said he—and we all turned our heads eagerly in the direction indicated by his umbrella—"is a door!"

Immensely pleased at the "instruction," we pursued him once more (now in single file) as he galloped away amongst a perfect forest of small-arms. He paused in this pleasant game of "Follow my Leader" to point at a sort of quaint chandelier made of bayonets.

"An exact reproduction of the Prince o' Wales's wedding-cake," he observed in an awe-stricken under-tone. Reflecting that the Nuptial Confection of Royalty must have been unusually indigestible, we were off again at the double. Our race grew faster and faster. Down here, up there, over a bridge, under a window, by a staircase, through a passage, with a "hi ho, and tantivy!" into the open air! Surely one of the finest runs of the Season! At the end of it, our guide told us to go into the Beauchamp Tower, where we should find another Warder to take his place.

And now we came to the greatest curiosity in the whole collection—the angriest Beef-Eater in the World! As we entered a small room, this person from behind his bars (for he fortunately was railed off from the Public), absolutely trembled with passion. He commanded himself, however, sufficiently well to say, "Guide-Books Sixpence." The suggestion meeting with no response, he cried, fiercely, "Give me your attention for about two minutes!" Then he galloped through a "lecture," of which literally I could only catch the words, "five sons of the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND." I should not have heard even these had he not brought them out "smartly," in a defiant tone. At last he stopped before a window. He was a little softened—he had found a joke! He pointed to an inscription on the wall of "THOMAS" above a rough sketch of a bell.

"See," said he, in a milder tone, but still sternly—"THOMAS—a bell! THOMAS ABLE!"

No one laughed. This seemed to lash him into ungovernable fury.

"I shan't tell yer any more!" he shouted. "I haven't time—there's a lot more of yer waiting! I mixes yer up altogether! Be off!"

We were so completely taken by surprise by this sudden dismissal that we immediately tumbled out of the room through a stone staircase, into the open air. Here our retreat was covered by a fresh batch of visitors, who, all unconscious of their impending fate, smilingly hastened to fill the apartment we had just quitted.

But I was quite unnerved. I have but a faint impression of what followed. I believe I saw some jewels. I am almost sure I was invited by a nymph to take some "grape" wine as I staggered away completely unmanned. But of this I am certain. Not all the "information" in the world shall ever make me submit again to a "Committal to the Tower" on a Free Day!





CIPHERING!

Schoolboy (kept in). "LET 'S SEE—ONE T'M'S OUGHT 'S OUGHT. TWICE OUGHT 'S OUGHT. THREE T'M'S OUGHT—OH, MUST BE SOMETHING—STICK IT DOWN ONE!"

OLIVETTE; OR, AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

THE present Strand Management has established a reputation for an eccentric musical entertainment, of which the chief features are a few pretty ones on the stage, bright dresses, legs and arms,



"ONE OF US?"

and excellent scenery. Those who saw the late *Madame Favart* without Miss ST. JOHN and Miss CAMERON, must have wondered at her prolonged vitality. But even with these two Ladies, and other attractions to boot—including high heels—and with the prestige of past successes, the present Company will have to work their hardest to make the Public enthusiastic about *Olivette*. The music, with the exception of a quintette in the last Act, is common-

place throughout; the stage business, for the most part, hackneyed and monotonous; the singing nothing remarkable; the words of the songs more or less unintelligible; and the story confused.

The leading idea of the plot is the same as that of the farce called *The Ringdoves*, where the nephew disguises himself as his uncle in order to marry the lady to whom the latter is engaged. That is really all: "the rest is silence"—we would that it were—or rather the rest is padding, and padding with a considerable amount of stuff. In one respect it can be favourably compared with *Madame Favart*, for the dialogue, at first, is genuinely good—brisk, sharp, and telling. But the fireworks fizzle away with only occasional flashes through the Second Act, and scarcely a spark remains to illumine the Third. M. MARIUS, who we sincerely hope will find an early opportunity for giving up Opéra-bouffe and going in for Comedy—though we admit there are difficulties in his way, as his line on the English

stage must necessarily be limited—performs a lame part which can only be made to go at all with a boisterous amount of roaring and shouting and excessive play of stick. It is neither true burlesque nor pure comedy, and is but "sound and fury, signifying nothing" to anybody, though of great importance to the Actor. Mr. ASHLEY's shortsighted *Duke* bears a strong family resemblance to his part in *Madame Favart*, only younger; and his sly imitations of Mr. TOOLE's peculiar manner and intonation, like Mr. *Peter Magnus's* signing himself "Afternoon," are calculated to afford his friends in front the highest gratification. More of Mr. ASHLEY himself, and less of Mr. TOOLE—except where the imitation may be construed as intentional flattery of that eminent tragedian—would be, on the whole, judicious—for Mr. ASHLEY.

Mr. COX, in the small part of *Coquelinot*, is quite himself as a thoroughly "all-round Actor,"—at all events, in appearance. He is very funny at first; and this seems to be fatal to him, as he shares the fate of the dialogue, and fizzles away to nothing. In fact, every one begins too well. It is too bright to last. The ideas are so good, their development so poor. The notion of the *Duke* perpetually conspiring, and always failing, and the notion of his choice of conspirators, form a capital foundation, and yet nothing worth mentioning is built on it.

Perhaps the night we were there was not what is termed at the Covent Garden Concerts a "Humorous Night." Handsome Miss VIOLET CAMERON went through her part, as if she had just dropped in by accident to sing a couple of not very lively songs, and didn't wish it to be supposed for one moment that she was in any way connected with the plot. The Comic Tenor, Mr. KNIGHT ASTON, would be an acquisition to the Mastodon Minstrels, which *troupe* he could join as the "Elephantine Comique." Miss ST. JOHN, when she did condescend to play, played charmingly; but when she didn't, she seemed to be exchanging confidential nods and smiles with the leader of the orchestra, who perhaps needed some encouragement to cheer him at his work; though, by the way, the instrumentation and the orchestral performance must be conceded to the credit side of *Olivette's* account.

We trust that exceptional success will not make Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN careless.

Awake, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition lounging at "the wings."

The most irritating thing in the whole Opera is the last song "*The Whale and the Torpedo*." After twenty minutes or so of dullness, there was something hopeful in Miss ST. JOHN's announcement that she was going to infuse a little life into the Third Act by singing "*The Whale and the Torpedo*." The title is good and everybody anticipated a real treat, and as the song was encored, we suppose that a majority of the audience must have appreciated it. For ourselves "we could not catch that whale, brave boys,"—in fact, we could not catch a single word from first to last, and this was the more annoying, because everyone on the stage appeared to be so thoroughly entering into the joke, whatever the joke was. There they were winking at one another, putting their fingers to their noses, grinning, grimacing, stamping, dancing, and laughing, and yet for the life of us we could not make out what it was all about. We asked our neighbours in the third row, and they couldn't tell us. It is still a mystery. Perhaps the art was to conceal art, and induce us to go again; but we shan't,—certainly not while the stall accommodation in that third row is so unaccommodating as it is at present. To which subject—not to the stalls—we shall return, as we went, anon.

GOOD FOR A TANNER.

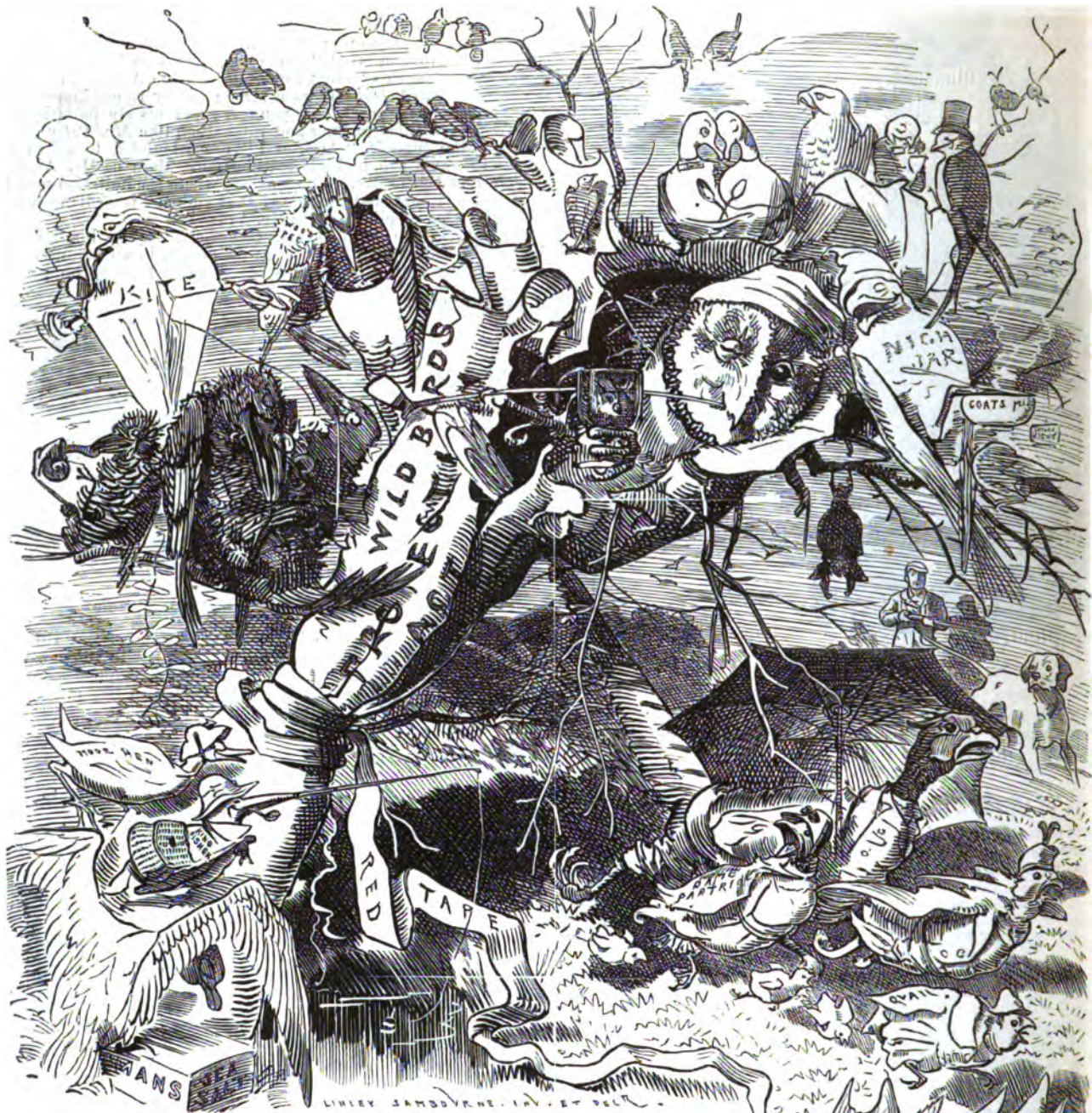
AN "Occasional Correspondent" writes to advise us not to travel into Warwickshire without our own food, as there is Nuneaton there.



ADMIRAL SWAYIN' AND COX-SWAIN.



RUM-ANTIC COUPLES.



ANOTHER "SCANDALOUS HOAX."

LAST week a picture appeared in *Punch* entitled "Summing Up." It represented a Sergeant summing up the irregularities of an incorrigible Private by saying, "he might be a horficer." It was drawn at the suggestion of a Correspondent. It now appears that that Correspondent "drew" us, as we have since been informed that this very subject was similarly treated in a "Comic Contemporary" ten years ago.

We admit that we ought to know by heart every joke that has ever been said or written anywhere, and that we ought distinctly to remember every picture that has ever been drawn in every comic periodical that has ever appeared,—in fact we admit that we ought to know Everything. But—we don't.

In this instance, picture and subject were both good, and to the majority new, so—as was the case with the Monks in the *Jackdaw of Rheims*, after the terrible curse—nobody is "a penny the worse," except the misguided person who paid the postage.

It is possible that it may have been a *bonâ fide* suggestion on the part of the sender, who had recently heard it told as "a fact that had

actually happened." The oldest jokes are generally sent us with this assurance,—very great assurance. However, we forgive him, and those who may recollect it—to use the Parliamentary phrase—"in another place," as far back as the date above mentioned, will scarcely blame us for the reproduction of "a drawing after Ten-years."

. Latest detail and precise verification.—The picture appeared in the *Fun Almanack* for 1867. So it was thirteen years, not ten! The talented individual who took the trouble to work up this hoax, must be a busy man. We should be delighted to hear from him.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.—Prize-Money.



A PALPABLE HIT.

Stout Gentleman (whose play had been conspicuously bad). "I'M SUCH A WRETCHED FEEDER, YOU SEE, MRS. KLIPPER—A WRETCHED FEEDER! ALWAYS WAS!"

Mrs. Klipper (who doesn't understand Lawn Tennis). "INDEED! WELL, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT IT!"

THE GAYMARKET, 1880!

HAD I the power with prejudice to cope,
The breadth of BYRON, or the pen of POPE,
I'd break a lance with Magisterial "rings"
That strain our laws, and muddle licensings.
Men prate of virtue from their judgment seats,
And turn Sin's gutter flush into our streets;
They close Casinos with a blush—'tis true!
But make us curse a Place called—Waterloo!

If Vice must dance or dine, and Scandal sup,
Which is the best? Proclaim? or hush it up?
Can stern Morality her models meet
In Piccadilly or in Windmill Street?
Away with cant! Is Gaymarket less vile
With new Criterion, or old Argyle?
Are cesspools worse for health, do you suppose,
Than garbage rotting underneath your nose?
Wherever flesh is weak and spirit willing,
Which is the best?—sin gratis, or one shilling?
What have you done, you Magisterial Bench,
Raising in perfect innocence a stench,
To cause on England's forehead to be writ,
In broad phylacteries,—Thou Hypocrite!

This you have done—you've closed in summer time
The Garden's purity, the Music's rhyme;
You've crushed, from carelessness, its wit and grace,
And given gutter-worship in its place.
You've raised Law's cannons to bombard the ball,
And left defiled the modern music hall.
On wives' and daughters' cheeks you've raised a blush,
As through the heated streets they drive and crush,
To 'scape contamination as they pass
That Gay old Market where young flesh is grass!

Be wise, you Senators, be wise in time,
Hide from our eyes Society's worse crime;
Pour disinfecting fluid down the sink
At which the public laughs, policemen wink.
Let us be human only, and despise
That Market festering beneath our eyes—
The painted cheeks, hoarse voices, faces fagged,
Of those who, saved from dragging, should be dragged
To silent places where neglect atones
For London's insult on her paving stones!

An American Puzzle.

THIS cutting from the *New York Sun* has been sent us. It is an advertisement, but what on earth does it mean?—

STOUT BOY to work on cake.—Apply, &c.

There must be lots of little New York Sons who would rush to the Office at once. But why "Stout Boy"? Stouter the boy, the less cake? No; it's another Boss Puzzle; and we give it up—to our readers.

Justin—"Just Out."

HAVE ye never read JUSTIN MCCARTHY?
His pen's like a pencil Hogarthy.
He's an impartial man
As a Histori-an—

Now we've praised all that's *Just* in MCCARTHY.

NOW PUBLISHING.

CHOWSER'S *Canterbury Tales*.—Evidence at the Election Commission. First Story, Not Worth a Wrap, by CLOKE.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



LL us City Waiters has our long Vocation the same as other professional people, and so directly August comes, off I goes to Margate, the Cockney Parydice as sumbody called it, and here I am for a few weeks, hoping to pick up a job or two now and then as usual, and in the society of many of my noble Patrons. I never see Margate so full of Masters and Wardens and Chairmen.

My Life here is very pleasant for a time. I breakfasts late and I dine early and makes a good Tea, and then just a

little bit of supper and off to bed. If the weather's fine I takes my bag of armpits and my *City Press*, and goes to the Jetty, or the Sands, according to sukkumstances, and whiles away a nidle our.

I never bathe in the Sea, it don't seem quite consistent with my peration. There's a want of dignity in appearing almost nodd in public, that te me is simply intollerable!

Perhaps the height of human injymnt would be *Manshan Oase* Feeding with a Margate appetite. Here's a *Fillysoffok* sayin'—Them as has plenty to eat has no appytites, and them as has splendid appytites hasn't enough to eat. It reminds me of the remark as was made by the Unfortnit Nubbleman now languishing &c. wich he said about branes.

Feeling yesterday just the least bit in the world tired of setting all day on the sands, eating armpits and listening to the Niggers, I went for a change on a little egakursion to Westgate. Just the place I thought to spend a appy day. Well I have seen and heard of strange places in my long and varied egperience, but for reg'lar quiet and sleepyness and lazyness, Westgate beats 'em oller. Of course I went and sat on the Beech, and, I hardly expex to be be- lieved when I say, there warn't a single Nigger, nor a Minsterel, nor no Brass Ban, not even a Organ! No, and hardly a donkey to be seen, tho *BROWN* says that when I was there the hobservashun was souppuffus. I can't make out what the People does to amuse theirsels at Westgate. They seemed to be all a reeding or a ohat- ting or a larfing, and some on 'em was a setting and a staring at the Sea and the Clouds and the Ships or some such rubbish, and yet they all seemed quite appy and contented.

Ah, it's the old storey, they're quite content because they don't know of nothink better. And yet within 2 or 3 miles of 'em there's all the joys of Margate redy to their hands.

How the gratest blessings of life is waisted on some people, and how thankful ort we to be who are able to aprehiate 'em all.

I went up to town and to Gildhall on Wednesday to see the Lord Mare elected. I wanted to see what sort of a Rite Honer- able Gent we was to have next year. I was told he was to be a Skotahman, and of course that made me rather ankahus. I don't much care for Skotahmen as a rule, they're sumtimes dreadful near in small things, and its principally small things as affects grate men. I know several of the Beeduls of the Gills, so I'd no difficulty in getting in, and wen the Common Sergeant told the Common Crier to order every person as wasn't a Liveryman to leave the All on pain of imprisonment, I larfed like the rest on 'em. It was the fust appearance of the new Sheriffs' footmen's Liverys, and they certinly did look gorjus. Why they must ha' had Gold Lace enuff upon 'em to make a Feeld Marshall. Some one said that though the Sheriffs bort their Servants Liverys, they only highered their lovely Car- ridges. I don't believe it. The Sheriff as highers his Carridge lowers his Dignity!

BROWN said he was told this was to be the last time as a Alderman was to be Lord Mare; for a Mr. *FROTH* was a going to pass a Act of Parlyment to make a Dook the next Lord Mare!

What rubbish! Why the *QUEEN* can make a Dook, and all that; but she can't make a Lord Mare. There's about a score of Dooks, I'm told, but only one Lord Mare.

How werry pertickler they are to have the *Elekshun* all straight. Why they akahally turns out the Lord Mare and all the Aldermen before the elekshun begins, for fear the Liverymen should be afraid to do as they likes while they was a looking at 'em. But they kept the oldest on 'em, Aldmn *MAC ARTHUR*, there; and sumbody with a very loud voice asked him a lot of questahun, some on 'em such preahus long ones, that I wundred how he could remember 'em. But *BROWN* told me it was all settled beforand; and the Alder- man knowed what he was going to be asked, and the man with the loud voice knowed what he was a going to answer. Lor, what a lot of humbug there is in this Mortial World! I'm told if the loud- voiced Gent doesn't ask any werry orkud questahun, he gits asked to dinner wunce or twice.

There was lots of Aldermen as wanted to be Lord Mare, and their names was all put up on a bord, but they don't seem a werry poplar set, for some on 'em couldn't get a single hand held up for 'em. Why if I was one on 'em and kep a shop or a warehouse, as they do, I should send all my shopmen and my clerks to voat for me, it seems so werry hard not to have a single voat. After the Sheriffs had told us as Aldmn *MAC ARTHUR* was dewly elected, the Lord Mare and the Aldermen, which, poor fellows, had been kep waiting outside, were allowed to come in again and see what was going on. Then Sir *HENRY BEAK*, who I spose is a Majistrate, asked us to do the rite thing, and so we thanked the Lord Mare, and then we thanked the Sheriffs, and then we thanked somebody else under the Sheriffs, and said as how their never had been such a set afore, which would have all been more satisfactory if I hadn't rekkylektid that we said just egackly the same thing last year, and the year before, and the year before that, and then they all returned thanks, just as if we was at dinner, and said as how it was the proudest day of their lives, but all on 'em looked preahus sorry that their year of glory were over, and went back to their varrus biznisias, without their grand robes and chains, sadder and plainer, if not wiser men.

Well, *Hornimenx* is *Hornimenx*, but give me life without chains, sez I.

(Signed)

ROBERT.

THE MID-CHANNEL ROBBER.

(A Suggestion for a Nautical Sensation Drama.)

"If a detective accompanied the tidal train, I think the robberies would cease. . . . The public, I think, have a right to the Companies' protection."—*Correspondent to a Daily Paper.*



ONE — 'Tween-decks on board the good steamship "*Albert-Dover-Victor-Calais*." [Pale Passengers discovered feebly braving the terrors of the *Mighty Deep*. A storm raging. Thunder, lightning and rain.

Enter the Chief Steward stealthily. He pauses, opens a large note-book, and is about to solilo- quise when he is called away by a Passenger.

Chief Steward (closing note-book, and not un- kindly). Yes, Sir?

First Passenger (faintly). I want to tell you that—

Chief Steward (inter- rupting). Good Sir, I know

your story! 'Tis indeed a sad one! You would say that the bag you carried on board is gone. Yes—the little all—the produce of hours, nay days, nay years of honest toil—has been taken from you! Oh, shame upon the heartless wretch who robbed you! He has not left you the tickets that otherwise 'twould have been my duty to demand of ye! Is 't not so?

First Passenger (more faintly). Aye, indeed! But I care not for that (with an effort explaining himself). Just at present I am in feeble health, Steward, and would ask your help.

Chief Steward (heartily). And in good time, honest Sir, you shall have it! I am here to protect ye—to succour ye! Nay, no more—I am summoned by another, and must leave ye! Farewell, sweet Sir, for a time farewell!

Second Passenger (most faintly). Steward!

[Moves off.]

Chief Steward. Nay, speak not—I can read your looks! Your poor pale face, your piteous eyes, tell me that you, too, have been robbed of everything. You have lost the wedding-gift of your wife, the cherished love-looks of your little ones! (*Weeps.*) Ah, sad, sad, sad! (*With a tremendous burst of passion.*) But vengeance! I swear that—

Second Passenger. Never mind that. Steward! Help me! I die!

Chief Steward (compassionately). Nay, put a good face upon it, fair Sir. Let me call you Messmate. All—all—all shall be restored to ye, Messmate! (*Looking off.*) Ah! At last!

Enter to slow music, languidly, Mysterious Traveller. He wears an enormous cloak and a slouch hat, and is deathly pale. As he sinks listlessly upon a couch the Chief Steward approaches him and touches him lightly on the shoulder. Thunder—lightning.

Mysterious Traveller (starts feebly, and then murmurs). Steward!

Chief Steward (aside, threatening him). Miserable man! (*Aloud—politely.*) You called me, Sir?

Mysterious Traveller (bewildered). Did I? Ah! Yes! The storm! The raging sea! I think I am going to die! (*Thunder—lightning.*) Oh!

Chief Steward (sternly). Have you anything to say to me, then? Have you nothing to confess?

Mysterious Traveller (speaking as if in a trance). I will confess everything (*thunder*)—anything (*lightning*)—if you will only—

Chief Steward (taking out note-book and listening intently). Yes, Sir! Only too pleased to do anything for you, Sir! (*Aside.*) Abandoned creature!

Mysterious Traveller (gasping). You—will—find—bottle of brandy—in right-hand pocket!

[*Awful thunder-clap. Feeble cries of terror from the deck above.*

Chief Steward. Ah! then I was not mistaken!

Slow Music. The Chief Steward searches the Mysterious Traveller, and finds upon his person a miscellaneous collection of purses, handbags, and other valuables. He seizes him. The storm rages wildly. Fresh shouts. The struggle continues. Mysterious Traveller is pulled about like a log of wood.

Chief Steward. Nay, you do not escape me! You are my prisoner!

Mysterious Traveller (making a last feeble attempt to free himself). Let me go! You shall not take me! Unless you will promise to throw me overboard! I can bear the storm no longer! Oh, that we were on land! (*Groans—then faintly.*) Who are you?

Chief Steward. Who am I, WILLIAM DE SIKES? (*Hurriedly throwing off his disguise and handcuffing his prisoner.*) Why—



I AM HAWKSHAW, THE DETECTIVE!

Loud Music in the Orchestra, Tableaux and Curtain.

Sugar and Spice.

DURING all the late discussion concerning the treatment proper for "juvenile offenders," the delinquents so denominated have been deemed as a matter of course to mean little boys. It appears to have been taken for granted that, amongst juvenile offenders, there are practically no little girls. If such is the fact, it very decidedly shows which sex is really, by nature, by far the better half of mankind.

THE LAY OF THE LAST LODGER.

I.

H dreary, dreary,
dreary me!
My jaw is sore with
yawning—
I'm weary of the
dreary sea,
With its roaring
beach
Where sea-gulls
screech,
And shrimpers
shrimp,
And limpets limp,
And wrinkles wink,
And trousers shrink;
And the groaning,
moaning, dron-
ing tide
Goes splashing and
dashing from side
to side,
With all its might, from morn to night,
And from night to morning's dawning.



II.

The shore's a flood of puddly mud,
And the rocks are limy and alimy—
And I've tumbled down with a thud—good lud!—
And I fear I swore,
For something tore;
And my shoes are full
Of the stagnant pool;
And hauling, sprawling, crawling crabs
Have got in my socks with starfish and dabs;
And my pockets are swarming with polypes and
prawns,
And noisome beasts with shells and horns,
That scrunch and scrape, and goggle and gape,
Are up my sleeve, I firmly believe—
And I'm horribly rimy and grimy.

III.

I'm sick of the strand, and the sand, and the band,
And the niggers and jiggers and dodgers;
And the cigars of rather doubtful brand;
And my landlady's "rights,"
And the frequent fights
On wretched points
Of ends of joints,
Which disappear, with my brandy and beer,
In a way that, to say the least, is queer.
And to mingle among the throng I long,
And to poke my joke and warble my song—
But there's no one near
On sands or pier,
For everyone's gone and I'm left alone,
The Last of the Sea-side Lodgers!

Curious Coincidence.

(From a Duke to a Common Councilman.)

DEAR J. T. B.,

DELIGHTED to find you sticking up for the Obstruction on the old Temple Bar site. Capital. When Obstructionist meets Obstructionist, they must foregather. Your name's BEDFORD. So's mine. Have you a strawberry-mark on your left arm? Are you my long-lost brother? Bless you! Go on and obstruct.

Yours, ever,
Mud-Salad Palace, W.C.

BEDFORD.

On a Recent Change of Name.

MONEY takes the name of COURTIS—
Superfluous, and funny;
As everyone considered COURTIS
Synonymous with Money.



LA POLITESSE. (A FACT.)

SCENE—A French Tramway Car, so full that Mrs. Parker and her sister Maria have to stand the whole way.

Mrs. Parker (who is tired and rather cross). "I WONDER HOW LONG TWO FRENCH LADIES WOULD HAVE TO STAND, MARIA, IN A PUBLIC CONVEYANCE FULL OF ENGLISHMEN!"

A LAST WORD (FOR THE PRESENT) WITH THE DUKE OF MUDFORD, K.G.

If I were not only a great Duke, but the bearer of a great historic name—the descendant of Patriots and Statesmen—of men who held even their precious lives as nothing when weighed against the public good; if I had been selected by my Queen for the highest decoration it is in her power to bestow; if I had boundless wealth, and all the influence which springs naturally from Money and Title, I would not live a worse than useless life—a pestilential existence; I would not stand in the eyes of my fellow-men—I would not go down to posterity—as the Lord of Muck—the Great Owner of a Leviathan Nuisance; I would try with all my heart and soul to leave this miserable world a little better than I found it; I would cast off my hireling agents; I would turn a deaf ear to parochial and official toadies, who fatten on every public pest and scandal, and leave others, like myself, to bear the blame; I would not eat, drink, or sleep until I had descended into the lowest depths of my filthy property; I would listen to the blasphemy of the struggling crowd; I would smell the stench, I would watch the green and almy gutters—the vegetable refuse baking in the sun; I would beard the demon Typhoid in my den, and in twenty-four hours, at whatever cost, I would sweep this mass of corruption from the heart of London.

If I closed my palaces, if I discharged my gamekeepers and sold my hunters, if I mortgaged my land and pawned my pictures, if I had to live upon a pauper's diet, I would buy up or strangle "Vested Interests," I would let in light, and air, and water into the darkest corners of my property, and what my ancestors left me as Mud, I would leave to my successors as Marble. I would not use my "rights" and my position to ride roughshod over the population of the largest city in the Universe. I would try to be a blessing, instead of a curse, to London. I would not wait to have things done in a tempest of popular wrath, which I have the power and feel I ought to do myself as a matter of simple justice. I would act, in short, not as a wretched Duke of MUDFORD, but as one who was worthy to bear the greater name of RUSSELL.

JUNIUS PUNCH.

THE MEDICAL MONTH.

(An Ode for October.)

'Tis October. Now the Medical young Students all get ready,
For the Session, not so steady as perchance they ought to be;
But with neither Dons nor Proctors, they turn out expert concoctors
Of our physies, useful Doctors, though they sometimes loved a
"spree."

They will learn the bones and muscles, and have stout mnemonic
tussles,

As each word another hustles—oh, those anatomic names!
And they'll study meningitis, measles, fever, and bronchitis,
For your Medico's delight is to know all about our frames.

From their studies when they start 'em, let us hope that nought will
part 'em,

Till they've learnt *secundum artem* to do all that in them lies:
Though *ars longa vita brevis*, yet to win a short reprieve is
All they aim at, to relieve is what a sage physician tries.

So at King's, or "Barts.," or Charing Cross, or Guy's they'll enter
sharing

In the lectures, little caring for the wonders that they see;
But when past the preparations for the stiff examinations,
May they win congratulations on attaining the M.D.

WORTHY OF STUDY.

FLOWERS of speech? No; some speeches of FLOWERS', at Bow
Street.

THE REAL PIECE AT ANY PRIZE PARTY.—The man who pays a
fancy figure for a Stall.

QUITE OUT OF PLACE IN THE PROGRAMME OF A TEMPERANCE FETE.
Performance on a tight-rope.



“ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.”

MR. BULL. “IF YOU'D ONLY PAY ONE PER CENT. ON ‘THOSE BONDS,’ YOU'D HAVE THE SYMPATHY OF THE WHOLE OF EUROPE—*WHATEVER HAPPENS!!*”

THE RATCATCHER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

I've bought you a dog, as I said;
Your taste in this line will be gratified.
Just look at him, JENNY dear maid;
The dog, like my promise, is ratified.



RATTI-FIED.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Crystal Palace.

WHEN an "Intelligent Foreigner" who has never crossed the Channel, talks sneeringly of London, it is always possible to silence him with "Ah! but you know not Syd-en-ham!" In Town the place is regarded with equal veneration. Were it seriously suggested to demolish the Crystal Palace, the papers would be deluged with letters protesting against the desecration. The "Wonder of the Nineteenth Century" would be lauded to the skies as the "School of Nations" and the "Stronghold of the Beautiful and the True." It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the successor to the greatest of Great Exhibitions is an object of respectful admiration both at home and abroad.

Full of this pleasant thought, I ran down to Sydenham, a few days since, to freshen up my intellectual faculties in the midst of the treasures of England's grandest creation. On arriving by the entrance from the High Level Station, the first thing I saw was a sweet-stuff manufactory (presided over by a genial-looking gentleman in a cook's cap) nestling with some stone lions in the bosom of the Egyptian Court. The first thing I heard (spoken by a check-taker surrounded by placards) was "Pay here for the animals—only threepence—the finest *Show* in the Palace!" Rather shocked by these symptoms of irreverent familiarity, I walked quickly away, and immediately tumbled over a miscellaneous collection of busts mounted on pedestals. These portraits in plaster seemed to be arranged in no particular order. Statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, authors, and *savants* were jumbled together anyhow. For instance, in one dark corner I found in mournful company, cheek by jowl, Sir G. CORNEWALL LEWIS, Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, RICHARD CORDEN, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (at the age of thirty), and the Hero of Trafalgar. In another part of the building colossal statues of Lord LAWRENCE, Sir HENRY HAVELOCK, and a nameless Nobleman who had insisted on being "taken" with his coat-of-arms, were mounting guard over two cases of stuffed



birds and a hair-dresser's shop. Seemingly the Directors had become possessed, somehow or other, with a job lot of "celebrities," and did not know what to do with them. Thus it was that great men gazed at me from all sorts of odd corners. I felt that I could not buy a penny bun without meeting a stucco likeness of PLATO next the Refreshment-counter, and knew intuitively that if I ascended the Water Tower, a bust of Mr. MANNE, the Musical Conductor, or a full-length statue of Mr. TOMPKINS, the famous engineer, would probably be perched on the summit, waiting to welcome me.

Turning my back upon the "Screen of Kings and Queens," which was serving as an entrance to "a *table-d'hôte* dinner" and a low-priced "tea," I hurried towards the "Courts" that of old

were the attractions of the Palace. I found that some of them had been handed over to tradesmen to be converted into shops as "branch establishments to Town houses." The remainder had been mixed up with cloak-rooms, and were quite empty. I seemed to be walking through a city of the dead. I only met one person—a boy in the Alhambra, who was stealthily eating a jam-tart, imagining, apparently, that in the desert he had chosen he was safe from pursuit.

I now left the Palace for the terrace. Here I found evidence that the Directors at one time must have contemplated creating some Zoological Gardens. A vague placard announced "this way to the bear pit," and some cages against a dead wall contained a melancholy eagle, a surly buzzard, and a pair of *blasé* doves. Rather depressed by this "very Unhappy Family," I returned to the main building, to make the acquaintance of a morose cookatoo, who received my well-intentioned overtures of "Pretty Diok," with unmistakable ill-will. Hastily beating a retreat, and disregarding numerous invitations on placards to "Please take a ticket of my weight," I ascended a gallery into "the Technological Museum." On entering I found some photographs of battle-scenes, a glass case containing the head of "the Scandinavian elk or moose deer," the model of a lifeboat, an enormous map of the North Pole, a box full of the component parts of "sodium or common salt," and lastly, a window labelled "Illustrations of the Customs and Products of Modern Egypt." Altogether the specimens seemed to have been arranged on the same eccentric plan as the collection of plaster celebrities. The Directors appeared to have said of each exhibit, "Here! the Refreshment Contractor won't have *this* in his department, so take it off at once to the Technological Museum, and let's have no more bother about it!"

The remainder of the building consisted of one-tenth Picture-Gallery to nine-tenths Soho Bazaar. I found that I could buy toys, soap, ladies' dresses, cartes-de-visite of "professional beauties," books, and crockery. I could also make arrangements in the "Tourists' Court" to be "personally conducted" by Mr. COOK,



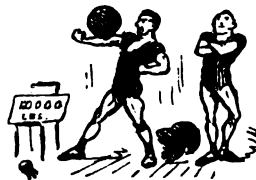
away from the Crystal Palace at any moment to any other part of the world. However, instead of adopting this inviting but extreme measure, I took a chair in front of the great stage to assist at a performance of the "Variety Entertainment."

As I seated myself, a gentleman in green satin trousers was tossing up some balls, to the complete satisfaction of an overflowing

audience. I immediately recognised him as a most talented person I had met in a rival educational establishment to the Crystal Palace—I mean the Royal Westminster Aquarium. Having attained the object of his highest ambition (balancing a soda-water bottle on a breakfast plate) with a slight crash of crockery, he gave place to "Professor de LUIS, Prestidigitateur." The new arrival, who appeared in evening dress, good-humouredly put on a pigtail as a preliminary to producing some bird-cages and paper lanterns from an empty hat. Having received gracefully the lavish congratulations of the Public, he also retired, in favour of two Acrobats. These gentlemen were supplied with a chair (upon which were placed placards of weights) and half-a-dozen cannon-balls. Then, to the sounds of sweet and solemn music (kindly furnished by the "Company's Military Band"), the athletes raised the heavy projectiles to their shoulders and balanced them on their biceps. The applause was deafening.

I now thought it time to retire. I had seen enough of "the veritable glory of Old England" and its attractions. I had sufficiently carefully examined "the School of Nations" and "the Stronghold of the Beautiful and the True."

Before leaving, however, I looked at the Entertainment once again, as a burst of tumultuous applause reached my ears. A gentleman in a grotesque costume, with the aid of talented assistants, was standing on the top of a ladder—on his head! This was the last straw! My reverence for the spot, which had been on the wane all day, vanished suddenly altogether, and I came to the abrupt conclusion that the Crystal Palace emphatically is *not* the sort of place it is popularly supposed to be!



TALKERS TIMED.

THE attention of Parliament Out of Session at present, and prospectively In, is due to an admirable regulation on the part of the managers of the Church Conference which lately met at Leicester under the Presidency of the Lord Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. That Right Reverend Prelate, at the outset of proceedings, announced "that 'appointed' speakers should be allowed fifteen minutes to address the Meeting, and 'unappointed' speakers ten minutes, and that the bell would be sounded two minutes before the limit was reached, in order to enable the respective speakers to find perorations." A considerate arrangement this last, to exempt a speaker from the necessity of coming to a lame and impotent conclusion, or of having to be pulled down by his coat-tails. Excellent! But why not apply the rule to Pulpit orators? The Clerk could act as Sworn Time-keeper.

A Cabinet Secret.

THERE is to be an Inquiry into the state of affairs in the East, and the European Commissioners are authorised to take the SULTAN'S Deposition. As he will not be allowed to give evidence by deputy, the SULTAN will be compelled to depose himself.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 2.



THE PET OF THE BARLEY

IN HIS CELEBRATED HOP-SCOTCH PERFORMANCE, EXECUTING A LIVELY MALT-TAX MEASURE.

FLAGGING CONVERSATION.

A "SIMPLE Code" of international signalling for the Fleet, says the *Times* Correspondent, has at last been decided upon; the British Admiral-in-Chief having determined to limit himself to the very fewest and most palpable signs, and to those only likely to be in any practical request. Here they are:—

A German Sausage.—"Pound 'em into mince-meat."

An Austrian Blanket.—"Give it 'em warm."

A Strip of Russian Leather.—"Now for a good hiding."

A Bottle of French Polish.—"Take the shine out of 'em."

A Pound of Italian Paste.—"Stick to your colours."

A "Britannia" Teapot.—"England expects every man to be upon his mettle."

The Temple Bar Memorial.

City Obstructionist sings—

WHERE stood the Bar, we're
building, love,
A something all stone and some
gilding, love,
Ah! the best of all ways
Can be stopped up by drays,
When we steal a few feet from
the road, my love.

TO HUNGRY CURATES.

City Living in the gift of the Lord Mayor.—REAL TURTLE.

THE REAL ROUGH'S GUIDE.

THAT we have of Guide-Books enough and to spare, may certainly be alleged with a great deal of truth. There is the aristocratic Guide-Book, from which you learn in half-an-hour more of History, Archaeology, Architecture, and Art than you ever knew before in your life, but which leaves you in profound ignorance as to hotels, trains, or steamboats. There is the severely practical Guide, which orders you hither and thither, bids you pause at this place or that place to admire the view, but at no other, gives you such minute instructions as to your trains that your journey is one long nightmare of *Bradshaw*, but will on no account condescend to bestow on you the smallest scrap of history or romance. And there is the economical Guide, which will take you to Brussels and back for £4 10s., and which dictates the centimes you are to bestow upon the waiters at the Café des Milles Colonnes or upon the flower-girls of the Marché de la Madeleine. But all these are intended for the use of the presumably respectable classes. No Guide-Book has yet been written for the benefit of those who are not presumably respectable. We have therefore thought it worth our while, considering the interest bestowed upon the criminal classes just now, to collect a few outtings from the daily papers in hopes that the criminal classes may benefit thereby, and that the work may be, as it professes to be, a *Real Rough's Guide*.

Bury.—To this town we can heartily award praise, and can assure our readers that they will find it well worth a visit. For poaching, assaulting a gamekeeper and a policeman, a collier has been recently sentenced to three months' hard labour. When we consider that, for stealing twopennyworth of corn, a boy at Wolverhampton received a similar sentence, our readers will, we feel sure, not accuse us of having extolled Bury too highly. The gaol is spoken of warmly by those who have stopped there.

Leeds.—Upon this important manufacturing town we can bestow an unqualified eulogium. For embezzling twopence a tramway car conductor has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment and one blot on the scoutcheon. On the other hand, for knocking down, and kicking while down, a police surgeon and his wife, the former of whom was visiting a patient, two men received a similar sentence as the tramway car conductor, but with the option of a fine. The *beau idéal*, the paradise of the rough is that spot where human limbs and life are appraised at the lowest commercial value. Now, at Leeds,

twopence = one month; knocking down and kicking two people = one month. *Ergo*, ditto, ditto, one person = a fortnight, or one penny. A town where you can half murder a woman for a penny speaks for itself. Long live Leeds!

Liverpool.—We do not advise the traveller, unless he has much spare time, to remain any lengthy period in this dull city. For beating a child with the buckle of a strap a man has been sentenced to three months' hard labour. Monstrous! A child travels all over the world at half-price, and taking the Leeds standard, as every rough must do, as the correct one, the punishment in this case, even supposing that following the injunction of the wise SOLOMON merits punishment—should have been one halfpenny.

Manchester.—A town to be avoided. For half-starving a child a woman has been sentenced to six months' hard labour. Half-starving is not worse than knocking down and kicking, and considering we had to speak disparagingly of Liverpool, words fail us to do full justice to Manchester.

North Shields.—Fairly good. Here a man for refusing to go to sea after signing articles, was fined five pounds. Bad in itself, our readers may say, but not by comparison to Liverpool. There a man for going on board a ship without leave, was sentenced to a month's hard labour. North Shields may be visited in tolerable safety.

Sittingbourne.—By contrast a pleasant enough town. A man was sentenced to three months' hard labour for stealing a funeral pall. The pall, however, was worth seven pounds. The best gaol to stop at is in Maidstone.

Warrington.—To be avoided as the plague. A low hole devoid of interest! When we simply say that for breaking his own wife's nose, and beating her with a rolling-pin till she was insensible, a man was actually sentenced to six months' hard labour, all we can do is to raise our hands and ask, "Are we in a free country, or are we slaves?"

Wolverhampton.—A boy here was sentenced to three months for stealing twopennyworth of corn. This by the Leeds standard would be three months for assaulting two people. We are sorry we cannot recommend Wolverhampton so warmly as we should like.

To sum up, we recommend the following order of merit:—

1. Leeds; 2. Bury; 3. Sittingbourne; 4. North Shields; 5. Wolverhampton; 6. Manchester; 7. Liverpool; 8. Warrington.

At a future date we may possibly give a few more hints to be of value to the travelling Rough.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

VI.—IN A BELLAGIO BALCONY.

*The Lazy Minstrel hastes to own he
Prefers the "o" long in "Balcony!"*



'LL dream and moon,
O will I not?
My views just now
are somewhat
hazy;
I fancy I am very hot,
I'm certain I am
very lazy!
I cannot read, I dare
not think,
I'm idle as a laz-
zarone;

So in the sunshine I will blink—
In this Balcony.

Mamma o'er Tauchnitz takes a nap,
Papa is reading *Galignani*,
And Loo is conning *Murray's* map,
And humming airs from *Puritani*.
There's Tom-boy Ten in shortened skirts—
Which just reveal her frilled calzoni—
And Sweet-and-Twenty, Queen of Flirts,
In this Balcony!

I've nothing in the world to do,
I like the *dolce far niente*;
I love the eyes of peerless blue,
And nameless grace of Sweet-and-Twenty!
I've lunched with dainty VIOLET
Off nectarines and fried *agoni*;
And now I'll smoke a cigarette,
In this Balcony.

I do not think I care to talk,
I am not up to much exertion;
I'm not inclined to ride or walk,
I loathe the very word "excursion"!
Now shall I heated effort make,
And climb the hill to Serbelloni?
I'd rather gaze upon the lake—
From this Balcony.

Or rather gaze on VIOLET,
This sunny day in sweet September:
Her eyes I never can forget,
Her voice I always shall remember!
P'raps lazy lovers oft are slow—
I whispered *con expressions*—
And what I meant to say I know,
In this Balcony!

Alas! that *Murray* dropped by Loo,
Mamma awakens in a minute!
Papa has read his paper through,
And finds, of course, there's nothing in it!
And Tom-boy Ten is full of fun,
She's off somewhere to ride a pony,
And Vi has gone! So fades the sun—
From this Balcony!



USEFUL LEARNING.

Who was "the Learned Stagyrite"?—He was an eminent classical Philosopher, who used to propose "staggers" to his pupils. Hence his name, which, if properly spelt, is "The Staggarite."

AN IRISH FIRE-BRAND TO BE EXTINGUISHED.—The Brand of KANE.



A REACTION IN AESTHETICS.

Pilcox (the rising *Aesthete*, gazing at his last work, which represents *Mrs. Cimabus* Brown sick of *Lilies*, and trying to smell a *Sunflower*). "I'M AFRAID IT'S ONE OF MY FAILURES!"

Mrs. Cimabus Brown. "OH, BUT YOUR FAILURES REMIND ONE OF MICHAEL ANGELO AT HIS BEST!"

Pilcox. "NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT, I HOPE!"

ON THE LOOSE.

(*Diary of the Missing Lion.*)

Thursday.—Van turned over this morning. Commotion. As usual, not a policeman to be seen. Crowd only in the way. Cleared the lot. Off!

Friday.—Pleasant day in Richmond Park. Surprised a party of the *nicest little deers*. Finished with the Ranger. Best dinner I've had since I left Africa. Up to town in the evening. Frightened out of the Haymarket. Supped on, I think, a "Waverly's Mastodon Minstrel." Excellent. To bed in the area of the Athenæum.

Saturday.—Charing Cross. Family portraits of our noble race not bad, but wanting in expression. Wouldn't give a Beefeater for the whole four of 'em! Fish breakfast at the Aquarium. Left a card on FARINI. Lost my way in Covent Garden Market. Seen nothing like it since the jungle swamp of the Fifth Cataract. Made one quite hungry. Wish I had met the Duke. Late dinner on a Volunteer Band in Long Acre. Thanked by the neighbourhood, and to bed in a Cabman's Refuge.

Sunday.—Passed morning in city church. Reminded one of the desert. Sermon capital. Eat the bellows-blower: then on to the Zoo. Poor beasts! Went down East in the evening. Savages quite dangerous. Glad to get home on the roof of a Whitechapel Omnibus. A melancholy day.

Monday.—Eat a Member of Parliament by mistake. Row in the *Times*. Captured by ten regiments of Guards and brought before Sitting Magistrate at Bow Street. In for it. Lodged in House of Correction. Supped on Chaplain, but much depressed.

Tuesday.—Glorious! Let out the first thing by order of the Home Secretary! Juvenile offender! Off again! Hooroooh! Here goes for Hampstead!

THE BEADLE!
OR,
THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.
BY
ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XVIII.
UPSETTING THE CART.



THE Archbeacon and Mr. OVERWAYTE found Mrs. DOWDIE in the drawing-room of the Palace.

I honestly confess I do not like Mrs. DOWDIE, but in her present distress I must say I pity her. To be turned out of her husband's room, to be deposed from authority in the presence of the man whom she herself had introduced to the Bishop, whom she herself had patronised, and who had professed himself at one time her devoted slave,—it was too much. It was too bad. The Bishop should pay for it when he came to his senses. But how? And poor Mrs. DOWDIE fumed and fretted, but could not get at the solution of the difficulty. In this manner nearly a day passed without her seeing the Bishop.

"Let him come and humble himself to me," she said to herself.

"I don't catch myself going to him."

And so she sat in solitary grandeur, and took her meals alone; but the Bishop did not appear.

Mrs. OVERWAYTE was triumphant. "My dear Mrs. DOWDIE, you've heard the news, of course?" she began.

The Bishop's wife regarded her curiously.

"What news?"

"What news! Why, all Small-Beerjester's ringing with it. The walls are placarded. The pictures are out."

"Pictures!" gasped Mrs. DOWDIE. And then what she had seen through the keyhole of the *Crumpet and Crozier* suddenly flashed across her.

"Pictures——" commenced the Archbeacon.

"Hold your tongue!" said his wife. Then turning to Mrs. DOWDIE, she went on—"Pictures of Canon MATTHEW and La Marchesa. She has eloped with him!"

Mrs. DOWDIE smiled bitterly. The Canon had gone off, and the report had been heard all over Small-Beerjester. So much the better. It was an enemy out of her path.

"I'll go and tell the Bishop," said the Archbeacon.

Then the two Ladies counselled together, and for the first time came to something like an agreement. I am not saying that, as MORLEENA's sister, Mrs. OVERWAYTE was wrong in proposing Mr. ARABLE for the vacant posts of Dean and Canon and Bishop's chaplain. It is probably what any one of you would have done. Mrs. DOWDIE was meditating whether Mrs. OVERWAYTE's alliance was of sufficient value, when the Archbeacon returned, pale and flurried.

"Have you seen a ghost?" inquired his wife.

"I wish I could see even the ghost of a chance of finding the Bishop," he replied.

"What!" screamed poor Mrs. DOWDIE.

"He's not to be found—not to be seen anywhere," said Dr. OVERWAYTE, mopping his forehead.

In less time than it takes to tell, Mrs. DOWDIE had rushed down to the study. It was in utter disorder. The desk was open; the purse, cash-box, and cheque-book all vanished. They ran to the dressing-room. Not a vestige of the Bishop, except a tattered apron, a third-rate old shovel-hat, some worn-out gaiters, and lawn-sleeves much the worse for wear.

"His bag! his portmanteau!" cried his wife.

All gone! He had taken all his boots, leaving only a rack behind! At last, over the chimney-piece, on the diocesan notice-board, which served as a professional memorandum of dates for visitations, sermons, ordinations, and so forth, a note caught Mrs. DOWDIE's eye. She tore it open, and read—"Off on tour with ZAZZELIA and Canon.

Not back for three months. After that time, diocese business as before, and Orders punctually attended to."

Mrs. DOWDIE uttered one cry, and fainted in the Archbeacon's arms. When she recovered consciousness, the Sheriff's officers were in the place, and a shabby individual introduced himself to her as the man in possession. Realising the situation, and making as much as she could out of it, with some assistance from a distant relative who luckily wasn't at all near, she went to the Station, determined to follow in her husband's track. From information she received at the Detective Office, Mrs. DOWDIE went off in a wrong direction; and here, with deepest sympathy, and regretting that an Author's duties will not allow him to accompany a lady alone on a voyage of discovery, I must leave her, and return to Small-Beerjester.

The Archbeacon at once telegraphed up to the Prime Minister—

"See vacant. Sale to-morrow. Sic transit."

The telegraph Superintendent, however, being a sharp fellow, corrected the spelling, and put his own interpretation on the despatch, so that the message read thus:—

"Open sea. Sail to-morrow. Rough passage."

And the Prime Minister, unable to understand it, sent it to the First Lord of the Admiralty, who, on going out of office, left it to the next person who came in. Owing to this clerical error, MORLEENA, who was determined that her sister should not have it all her own way, went up to Downey Street, attended a Cabinet Council, and the result was that the Clerk of the Course issued the following instructions:—

ARABLE	1
SIMPLER	2
ARCHBEACON	3
THE FIELD	0

This decision was, on the whole, favourably received in Small-Beerjester, and Mr. ARABLE was made Bishop, with a Canonry, Deanery, Percentorship, Beadledom, and Mastership of Deedler's in his gift, of which preferments the two first he divided between his father-in-law (Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER) and Dr. OVERWAYTE, keeping the others himself; but on the recommendation of the *Penny Prometheus*, with whose Editor he particularly wished to keep on good terms, he conferred the Beadleship, reduced to less than fifty pounds per annum, on JOHN BOUNCE, who, after holding the office for some years, I may here say, was so ill treated, on account of his cocked-hat and old-fashioned dress, by the small boys of Small-Beerjester on Guy Fawkes' Day, that he took to the only spare bed in Deedler's Hospital, and ended his days under the roof—in a top attic—of the very place he had so energetically attempted to destroy.

A FAREWELL.

(To the Australian Cricketers.)



GOOD-BYE! You are off to your dry swarded South

From the premature fogs of our watery West,

Leaving praise of your prowess in every one's mouth.

Good-bye! Here's your health in a bowl of the best.

We must pack up our willows, our wickets must draw,

For one can't play the game in a mist on a bog;

Vain the bat-skill of GRACE, or the ball-sleight of SHAW,

'Gainst the dolorous rule of King Fog.

But you—all the taste of our Winter you'll get

Is the rich turtle twang at the Mansion House feed.

We must make a bad best of our gloom and our wet,

You to sunshine and Spring take your skill and its meed.

You have taken the shine out of some of our lights,

And when worsted played up with invincible pluck;

"Won" or "honours divided" seems most of your fights.

So bon voyage, my boys, and good luck!

Trump'd.

A MOTTO was wanted for the Card-Room of the Election Club. As there was so much unnecessary chatter, one eminent whist-player proposed "*Silentium*." A riper scholar suggested "*Pax*." It was adopted as appropriate and comprehensive.

A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH OF WRONG INTELLIGENCE.—A Fair Par.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Madame Tussaud's.

AMONGST the many educational establishments of the Modern Babylon, the far-famed "Show" in Baker Street holds a proud and prominent position. What the Polytechnic used to be to Science, Madame TUSSEAUD's Exhibition is to History—Ancient and Modern. The Heroes of the Past and the Present are therein represented in a state of wax "materialisation." Those who visit the Gallery are enabled to understand the hidden meaning of many State secrets—the unsuspected peculiarities of not a few noted individuals.

Full of this solemn consideration, I passed the turnstile, and was greeted with a stern cry of "Leave your umbrella!" I looked up, and found that I was apparently being addressed by the late CHARLES DICKENS, who had given up literature to attend to the "sticks and umbrellas." The great Novelist held out his hand for a fee. Respect would have made me comply with this request, had not a *Commissaire* repeated the order even in more peremptory terms, looking the while over his shoulder at a policeman standing in the doorway. Then I rebelled, and walked angrily away with my property regardless of the consequences, which were not serious, as the constable was only a tailor's dummy. The Representative of the Civil Power turned out to be a suit of clothes surmounted with the head of a half-forgotten Somebody—I think LORD LYTTON, for I found him, with General HAVELOCK, Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER and Lord CLYDE, erased from the Official Catalogue. And such is Fame!

I now commenced my researches, as a Student of History, in earnest. I had not far to go before I came upon an "incident" full of interest to those who love Italy. GARIBALDI was complaining to VICTOR EMMANUEL that HUMBERT had stolen his pocket-handkerchief. The charge was an unfounded one, as the useful article was reposing in a glass-case under the hero's very feet. For all this, so accustomed was the present King of ITALY to these accusations of petty larceny, that he was not taking the trouble to defend himself. VICTOR EMMANUEL, convinced of his son's guilt, seemed to be vigorously upbraiding him in a forcible speech, which apparently ended with the words, "And if you must take something from your Country's Friend, why didn't you choose his cloak?" Passing by LORD HARTINGTON (who apparently uses hair-dye) I came to an illustration of the Great African Puzzle. CETSWAYO (attended by a couple of wives, who were not laughing, because they had heard all his jokes a thousand times before) was smilingly asking Sir GARNET WOLSELEY a riddle which the modern WELLINGTON was on the eve of giving up. In the background LORD CHERLMSFORD, in a rich uniform, was seen muttering "how utterly impossible he had found it to have anything to do with a fellow who would put on a blanket when he was asked out to dinner!" In the next group costume was again the subject of angry controversy. LORD BROUGHAM and O'CONNELL were quarrelling over the respective merits of their long velvet-collared cloaks. They had called in, as arbitrators, Mr. JOHN BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN. The former, much annoyed at being mixed up in such an unpleasant affair, was explaining that really, "as a member of the Society of Friends, he knew absolutely nothing about dress," while the latter was attempting to create a diversion by saying, "Fancy talking about *your* cloaks! Why, they are not a patch upon the one worn by Lord BYRON in another part of the building! And though *you* may be proud of your shirt-frills, you should just see his diamond pin!"

I was now met with a murmur of "It isn't a bit like him!" and "I shouldn't have known him again if you hadn't told me who it was!" and found that I was standing in front of a portrait-model of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The poet was a prolific writer, but probably would have given many more works to Posterity had he not seemingly, from this presentment of him "in the habit as he lived," spent three-quarters of his waking hours in the arrangement of his hair! Turning my back upon "the Indian Group," which was only remarkable for the longing gaze bestowed upon it by Mr. BRADLAUGH, who seemed to be tempering his regret with the consideration that, "after all, if he joined it he couldn't be of much use, as he had given up swearing," I sat down in front of an incident in Palace life, which roused my loyalty to fever heat. It was the Court of Her Majesty during an evening party. The Bishop of LONDON was explaining the figures of a little dance, of his own invention, to the Duke of EDINBURGH, the Princess of WALES, the Duke of CONNAUGHT, and his charming bride. The latter seemed quite ready to



begin, although the former appeared to be rather uncertain whether they quite understood all the steps. The Prince of WALES, standing by the side of his August Mother, was saying, "Pray excuse me. I really can't join you in this enormous cloak; and I don't like to take it off, as I am suffering from influenza!" Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, was vainly trying to persuade Lord STANLEY, in a corner, to make a side couple, as "dancing was excellent exercise when you couldn't get any wood-cutting." The one discordant note came from the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, who was talking to Lord LOERNE "like a father." "No, my son," the noble Earl was evidently saying, "you shall not partake in this frivolous amusement. I have a great respect for the Church, but, for all that, I cannot help emphasising my extreme displeasure at the whole affair by turning my back in the most marked manner upon the Bishop of LONDON! As we say in another place, the Right Reverend Prelate is old enough to know better!" "The incident" seemed likely to be closed by the "saraband" being given up in favour of a hornpipe "kindly favoured" by the late Viscount NELSON. In fact, the Hero of Trafalgar had evidently "shivered his timbers" as a preliminary to a vigorous double shuffle. The scene was as charming as it was unconventional!

Leaving this pretty picture of Palace life, I approached ABRAHAM LINCOLN and General GRANT severely upbraiding "President JOHNSON" for having come to dinner in "correct evening costume" (with the sole exception of the shirt), when they had "told him not to dress." Pleased with this Republican characteristic, I walked away to the other side of the room, and "assisted" at a practical joke illustrative of the "habits and customs of the Court of Russia." Briefly General MELIKOFF was bitterly complaining that the Grand Duke NICHOLAS had taken away his helmet, leaving in its stead a plain white cap in marked contrast with his otherwise handsome uniform. The CZAREWITCH was immensely amused at the pleasantry, and was backing up his relative not to return the General's helmet, but to keep it on his own head where it now was placed. The late Emperor NICHOLAS, seeing that the warrior was really angry, seemed to be pouring oil on the waters by offering his hat as "he had no further use for it." The CZAR was keeping out of the quarrel by saying that he had "lost his helmet too," while the Grand Duke MICHAEL, with an enormous whip, was evidently of opinion that the best way to settle the dispute would be "to give them a good knocking all round!" This savage scene, so different from the picture of our own peaceful Court, made me feel that I had acted wisely in being born a Briton.

If I were not confined by space, I could point to a score of other highly interesting historical episodes. I could tell how MARTIN LUTHER and JOHN KNOX quarrelled with one another—the first defending himself with an enormous pen, the last with a huge book—while poor CALVIN bitterly lamented that he could not with justice to himself enter into the argument, because he had failed to bring with him a "really serviceable carving-knife." I could hint that LOUIS PHILIPPE's intense melancholy was caused by the reflection that he was next destined for the melting-pot. I could suggest that Sir WALTER SCOTT's unreasonable joy was attributable to the consideration that his Highland costume included "fleshings." I could express astonishment that HANNAH DOBBS had been put in "the Golden Chamber" as an addition to the "Napoleon Group." But I refrain, and satisfy myself by asserting that "the Congress" must really be seen to be appreciated. Apparently the Ambassadors did not meet at that Historical Gathering to consider the Treaty of Berlin, but to have supper.

Then it was that BISMARCK, with his usual love for rough waggery, tried to persuade the Turk that two cocked hats and some paper were the usual ingredients of a European Banquet. The rest of the company, it is now certain, backed him up in this *mauvaise plaisanterie*, Lord BEACONSFIELD laughing heartily the while to encourage the belief amongst his colleagues that he was intimately acquainted with the subtleties of the French language. But want of space prevents me, and I am silent.

Madame TUSSEAUD's Exhibition is extremely amusing. It has, however, a blot, and a bad one, the Chamber of Horrors. I hoped to be able to say a good word for it, but after the most superficial glance at its unsavoury contents, I was forced to give up what would have been a pleasant task in despair. The proprietors, for their own sakes, should close it at once. It is not only nasty, but demoralising.

"BAS-RELIEF" FOR TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL PEDESTAL.—Take it away. "For this Relief, much thanks."





"LES ENFANS AU DESSOUS DE SEPT ANS PAYENT MOITIÉ PLACE."

"OH, YOU SPEAK ENGLISH, DO YOU? AND WHAT IS YOUR AGE, MISSY!"

"VICH AGE! MAMAN SAYS I HAVE TWO AGES. VEN I AM IN ZE RAILWAY, I AM SIX AND A ALF; AND VEN I AM AT OME, I AM EIGHT!"

SCHOOL-BOARDS OR FOOL BOARDS?

THE men who undertake to teach or regulate the teaching of the multitude, should not require teaching. It should not be possible for an impartial looker-on, like *Punch*, to write them down asses, and something worse. Who is the Rev. H. M. SORLEY? An influential member of the Tottenham School-Board, regulating the educational affairs of Would-be-Green. Would-be-Green is blessed or cursed, according to the view you take, with a rival educational establishment, or sink of iniquity, called the Alexandra Palace. This palace, unlike most palaces, pays enormous rates and taxes, instead of consuming national money, and employs a number of children. How does it employ them? The Rev. H. M. SORLEY (it ought to be printed "SURLY") thinks very badly. He understood "that one young child came on at the Palace as Mr. Gladstone, another as Lord Beaconsfield, and a third as Napoleon Bonaparte. They ought to be learning to spell instead of being allowed to represent such exalted individuals, the doing of which would have the effect of puffing them up with such notions of their own superiority that they would come to the conclusion that they could do without education altogether."

Surely the spirit of the late lamented *Bumble* inspired this speech. Is there no "puffing up" in the School-Board scheme of education? Has the Rev. Mr. SORLEY, who carried his point with the aid of another Reverend, instructed the Would-be-Green school-master to avoid all historical and political teaching, all allusions to JULIUS CÆSAR and OLIVER CROMWELL, for fear of "puffing up" his pupils? Has he been told to go back to the rustic simplicity of the "three R's," and to avoid everything which the School-Board was established to teach?

There are School-Boards and School Bores, the latter having been dragged from Vestry-Halls and obscure pulpits to administer a system they neither understand nor appreciate. Having brought

LECTURETTES.

"At the annual meeting of the Worcestershire Union of Clubs and Institutes, Sir EDMUND LECHMER suggested lecturettes in the place of lectures."

We know that lectures are a bore,
And often make folks fret,
But now it seems they 'll soon be o'er,
For here's the Lecturette.

Long letters take too long to read.
We speedily forget
What they contain, and so we plead
For LAMB'S Epistolette.

'Tis very hard to read at ease
Long columns, therefore let
The leader henceforth, if you please,
Be just the Leaderette.

And lengthy sermons take up time,
With scant attention met.
Oh, preachers! here's a thought sublime!
Give us the Sermonette.

Novel Anticipations.

The Sour Gooseberry. By the Author of *Cherry Ripe*.

Between Two Paving-Stones. By the Author of *Under Two Flags*.

Photographed at the Creation. By the Author of *Taken at the Flood*.

Old Boots. Sequel to *Dead Men's Shoes*.

Walk to Skye. By the Author of *Run to Earth*.

The Black Bottle. A companion to *The Love that Kills*.

NEW SONG.

"WINTER Begins," by the Composer of
"Autumn Leaves." Also
"The Bungler," a companion to "The Bugler."

TWO OPPOSITION ELECTION AGENTS.—
"Par NOBBLE-Y Fratrum."

Local Self-Government into contempt, and made the Gospel unpopular, they are now doing their best to strangle compulsory education. They know nothing of life, of human nature, of the struggle for bare existence in the homes of the multitude. They count the crammed heads, and care nothing for the empty stomachs underneath them. The famished child may come and go as long as he can aspire his h's. They are great at prosecutions, and unflinching in the application of their bye-laws. They have no elasticity—no give and take in their disposition; and if they fail in exacting fines from the poorest of the poor, it is due to the superior humanity of the Stipendiary Magistrates. If Compulsory Education is to live and move and do its work, it must first be applied to the minds and hearts of its Directors.

THE MEMORIAL OBSTRUCTION.

(Discussed Thursday, October 7, in Court of Common Council.)

SAYS MR. BEDFORD, "Cost? Oh, I expect Five thousand, say, or six, to be correct—At least so states the City Architect."

They call the City Architect, and then Says he, "This work of Art, O Council Men, Cannot be done at all for less than ten."

Some loudly cry, "Rescind the Resolution!" More shout, "No! that's against our Constitution! We sinned at first, we know; to that we're pinned, Never shall it be said that we re-sinned."

FORM OF TELEGRAM TO YOUR SHOEMAKER.—Make me another pair exactly like my last.



A REGULAR TARTER.

Yankes (who had "cleared off" all the Pastry from the Counter). "I GUESS THE NEXT FELLOW THAT COMES ROUND, MISS, 'LL GET SOMETHING FRESH—WHA-AT!"

"OH, SWALLOW! SWALLOW!"

AN esteemed Foreign Correspondent sends us the following extract from the *Jornal do Commercio*, the leading Lisbon journal:—

"FESTA DE BANQUEIROS.—Na festa dos banqueiros dada no palacio Alexandre, de Londres, consumiram-se: 720 duzias de frascos de águardente, 470 duzias de garrafas de vinho, 1:600 duzias de garafas de ale, 350 barris de cerveja, 30:000 chavenas de chá, 22 toneladas de alimentos, 60:000 pasteis, grande quantidade de saladas e 42:000 pães. Esta estatística faz honra á robustez dos estomagos britannicos."

"The Bankers' Festival" evidently means a Bank Holiday. This Festival the readers of the paper are informed was celebrated at the Alexandra Palace, where it is supposed the GLYNS, LUBBOCKS, ROTHSCHILDS, and others met and imbibed seven hundred and twenty dozen of brandy, &c., &c., and twenty-two tons of eatables. Then the writer naturally compliments the English Bankers' capacity for victuals and drink. Why, if their readers swallow this—Bankers and all—they'll swallow anything.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

Our Commissioner. What are the duties of the Town Clerk?

Town Clerk. Very arduous.

Our Commissioner. I am sure of it. Name them.

Town Clerk. He has to be at the office at eleven every day, if possible.

Our Commissioner. Poor fellow!

Town Clerk. He has to stay there till he leaves.

Our Commissioner. Very hard. When does he leave?

Town Clerk. As a rule, when he likes.

Our Commissioner. What tyranny!

Town Clerk. Thank you for your sympathy.

Our Commissioner. What else is required of him?

Town Clerk. He must be able to read aloud distinctly, write fairly, and spell sufficiently for all practical purposes.

Our Commissioner. Requirements involving immense study. Continue.

Town Clerk. He must be ready to dine at any hour with any City Company, and to say civil things of everybody in a neat after-dinner speech. He is expected to represent the City as one of its Ornaments in the best Society, and, as extra work, to attend all first night theatrical performances.

Our Commissioner. You have not mentioned any holidays or vacation.

Town Clerk. Alas! I have not more than three months in the year at a time, though, of course, my onerous duties compel me to take my Saturdays and Mondays and some other days for absolutely necessary recreation.

Our Commissioner. I had no idea that so much was required. And for this stupendous labour what is the salary?

Town Clerk (in tears). Only two thousand five hundred per annum.

Our Commissioner (hardly able to restrain his emotion). Only that! Bless me, is it possible! (*Aside.*) I know an active youth in my office who'd be glad to do it for half. (*Aloud.*) Very much obliged to you for the information. You may stand down.

[*Town Clerk having stood up for himself pretty successfully lately, stands down—till he is wanted again.*]

After the Antique.

THERE were some Cits of London town,
In fit of wisdom rare,
They pulled an Ugly Nuisance down,
And cleared a thoroughfare.
But when they found the road was cleared,
With all their might and main
An Uglier Nuisance they upreared,
And blocked it up again.

By a Naturally Sharp Agent.

A SUITE of apartments over a recently-built Musical Publisher's shop is to let. It could be appropriately advertised thus:—

To Let



A FLAT.

A CHILD OF MOLIERE'S.—What does SARAH BERNHARDT live on? French rôles.



IMPERIAL, ROYAL AND ACADEMICAL.



"KATHLEEN MA-VAUGHAN-REEN."

IMPERIAL Policy (Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD'S) has dictated the production of Mr. REECE'S *Half-Crown Diamonds* for the Imperial's *Matinées*. The *Diamonds* are brilliantly Reece-set, and the piece Reece-suscitated. Scissors have been used, but no paste is apparent, and the puns, some of them brought from ever so far, are veritable sparklers.

Miss FARREN, Miss VAUGHAN, and Mr. ROYCE, in their different lines—and every line is given admirably, and not a point lost—are the life and soul of the fun. The best thing is the trio to the tune of "*Nancy Loved a Sailor*," in which Miss FARREN'S rendering of her verse is quite enough of itself to get the *encore*. There is also an imitation of the steps and tableaux of the Mastodon Minstrels,

which will probably figure in every Christmas Pantomime. Miss VAUGHAN'S graceful dancing has seldom been seen to greater advantage—we beg Mr. REECE'S pardon, we should say ad-Vaughan-tage—than in the *Half-Crown Diamonds*. Mr. ROYCE is lovely as usual. The stalls at the Imperial are comfortable, and when a visitor can sit comfortably, he is more easily—beg pardon, we should have said more Reece-ily—pleased. The Royalty stalls are also comfortable; but on this subject generally we will not forestall—not even by one stall—the report of our Inspector who is going the rounds in disguise.

Mr. BYRON'S *Bow Bells* is a variation on the same "Retired Tradesman" theme, which he has been so fond of harping—or 'arping—upon since the success of *Our Boys*. In *Courtship* Mr. ANSON was a Retired Tradesman, with the Buttermen's difficulties as to his aspirates; and so is Mr. TOOLE in the *Upper Crust*. What suits Mr. DAVID JAMES and Mr. TOOLE does not seem to fit



"COUNT DE CAMPO" WITH A "FARREN" ACCENT.

Mr. RIGHTON in *Bow Bells*; or perhaps the character, funny and well drawn as it is, is beginning to pall upon play-goers. The Third Act is the best; but here, unfortunately, the interest seems to commence, instead of culminate. There are "*Our Boys*" *Dick Sycamore*, well played by Mr. FRANK COOPER, and *Fred Latham* (Mr. H. KELSEY), and "*Our Girls*" *Effe* (Miss LAWLER), and *Bessie* (Miss EMMA RITTER); but they are feeble folk, at the best—mere shadows of their former selves. Mr. BYRON, with bushels of ideas to spare, seems to have just sketched out this one, and then chucked it away.

Mr. WYATT is artistically made up, as *Sloggs*, the surly Gardener, with a high light on his nose, that wants toning down.

The Adventuress, Mrs. Percival (Miss MAGGIE BRENNAN), and her brother, the bogus Captain, (Mr. PHILLIP DAY)—who assumes a manner and tone rather suggestive of how Mr. BANCROFT might play a Swell after some severe attack of rheumatism which had affected his legs and voice—bear a striking resemblance to the Adventuress and her military brother in *Home*, the English version of *L'Aventurière*.

By the way, the swindling, Captain Basil Bagot's real name turns out to be that of our good old villainous friend of ancient Melodrama—the familiar "*Brandon*"—some relation, no doubt, to *Black Brandon* in *Poll and Partner Jo*. How many bad people in melodramas and novels have been christened *Brandon*? Why? What is there so specially criminal about BRANDON? Yet so it is; and the name of BRANDON, until some daring Dramatist pluckily converts



"THE ROYCE-TERRER."



THE RIGHT'UN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

him from the error of his ways, and places him in respectable society as a virtuous hero, will be associated with all that is worst in human nature on the Stage to the last hour of its existence.

What *Popsy Wopsy* (libretto by Mr. GRUNDY, and music by Mr. SOLOMON) is like we must discover another time, as on this occasion a distinguished foreigner insisted on our taking him to the Oxford, which our friend imagined was somehow or other affiliated to the University as an Academy of Music. Undergraduates, however, are not in the habit of behaving themselves as decorously at entertainments in their University town, as do the audience at this Music Hall. They are not taking their pleasure sadly, but soberly, and seriously. A mixed but generally respectable audience sits, smokes, and refreshes itself contentedly, thoroughly appreciating Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who, in his peculiar line, is a real artist. He sang five capital songs, assuming and sustaining a different type of character—caricature of course—on each occasion. He was steadily applauded, but ROBERTS and REEVES don't approve of *encores*.

Then came on an imitator of birds—the best we've heard since the days of the famous HERR VON JOEL, in the salad days, that is the GREEN days, when EVANS'S was EVANS'S—as, perhaps, it may be again on certain very necessary conditions, of which we shall probably hear something at licensing time next week. In the public interest—not in the interest of a public—we are decidedly in favour of giving every support to properly superintended and respectably conducted Music Halls—and we cannot arrive at any satisfactory solution of the problem why a licence for dancing should be refused to the superior class of Music Halls, and granted to the inferior. The Collective Magisterial wisdom is possibly specially inspired to draw some fine distinction between Tweedledum and Tweedledee—or rather between Bumbledom and Bumbledee, and the more there is in future of Bumble *dumb* the better for the Metropolis and its amusements.

Jacques Offenbach.

DIED IN PARIS, OCTOBER, 1880.

LIGHTLY lie the turf upon him! Muse of Music he possessed,
He of melody was master, let us sing him to his rest.
Friend of long ago remembered! you were girl and I was boy,
When he took our hearts to Paris, and he sung to us of Troy.



Tell him—*Dites Lui*, remember—
we recall the storm and stress
Of the nights Napoleonic, and
the jewelled *Grande Duchesse*
We behold as in a vista, art su-
preme and fancy free
Struck to song by golden
SCHNEIDER, and to wit by
quaint DUPUIS!

Classic days of merry music on
the memory remain
With *Eurydice*, and *Orpheus*,
with *John Styx*, and *Belle*
Hélène.

Gods in high Olympus revelled
on the mimic stage in France,
When King Jove let loose his
thunder, and Queen Juno led
the dance.

Magic charm was yours, my
master, for we tripped at your
command

Through the dreamy valse, the
galop, and the maddened sara-
band.

Bvêe! cried jovial Bacchus, little Cupid loosed his bow,
In the Paris of the Empire, in the days of long ago.

Ah! my merry Gipsy maiden, *Périchole* with Spanish eyes,
Sing your letter song; then take us to the tender "Bridge of Sighs,"
Where romance was set to music; ah! but sweeter let it flow
Chanson matchless of DE MUSSET! song of young *Fortunio*!
With a *répertoire* exhaustless, classic fable, folly, fun,
Cruel *Thanatos* gave signal, and the overture was done—
Still he won in competition, but his equal where and when?
For his life's success was Paris—yes, *La Vie Parisienne*!

Drape the orchestra in mourning, wreath the violin and bow,
Leave the *bâton* where he placed it—'tis the final beat, you know;
Gather up the parts, 'tis over, come, dismiss the band you can,
Death is now the *Tambour Major*, and he rolls his rataplan.
Stop the dancing for a moment, take your partner to the stairs,
And together, in a dreamland, hear his operatic airs.
Mirth has ended! and a spirit full of melody has fled
To a land of sweeter music—merry OFFENBACH is dead!

Art-Class.

Inspector. What is a "Landscape Painter"?

Student. A painter of Landscapes.

Inspector. Good. What is an "Animal Painter"?

Student. A painter of Animals.

Inspector. Excellent. What is a "Marine Painter"?

Student. A painter of Marines.

Inspector. Admirable! Go and tell it them. Call next Class.

[*Exeunt Students.*]

TWINS.

THE Election Commissions show that in the matter of bribery and
Corruption Liberal and Conservative agents are alike as two peas;—
in fact, quite *Corsican Brothers*.—*Louis and Fabien dei FRANCHISE.*

FROM LORD SH-BR-KE TO W. E. G.

WHY is a Bicycle like the Queen's Prerogative?
Because it's a power to wield.

TABLE-BOOK.

THE most useful book for the table is one from which you can
always take a leaf.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



Y youngest boy
was allus my
faverit, so
when he was
about 10, I
wanted what
I calls a good
school for him,
that is, where
everythink's
found and no-
think to pay.
So I kep my
ears open, and
soon heard
what City Gills
had got schools,
so I was xtrar
civil to some
Masters of
Kumpennies,
an knowin
their week
mominx, soon
got my boy
into a school
where he
didn't korst me
a shillin for
sivin yeer.

An yet some narrer minded people abuse the Gills! and say their
money belongt to the Lower Orders. What rubbish! I dispise the
Lower Orders. What good are they to us Waiters? BROWN says,
and I agrees with him, that if you gives one on 'em a crust of bread,
he wants somebody to butter it for him, and somebody else to lend
him a knife to cut it with. They've no self-dependence and no
reverens and no respect.

I sumtimes wunders what all this here talk about Eddicashun
means. What's it a goin to do for us? Shall we all be happier
and better, or miserabler and wusser? Will Gents be more libberal
to us poor Waiters, or wisey wussey? Will Waiters be more
respectful and contented, or prowder and ortier? That's the
questahun, as the man says in the Play. Most of my noble Patrons in
the City haint had much on it, so I'm told, but they seems to get on
werry well without it. BROWN and me quite shudders when we sees
one of the Lunnattix as has gone mad on the subjek, such as a School
Boarder, or a Littery man or summut of that sort, get up to say
somethink after dinner. Lor, what a diffrens that makes. Instid
of a short sharp jolly sort of speech, that all can enjoy, Waiters and
all, and as sets us all a grinnin, we has to listen to a parsel of
stuff that verry few on us undustand, and noboddy cares a bit about,
as you can see by the looks on 'em.

A eddicated man allers makes a long speech.

One as ain't, allers makes a short one.

One to us as ain't!

A eddicated man is allers dissatisfied with everythink, Institoo-
tions, Kustums, Dinners, Gills, Waiters, everythink.

One as isn't, isn't.

One more to us as isn't!

The natteral hinfrince seems to be, that Eddicashun means
Change for everythink, and, As you are, means Contenmunt with
thinx as they is.

Then I for one proposes a Toast—"Thinx as they ar, root and
branch, and may they flurriah for ever!"

I don't know much about Rates and Taxes myself as I never pays
none, but I'm told by them as does, that there's no Rate as they
pays in the City with grater grumblin and growlin than the
School Rate, and quite rite too. Why can't people be let to do as
they likes, and why should a man be made to pay for what will some
day make his man-servant and his made-servant and even his own
children larf at him for his ignurinee of what they nose?

Proper Eddicashun don't mean Schoolin, but should teach us all,
whether Waiters or otherwise, to learn and labour truly to get a
good Livin, as the poor Currit said to his Bishop.

I sumtimes takes my walks abroad in Common Garden Market,
—which were it as it ort to be, wot a parrydies it mite be, but as it
is its a horful disgrace to the Muddroppiliss—and when I stands a
gazin at the butiful Grapes at 25s. a pound and the verry early
Storrbrees at 2s. 6d. a nounce and the lovely Old English Pie
Nappels at two Ginnizs a peice, I smaks my lips an I says to
myself, says I, I knows who 'll have a good share of thin this
blessed evnin. Everythink comes to him as can wait!

(Signed) ROBERT.



UNSETTLED POLITICAL CONVICTIONS.

EVER SINCE HE WAS SNUBBED BY THE TWO DUCHESSSES, LAST SEASON, TODESON HAS BEEN AN ADVANCED LIBERAL, AND DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THAT FAIR DEMOCRAT, LADY CLARA ROBINSON (*NÉE VERE DE VERRE*), WHO TAKES SUCH AN INTEREST IN THE WORKING MAN, AND WHOSE GILDED SALOON IS THE RENDEZVOUS OF ALL THE TITLED RADICALS OF EITHER SEX, AND THE GENIUSES AT WHOM FEET THEY MAY BE SITTING. UNFORTUNATELY FOR POOR T., WHENEVER HE RECEIVES AN INVITATION FROM HER LADSHIP, IT IS NOT TO MEET THE TITLED RADICALS AND CO. IN THE GILDED SALOON, BUT TO TAKE TEA WITH THE WORKING MAN AND HIS FAMILY IN THE GARDEN, AND "HELP TO AMUSE THE DEAR ORNATURES."

HE SERIOUSLY THINKS OF TURNING CONSERVATIVE AGAIN, HANG IT ALL!

PURITY OF ELECTION.

THE Briborough Election Commission commenced yesterday before Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., Mr. BALLOT (C.), and Mr. BOX (L.)

The case having been shortly opened, Mr. BALLOT said the first witness he would call would be Mr. TOADY.

Mr. BOX said his friend might call Mr. TOADY till he was black in the face.

Mr. BALLOT said he was perfectly aware of that fact, and should avail himself of his rights if he thought fit. He would call Mr. TOADY.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., said that if the witness didn't turn up soon, he would make it lively for him. Where was the man TOADY?

Mr. BOX understood that he had left the town on hearing of these proceedings.

Mr. BALLOT would like to know who instigated him to that dastardly course of action.

Mr. BOX wanted to know what his friend meant by that?

Mr. BALLOT said if the cap fitted his friend, he might wear it.

Mr. BOX intimated that there were certain persons who would be worse fitted by a cap than a strait-waistcoat.

Mr. BALLOT appealed to the Chief Commissioner for protection.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., threatened to commit everybody unless something was done. He wasn't going to sit there all day. He wanted his lunch.

Mr. SLIME was then called:—

Mr. BALLOT asked him if he had received £200 from the Liberal Member?

Witness. Yes.

Mr. BALLOT. Yes? Oh, you have, have you? Now then, be very careful. What did you do with that?

Witness. I put some on *Robert the Devil*—

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C. If you dare to swear at me, and use that bad language, I'll let you know where you are!

Witness. It is the name of a race-horse, Sir.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C. Then keep your low stable jargon for somewhere else. What did you do with that money?

Witness. I bought beer, Sir.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C. Beer! And are you not ashamed of yourself to stand up there in that box, and say you've drunk two hundred pounds' worth of beer?

Mr. BALLOT. He means that he bought beer to bribe Liberal voters with.

Mr. BOX. I protest against my learned friend's putting words into this witness's mouth.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C. I don't want your protestations; and I can assure you, Mr. BALLOT, I can understand the meaning of the English language as well as you can. This man has spent two hundred pounds in beer. He is evidently a notorious drunkard. He is not sober now.

Witness. If you please, Sir, I am a teetotaler.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C. Of course you are—of course. I don't think, Sir, you are to be believed on your oath. Leave the Court, and don't let me catch you here again.

Witness. It is very hard—

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C. It will be very hard labour, if you don't go.

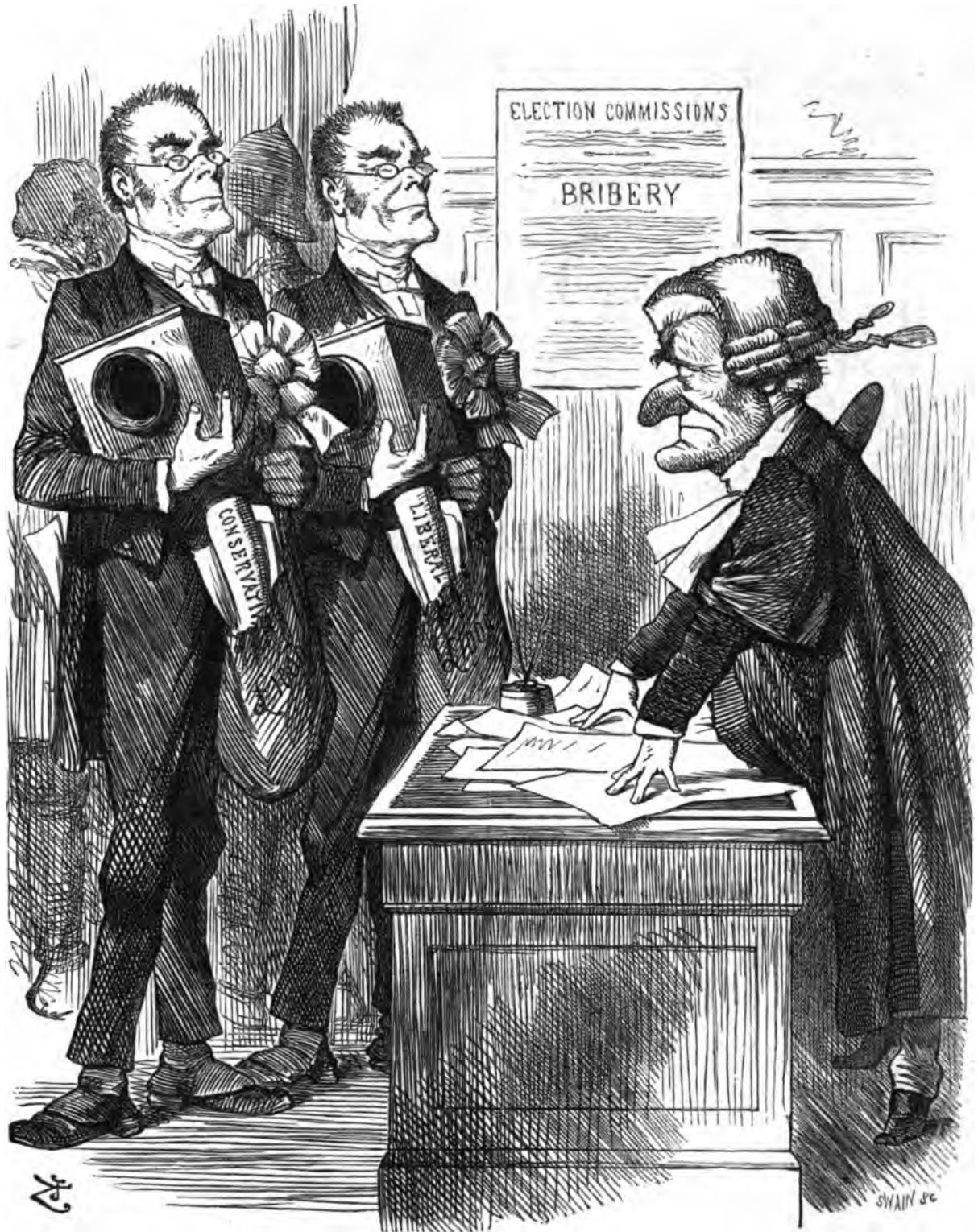
Mr. BOX. With your permission I will ask this witness a few questions.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C. Oh, all right—don't mind me. I am nobody here. Ask him a thousand, and I wish you joy of his answers.

Mr. BOX. The two hundred you received from the Liberal Member was a loan?

Witness. No, it was not alone.

Mr. BALLOT. You hear that, Sir? It was not a loan.



RIVAL ROGUES.

COMMISSIONER PUNCH. "GENTLEMEN, YOUR CANDOUR IS CHARMING. NOT A PIN TO CHOOSE BETWEEN YOU. YOU BOTH DESERVE—PENAL SERVITUDE. (*Aside.*) AND I HOPE—SOME DAY—YOU'LL GET IT!"

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Do you think I am deaf, Mr. BALLOT?

Mr. Box. It was not a loan! Now, be very careful!—was it, or was it not, a loan?

Witness. No, it wasn't alone, because there were some other sums with it.

Mr. Ballot. Even at the risk of offending the Chief Commissioner, I must congratulate my friend on the admirable manner in which he has conducted this examination.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. But you have offended the Chief Commissioner.

Mr. Box. And I don't want your congratulations. Keep them for yourself; they must be rather scarce with you.

Mr. Ballot. I would ask the Chief Commissioner whether that was the language for one gentleman to use to another?

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. When I hear one gentleman use that language to another gentleman, I will let the persons engaged in this case know. Are you going on?

Mr. Box. Now then, Mr. SLIME, what did you receive from the Conservative Member?

Witness. A little over five hundred pounds.

Mr. Box. Five hundred pounds! And a very nice sum too.

Mr. Ballot. If my learned friend is going to give us his opinions on arithmetic, we shall be here for ever.

Mr. Box. I will not be put down by the envious carplings of an ignorant mind. Now what did you do with that money?

Witness. I spent it in beer.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. I will not stand this any longer! Do you mean to say on your oath, Mr. SLIME, that you have had seven hundred pounds' worth of beer in a public-house?

Witness. Not in one public-house, but several.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Several? How many?

Witness. Twenty-two, Sir.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Twenty-two. Twenty-two times seven hundred is naught naught, and seven times two is,—what is seven times two?—oh, fourteen, and carry one, fifteen. You declare, on your oath, that you have drunk beer to the value of fifteen thousand four hundred pounds?

Witness. I hadn't a drop. I gave some to the Conservative public-houses, and some to the Liberal, for the voters.

Mr. Ballot. You may step down, Sir, you may step down.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. You may do nothing of the kind, Sir. And I should like to know who is the Chief Commissioner here—I, or you two. How came it, Mr. SLIME, you took money from both sides?

Witness. I knew the town well, Sir, don't you know?

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. How do I know? I never saw you or your town before. You have nothing to say, Gentlemen, I hope.

Mr. Ballot. As a matter of logic—

Mr. Box. I am sure we don't want to hear my learned friend chop logic.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. No, nor logic chop. And that reminds me that my chop will be overdone if I listen to you fellows talking any longer. I am going to luncheon. The Court is adjourned. I want some refreshment.

[Exit Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C.]

Mr. Box. Refreshments! And what of refreshers, BALLOT, my boy?

Mr. Ballot. Likely to last, Box—likely to last. And we had better luncheon, too. Where's the best place.

[Exeunt omnes.]

(Thirty days, passed as the above, elapse.)

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., Mr. BALLOT, and Mr. Box, the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the circumstances of the Briborough Election, have reported that gross and corrupt bribery prevailed upon both sides.—*Morning Papers.*

Oh! Oh!

TENNENT is an Irish name. Did any one ever hear of an O'Tennent? There's very often a Left Tenant, who might call himself the Owe Landlord. The O'Landlord seems a very popular title just now.



“DISTURBANCE!”

Country Banker (to shaky Customer). “ARE YOU AWARE, MR. SOOLIVAN, THAT YOUR ACCOUNT IS OVERDRAWN A HUNDRED OR SO?”

Soolivan. “CERTAINLY I AM, SIR. DON'T BOTHER ME ABOUT SUCH TRIFLES! I DON'T GO HOWLING ABOUT THE COUNTRY WHEN YOU'VE A HUNDRED OR SO OF MINE! YOUR INFORMATION IS SUPERFLUOUS EITHER WAY! GOOD MORNING, SIR!”

A FELLER IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

IN discharging the two offices of FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER as well, Mr. GLADSTONE obviously resembles a performer at a Circus riding a pair of horses. That is as much work as can be expected of any Statesman. It would hardly be possible even for our PREMIER to ride, as it were, three horses at once. Otherwise, it were to be wished that Mr. GLADSTONE had also undertaken the Chief Commissionership of Works. Then he would not have sanctioned or suffered any subordinate indiscriminately to fell about a thousand magnificent trees that were lately growing near the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, *teste* “T. C. F.” in the *Times*. The comparatively few trees out of all that number that required to be removed, because they were decayed or damaged, he could have dealt with himself in person sufficiently well, during intervals of recreation, by the occasional exercise of his abilities in the capacity of an amateur woodman. As such he would have cut down only those trees which, by their rottenness, were typical of political and social abuses. That Woodman would, of course, have spared all those other trees—the sound and healthy timber corresponding in condition to our truly valuable and venerable institutions, which WILLIAM, as sincerely as anybody, desires to keep standing.

A PEN NIGH FOR HIS THOUGHTS.

THE Marquis D'IVRY, a contemporary tells us, is just completing another Opera, “the libretto of which is from his own pen.” What a clever pen! Why doesn't Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN buy a dozen of 'em?

SUGGESTION.

WHY not make the New Law Courts into a Hospital for Memorial Obstruction Sufferers? Then the figures on the pedestal might represent “Patients on a Monument”—only not smiling.

AT OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN BENTLEY AND SON'S List two advertisements appear in curious proximity. The first is *Adam and Eve*, by Mrs. PARR—surely it ought to have been by Parr and Ma!—and immediately following it is *Thoughts in my Garden*. Evidently an undesigned coincidence.

Messrs. WARD AND LOCK announce the Twenty-First Season of BEATON'S *Annual*. A very hardy annual this—never crushed, though always beaten. The same firm publish, among its "Health Manuals," a treatise called *Sleep, and How to Obtain it*. Price One Shilling. Can this be an advertisement for the Polytechnic Entertainment?

Messrs. RIVINGTON & Co., the *Athenæum* informs us, have in the press a new Novel entitled *The Glen of Silver Birches*. Of course dedicated to the HOME SECRETARY and the Juvenile Offenders when caught in a new Act.

By our Double-First.

THE "*Schola Cancellarii*" at Lincoln. "It is necessary," said the Bishop of LINCOLN, while expressing his sorrow for the change at the Universities, "to supply the deficiencies by such institutions as the "*Schola Cancellarii*." Literally translated, these evidently are "The Schools for What's Cancelled" at Oxford and Cambridge.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 3.



A SANDWICH MAN.

WILL HE BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO SHAKE HANDS WITH HIMSELF, AND SAY TO HIMSELF, "EM-BRASSEZ MOI"!

POPULAR POLKA.

It is called *Le Premier Pas*. It is not a dance specially written for Mr. GLADSTONE, but is *Le Premier Pas qui COOTE*—don't pronounce this "Kick COOTE"—published under the flag of Admiral HOPWOOD AND CREW. How appropriately a Naval Demonstration song would come from this firm. COOTE and TINNEY's band is in this Crew, we believe; and, if the Crew were asked the question and wouldn't reply, then there'd certainly be a Mute-Tinney among them.

Hard upon H.B.H.

THE Old Temple Bar Memorial, it is now said, is only to be a column—nothing more—with the Prince of WALES on the top of it. But why connect the Prince with Obstruction on a column. Surely, if this is so, His Royal Highness will consider himself much columniated. The Turtle-Soupers will of course change the Prince's motto of "*Ich Dien*," to "*Ich Dine*!"

Oxford Electors' Chorus.

OH, my colour is so red,
And my heart it is so blue!
I'm a cheating leary cove—
I'll be bribed by Two!

A STARTING POINT—a pin's, when sticking out of a young Lady's girdle. (Yes; but *when*?)

THE ITALIAN MANŒUVRES.

(From your Military Correspondent.)

DEAR SIR,

HAVING at your special request, and at great inconvenience to myself, attended the Military Manœuvres of Germany and France, I thought I might as well go down South, and see how the Army of Italy was progressing. I do trust that my reports of *Die Deutsche* and *les Français* reached you, but foreign posts are seldom to be depended upon. There stands a post, and the letters generally remain standing in it. This, for safety, I send by hand, and the boy will wait for an answer. Travelling abroad en prince, as befits your Representative *kostet sehr theuer*, and I appeal to your soft head, appreciative heart—pardon! your appreciative head, your soft heart, and your strong right hand—*please don't cross it*—to reimburse me at once.

You have doubtless read accounts of these Manœuvres in the daily papers. From internal evidence, I don't believe the writers of those accounts were ever in Italy at all. *I didn't see them there*. They were a great success—the Manœuvres, not the accounts, they were rubbish. The King was looking very well, and highly pleased to see me again. He said he had derived much benefit from his recent sojourn at the watering-place of —, but I told him that name could only be mentioned as an advertisement, twenty-four words for sixpence, and six insertions for half-a-crown. He then turned on his heel, or, to be more accurate, on both heels, and left me. Such is the niggardly disposition of Italians. *The boy will wait for an answer*.

I will not trouble you with the military details of the Manœuvres, greatly doubting your ability to understand them. Suffice to say that the main body enfiladed en *échelon*, the right wing throwing out two bastions as the left, forming into demilunes, permitted the advanced guard to make a forced march of a mile. Simple as this sounds, it takes strong steady men to do it; and the manner in which it was done brought down loud applause from all good critics. The men are a fine serviceable set of soldiers, and will be heard of in the event of a European War. First and foremost comes that crack corps the *Imagieri*, so called from their head-dress, which consists of a flat top, like to our own Lancers' head-gear, but much larger,

made of wood, and surmounted by a little white image. Each battalion has a distinguishing mark, some wearing, as an image, the portrait of the King, others a boy bearing a basket of flowers, and others a fac-simile of the Venus de Milo. Fine dashing men are these; but for troops that are as steady as our own Guards, give me the *Organi Grindieri*, whom nothing will make move on. Indeed, for refusing to stir I give them the preference over our own Line; but their uniforms, though picturesque, are ragged, and their music is, without any exception, detestable. Some amends are, however, made by the bright little *vivandières* who accompany the *Grindieri*—dark, dusky maidens, clad in the picturesque garb of Southern Italy. I had a little flirtation with one, and her quaint answer, given in the rich mellow *Lingua Toscana*, so tickled me, that I must give it you. I had been admiring her eyes, and she replied, archly, "*Arrah, get along wid ye! sure you're flathering me*." Fine bold soldiers, too, are the *Cipaisi*, the sight of whom, with their mitrailleuses, which look like blocks of tin standing on four legs, would make the bravest men on the hottest day feel cold. Of the minor corps I will not trouble you with an account. But, assuring you of the extreme regard and affection in which I hold you, and reminding you that *the boy will wait for an answer*,

Ho l'onore d'essere di sua Signoria,

L'umilissimo e divotissimo Servo,

Il giardino di Attonio,

Il montagne di Saffronio.

MARLBOROUGH WELLINGTON.

[Our confidence in our Military Correspondent is somewhat shaken. We never got those letters from Germany or France. We pass over the military terms—they may be right. But *Imagieri*, and the description of their helmets, remind us of the Italians who sell plaster images—and a light burst upon us; the others are organ-grinders, and the *Cipaisi* are the sellers of cheap loes. We have looked up our map for the address, but cannot find it. Working it out in the Dictionary, we have come to the conclusion that it is "Hatton Garden, Saffron Hill"! We have been hoaxed. The boy may wait for an answer, but he will be an *answering* boy if he does.—ED.]

IDIOMATIC.

"Br the pow'rs!" has hitherto been a peculiarly Irish exclamation. Henceforth it will be adopted by the Turks.



"BUT ALL HATH SUFFERED CHANGE."

*The General (back from India after forty years' absence). "DASH IT ALL, SIR!
YOUR GRANDFATHER USED TO FIT ME BETTER THAN YOU DO!"*

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.

[From our own Special Correspondent, at present floating somewhere about the Adriatic on a beer-barrel. This he calls "demonstrating," and says he's keeping up the dignity of Europe; but we doubt it. However, his information can always be relied on as scrupulously correct.]

I HAVE the *very best* reasons to believe that the following telegrams and despatches, or something uncommonly like them, have recently passed between the Powers. For obvious reasons I suppress names; and I need hardly say that I give this information *under all possible reserve*.

The Sultan to United Europe.—Why this Demonstration? Do I deserve it? Take the nasty thing away, and I'll do everything you want, or rather everything that appears to me to be right, which of course is the same thing. Can you possibly doubt my promises, or my good intentions?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—This is monstrous! What are we to do now?

Prince B-sm-rck to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Haven't the slightest idea. What do you propose?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—Obviously three courses open to us. Blockade Bosphorus, bombard Constantinople, or—cave in. Former much the best. What do you say?

Prince B-sm-rck to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Last much the best. No end of torpedoes in Bosphorus. Let's have another Conference! What do you say to Balloon Demonstration above Constantinople? Good practice for discovering North Pole.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—Can you be serious? "How ill grey hairs," &c. Let's consult Austria.

Baron H-ym-e to Prince B-sm-rck.—Quite agree with you. Conference evidently the only thing left. Nothing like talk when you don't want to act. When in doubt, play a Conference. Let's consult France.

M. B. de St. H-ll-re to Baron H-ym-e.—Oh, don't ask me. Have it your own way. I'm not going to put my finger in the pie. What's the good of consulting France—poor, downtrodden, mutilated France? Besides, we're busy watching Germany. Ask Russia.

Prince G-rch-k-ff to Prince B-sm-rck.—Ready for anything. What would you like? Black Sea Fleet to anchor off Pera? Revolt in Roumelia? Massacre of Mussulmen in Macedonia? Combined attack by Roumania and Servia? Anything to oblige.

Prince B-sm-rck to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Hm! What do you think of Russian alacrity? Suspicious—eh?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—Not a bit. The cheerful confidence inspired by a good conscience—that's all. "Let us imitate Russia's good deeds!" as I observed at Blackheath. Blockade the right thing.

At this point, I'm sorry to say, my beer-barrel floated away from the wires—I'd been *tapping* them, you understand, but don't mention this on any account—so must stop now. Hope to "gather up the thread of my communication" very soon again.

YE SCAVENGERS OF ENGLAND.



Ye Scavengers of England!

Whose cart one seldom sees
Without unpleasant consciousness
There's something in the breeze!
Leave other garbage to its fate,
And here your prowess show!
And sweep through the heap
From King Street up to Bow;
Where the struggle rages all day long,
From King Street up to Bow!

The Duke may wish you farther,
The question try to waive;
But, bear in mind, that filthy slush
Might prove his Grace's grave!

And should he, by some chance, go down
Himself, he'd swear you're slow,
As ye sweep through the heap
From King Street up to Bow;
Where the struggle rages all day long,
From King Street up to Bow!

We boast we need no bulwarks
Our social rights to keep;
Yet, if we wish to purchase plums,
We do it—ankle deep!
And though we often, through the *Times*,
Our indignation show,
The while we roar, the loads still pour
From King Street and from Bow;
And the struggle lasts the whole day long,
From King Street down to Bow!

The dirty flags of Mudford
At last shall have their turn!—
No more for rotting refuse prove
A putrid public churn!
So up, ye British Scavengers,
A decent garden show,
Where Duchesses henceforth may—leap!
From King Street up to Bow,
And thank their stars you've made a sweep
From King Street up to Bow!



MUDFORD, K.G.,
AS HE OUGHT TO BE.

"MERIVALE V. WARD."—Lord COLERIDGE'S *Genevieve* award is clearly wrong in principle. Dramatic Authors have the remedy in their own hands, as they can write themselves.

THE BEADLE!

OR,
THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY
ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

UR tale is now done, and it only remains for us to pull the threads together, and say farewell to our readers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury happening to visit the Westminster Vivarium one evening, saw Canon MATTIX going through some hoops, flying on the trapeze, and hanging from the roof by a cord. He did not wait to witness the performance of ZAZZEGLIA flying from the Canon. He had seen quite enough for him; and returning to the shades of Lambeth Palace, his Grace at once wrote out the following mem.:—"Canon MATTIX last seen hanging on to a slack wire. No more rope. MATTIX suspended."

As for Bishop DOWDIE, he was followed by his wife through the provinces, and though he tried to secrete himself inside the big drum which was on the platform, he was unable to elude her vigilance. The scandal, however, was too much for Small-Beerjester; and partly owing to his wife's influence, and still more to the generally expressed wish to get this excellent lady out of the country, the Bishop accepted

a Chaplaincy on the Guinea Coast, where the fees are never less than one pound one.

Mr. ARABLE makes a capital Bishop, and MORLEENA appears delighted at being his wife. What her real sentiments on the subject may be, it is impossible to ascertain, and, at the end of a novel, needless to inquire. The sorrows, sins, and virtues of our heroes and heroines are your delight, my public! Nothing is so difficult as to finish well. 'Tis true of a novelist's work to say.

"Nothing in his work became him like the leaving of it."

And if some critic who can out this up will only out this finish down, I shall be obliged to him. But I don't see my way; and so, having told you about most of my characters, I will simply add that Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER still lives happily in the cathedral town, playing the imaginary Hebrew harp every night; that Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE was never paid his bill in full, and often comes down to Small-Beerjester in the hopes of getting some of his fees, but at present, as the Aged Card-Sharpers still keep up their practice at the Jeremy Deedler's Hospital, it is Sir ISAAC who comes back out of pocket and out of spirits, leaving Mr. SIMPLER all the better for his visit. The OVERWAYTES go on much the same, and have a row every night. Once Dr. OVERWAYTE playfully pretended he was rehearsing the last Scene in *Othello*; but Mrs. OVERWAYTE, jumping up quickly, brought the pillow down on his head with such a thump as made him sue for pardon, and promise never to try the same amusement again.

Of Mr. JOHN BOUNCE I have already spoken. Suffice it to add that after his decease the office to which he had succeeded after the abdication of Mr. SIMPLER, was abolished by special Act of Parliament, which at one swoop brought to an end

THE BEADLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.



LE SPORTSMAN.

As sung by Alphonse with terrific applause at various English Country Houses.



I DEARLY love *Britannique* sport—
J'aime beaucoup your crusty port;
Parfaitement I can stalk zee fox—
I am first-rate to fist le boze.
I ont zee *faisan*, poach zee hare,
At steeplechase, I drive a pair;
I play zee crickets very well,
And drink your *portare-bière—pelle!*
O yesse! I climb your gay polo,
I back your odds, quite comme il faut:
So "mine your eye," I say, "ole chaps,"
Ven I put on my handi-caps!

I am a yotman, brave you know,
Your fourhand yot I often row;
I scull your tandem very quick,
Your skiff I drive, just like a brick.

I paint zee badger, box zee cock—
I ride zee 'ounds like one o'clock:
I learn to reef zee shandy-gaff,
I love zee foaming aff-and-aff!

O yesse! I shoot, I ride, I row,
I bawl out, "Well pull! Tallio!
O yocks! Dis is zee time o' day,
No eel-taps! Bravo! Ipp-ooray!"

ROD F. QUOD.

To the Rite Onnerable Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Secretairy of State for the Ome Department.—Onner'd Sir:—

As the Parient of a uncommon vicious Child I am appy to say I fully approves of yure idear of orderin wot yer calls jewvenal offenders, insted of being Quodded, to be wel whipt by a Boby with a Birch Rodd. But I begs to state I don't no ways appruve of the notion, weather you as that hallow in view or not, of infliction of a fine to be Levy'd by distress on the Goods of the unappy Parient. I ham quite agreeable to anny amount of birchin as may be necessary for to kepe my Orfspring Out of the Paths of Wice. But me to be fined for his jewvenal offences I say ian't fair. Bein the Father of a evle disposed Sun I ain't the same responsible as if I was the owner of a savidge Dorg. I can get rid of the Curr if I likes, but I can't get rid of the Kidd, so the 2 don't nohow go upon all 4's. Wen the Missus had twins, we was forced to keep both on 'em of which this here bad un is the survivor wus luck, and her Faverit in course, but now it won't be no use for her to think to bullyragg the Pleace-man wot will be sentenced to charstize im for thievyn or doin mischief.

In course nobody won't give anything for a good-for-nothink Boy, but if you could put me up to any way of getting im orf my Ands, you would very much oblige, Onner'd Sir, your most obegient umbel Sarvant to Comand wot they calls a Prolitaryian, and my name it is

SAM CADMAN.

Muggins's Mews, Mickelnus Day.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

Head Nurse—Miss-Management. "Remember, remember the Fifth of November," and let difficulties be settled before that date.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

A Gresham Lecture.

It is no secret that of late the City Institutions have been very roughly handled. The Companies have been accused of spending too much upon eating and drinking, and too little upon technical education. It has been said that they have squandered their enormous funds upon the most useless objects; that, in fact, they are utterly valueless. Hoping in some degree to disprove these humiliating charges, I attended a Gresham Lecture.

On reaching the corner of Basinghall Street, a few nights since, I found a Beadle in the hall of the College, apparently impatiently awaiting my arrival. He seemed heartily pleased to see me, and directed me to ascend a staircase leading to the theatre, in a tone that suggested he would not have me miss a word of the Lecture to save my life. Invigorated by his cordiality, I rushed up the well-lighted stairs, and on the landing was received by another Beadle. The second official was less cheery than the first. He pointed to a door and informed me "that was the way in." As I passed him, he seemed to me to sigh (but this may have been an idle fancy), as if he would murmur in my ear, "Beware! Beware! Beware!"

My first impression of Gresham College was that it rejoiced in a plethora of gorgeously-attired Beadles. My second (after entering the theatre) was that a Lecture upon Rhetoric, at six P.M. on a cold October evening, in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-le-Grand, was not considered by a majority of the British Public as an "overwhelming attraction." There were about twenty people present.



I entered in a solemn silence. The Lecturer was pausing in his remarks to gaze earnestly and sternly at a gentleman who was wearing his hat. For some moments the discourse seemed to have come to a complete standstill. This gave me time to look around me. The Lecturer was attired in Academical costume. He wore a gown and an Oxford hood, and a College cap was resting beside him. In fact nothing could have been more impressive than what I may term his "upper man." It is only just, however, to admit that the effect was slightly marred by a habit he had of keeping his hands in the pockets of a pair of light-coloured trousers. It may appear a little hypercritical to unduly insist upon such

paltry details, and I should shrink from doing so were not the costume of the Lecturer in strict keeping with the character of his harangue. I can only describe the bearing of the learned gentleman as an assumption of state in an atmosphere of "Oh-anything-will-do-for-this-sort-of-thing-don't-you-know." The ancient origin of the Institution was represented by the Academical costume, and the comfortable "little certainty" by the *déagé* attitude and the light-coloured trousers.

The Lecturer was addressing rather a mixed audience. There were two or three lads with MS. books, more or less successfully attempting to take notes. One was very industrious, and I really was forced to wonder what he *could* be writing. The others were calmer, and only grew excited when they got hold of a date. In the midst of these lads sat a very old man, whose education possibly may have been neglected. I say "possibly," as, from the moment of my entering to my departure, he scribbled away as if his fate depended upon his preserving every syllable that fell from the lips of his instructor. He seemed to be making up for lost time with frantic haste, as if he could not die in peace until he had learned—something! There was a strong-minded female in one corner, and a pretty-looking girl in another, and a few uninteresting loungers were scantily spread over the back-ground. These last reminded me forcibly of the crowd of idlers who make it a daily task to march from Wellington Barracks to St. James's Palace to the martial strains of the Guards' Band. I do not think that any one of them cared about Rhetoric—particularly!

So much for the audience, and now for the lecture. The offending hat having been removed, the orator resumed the thread of his discourse. He spoke in a low and melancholy tone, and apparently had some difficulty (at times) in collecting his thoughts. Occasionally he seemed to be speaking in his sleep. As I settled down into my seat, I understood him to be disagreeing with "Mr. HALLAM" upon some point or other, while he claimed for "HOBBS of Malmesbury" a high place in the literature of the Past. The subject, however, could not have been of absorbing interest to him, as he once confused the modern author with the ancient writer, calling the first



plain "HALLAM" and the last, respectfully, "Mr. HOBBS of Malmesbury." Then he paused, and slowly drank a glass of water. Having partaken of this slight refreshment, he continued with renewed energy to talk about "what he had said last night." But the "spurt" was soon exhausted, and he quickly resumed what I may term his "trance" state. Once more he seemed to be lecturing in his sleep, making long pauses now and then, as if he had entirely forgotten what he was speaking about. I tried my best to understand him, and have reason to believe that he jumped from "Mr. HOBBS of Malmesbury" to the orators of the time of HENRY THE SEVENTH. After some little pause, he disappointed us all by dismissing that reign with the remark that no oratory of that epoch had been handed down to him. He then came to HENRY THE EIGHTH, and our hopes of learning something "really good" were again aroused. The more sanguine of us may have even expected that the Lecturer would now throw off his lethargy, pull himself together, and do wonders with a piece of white chalk upon the black board that stood invitingly behind him. But, alas! it was not to be! He merely observed that he "should say nothing about the oratory of the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH." Why he elected to be so sternly reticent, did not appear. Perhaps it was because there were Ladies present! We forgave him, however, the disappointment he had caused us, because he had secured our deepest commiseration. He seemed so very bored and tired. Apparently, he had set himself a task which he nobly intended to perform. That task, I cannot help thinking, was to lecture for an hour. Probably in furtherance of this design, he kindly intimated that he was going to read us a speech. "It is forcible in style," he observed, "and tolerably intelligible." He added, that it was delivered by Sir JOHN CHEPPE to the "Levellers." "The crimes of the Levellers," he continued, "were something like agrarian outrages." Then he paused, and corrected himself. He was not quite sure that this was exactly accurate; but, after all, the crimes of the Levellers had nothing to do with Rhetoric, and therefore he would pursue the subject no further.

It occurred to me once or twice during the Lecture that the learned gentleman was "not sure" of several things, and rather shrank from entering into unnecessary particulars. He continued:—"This speech was addressed to one TANNER of Kent." Then he paused, and again corrected himself. The speech was not *strictly* a speech, because it happened to be a proclamation. Still, it *might* have been spoken if any one had liked to read it aloud, *when* of course it *would* have been a speech!

Having settled this point to his own satisfaction, he commenced. The harangue may have been "forcible" in style when originally addressed to Levellers, but on this occasion it certainly did not gain much by the delivery. The Lecturer read slowly on in a perfunctory manner—once losing his place, and "trying back"—until he came to the line, "a marvellously tanned commonwealth." Here he paused with an air of languid triumph—he had caught a pun! He reminded us that the "speech or proclamation" had been addressed to the followers of a TANNER, and that here was an allusion to a "tanned Commonwealth." The play upon words was as obvious as it was pleasing! For a moment he seemed to be inviting us to join him in a wild burst of almost delirious merriment, but no one laughed, and he almost immediately relapsed into his normal air of melancholy. But I could not help fancying that he was "a little hurt," for, after reading two or three words more of the speech in a tone of resigned disappointment, he observed, rather abruptly, "I need not continue this further." As he seemingly paused to consider leisurely what he should do next, I seized the opportunity to turn round and regard the audience. Judge of my horror and my shame when I found that there were sleepers present! As I tried to recover from so severe a shock to all my better feelings, I noticed two of the audience making stealthily for the door!



They had scarcely quitted the theatre when others quickly followed their example. I gathered from this that there was something going on on the platform which was evidently causing profound emotion. I turned sharply round, and found the orator reading with an energy that argued that he had at length discovered something that exactly suited him. In a moment more the mystery was solved. The Lecturer on Rhetoric (with the assistance of Bishop LATIMER) was preaching a sermon!

As I hurriedly left, the First Beadle, cheery to the last, informed me that "it was generally over by about seven." But no, I would not stop—I had had enough! I may be wrong, but I cannot help fancying that quantity, rather than quality, is the distinguishing characteristic (in some instances) of a Gresham Lecture.

THE REAL OWB DE COLOGNE.—The Debt on the Cathedral.

THE METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS.

AIR—"Keep in de middle ob de road."

*First Common Councilman (solo)—*Obstructionists dis is our plan,
Keep in de middle ob de road.*Second Common Councilman (solo)—*From a Duke to a Common Councilman,
Keep in de middle ob de road.*Duke of M-df-rd (solo)—*With bars I'll block the ways from my Squares,
And make 'em all wild with "No Thoroughfares."While the Mud-Salad carts full of odorous wares
Keep in de middle ob de road.*Chorus.*So we'll block up de middle ob de road,
So we'll block up de middle ob de road,
Just find a good place,
And we'll bar all de spase
Oh—right in de middle ob de road.**"Drink! Drink! Drink!"**A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "WILFRID," sends us the following advertisement out from the *Standard*:—**DIPSOMANIA.**—A Gentleman REQUIRES the LOAN of 500*l.*, for the extension of this good work.

Evidently an Anti-teetotal Crusade is afoot. A good deal in the way of extending Dipsomania can be done for five hundred pounds.

Hooray! Old Times Revived!

We're to have the Four Men in Armour at the Lord Mayor's Show this year. Why not have Real Knights? They've got 'em in the City. The Gallant Sir MONCK-TOWN-CLERK, and the Magnificent Sir CHARLEY! What ho! NATHAN, Costumier, thou son of Isaac of York, bring out your reach-me-down armour, and your "flat King John helmet!" Let the two warriors have the run of the gauntlets. What ho! Within there!

THE RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.

(Vide Correspondence in the Times.)

MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD, of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, cut out from the play *Forget-me-not* the character of *Ross de Bressac*, a widow, whom the Manageress considered useless, and the Authors essential. Lord COLERIDGE gave judgment against Messrs. MERIVALE and GROVE.

DID ye hear of the *Widow Bressac*,
The sack
She got, and she's not been put back,
Good lack!

DID GENEVIÈVE
A small salary save
By bidding the *Widow Bressac*
To pack?
By omitting the *Widow Bressac*?

The Authors complained—well they might,
Oh, quite.

With GENEVIÈVE they did fight
For right,
But COLERIDGE thought
That they shouldn't have fought,
That is, judging by his legal light,
Not bright,
He hoped 'twould be "all right at night."

Let law books remain on the shelf
With delf,
Each dramatist writing for pelf,
Poor elf!

To Miss WARD can say,
"If in want of a play,
You may sit down and write it yourself,
Yourself!!
You may sit down and write it yourself!"

Wanted, Immediately.

THERE is already in existence a "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language." Might we suggest the speedy formation of another "Society"—for the preservation of the Irish Landlord?

A PINT.—So the Cesarewitch has been won by Mr. BREWER. Very appropriate, in the (second) Old October week.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

"MAMMA, ISN'T IT VERY WICKED TO DO BEHIND ONE'S BACK WHAT ONE WOULDN'T DO BEFORE ONE'S FACE!"

"CERTAINLY, EFFIE!"

"WELL, BABY BIT MY FINGER WHEN I WAS LOOKING ANOTHER WAY!"

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

(Containing specimens of Letters suitable for all possible or impossible Occasions.)

BY JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.

A few extracts are subjoined:—

To the Secretary of a Working Man's Constitutional Association, on being requested to become President of the same.

MY DEAR SIR,

MAY I politely inquire of you what, in the Devil's name, you mean by calling yourselves a "Working Man's Constitutional Association?" You are working men; and as such have no more to do with the Constitution—of which, by the bye, T. C. and myself are the only true guardians and supporters left in all broad England, especially myself—than you have to do with the fine old sport of bear-baiting. I am a Constitutionalist, and the best of the lot; but, dash my buttons, if I see what right you have to put yourself on a level with me and T. C. Read my books. If you say you can't afford to buy them, I beg to remind you that by abstaining for five years from bread, beer, spirits, and tobacco, you will be quite able to afford a volume of *For's Clavigera*. If you go on to observe that you don't know where it is sold, and that no respectable bookseller seems to have a copy, you disclose your ghastly and brutish ignorance of the geographical importance of a Kentish village called Orpington. If, further, you cap your insolent folly by saying that when you do get a volume of my works, you don't understand it, I can only say that your mind must be as defective as that of those two poor creatures, GLADSTONE and DISRAELI. Ten thousand demons! Not understand me! But I will be quite calm, and subscribe myself

Yours most faithfully,

To the President of a Conservative Club, on being asked to stand as a Parliamentary Candidate for a Borough.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHO the deuce are you? However, passing over that question for the present, I beg to assure you that you have about as much right to ask me to stand as a Candidate as you have to make the same request of the Prince of Darkness himself. But I will stand, and you can consider your corrupt little hole-and-corner borough honoured by my consenting to represent it. Mind, if I don't get in, I'll bring down a Commission, and disfranchise the place. You are far too corrupt to deserve a Representative; but if you return me triumphantly, why—deuce take it!—I'll say no more about that.

N.B.—Not more than £30 a head for watching poles. That ought to bring me in at the head of the poll. Do you see the joke, stupid?

Yours devotedly,

On being invited to accept the Freedom of a City.

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR,

CONFOUND your impertinence! Beelzebub—who, by the way, was quite a gentleman—is modest and unassuming compared with your entirely dastardly impudence. Ask me to receive the freedom of your City! Let me tell you I consider you a doosid deal too free in making such a request. Your city has always been distinguished for two characteristics—unblushing mercantile roguery and inveterate artistic imbecility. Besides which, I hear that you personally believe in the filthy pseudo-science which calls itself Political Economy. Political Economy, indeed!—Political Lunacy, Political Suicide, Political Death! Bah! Take yourself and your city and your freedom away. Pack yourselves all off to the only place fit for you, which I need not further particularise, and believe me to remain

Always affectionately and cordially yours,

WILLS'S MIXTURE; OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

(At the St. James's.)

WILLS'S Mixture is not strong. The Messrs. HARE and KENDAL wanted a new version of DOUGLAS JERROLD's old play, and they took the Wills for the deed. Mr. WILLS has re-versed it, but has not succeeded in giving the public a reversionary interest in the new drama. Mindful of the success of *Olivia*, Mr. WILLS was very naturally selected by the late manager of the Court Theatre for similar work, under similar conditions; but Poet, as Mr. WILLS undoubtedly is, he is no more a practical dramatist than the author of *The Fulcon*, and rather less of a humorist than the Laureate, whose rollicking fun and original jokes in the above-mentioned "idyll" were the theme of universal admiration. One whit less well acted than it is, and its fate would have been sealed within a week, in spite of the hysterical gush of a first-night audience, whose sentimental sobs have evidently influenced professional criticism. Why will not critics determine to avoid a first night, when, at certain Theatres at all events, it is absolutely impossible to form an unbiased judgment?

The First Act is dull; and even the touching episode of old *Dame Green* asking after her dead son is only one anivel more, quite unnecessary, as having no bearing whatever on the fortunes of the piece, and, therefore, a blot—unless—good heavens! it has just struck us—this episode was intended by Mr. WILLS as "the relief!" Where an ordinary dramatist brings in the laugh, Mr. WILLS finds relief in tears. But the snivels are fully discounted in the opening; after the *Green* episode, the fountains dry up.

Never, emphatically never, has Mrs. KENDAL been seen to greater advantage. She is the very model of *Susan*, black-eye'd, or blue-eye'd, the honest sailor's wife. Without gush, without affectation, without even her little mannerism of a jerky walk (which must have been born of high heels and put off with them), she is the realisation of the Tar's sweetheart, the heroine of all nautical ballads from DIBDIN down to the author of "*Nancy Lee*." She looks the embodiment—the full embodiment, too—of all that is pure and homely. In her last two scenes she is admirable, not a gesture too much not a tone wrong, not a note misplaced, all true to nature, all the perfection of the art of domestic drama.

The prayer in the last scene is a mistake, because so evidently lugged in for the sake of "doing something" in a situation where literally nothing remains to be done, where the less said the better, and where the *denouement* should be brought about as speedily as possible. It seems as if the managers had said "Hang it all! we've laid out so much on this scene, and made it such a perfect model of an old man-of-war, it's a pity to chuck it away in two minutes, before the audience have time to look at it. But what can we do? We can't have a dance.



A HITCH IN THE NAUTICAL DRAMA.

... No—happy thought—let's have a prayer! Now, Mr. WILLS, pipe all hands to prayer. Belay!" And so down goes *Little Billes*, very much as his namesake did in THACKERAY's ballad, when he begged so piteously—"Oh! let me say my Catechism, which my poor mother taught to me!"

Mr. KENDAL is dressed as a sailor, but looks every inch—the gentleman. He is a Junior Lord of the Admiralty in disguise. He is the ideal of the *William* of romance—a handsome, graceful, perfect ideal, but, by the side of the Tar's wife, the homely *Susan*, he is only a "very superior person"—in fact, to adapt the evidence of one of his own messmates, he dances and sings "like a Angel." His dancing, too, is so evidently the result of lessons at a guinea a quarter when he was a boy, and his style of singing shows that he has had half-hours with the best masters, and, in all probability, a stall at the Opera. The song itself is a drawing-room song, and ought to have a young lady at a piano to accompany it. Did *William* wear a beard in NELSON's time? And such a very little pigtail? Why, *William's* miniature pigtail must have come from a very little pig indeed—the wee pig that "wouldn't go to market"—but it can be detected with strong glasses.

Mr. HARE is Admiral—we mean Admirable—but he is thrown away, and there is nothing for him to do. He has chosen to be an Admiral, and there he is. Whatever interest the audience feel in the character is a purely personal one. We are inclined, however, to take our own view of what that unconscious humorist, Mr. WILLS, meant by introducing the *Admiral* to decorate *William* with an old bronze medal which he has had by him for years, and which he

hasn't been able to get rid of anyhow till now. We fancy that the nameless *Admiral*—he is only "The Admiral," like the title of a song, in the bills—merely made the twopenny-halfpenny old medal a cunning excuse for coming on shore to see *Susan*, of whose beauty he had heard so much from the sailors and *Captain Crosstree*. The old sly boots—why not *Admiral Sly-boots*?—seizes the first opportunity of squeezing *Susan's* hand, taking care to allay any suspicion by intimating that there is a Mrs. Admiral at home who has her eye on him. Old *Slyboots* evidently doesn't believe in domestic happiness from his own experience, and can't understand *William's* preference for remaining at home to going to sea. He wouldn't—no, not for worlds.



"NAVAL DEMONSTRATION."

He gives us to understand that when Mrs. Admiral, with tears in her eyes, begs him to stay on shore, he buttons up his coat, claps his three-cornered hat firmly on his head, and exclaims, "No—I must go—England expects, &c., &c.," and he is off, leaving Mrs. Admiral with a small cheque for the next month's expenses, and promising to write to her from Gibraltar.

Mr. BARNES's *Captain Crosstree* is decidedly good for such a brutal character. Mr. WILLS takes care to impress us with the fact that the *Captain's* passion has been bubbling up for three years, and now in two minutes it boils over—and there's an end of him till the last Scene, when, with two very evident dabs of powder on his cheeks to represent a state of convalescence, he rushes on deck, and delivers the stolen letter and *William* at the same time.

The villain *Truck* (who is *Hatchett* and *Raker* and *Doggrass*—three single villains rolled into one), though cleverly played by Mr. WENMAN, is, after all, only *Captain Pigeon* of the first piece—*Old Cronies*—in another dress, retaining the same mannerisms with a spice of villainy and an unconscious imitation of Mr. JOHN RYDER's peculiar action with his right hand. A very important impersonage in the piece is *Susan's* child, to whom we have alluded above—



"And the youngest he was little *Billes*,"

TAKING UP A LITTLE BILL.

whose appearance in the first Scene is strongly suggestive of what *Master Bardell*, in *Pickwick*, might have been had he joined some nautical Garibaldians, and been treated to a red shirt. The back view of little *Billes* becomes a trifle monotonous. Only once we were permitted to see the cherub's full face. *Susan* has brought that boy up admirably; and his discretion during the interview was wonderful for his years.

There is a trifle too much of Rule Britannia in the music, and it must have been a very queer sort of day when Messrs. GORDON and HARFORD painted their peculiar view of the sea from "A Common near Deal," as the horizon, owing perhaps to having had a very rough time of it overnight, appears to be dreadfully upset, and inclined to take an uphill course in the direction of the stage left. Perhaps the cloth was not correctly hung, or perhaps this is really how the two artists together actually beheld it. Phenomenal of course; and the Scene should have been described as "Un-common near Deal." Perhaps it isn't Deal at all, but I-deal.

One last word about *Little Billes*. When his father and mother have sent him out of the cockpit, and he makes a dignified exit in the care of the First Lieutenant, there is heard, immediately after his disappearance, a tremendous explosion. Bang!! The pop of the ancient weasel is nothing to it! "What is it?" asks the startled audience,—and a mysterious whisper goes round the stalls, "It's the Boy!" "The Boy!" they exclaim under their breath, shudderingly. "Yes," is the very natural explanation, "he's got in the way, and been blown up by the *Admiral*." He has, then, been a Powder Monkey in disguise. Sympathy for the untimely end of *Little Billes* behind the scenes distracts attention from the sorrows of *William* and *Susan* in the cockpit, and were it not that the Boy reappears on amicable terms with the *Admiral* in the last scene, no audience would ever go home satisfied. By the way, what becomes of the villain *Truck*? Perhaps he becomes *Captain Crosstree's* butler. Nobody knows—and nobody cares.



"NOT BEFORE THE BOY."



"SMALL BY DEGREES."

THE "HEALING CLAIRVOYANTE."—On reading the report of this case, a very superior person observed, "Healing! Bosh! It's more like 'Anwell.'" He was right.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

VII.—THE MERRY YOUNG WATER-GIRL.

AIR—*Obvious.*

I WAITED last Monday at Medmenham Ferry, well—
Anxious for some one to ferry me o'er:



The man was at dinner, and I
could tell very well
He would not return for an
hour or more.
So I sat me down and smoked
so steadily.
What should I do?—I could
not tell readily.

A maiden rowed by who had
soft sunny hair,

Whose dimples and eyes were beyond all compare:
This Water-Girl was so uncommonly fair!

But only to think, as I pondered there wearily,
And gazed at the Abbey, and thought it a bore,
She leant on her sculls, and she
offered most cheerily
To row me across to the oppo-
site shore!



I said, "How kind!" She
pouted capriciously!
I stepped aboard, and she
smiled deliciously!
And rowed off at once with so
charming an air,

And feathered her sculls with such neatness and care,
This Water-Girl was so delightfully fair!

For once I'm in luck—there is not the least doubt of it!
Alas that the voyage is concluded so soon!



The skiff's by the shore, and
I slowly get out of it,
And wish the fair damsel "a
good afternoon."
I raise my hat, and she looks
so thrillingly!
I thank her much, and de-
part unwillingly!
She smiles, and she ripples her
soft sunny hair;

And leaves a heart broken beyond all repair!
This Water-Girl was so surpassingly fair!

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

(From our Edinburgh Correspondent.)

In the Fine Arts Section Mr. DOODLE read a Paper on Hearthstones as materials for Public Buildings. Mr. DOODLE said that when they looked around and saw the dirty, begrimed condition of London houses—

Mr. NOODLE wanted to know how he was to look around in Edinburgh and see the London houses.

Mr. DOODLE said he wrote his paper in London.

Mr. NOODLE apologised.

Mr. DOODLE continued, that when they saw the dirty condition of London houses, they must come to the conclusion that bricks and marble and granite were quite unsuited to London air. London was very dirty. Look at the blacks.

Mr. DOODLE had looked at the blacks. He had seen them at the Aquarium throwing assegais, and he quite agreed with his honourable friend, Mr. DOODLE, that if they got throwing their assegais at public buildings, the blacks would be very destructive.

Mr. DOODLE said his friend had misunderstood him. He meant blacks that came on your nose.

Mr. DOODLE said that if a black came on his nose, he would knock him down, assegai or no assegai.

Mr. DOODLE didn't mean that either. He meant things that came down from the sky.

Mr. DOODLE thought that if his friend had said balloons at once, it would have saved a lot of time.

Mr. DOODLE implored his hearers to think of blacks that came out of chimneys, and fell down on your nose.

Mr. DOODLE said that was very true. A black fell on his nose the other day in Regent Street just when he was passing a very pretty girl.

Mrs. DOODLE was glad to hear it.

Mr. LOODLE wanted to know what Mr. DOODLE's doubtful anecdotes of debauchery had to do with hearthstones.

Mr. DOODLE asked to be allowed to get on. They all knew that hearthstones were the embodiment of cleanliness. They knew how white and glistening hearthstones and water were. Well, if houses were built of hearthstones, every shower of rain would but purify—

Mr. NOODLE said you might as well build houses of soap.

Mr. LOODLE thought that Mr. DOODLE was an ass. (*Carried nem. con.*)

In the Hygienic Section, Mr. BOOZEY read a paper on Alcoholic Stimulants.

Mr. SNOOZEY thought that this was a paper which might be advantageously treated with experiments.

Mr. BOOZEY said that that was his intention.

Mr. LOOZEY judged from the personal appearance of Mr. BOOZEY that he had already carried that intention into considerable effect.

Mr. BOOZEY despised insinuations—he would say insinuations of a base and revolting character. Now, in regard to Alcoholic Stimulants, all the leading medical men were agreed that the safest, purest, and most healthy drink was whiskey—he would say whiskey.

Mr. DOOZEY said it was curious that Mr. BOOZEY had only come to that conclusion since his brother failed on the Stock Exchange and set up as a spirit merchant. The safest of all drinks was Madeira—old Madeira—such as he drank himself in his own house.

Mr. SNOOZEY said that his friend might drink old Madeira himself, but he gave his friends uncommonly new Marsala.

Mr. DOOZEY said Marsala or Madeira, it was at any rate a better drink than the Port-wine bought round the corner, at one-and-three the bottle, which Mr. SNOOZEY poisoned his friends with, and said he had had in the cellar over thirty years.

Mr. LOOZEY said give him claret.

Mr. SNOOZEY said his friend might say "give him claret" all day long, but he could assure him nobody was going to give him any.

Mr. COOZEY said that the worst of claret was, that if he drank four bottles it made him as giddy as anything.

Mr. LOOZEY had noticed that too, and had thought of writing a paper on it.

Mr. SNOOZEY was very glad he hadn't.

Mr. COOZEY said he would stand by champagne for ever.

Mr. SNOOZEY thought that if he was going to stand champagne for ever, it would be more to the purpose.

Mr. DOOZEY wanted to know what had become of Mr. BOOZEY.

Mr. BOOZEY was understood to say that whenever he wanted to do full justice to the reading of a Paper, he always lay under the table. Would any gentleman sing a song?

Mr. LOOZEY volunteered, and the meeting hastily broke up.]

In the Fiddle-Fiddle Section, Mr. JOINER read a paper on London Fogs. The reader said that it was impossible to overrate the evils which these November visitors brought to the Metropolis. He himself lived in the country, and the discomforts he experienced when he went to London were enormous.

Mr. BOINER wondered why Mr. JOINER didn't stop in the country, then.

Mr. JOINER said that London Fogs were extending to the country, that they had reached as far as Manchester.

Mr. COINER would take the liberty of saying "Walker!"

Mr. JOINER said that Mr. COINER might add "Hookey" if he liked, but it would have no effect on him. The fact was undeniable that hundreds of aged persons had been killed last winter simply through fog. Now, wasn't that a fearful thing?

Mr. MOINER, having lost a grand-aunt, from whom he had inherited property, last winter, implied that he didn't think it was a fearful thing.

Mr. JOINER said the remedy was in Londoners' own hands. He should propose a heavy tax on fire-places, and the substitution of gas-stoves.

Mr. COINER said he would never give up his fire-place, and he wouldn't pay taxes on it.

Mr. MOINER remembered having tried a gas-stove, and everything cooked on it tasted of gas, until luckily the beastly thing blew up.

Mr. LOINER also remembered having tried a gas-stove; only owing to a want of confidence between himself and the Company, they cut the gas off.

Mr. BOINER said that as all persons with taste were now abandoning gas, and adopting wax candles, it was hardly likely that they would consent to be poisoned by stoves.

Mr. POINER thought if a few directors of gas companies were hung, it would do some good.

Mr. JOINER thought the discussion growing irrelevant. They had met to discuss fog.

Mr. COINER assured his honourable friend, Mr. JOINER, that no one could be in a greater fog than he was at that moment.

The meeting then broke up angrily.

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR."—Temple Bar!



AT BULLONG.

Mr. Belleville (who likes to air his French before his friends). "AVVYVOO LA PARFUME DU—ER—DU JOCKEY-CLUB!"
Fair Perfumer. "O YES, SARE! VE HAVE ALL ZE ENGLISH SMELLS!"

A FEW LETTERS.

1. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—Got a splendid piece for you, one of the best even *I* ever wrote, and you know what that is. You are the wife of a Colonel of Hussars, and a Bishop is madly in love with you and would persuade you to elope, but for the timely warning of a pious Bargee. Safe to be a hit.
2. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—First-rate idea. Send it along.
3. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—How's the piece going? Grand?
4. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—Superb business. There's millions in it!
5. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—How's it going now?
6. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—Better than ever. We have cut out the Bishop and the Bargee and the Colonel of Hussars. No end of salaries saved. It's going splendid.
7. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—You just put the Bishop and the Bargee and the Colonel of Hussars back again. You've spoilt the piece.
8. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—Shan't put them back. The audiences say they prefer the piece without the Bishop and the Bargee and the Colonel of Hussars.
9. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—What! are the audiences so sunk and degraded that they have not torn the house down at the omission of those splendid characters of mine? I'll go to law and write to the *Times*.

[Does, and doesn't seem to get very much by either proceeding. But—ha! ha! "a time WILL come! GENEVIÈVE, beware!" Exit to Write.]

A SILVER MUG IN THE SKY.—The face of the Moon.

THE NEW COLONY.

'Tis a scheme that is truly gigantic
 TOM HUGHES has just started, for he
 Is now taking across the Atlantic,
 To settle in far Tennessee—
 A new colony, people by dozens—
 Male settlers the young and the old,
 With their wives and their sisters and cousins,
 Are all gathered into the fold.

They're to sow on the fair mountain ranges,
 To reap, and to trade in the mart,
 While through all Fortune's troublesome changes
 They're still to be English at heart.
 Quoth the wily American, "Thank'e,
 Though now of Old England you're types,
 In a very few years you'll be Yankee,
 And swear by the Stars and the Stripes!"

Grievous Want at Guy's.

FROM a letter, penned by Mr. R. CLEMENT LUCAS, Assistant Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, it appears that the Management Committee of that institution does not include even one medical practitioner! Such a Hospital Committee exhibits a pretty close resemblance to a Board of Admiralty, once possible, consisting exclusively of landmen, who, in their official capacity, must be necessarily often at sea. A Committee charged with the management of a Hospital ought to be in some measure capable of understanding matters of medicine and surgery; but how can it, when it does not comprehend a Doctor?

MOTTO FOR THE DUKE OF M-D-F-R-D (*a propos of the barriers on the Mudfordbury Estate*).—"BARS magna fui."



“A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!”

SHADE OF O'CONNELL. “EVERY MAN WHO IS GUILTY OF THE SLIGHTEST BREACH OF THE LAW IS AN ENEMY TO IRELAND. NO POLITICAL REFORM IS WORTH THE SHEDDING OF ONE DROP OF BLOOD.” (See JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S *History*.)

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

*Exciting Scene in Court! Examination of a Sheriff!!**Our Commissioner.* You are, I believe, a Sheriff of London?*Sheriff.* I am a whole Sheriff of London, and half a Sheriff for Middlesex.*Our Commissioner.* Good gracious me, how's that?*Sheriff.* I must request you to ask my Under-Sheriff; he is a lawyer, and bears me harmless, and answers all bothering questions, and takes all my fees, and keeps 'em for his trouble.*Our Commissioner.* Are your fees of large amount?*Sheriff.* Somewhere about a "thou" more or less—but I'm not quite clear on the subject, and I don't believe any Sheriff ever is.*Our Commissioner.* Have you any salary?*Sheriff.* Yes, the Corporation allows me about £300 a year, some of the items being rather curious. For instance, the Common Council in the time of PHILIP and MARY kindly granted the Sheriffs of that day 20s. each, which amount we still receive. In 1577 they granted for Wax, Herrings, and Sturgeon, £5 6s. 8d. I don't use wax myself, and I don't like herrings or sturgeon, but I receive my half of the £5 6s. 8d.*Our Commissioner.* What strange items! Anything further of a curious kind?*Sheriff.* Yes, I am also kindly presented with some very handsome Fire Buckets, which, I believe, are intended to enable me to extinguish any fire that might be accidentally caused, shortly after my return home from one of the many sumptuous repasts I have to attend officially.*Our Commissioner.* What paternal care the City Fathers seem to display towards you. Anything further?*Sheriff.* Yes; they allow me Nine Pounds to pay the tolls on London Bridge, but as there is no toll on London Bridge now, I—*Our Commissioner.* Yes, quite so. Very natural. Anything further?*Sheriff.* Well, I wear a peculiar costume—which I think rather becoming,—and I have to swallow a great deal of green fat with my turtlet. I ride in a carriage of resplendent beauty. I am waited on by domestics arrayed more gorgeously than those of Royalty itself. I am allowed to address the House of Commons from the Bar of the House. I go to Court, attend State Balls and Concerts, and have always before me the possibility of a Knighthood.*Our Commissioner.* Pray what are your principal duties?*Sheriff.* Dining, Flogging, and Hanging.*Our Commissioner.* Will you describe them more in detail?*Sheriff.* Certainly. Whenever and wherever the Lord Mayor dines, there I dine; wherever the Lord Mayor goes, there I go; whatever the Lord Mayor says, I repeat, with a difference. In short I am the Lord Mayor's shadow. "We come like shadows, so depart." I emerge from obscurity into the brilliant sunshine of Corporation life. I bask in that sunshine for twelve short months, and I then return into the obscurity from which I emerged, I trust, a wiser and a better man.*Our Commissioner.* Never mind the rest. Very instructive. You may retire, Mr. Sheriff.

THE WAGS OF WATERLOO.

THE London and South-Western is usually esteemed a "safe" railway, both as regards its dividends and its exemption from accidents—the Nine-Elms disaster notwithstanding. Nevertheless, the Directors of this Company may justly be considered as holding high rank among the Practical Jokers of the age. The mention of a few of the witticisms expended upon the traveller by them will indubitably confirm this assertion:—

1. The Waterloo Station is so constructed that no voyager of ordinary intelligence can determine the precise point of his departure. With rare humour the Directors have so arranged the various platforms that it is quite possible to be at Waterloo and yet to be some hundreds of yards away from the spot whence any particular train will start. A craftily-devised medley of barriers, bridges, subways, and iron ways, after the Hampton Court Maze model, moreover, generally succeeds in baffling the stranger in the Waterloo Wilderness. The only successful plan for escaping is to propitiate one of the natives (or porters). And even these are often at a loss to determine the *right* platform five minutes before a train starts. With equal jocularly the Directors have scattered seats few and far between. Several of these resting-places are judiciously placed over the gratings of the kitchens connected with the refreshment-rooms, so that the imaginative traveller may refresh himself economically on the savoury odours. The walls of the Station are carefully, and, it may be added, generously adorned with the announcements of other Railway Companies. The careful explorer will discover some few time-bills of the London and South-Western in odd nooks and corners. An arrangement whereby those who are arriving and those who are departing from the "Loop-Line" Terminus meet in friendly conflict, is a touch of genuine pantomimic fun.

2. Horse- and boat-racing are sources of great revenue to the Waterloo wags, and also of infinite pleasantry. Whenever there are meetings at Epsom, Ascot, Kempton, or Sandown, or aquatic contests at Putney or Mortlake, the fun is fast and the jockeys (or ordinary travellers) furious. The uncertain hours of arrival and departure have all the charm of constant variety. But, furthermore, the monotony of the journey is repeatedly broken by abrupt stoppages at not generally appreciated spots of interest, commanding splendid views over wild expanses of tiles and chimney-pots, or embracing vistas of ploughed fields

interspersed with telegraph poles and unfinished mansions of the lower order. In addition to these jests, ordinary fares between the Metropolis and the place where the equine or aquatic sports are being held are abolished for the time being—not to the traveller's advantage, nor with his consent. Lastly, a splendid Communism is very often established, especially during the Ascot and Derby weeks. On these occasions any well-organised band of roughs can eject a party of Ladies from a first-class carriage, and establish themselves without the unnecessary ticket, for the South-Western Directors and their merry *employés* humorously treat such scenes as the fortune of uncivil war.

3. It is evident that the Directors must be great rabbit-fanciers, for the number of hutches scattered over their "System" is enormous. It is only by experience that the traveller can appreciate the irrepressible propensities of the South-Western Company when he finds out that these hutches are not for rabbits, but for human beings, and that they are technically known as "Country Stations." Most of them are adorned with texts, but every one has a pigeon-hole for the reception of the customary tribute. A long wait in any of the South-Western hutches is one of the most excruciating jests which any Company of Practical Jokers could practise. However, Christmas is coming, so Clowns in want of a few comic scenes would do well to visit this rare field of Waterloo.

THE BREWERS AT ISLINGTON.

A BREWERS' Exhibition, one would think,

Should be a show peculiar to the Trade,

Chiefly of every sort and kind of drink

From malt and hops through fermentation made;

Beer under all its forms, of local fame,

Or popular by individual name.

Burton and Kennet, Welch and Scottish ales;

Barclay and Perkins's Entire—the best

Which they and firms whom space to mention fails

Brew likewise—Truman, Manbury, and the rest,

Merchants of porter, heavy wet and stout,

Aloft the sky whose tavern-legends flout:

Materials used in brewing too; those twain

In making genuine beer employed alone.

None of your shams; no produce of the cane,

No quassia, by true British Brewers shewn.

No drugs; nought save the ingredients of pure beer,
Sound, unadulterated, and sincere.

Models and plans of "Plant" you might expect,

In order, to behold disposed or hung;

Boilers, and vats, and tuns withal, select

Utensils; barrel, tub, and tap, and bung.

And ah, 'midst all that good old-fashioned gear,

The modern beer-engine that mars good beer!

And carved or moulded forms of Brewers' men,

Types of the Drayman famed in comic song,

And those big Brewers, to the Upper Ten

Thousand, as Brewer Princes, that belong;

The legislative Brewers, who represent

Beer's interests in Britannia's Parliament.

But who, at any Brewers' Exhibition,

Could ever have expected to appear

All manner of beverages in competition,

As non-intoxicants, with Brewers' beer,

Such as of late may have been viewed, on call,

In Islington, at Agriculture's Hall?

Can Brewers have taken Temperance Drinks to brew,

Meeting the times, to suit the taste of such

Good folk as those malt liquor that eschew,

And, in their cups, can't take a drop too much?

As well as beer, do breweries now supply

The draughts that not inebriate, for the dry?

Or do the Men of Beer design to show

How little they the opposition dread

Of mineral waters, lemonade, and so

Forth, to the potions that excite the head;

And do they back beer still to hold its own

'Gainst mimic fizz, and pop and soddone?

THE KURDS IN PERSIA.

OF course this has o-kurd to everyone—at all events, we have received a bushel of jokes on the same subject, more or less ok-kurdly expressed—namely, that, according to latest advices, "the Persians are giving whey to the Kurds." Also, "What is the word of command for 'Halt!' among the Kurds?—*Whey!*" "The Kurds ought to mend their wheys," is another favourite one. We have also received two hundred and fifty plays on the words "whey" and "weigh" appropriate to the same subject. "The Kurds," writes another esteemed correspondent, "are a savage race; and all have con-kurd in hoping they'll be speedily con-kurd." No—no more to-day, Baker—take them away—we have only re-kurded the fact, and so make our kurdsey, draw the kurdin, and retire ac-kurd-ingly, for what can't be kurd, &c., &c. Avaunt!

Our Own Patent.

NEW Invention to assist the present Ballot-Box System, which will record the vote and take a portrait of the Voter. Albums of Votographs will thus be kept for reference—one for positives, another for negatives. The Votograph apparatus will reproduce an exact fac-simile of the Ayes and Noes of every Voter.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 4.



BARON HENRY DE WORMS.

BAIT FOR 'BAIT'; OR, THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

WHO'S GRIFFIN?

THE Bronze Griffin which is to surmount Temple Bar Memorial was last Wednesday fixed in position. The *2 P. M. Gazette* adds, "It has been executed by Mr. C. BIRCH, A.R.A." Executed! Serve it right. We saw the scaffold, and the poor thing was covered up—after the execution, of course. The Griffin is a fabulous animal, and cost a fabulous price. This is the first application of BIRCH to a juvenile offender. Alas! poor Griffin! [Since the above was in type, our boy has run round and informs us, that the Griffin is still there. Impossible! What! after execution? It must be his double!]

A Nod's as Good as a Wink.

CITY of London School. First stone laid last Thursday. Mr. WALFORD, Chairman of the Committee, stated that "the School originated from the gift of JOHN CARPENTER, Town Clerk of the City about 1442." Hallo! Sir JOHN, Town Clerk of 1880, here's a chance of immortalising yourself now. Why not do likewise—and then apply for another fifty per cent. rise of salary, eh? (No commission on this suggestion.)

APPROPRIATE ADDITION TO THE CITY ARMS.—A (Temple) Bar Sinister!

THE SOCIETY FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF MUSIC AND DANCING.

THIS Society held its one hundred and thirtieth Annual Meeting at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, on October 14th and 15th, under the presidency of Captain MORLEY, who was supported by Major LYON, Mr. SHARPE, and about fifty out of four hundred other Meddlevox Magistrates. The representatives of the four millions of Londoners appeared with becoming humility before this August, or rather October, assembly, and asked meekly for permission to occasionally sing a song, or play upon the flute, or dance a dance, or witness others dancing.

The Society, not being quite clear as to whether its powers applied to the public as dancers, or the public as witnesses of dancing, wisely fenced with that part of the question, but expressed a strong conviction that no person ought at one and the same time to indulge in the luxury of music, dancing, and singing. Having all the police inspectors from A to Z in one box before them, they took the opportunity of scolding these gentlemen for not watching and reporting upon any infringement of this and similar rules. Being somewhat irritated by their own remarks, they then took away a music and dancing licence from a deaf old gentleman that had been granted probably for the last eighty years, and refused another licence because certain technical "notices" had not been properly served on churchwardens, overseers, clerks of peace, clerks of vestries, clerks of petty sessions, houses, station-houses, cheesemongers, trunk-makers, bill-stickers, and paper-hangers.

After granting a licence to Exeter Hall, without a word about its notoriously dangerous exit, they raised a discussion about a trumpery staircase at the Scapegot Music Hall. Having swallowed such a camel as the Polytechnic, where "Stage-plays," so called, are nearly always being represented without authority, they strained at such a gnat as a representation of African warfare at the other end of Whitechapel, and patronisingly granted a licence for Music to the Royal Academy of Music, whose Directors, by the way, if they only knew it, are quite independent of this Society for the Extermination of Public Amusements. One member of the Society thought that it would be better if all persons could be sent to bed at nine o'clock, but he did not press his conviction; and another member insisted that the refined and refining Soldier should be admitted without

scruple to every entertainment. This last idea was received with great enthusiasm; but no suggestion was made as to who was to pay for the Soldier. The Press were ordered to take notice of the idea, and we obey the order.

After a fruitless attempt to get the Royal Aquarium into hot water, and to prove that the only thing fishy about it is its management, the Directors were given another year's grace; but the Town Hall of Shoreditch was warned that it had committed a crime by allowing the *Stabat Mater* to be played on an Ash Wednesday. When it was pointed out that the Meddlevox Magistrates had no power to bar such a performance, or any performance, on that particular day, Mr. SHARPE, who is as sharp as vinegar, seemed to indicate that the will of the Magistrates was above all law—

You mustn't do sich
Near the bells of Shoreditch,

though you may do it at the Albert Hall, and on the Surrey side of the water.

After a few dozen music licences had been granted to "coffee palaces"—the new pets of the professional philanthropists—a licence was refused to the *Trocadero Café*, and a chance lost of partly clearing the top of the Gaymarket. Such is the difference between coffee and *café*. EVANS's was once more restored to life after a year's trance, but the owner was not to have the privilege accorded to the late Paddy GREEN of entertaining duchesses unawares. It is now to be a strictly monastic institution.

Having inflicted as much inconvenience as possible on the public, the Meddlevox Magistrates adjourned for a year. The beauty of this Licensing System is that if any wrong is done, it cannot be remedied for a twelvemonth. On the other hand, if any licensee abuses his licence, he cannot be punished for a twelvemonth. The Act of Parliament (25 Geo. II. cap. 38), having been passed about 1750, is admirably suited, of course, to the wants of 1880.

Will these Meddlevox Magistrates meet again next October? Unquestionably. Will it take twenty years' agitation, a riot, and the march of one hundred thousand men to Westminster to get rid of this society, and put our Licensing System on a sound and sensible footing? Probably. The ancient Assyrians worshipped the Bull, and other nations have adored a variety of animals. In England we worship the Jackass.



"LISTENERS NEVER HEAR," &c.

Old Chickory (of Crutched Friars) had lounged into the Garden with his cigar. He was on a visit to his brother-in-law, and had been polling about his Preserves for a day or two with the Keeper—the Squire wouldn't go). He hears voices round the corner—it was

William (talking to his Master). "WE GOT ON BETTER TO-DAY, SIR. BUT A CHOKE-BONE AIN'T NO USE TO HE—HE WANT A GUN AS'LL COVER A WHOLE BARN, SIR, HE DO!" [The Alderman returns to London at the end of the Month, a wiser if not a better shot!

THE CLOCK AND THE DRAGON.

A Dialogue in Fleet Street.

Clock (expressing as much astonishment as a blank countenance is capable of). Hillo! why, who are you?

Dragon. Oh! I'm a Dragon.

Clock. Humph! didn't twig you with that canvas bag on.

Who stuck you there?

Dragon. Those City sumphs.

Clock. How funny!

Dragon. Ah! and I cost a jolly lot of money.

Clock. What are you going to do?

Dragon. Why, stand and ramp,

*Exposed to London soot, and mud, and damp,
Till dirtier than my types in ancient time,*

Who fought and wallowed in primeval slime.

Clock. Disgusting destiny! As bad as mine is.

Dragon. Ah! I was going to ask you what your line is.

Clock. Ah, I'm a clock.

Dragon. The deuce you are! How curious!

And with no hands?

Clock. There, don't! You make me furious.

I'm Fleet Street's butt.

Dragon. I'm sure I am no use;

And as for beauty, Mr. STREET'S abuse—

Clock. Don't mention him, I've cause to doubt his taste.

Who fashioned you?

Dragon. A Mr. BIRCH.

Clock. What waste

Of honest metal! BIRCH deserves the rod.

An ugly useless pair, our fate is odd.

Dragon! You are a type of Civic folly

That puts the drag on progress.

Dragon. Melancholy

*But pregnant pair. And you are London's mock,
A hideous, handless, time-ignoring Clock.*

No blame to us, for could we choose our lot—

Clock. Mine were oblivion.

Mine the melting pot.

[Left lamenting.]

A Cologne-ial Grievance.

WHAT do the papers mean by announcing "The Opening of Cologne Cathedral," as if it were a startling novelty? I've been to Cologne five times within the last five years, and always found the Cathedral open. Once, very early in the morning, as I was returning from an evening party, I saw the "Swiss" opening the Cathedral by himself. But there was no ceremony of any kind on that occasion, except a mere passing nod on my part, which he acknowledged most civilly. If you don't believe me, I refer you to the little English Cologney of residents.

Yours,

Newcastle.

COAL OWNER.

Sweets for the Shameless.

IN evidence given before the Gloucester Election Committee, the other day, a witness incidentally mentioned that—

"The popular name for bribery money was 'Sugar,' and a place where it was distributed was known as the 'sugar shop.'"

Not alone in Gloucester, but in corrupt boroughs generally, amongst electoral rogues, the "Thieves' Latin," or slang synonym for a pecuniary bribe, is "Sugar." In this country of Free Trade, the sums distributed amongst corrupt constituencies to venal voters are the only payments which can be pointed at with the finger of disgust under the name of "Sugar Bounties."

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



URE enuf, one of the best dinners as I ever assists at is what they call "the feast of Love and Peace" at the Merchint Taylors. From what I can understand from the Wash-upfool Master's speech, it seems that the Tailors and Skinners had a jolly fight in Cheapside, ever so many under years ago, and lots on 'em was killed on the street of batel, and all about which should go fust in the Lord Mare's Sho! Well, they was all had up before the Beak, and he must have been some-think like a Beak, for he ordered 'em not to make such fools of themselves again, but to take the leed one after the other on diffirink years, and to ask each other to dinner every year like Xtian Gents. And so they did, and so they have done

ever since, I think the Master said 396 times each, and so they does now, and so I hopes they 'll keep on doing till Waiters is no more! The Master of the Skinners replied like a Man, that he hoped both Kumpennies would shew their good sense and usefulness by givin as many dinners as posibel. Ah that's the sort of Master for my money. Brown whispered to me, "Amin to that sweet prare," I heard the Amerikun Ambassidoor who was prisint, say, "he was blowed if that jolly fight mustn't have took place before Kristifer Klumbus diskuverd his grate Country, and he wished as all batels was follered by such jolly results, only it might inkuridge people to go to war if it came to be known that a little scrimmidge in Cheapside had perduced nearly 800 scrumpahous dinners such as this here one."

Ah! how many things is changed since that time! Hempires is cum and gone, Taverns is changed, and Eddicashun is become ginrul.

What I loves, almost as much as Old Madeery, is to see the gushin and effectionet Loyalty as is shown when any of the Royal Family dines with the Copperation. It isn't only that they stands and stares at 'em with hor and admirahsun wile they're there; for Brown says, in his imperment way, "The Swells does that as well as the Snobs;" but, drektly they goes, there's such a rush of Loyalty to the Tables when Royalty has had its dinner, as almost draws tears from my eyes.

They sits on the Chairs where they eat; they gobbles up the bits of fruit left on their plates; they snatches up the Flowers they smelt at, and runs off with the Menos as they handeld. Brown, with his usual bad taste, says it's all Flunkyism; but I says it's true ginine Loyalty to the Throne and Haltar; and while them noble Principals is thus shown, Old England has nothing to fear from swearing Demi-Gogs.

I often thinks from what I sees, that it must be very trying to one of the very Middling Classes to have to go through his dooties as a Master of a Great Compenny. I wonder what his feelings is after entertaining, say, a Royal Prince, and a couple of Dewx, and a brace of Bishups one day, and the next day having to serve in his shop.

I don't know a better bit of fun than to see some innint Swell, praps a Lord or a Barrinit, a larffing and a chatin and a drinkin away, and thoroughly enjoying hisself, and presently up I goes to him and I says, says I, please Sir you will have to respond to the next Toast but 2. Oh to see the suddin change! Why some on 'em's so took a back that they seems reddey to feint and almost grasspin for breth. No more larffin for them, I can tell you, but capital fun for Brown and me to watch 'em.

On the other hand them as is used to it, likes it, and is as savage as Bares if they ain't called on. Only the other nite at the Manashun House one of the Guvernmint asked me what he would have to do, and when I said nethink Sir this evenin, he got up and went away quite pail with anger.

Such is Life! Them as wants somethink don't get it, and them as gets it don't want it.

(Signed) ROBERT.

HYGIËA.

(A Sanitary Lyric, imitated from Edgar Poe's "Ligeia," and dedicated to Dr. Richardson.)

Hygiëa! Hygiëa!
Most exigent one!
I have an idea
Thou pokeest thy fun.
Oh! is it thy will
To make noodles of us,
By urging us still
So to worry and fuss
Concerning our bodies,
What's eaten, what's drunk,
Until we're mere noddies
In chronic blue funk?

Hygiëa, thou'rt clever;
But, 'twixt you and me,
To fidget for ever
Is fiddle-de-dee.
We mustn't eat this,
And we mustn't drink that,
Lest sound health we should miss,
Grow too thin, or too fat,
Must go in for analysis
Of all "grub" about
Lest we court cramp, paralysis,
Fever, or gout;
Mustn't travel by rail,
Must shun riding in cabs;
Must,—but time would quite fail
To tell half of thy "fads."

If a mortal (I think)
Could such vigilance keep,
He would ne'er eat or drink,
He would ne'er toil or sleep.

Sanitas sanitatum
Is all very fine;
But my *ultimatum*
Is this—I must dine!
And if I stop grubbing
Till all's fair and clear,
I shall do nought but "tubbing"
For many a year.
Æsculapius' daughter,
With thee I agree,
Pure air and cold water
Are needful to me;
But perpetual worry
'Bout stomachs and nerves,
And this, that, and 'tother,
No good purpose serves.
"Nine Systems," Hygiëa,
Perhaps I possess,
Though I'd an idea
The number was less.
But to square work and feast
By the rules thou art giving,
Would take nine lives at least,
And not one much worth living.

FRIENDS IN LEEDS.

SIR,—You told me to go to Leeds, and I told you to go to Jericho. You didn't go to Jericho, and I didn't go to Leeds.

Who needs
To go to Leeds?

when he can do as I did, and always intend to do in future. I simply—very simply—sat in my little second-floor back-room, with one end of a Telephone fitted up to my study-table, the other being attached to Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who went off with it to the Leeds Festival, and took it with him on the platform. Did you ever hear of a Telephone being attached to a person? They do, I assure you, become deeply attached—like cats, however, more to places than persons. Of course it was a brilliant idea of mine—(you, Sir, never thought of it)—to put the Telephone into ARTHUR SULLIVAN's head—in at one ear and out at the other—because, as everyone knows, he is such a perfect Conductor of sound. It succeeded marvellously. I heard everything; and was charmed with BARNETT and BENNETT, and *April Fool* and *Shipping the Builder*, and that ancient Conservative musician, the *Hoary Tory O!* Where all was so good, and so much was Osgood, and where one thing was as good as another, as the Telephone said—(I heard by Telephone all the jokes, made *sotto voce* on the platform, but shan't tell of one of 'em)—it is impossible to discriminate. Dr. SULLIVAN's prescriptions, for an opening symphony to a tonic, were most successful. The learned author of *Pinafore* did the words of the *Martyr of Antioch*, and the Telephone gave me a few particulars which the general public was not privileged to hear.

The great song rather reminded me of something in *Trial by Jury* and *Pinafore*; it is called "I'll tell you how I came to be a Martyr," with chorus. The refrain of the next most popular number is

"In spite of all temptations
From some denominations,
I remained a Christian.
(Triumphantly) I remained a Christian."

This, with the magnificent accompaniment to which it is set, created a profound sensation—

"A most profound sensation
From the grand instrumentation
Of Doctor Sullivan—
Of D-o-o-o-octor Sul-ul-ul-i-ven."

Well, if Sir ARTHUR—(is the Telephone correct, or did it say Dr. ARTHUR? Odd! I thought it whispered "Sir,"—but perhaps it said "Sir" to me)—if Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, isn't satisfied with the result of our spirited telephonic experiment, he ought to be. But if everyone can hear musical festivals by Telephone, why go to Leeds, or anywhere else?—except as an excuse for an outing—out on the Leeds. Adoo!

BOUNCER.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Young Shaver. "BET YER TUPPENCE, I'M HOME FIRST!"

MYSTERIOUS WIRES.

A VERY slight idea of the dissensions at present raging amongst Her Majesty's Ministers can be gathered from the following telegrams, forwarded to us by an esteemed Conservative Correspondent. We don't believe for a moment that he would send us any information that wasn't strictly authentic; yet as he has only just returned to Town from Dartmoor, and his imagination sometimes is known to run away with him, we are a little bit surprised how he has got hold of the subjoined most important documents. However, we suppose it's all right:—

Earl Gr-nv-lls to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Very sorry to bother you, but unless I clearly understand how far you intend to carry this idiotic Naval Demonstration, I really must resign.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Earl Gr-nv-lls.—Can you clearly understand anything?—that's the question. Everything will come right. Leave it to me.

Earl Gr-nv-lls to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Just what I refuse to do. Am I Foreign Secretary, or not? Usurpation of three Offices by the Head of the Government is an unheard-of and unconstitutional anomaly. Wire back whether I'm Foreign Secretary or not, and whether I can use my own discretion in Eastern business.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Earl Gr-nv-lls.—Of course you're Foreign Secretary—look it up in *Whitaker*. Use your own discretion by all means, but come to me before you do anything. That's all.

Sir Ch-rl-s D-lke to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—I don't like making a fuss, but really must resign unless we punch the SULTAN's head *instantly*. G-MB-TTA quite agrees with me.

Mr. Br-ght to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Rumours of Coercion and Bombardment. Wire back if true. If true, I resign. Can't stand *quite* all that, you know; must keep up appearances, "peace at any price," &c.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Mr. Br-ght.—Just so—"piece" (of Turkey) "at any price"—quite agree with you. We'll get it too—jolly large piece—so'll Russia—so'll Austria. You leave D-LKE to settle SULTAN—all's going well, couldn't be better.

Mr. F-rst-r to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Unless you call Parliament together at once, and get Habeas Corpus suspended all over Ireland, I really must think about—resigning.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Mr. F-rst-r.—"Et tu, Brute!" Ireland not half so bad as you imagine—distorted imagination—wait for Irish Land Bill—prosecute PARNELL, &c., if you *must* do something.

Mr. F-rst-r to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Am I Irish Secretary or not? Which is most likely to know about Ireland, you in Downing Street, or I in Phoenix Park?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Mr. F-rst-r.—I guessed your riddle at once. I in Downing Street, of course. Try another.

Lord S-lb-rns to Mr. Gladstone.—I say, how about the Land?

QUITE TIP-TOP.

THE Topographical Society met at the Mansion House on Thursday, the LORD MAYOR at the top of the table. The arguments were entirely superficial. All sorts of Topics were discussed, and several sorts of Tops exhibited, including Humming-Tops and Whipping-Tops. But among all the specimens the Turnip-Tops attracted the most attention. On the subject of Whipping-Tops Sir VERNON HARCOURT would have read an interesting paper had he been present. Competent critics to whom it had been read in private pronounced it "a regular Topper." "Top-dressing" was illustrated by a Vegetable Gardener; and, after the LORD MAYOR had said "summit," the members put on their Top-hats, and the meeting was adjourned.

SUPPLYING A WANT.

THE British Museum Authorities are going to move the Zoological specimens to another part of the building, and the vacated gallery is to be made a refreshment-room for visitors. They can now advertise "Good Accommodation for Man and Beast."

No revolutionary changes, please. Don't mind CAIRNS's old bills—but, a step further! and—I resign.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Hope you're going on with Land Bills for next Session. Give it the landlords *hot*. Don't mind old S-LB-RNE; he's a reactionary. Buy up all the land in the country—that's the plan—and sell it again to people. Buy cheap, and sell dear; thus you combine Statesmanship and true commercial principles. If you don't do this, I need hardly say that I shall be forced to—resign.

After this, the PREMIER quitted Downing Street hastily, our Correspondent informs us, and left strict injunctions that no letters or telegrams were to be forwarded to him for the next month. His present whereabouts is unknown, even to his nearest and dearest friends.

OCTOBER 20, 1880.



Get out all the warmest of wrappers,
Soft sealskin, opossum, racoon,
The animals hunted by trappers,
Each fur in the winter a boon,
For skies they are "ashen and sober"
(E. POE has suggested that rhyme),
Here's snow in the month of October—
Too early a time!

Is this the commencement of winter,
With snow and with sleet and with fog?
Ho! Gardener, bring in the splinter
Of oak, for the festive Yule Log.
And surely *æs triplex et robur*
His heart must encompass, who'
dare
To calmly behold an October
With snow in the air.

Sad Tale of a Comet.

A SCIENTIFIC Contemporary says:—

"HARTWIG's comet is now not far from α Ophiuchi; it is receding from the earth and becoming rapidly fainter."

Poor creature! "Becoming rapidly fainter"? Why doesn't it get some relief from the Milky Way? Or—why doesn't HARTWIG look after it himself! Dash his wig! But perhaps he hasn't got one or a heart either. Then why call himself HARTWIG? Bah!



THE SIX-MARK TEA-POT.

Æsthetic Bridegroom. "IT IS QUITE CONSUMMATE, IS IT NOT?"

Intense Bride. "IT IS, INDEED! OH, ALGERNON, LET US LIVE UP TO IT!"

BY SPECIAL PHOTOPHONE.

(Ray-reported from Olympus.)

Mercury. "Nothing new under the sun," eh, Phœbus? What do you think of this?

Phœbus (screwing up his treble string). Pooh! Mole-eyed mortals overlook a plain fact for a few thousand years, and then, accidentally stumbling over it, crow loudly about "progress" and "novelty." A snail, slowly and alimily trailing over a garden, blundered unwittingly against a strawberry. "Heavens! how clever am I!" cried the snail. You can make the application for yourself.

Mercury. Well, I know Prometheus is getting proud of his protégés. And I say, Phœbus, aren't they just making use of you?

Venus. Disgusting! The preposterous parvenu, Man, is getting too impertinent. First he makes you take portraits of terrestrial tag-rag, from professional beauties to *endimanché* pork-butchers; now, forsooth, you're to carry messages for traders and those solemn idiots called—what is it—diplomatists?

Mercury. Diplomatism, my dear Goddess. You are confounding deliberate burlesque

with that which is unconscious. The latter is far the funnier.

Venus (crushing an unoffending amaranth blossom with a rosy but restless foot). To you, cynic, not to me. Too heavy! I can stand OFFENBACH's soufflé, but not BISMARCK's "stodge," or GLADSTONE's Cabinet-pudding. But, Phœbus, *très cher*, why do you let the mannikins make a sort of tenth-rate Mercury of you? Why don't you serve them as Jupiter did that forward minx Semele?

Phœbus (twangling the air of "I am an Artless Thing"). Humph! It amuses them, and doesn't hurt me, you know.

(Sings.) Let EDISON and BELL

Do as they will, badly or well,

I am a genial God!

I am a genial God!

Ma foi! le jeu ne vaut

Pas la chandelle, pas la chandelle,

Although "tapping" Phœbus de omnibus rebus

Perchance seem odd.

Man's proud of his Photophone;

Let the poor little midget alone.

To coil and reflector I'm not an objector—

I am such a genial God!

Mercury. Doubtless. But that's hardly the prevailing opinion among your "midgets" just at present. On the contrary, they think you get less and less genial every season—in London at least.

where indeed they see little of you in the summer (P), and nothing at all in the winter.

Phœbus. Bah! The latter loss at least is mainly the fools' own fault. "Against dulness"—especially in the form of London fog—"even the Gods fight in vain!" Let Prometheus's latter-day pet, Science, teach them to make a better use of their stolen fire and banish darkness as well as utilise light.

Venus. Pooh! Men are born *Cimmerii*, all of them, and fog is their native element, *ne est-ce pas?* I once saw a London "Beauty" in November, with red eyes and a smut on her nose! Eugh!

[*Rubs her own tenderly tip-tilted organ in unconscious sympathy.*]

Phœbus. Well, if the Cookneys don't soon set themselves seriously to the task of banishing the Smoke Fiend, I shall not be of much more service to them.

Mercury. They may light, they may lighten the town as they will,

But the pea-soupy fog-pall will hang o'er it still.

Phœbus. Precisely. (Sings.)

I really don't desire

Their stolen fire should light their pyre,

I am a genial God, &c.

But 'neath the yoke of smoke

If they will choke—nor Science invoke,

It's no use to halloo for help to Apollo,

Or ask Jove's nod.

I'm willing quite my light

Should carry their messages right,

If they only won't clog up its pathway with fog—

I am such a genial God!

BY JOB TROTTER'S BROTHER.

WHEN is it possible to mistake a horse for a hypocrite?

When you take him for a canter.



NON BEN (LOMOND) TROVATO.

Rory (fresh from the hills). "HECH, MON! YE'RE LOASSIN' A' YER WATTER!!"

Aungus. "HAUD YER TONGUE, YE FEUL! ETT'S LATT OOT TO STOAP THE LADDIES FRAE RIDIN' AHINT!!"

DIARY OF A BURGLAR.

Monday.—Yesterday's rest and attendance at my favourite place of worship, has wonderfully refreshed me. Feel fit for anything. Lay in a little more gunpowder, as people are getting so absurdly suspicious and *will* insist on keeping loaded firearms in their bedrooms, a most dangerous practice. Also inspect my jemmies, knuckle-dusters, and skeleton-keys, and clean my favourite revolver for night-work. Think about purchasing some dynamite. Would it assist me? Fill up my list of engagements for the week, which includes some pretty little pieces of business in the suburbs.

Tuesday.—Good swag yesterday. Rather unpleasant work, though. Found five bull-dogs in the hall, who flew at me. Shot them all, then with last barrel was obliged to shoot a youth, who very injudiciously displayed objections to my being in his room at 2 A.M. with a revolver and blackened mask on. No accounting for tastes. All my co-pals say I look extremely well in the mask. What shall it be to-night? One of the new steel-plated burglar-proof villas at Blackheath, I think.

Wednesday.—Easily got into the burglar-proof villa—pretty house inside, tastefully furnished, called "Rose Villa"—pretty name, too. A curious incident occurred. I had collected several watches, clocks, valuable pictures, bracelets and other jewellery, on the grass-plot in front of the house, when who should come by but a policeman! Never so astonished in my life. Hadn't seen one for years. Quite taken aback. He immediately evinced a desire to make my further acquaintance—which, considering how occupied I was at the moment, was in excessively bad taste, I thought. However, I put two bullets in his leg, carried off my booty in a cart which was waiting for me outside—never mind who was driving it!—and arrived at home, I regret to say, rather tired, owing to the labour of collecting so much material. Shall rest to-morrow, and send to inquire after the policeman, whose number I took before leaving.

Friday.—Last night did a very stylish little piece of work. Robbed SPURGEON's house! Not so much for the swag, as to create a sensation. Have always been a follower and admirer of his, but

shouldn't have been if I'd known how precious few valuables he keeps on the establishment. Nothing but tracts, and reports, and "Notes for Discourses"! Returned these, of course, after reading one or two—especially one very eloquent discourse on "Theft." Returned the whole lot,—with compliments on the admirable language of the one I have mentioned,—apologising for their temporary abstraction. Shall really think about giving up my pew—quite disgusted.

NEIGHBOURS.

"While cherishing the fact that 'his house is his castle,' a London resident should consider the comfort of others, and remember that he should not conduct himself quite as if residing in the country, with no one within a mile of him."—*Quem*, Oct. 16, 1880.

My house is my castle, of course, well then come,
Little WILLIE, and play on your whistle and drum;
Tap the dish-cover, dear, if you like with a spoon,
Let the dog loose to-night, for he howls at the moon.
I always liked music, and don't understand
The objections folks make to a big German band.
Give the dear organgrinder a penny to play,
Our piano, of course, will be going all day.
Call as loud as you like on the steps, we rejoice
As a family should, in our loudness of voice.
Buy as much as you can at the door, while the shout
Of the vendors of merchandise echoes about.
Let us get some more birds, with the earliest light
They will sing, putting invalid slumbers to flight.
A fig for my neighbour, his nerves, and his ease,
My house is my castle! I'll do as I please!

THE DANCING SCOTCHMAN.

An institution that ought to have been kept up specially for the Caledonian Ball—*All Macs*.

MARY AND MABEL.

WE were congratulating ourselves on having seen everything worth seeing in London just now in the theatrical line, when a couplet suddenly whizzed through one ear and out of the other, and then back again. It was something about—

"She may walk in gay attire,
And Schiller has to spare."

We may be wrong in the quotation, but the jingle reminded us not of Mr. IRVING as *Louis des Franchis* at the Bal Masqué, but of LEWIS DE WINGFIELD's adaptation of SCHILLER's *Mary Stuart* at the Court Theatre. *Mary Stuart* is a Tragedy in Five Acts—the last act being the clim-axe—and, with the exception of the cheerful play of *The Gamester*, it is one of the tragediest tragedies we ever remember to have seen. The only gay thing in it at all is Fotherin-gay, and that exists but in the name. It is gloomy, but it is never dull. If the blank verse seldom rises above an ordinary level, it is at least neither pretentiously stilted nor sentimentally gushing.

As is the dialogue so is the acting throughout. It is well played all round, but no one is great. Madame MODJESKA herself, from first to last, enlists our sympathy, but only once rouses our enthusiasm. In the First Act she seems to throw away "points" in a reckless manner, as though she either disdained the ordinary modes of dramatic appeal to the public, or were reserving herself for some grand *tour de force*, which in that particular Act never comes.



"BETSY" JUDGED BY MARY'S "CRITERION."

It is not till the Third Act that Madame MODJESKA selects her opportunity. This is in the finely conceived interview between the two Queens, the vindictive persecutor and her hapless victim, when *Mary of Scotland*, stung beyond endurance by *Elizabeth's* cowardly taunts, turns on her oppressor, and stabs her to the heart with the one word, "Bastard!" This speech was magnificently given, and would have told with treble its effect had the representative of *Elizabeth* looked more regal and less like a circus rider, who, having finished some tricks with her highly-trained steed, had stepped out of the booth, still in costume and with a second-hand whip in her hand, to take the air in Fotheringay Park. BETSY would not have fled before *Mary's* just indignation, though she might have brought down that second-hand whip smartly on *Leicester's* shoulders—just to teach him not to lay such a trap for her again.

It is only in this situation that we consider Miss MOODIE's *Elizabeth* as un-Elizabethan. In the subsequent Act her signing *Mary's* death-warrant is just within an ace of being a very fine piece of acting.

Madame HELENA MODJESKA wins all hearts—just as MARY Queen of Scots did—when she takes that touching farewell of her Ladies, in which words go for nothing, and the action for everything. It was a difficult tragedy to finish; but, following the rule that the horrors ought to take place "without," *Mary*, lost to all thoughts of earth, walks slowly off the stage, repeating the "*De Profundis*," and her voice is heard in the distance, plaintively repeating the Psalm up to the word "*Misericordia*," while that detestable *Dudley*—deadly rather than *Dudley*—acts as a sort of showman of *tableaux*, describing to the weeping women what is taking place behind the scenes on the scaffold. Presently he pauses, turns away, says "*Mary sleeps*"—or words to that effect—and the audience sit for a few seconds, after the slow descent of the curtain, utterly appalled by the tragic finish which, "long expected," has "come at last," though, somehow, up to the latest moment there was still a hope that Mr. WINGFIELD had tempered history with poetic justice, and



FRILLING SITUATION!

would bring back somebody—say *Shrewsbury*—with a reprieve, would then discover that *Sir Edward Mortimer* was no, more dead than *Captain Crostree* in *Black-Eyed Susan*, would send off the *Earl of Deadly* and *Lord Bully*—to instant execution, when Madame MODJESKA could have married *Mortimer*, who would then have given her the entire right of playing his *Heartsease* in town or country for nothing. But this does not happen, and *Mary*—alas!—is executed.

Madame MODJESKA has achieved a success, and Mr. WINGFIELD has shown up our Precious BETSY in her true colours for once. Mr. JOHN CLAYTON plays *Dudley*, and looks burly. The *Earl of Shrewsbury* is a strong BEVERIDGE, and *Lord Burleigh* has his PRICE, who plays most carefully what might so easily and so soon be Burleighesque'd. Mr. CLIFFORD COOPER is a good *Sir Amias Paulet*, with just a touch of the Lord High Chamberlain of old-fashioned extravaganzas, who always had to "exit dancing." If he had only been allowed to do this occasionally with Miss GIFFARD as *Hannah Kennedy*, there would just be a ray of relief.

We are glad to see that *The World's* able critic, "D. C.," is still to continue at his post. We should have been sorry to have heard that he was "D. C."-eased.

MR. HAY's first and last design in his New and Original Domestic Drama of *Mabel* appears to have been to puzzle his audience, and seldom in these days has success so completely crowned the efforts of the dramatist! But much as he has puzzled us, he seems to have puzzled himself yet more, if we may judge by his own synopsis of his own plot which has come into our hands, and is certainly about as complete an illustration of the art how not to do it as could be seen even nowadays.

The name belies the play. 'Tis a pretty, simple, bread-and-butter sort of name enough, but good Lord! (as honest PEPPYS would have said) to see the load of intrigue and villainy that underlies it! *Miss Mabel* is a two-fold young person—two single young ladies rolled into one—a live *Mabel* and a dead *Mabel*. Part of the time the dead one is the living one, and part the living one is the dead; and the great point of the play is to discover when Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON, who is both, is one, and when she is the other. Quite a Corsican Sister puzzle. There is plenty of stuff in the piece (the word need not be taken sarcastically), but unfortunately it is stuffed with Hay. It is an Olympic game. All Mr. HAY's characters are burdened with a dark, mysterious past; and this past is Hayzy. The comic servants, too, are a nuisance—and herein Mr. HAY is true to nature, as a comic servant in real life would be intolerable. There are, of course, some comic servants off the stage, but their comicality is generally unintentional, and is calculated rather, in the words of the Bard, "to make the judicious grieve" than laugh. "Flesh and blood can't stand this mystery!" says the comic maid-servant at a particularly exasperating crisis, when perplexity is fast diverging into wrath, and the audience are with her to a man.

Some of the Actors, too, are as tiresome as the play. *Redmund*, a stone-cutter (Mr. ANSON), has too much to say and do. *Geinsford*, the other villain, is a bore, though this is not so much Mr. VERNON's fault as his misfortune. But why, having the strongest reasons for wishing to escape observation, does he array himself in a garb which would infallibly insure his being arrested at sight in any town on the civilised globe? Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON is over-weighted as *Mabel*, and the other CARLOTTA—CARLOTTA LECLERQ—dear me, oughtn't she to be at *Montgiron's* Supper Party at the Lyceum! or is it now a trifle too late? Well, well!

How long will *Mabel* Stop in the play-bill? Echo answers, "As long as she's able."



MORTIMER'S HEARTSEASE.



ANSON IS AS ANSON DOES.



"DIE! VERNON!"

How long will *Mabel* Stop in the play-bill? Echo answers, "As long as she's able."

THOUGHTS BY A SITTER.

I.



an Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary with Powers; as President of the Imperial Society for the Establishment of Woman's Rights; his gravity and graciousness would eminently qualify him for any of those posts, but as a complainant in a court of law I can not imagine him. If I had declined to pay him, he would, I am persuaded, have only bowed, settled his spectacles on his fine nose, and said, "Just as you please, my dear Sir." I can fancy him afterwards alluding to the circumstance with refined hilarity. "People have such different ways of doing business. JONES does not pay for his picture. He sits for nothing. But after all, there are people who require money for sitting. Perhaps he is right. Who knows? It is so funny."

That PAUL has an extensive charity for all mankind, may be therefore taken for granted; and it is still more limitless as regards the Ladies. When pushed on such matters he has confessed that he has doubts of the existence of crime itself, as crime. "Perhaps, Messieurs, the assassins have a moral code of their own—think it is wicked not to go about killing people. Who knows?"

This gentleness and elasticity in morals is of considerable advantage to the painter. He welcomes to his studio the Professional Beauty; the Monarch of Finance; the Disreputable Aristocrat, with the same grave sweetness of demeanour that he lavishes on the Public Benefactor and the Eloquent Divine. He assists them on to his raised platform—it is about the size of a railway turntable—with the same respect, and puts them to the torture with the same engaging indifference. I say torture advisedly. The punishment of the rack may possibly have been worse than that of his platform, but, at all events, it could not have lasted so long. Whenever I think of it, it reminds me of the old dreadful sentence of pressing to death. "As much as they can bear—and more." Good heavens! can anyone who has not had his portrait taken by an R.A. have any notion of the ordeal?

I say "by an R.A." because it is probable that the lesser lights of the artistic world have not his appliances, which undoubtedly increase the terrors of the operation. The torture chamber is immense. It is filled with the skeleton forms, in a more or less advanced stage of completion, of those who have suffered before and will suffer after you. Human nature would not endure that you should be taken and done with. Morning after morning you have to sit and suffer, but there must needs be occasional intervals, mornings on which you wake, and, like an exhausted Speaker, thankfully exclaim, "This morning I am not to sit." On that day the Professional Beauty, perched on that unenviable throne (it is on castors), the Financial Robber, the Debauched Aristocrat, reflect on their mis-spent lives, and whither they are leading them. On that day the Public Benefactor and the Divine derive what comfort is possible to them from the remembrance of virtuous actions and the consolations of philosophy, while you, for the moment, are free. Apprehensions of the future it is, however, impossible to banish; and at the social board, or beside your beloved object, or (perhaps) in the contemplation of your innocent children, a still small voice embitters all with, "Thursday is your day, my fine fellow; on Thursday once more you must return (metaphorically) to 'sulphurous and tormenting flame.' On Thursday VENEER will be waiting for you."

Besides the platform which raises, or depresses you (and especially depresses you), to meet VENEER's convenience, and bring you down to his level as he stands at work, there is an "arrangement"—I cannot call it a "harmony"—of gigantic blinds across the skylight, by which a flood of light is made to play upon your imperfections. With this fierce radiance beating about the "Throne," your eyes kept very wide open to it (like those of RESULUS under treatment by the Carthaginians), and your countenance in a state of constrained composure, though expected to assume the liveliest expression on

the shortest notice—"More animation, if you please, Mr. JONES; a little more fire in the glance; thank you"—you may understand that "The Sitter's" lot is not a happy one.

You can endure for ten minutes, however, what you can't for twenty, and still less for hours; and no one who hasn't tried it can conceive the melancholy engendered by staring in a straight line at an almost inanimate object (namely, VENEER, R.A.) morning after morning, while he endeavours to reproduce you upon canvas.

"My dear Mr. JONES," he once confided to me, "I am the last man to complain of a Sitter; but I have noticed that, after the first hour, your usually expressive features vanish; they absolutely disappear as in a dissolving view; you have no face."

"My dear Mr. VENEER, I think it is very probable," was my frank reply. "I don't feel as if I had any."

The mere features I conclude were still there, but all expression had vanished from them. On the other hand, it seemed to strike inwards (like a chill to the liver), and increased (if possible) my natural talents for moral and social reflection. I don't think I ever thought so much, or so admirably, as while I was under the scalp— I mean the brush and palette—of Mr. VENEER. I fled from him, as it were, and from all his dreadful paraphernalia, into the depths of my inner consciousness. I pondered upon all sorts of things that affect the well-being (and otherwise) of humanity; I recalled all the strange adventures I had ever had, and the queer people I had ever met; I elaborated whole systems of philosophy and morals; only, when VENEER, R.A., startled me with his "A little more animation, Mr. JONES!" I woke as from a dream which I was unable to recall, or piece together again. Hence, these "Thoughts of a Sitter"—much better, of course, than the hasty reflections of a mere bystander—are somewhat fragmentary Tosses.



LEAVES FROM A CONTEMPLATIVE CABBAGE.

So this is Mud-Salad Market, is it? Well, Man is a mystery! Nature I can understand a little, but humanity is a conundrum that even a Cabbage must "give up." A Cabbage is by nature and circumstance a philosopher. A Chaldean in his watch-tower had no better opportunity for undisturbed cogitation than your still sturdy growing Cabbage in the middle of a ten-acre field during the long hushed hours of sunny summer days, and starry autumn nights. We and the oysters are the only thinkers now. I wonder what an Oyster would think of this!

Modern Babylon is a big blunder! Man's civic masterpiece is a huge dirty muddle! A Cabbage is not to be blinkered by use and wont, and doesn't care a defunct caterpillar for "vested interests." A vested interest is a sort of social strait-waistcoat, which its victims put up with till they think it part and parcel of nature. I once knew a Cucumber, who would have it that the glass tube he was grown in was his own exterior integument. I have heard of girls brought up to believe that they were born in corsets. But that may have been a cabbage-garden joke—mere cabbage (a) talk, so to say. If men could only look at this Brobdingnagian Dust-hole, unblinded by custom, and prescriptive privilege, like a clear-headed, sound-hearted Cabbage, how soon they'd make a clean sweep of it! Are their eyes dulled by long winking at favoured nuisances, their noses "aborted" (as DARWIN would say) by practical disuse? Oh, for the wholesome odour of fresh, moist earth, or a whiff of wind blown across wide bean-fields! Essence of ditch-cum-dust-hole is the dominant bouquet here. The poor pretty flowers haven't a chance; their fragrant breathings are as impotent to perfume the fetid atmosphere as a sprinkle of lavender-water to deodorise Tophet. Flowers, fruits, vegetables, earth's sweetest, purest, cleanest produce, stored for the use of the humanity they serve here, where all is dirt, disorder, and disgustfulness!

I've heard it whispered that a peer has something to do with it. What is a peer, I wonder? I will ask young Turniptop.

No relief! All is nastiness and noise—stop, what's that? The words ring as clear and silvery as tinkling rain-drops on my crisp leaves when soft showers came in the summer nights. What is that silk-robed step of soft she-beauty doing here? Cheapening nectarines, bargaining for rose-blossoms! Pretty creature! As out of place here, though, as a Peri in a pigsty! Peri! Dear me! is that a female Peer? It never struck me before. Oh, impossible! But I will ask Turniptop. Fanny a race that can produce such flower-like creatures, being content to let them come to buy their blossoms here! Man is indeed a miracle of muddle. Will she buy me? No . . . she passes on . . . and—alas! I am sold.



A POSER.

"IT'S NOT SO MUCH A DURABLE ARTICLE THAT I REQUIRE, MR. CRISPIN. I WANT SOMETHING DAINTY, YOU KNOW—SOMETHING COY, AND AT THE SAME TIME JUST A WEE BIT SAUCY!"

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND.

THE Gryphon carefully slid off its pedestal, and sat down beneath the hoarding. Then it chuckled: "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to ALICE.

"What is the fun?" said ALICE.

"Well, I can't exactly tell you," said the Gryphon, "for I'm only just finished, you know, and I'm fresh to it. But there is a joke somewhere—that I'm certain of; for when I'm up there I see 'em laughing on the tops of the omnibuses."

"Dear me!" said ALICE, getting quite interested. "Then it must be a very good joke indeed."

"Well, if it is, I didn't make it—there!" retorted the Gryphon, quite annoyed. Then it added, more thoughtfully, "Unless it's the sheet. But you had much better ask the Mansion House Turtle. It's more likely it's *his*. He's always making 'em. He knows a thing or two, he does," added the Gryphon, with a wink.

"Then, if he's a wise turtle," rejoined ALICE, "he's sure to know his own joke, isn't he? We'll ask him."

At that moment the Mansion House Turtle emerged from Fleet Street, and joined the party. He gave a satisfied look at the unfinished Memorial, as he passed, and then took his place on an inverted wheelbarrow.

"Well!" he said, rubbing his fins together complacently, "we're a getting on *very* nicely, eh?"

"I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it," said ALICE. "But *what* is it?"

"Yes, what is your joke?" added the Gryphon. "What is the fun of my sitting up there with a shield, staring at the back of St. Clement's Danes, and obstructing the omnibuses?"

"Well now, I never!" said the Mansion House Turtle. "You're a grateful one, you are! Why, you've never been on such a big 'orse in your life before. There's the Queen and the Prince on the tier below you; and the lot of you right in the middle of the road, where everybody can't help running right agin you! Obstructing omnibuses, indeed! Why, yer don't know what civic dignity means!"

"I don't think they *ought* to stand in the middle of the road," said ALICE, plucking up courage as she gave a glance at the cumbersome pile of scaffolding that blocked the already contracted thorough-

fare, "and I should pull all that thing down *now*—every stone of it. I call it stupid; and it is dreadfully in the way!"

"Stupid!" retorted the Mansion House Turtle, getting quite green. "Why it cost twelve thousand pound!"

"Well, *that's* stupid," said the Gryphon, "at all events!"

"You be quiet," continued the Mansion House Turtle, "and let me explain. You don't understand. Talk of it being 'in the way,' why, it will be a relief to the traffic."

"You mean a *bas relief*, I suppose?" suggested ALICE; "and I'm sure it will all look very paltry in front of those big Law Courts."

"Paltry?" said the Mansion House Turtle. "Why, it's the very thing. It will scale 'em!"

"Well, BRONX scaled me," said the Gryphon, chuckling; "and I wonder how *he* looks now that job's done? It strikes me he had much better have left me a block."

"Yes," said ALICE, reflecting, "I've always heard that the block system was capital."

"Nothing to the block-head system," replied the Gryphon, giving a look at the Mansion House Turtle. "And talking of capital, *that'll* show you how to get through it!"

"You be quiet," said the Mansion House Turtle, angrily, "and attend to your motter."

The Gryphon chuckled to himself, and looked up at his shield.

"By the bye," said ALICE, making out the Municipal legend slowly, "that reminds me. What is *Domine dirige nos*?"

"What the omnibuses will say when they come tilting on to me in a fog," said the Gryphon. "Fon my word, it won't be safe! I don't like it!"

"Then," said ALICE, with warmth, rising as she spoke, "I shall certainly write to the *Times*."

"And so shall I," said the Gryphon, "for I can tell my own tale. Come along, let's master the subject."

It offered its arm to ALICE, and they walked slowly down the Strand.

"Humph!" said the Mansion House Turtle, looking after them. "To be master of the subject's one thing, but to be master of the situation's another. Write your heads off if you like, you won't stop me."

And the Mansion House Turtle waddled off towards the City for a plate of his own soup.



ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND.

(With Mr. PUNCH's profoundest Apologies to "Alice in Wonderland.") by Google

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



NEVER seed sich waist as on the day after last Lord Mare's Day, wen all the Reel Turtel Scoop as was left from the last night was acashally given to the Pore! Was ever such rubbish heard on? Reel Turtel Scoop requires the Stummiack of a Reel Gentleman. Why, I remember when one Lord Mare, Sur TOMMAS WITE I think it was, gave a dinner to a lot of Sailors from the Noarth Pole, and how did they like the Turtel Scoop? Why they couldn't eat it? One on 'em said to me "take away this glue!" and another of the common lot, took the lovely Callepash for Biled Snails! No, only reel Gents and reel Waiters understans and injys Reel Turtel.

HAVING nothink to do last Thursday BROWN asked me to go with him to see the

Common Counsel at Guildhall. So I went. And there I saw lots of my nobel Paytrons, but lookin wery diffrint to what they does when I waits on 'em of an evnin. The first think as struck me was how much the Court was oranjed like their dinner tabels. There was the Lord Mare in the chair, supported by the Aldermen, not so many on 'em tho as of an evnin, and then came the Officers in the best places as ushall, and then the Chairmen of Committees and the Depittis, and then all the rest of the lot anywhere they could find a place. BROWN tells me the Lord Mare is so wery fond of the Aldermen, that he won't go on at all without some on 'em, and if they leeves, he gits up and goes away. I think the Depittis are about the finest lookin fellers there, I could pint to several on 'em as fine sarpels of rayther un-common Counsel men. They looks as if they knew what a good glass of old Port wos, and never reffoused a sekkund. The differing Chairmen seem to do almost all the torkin, and so they sets close to the Ripporterers, and when one on 'em makes a little joke, he repeats it to the Ripporterers when he sets down.

I sumtimes goes to the House of Commons perfeashnally, when the Sheriffs goes there to ask for somethink, and gives some on 'em a dinner. And after it's over I goes into the House and hears the dibbait, but, to my mind, there's one or two Common Counselmen beets 'em all oller. Whether for action, or for noise, or for long words, or for staggering sentences as almost makes your hair curl to try and understand, they wins in a kanter. The funniest part of the thing is, that when one of their grand fellers says any of these fine wonderful things, instead of all the others being struck with haw, they bursts out into a rore of larfter.

Port-socket seems a nice genial name for a Ward. I wonder if I could pick out the members by their Portsocket faces. If there ain't above a dozen on 'em, I think I could. They all seems rather a noisy lot, for they keeps a man a pirpus to nook on a book with a big ammer, and call out "Order, Order!" and I'm told they pays him about £4 a week to do it. Ah! that must be a nice birth, that must. I think it would just about soot my Son WILLIAM, that would. I wonder what sort of health that ammarin Gent enjoys, and wot his rummidy is for a bad hed-ake. I wonder also weather he served his Prenticeship to a Gold-beater, or weather it was under the spreadin Chesnut Tree where the Villidge Smith he stands. Or praps it were at Ammersmith.

A Change of Diet.

"The inevitable reaction against what has been called the 'Tea-Cup and Sauer' School of Drama has apparently set in. . . . Human nature demands something stronger than this for a change."—*Daily News*.

TEA-CUP and Sauer Drama, which the *Daily News* impugns, Meant "bread-and-butter sentiment" and well-assorted "spoons." Now that to the "legitimate" the Drama takes a rise, Its "cups" are of "cold pizen," and its "sauers" tragic eyes. So tea on toast and twaddle, then, contenting us no longer, Let us all "sup full with horrors,"—which at least are "something stronger."

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



"DOUBLE DUMMY."



"GOING NAP."



"HOCKEY."



"DRAUGHTS."

INNOCENT RECREATION.

To the Editor of Punch.

HONOURED SIR,

Which it is not often that I have the pleasure of agreeing with Mr. HARDMAN, the Beak, having been too many times remanded from Lambeth to the Surrey Sessions, to permit me to contemplate him with any feelings except those of disdain and contempt, owing to his habitually harsh treatment of me, and his cruel aspersions on my character, and his more than once regretting in open court that he hadn't the power to order me a flogging. Ugh! And now the other beaks want him to sit as a stipendiary, and not for the love of making offensive remarks to an honest man. But honour where honour is due, and often where it isn't, or there wouldn't be some coves a-sitting on benches, and other coves a-standing in docks; and Mr. HARDMAN's suggestion that Horsemonger Lane Gaol be turned into a recreation-ground, not so much meaning kittles as innocent games, is worthy of all praise, and should be thought so by all English folks. To think of that grimy old place—I've been there, and it's beastly—a-turned into a play-ground, and all the dear little kiddies yelling, and shouting, and swearing, and a-cheating each other at marbles, and whooping their little brothers and sisters over the heads, well-nigh brings tears of joy into my eyes. May Mr. HARDMAN and his good work prosper, which shows that I bear no malice for past injustice and aspersions.

Which I hope, moreover, that the good work will not cease here. Oh, think of them poor little kids about Ludgate Hill, not far from your office, Sir, with no place to play in. Cannot Mr. HARDMAN, or some other good man, get that rotten old obstruction, called Newgate, pulled down and turned into a recreation-ground? Look at the hundreds of squalid youngsters round and about Cold Bath Fields, with no play-ground but the streets, and their healths being destroyed, owing to the House of Correction not being pulled down and turned into a garden. And how well a park would look on the Thames Embankment, where that hideous Millbank now stands.

May Heaven prosper Mr. HARDMAN, may I subscribe my mite to carry out the good work; and may all prisons be turned into Recreation Grounds is the wishes of

Yrs. to command,

The Cracked Crib, Seven Dials.

JERRY SNEAK.

HOW TO RALLY HIM.

If the British Tax-payer hesitates for a moment to do something for Greece, why should not Mr. RALLI ask him further to reflect,—

That Thessaly and Epirus are of no less importance to the Empire than Margate and Ramsgate.

That Greece still is the cradle of European figs.

That once upon a time ARISTIDES was a real gentleman.

That England owes Greece a terrible reparation for the Byron Memorial.

That King GEORGE is a very sensible young man, indeed.

That just now, too, he has 40,000 troops on his hands, with which he must do something.

That, under the circumstances, a general European conflagration wouldn't be half bad fun.

And that really, as the British Government have nothing else whatever on their hands, they might, just for once, do the amiable and out in.

Flesh or Fowl?

A "FAIRLY PUZZLED ONE" sends us this rare cutting from the Advertisement Garden of the *Somerset County Gazette* :—

WANTED, a FEMALE PUPIL TEACHER, in her first year, or ready to sit in the Spring. Address, &c.

Better apply at Colney-Hatch.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 5.



"WHEN ARTHUR FIRST AT COURT BEGAN"—

(Old Nursery Song adapted to a Pinafore Air.)

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, MUS. DOG., IS A MASTER OF SCORING FOR AN ORCHESTRA. AT LEEDS HE HAS JUST SCORED A BIG SUCCESS—FOR HIMSELF.

"GOOD SITUATIONS."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us these advertisements from the *Belfast News Letter* and the *Belfast Evening Telegraph* :—

WANTED, a YOUNG MAN, of middle age, who has served part time to Grocery Business, in country preferred.

A Young Man of Middle Age! Lots of 'em about. Here is a case where Irish must apply. The next is decidedly practical :—

WANTED, by a Useful Man, a Situation in a Store or Warehouse. Can handle joiner's tools or paint-brush, garden, or so-and-so.

Or "so-and-so." Now does he mean that he can "sow and sow" in the garden, or that he can "sew and sew" in the nursery. Mr. So-and-So is evidently a very useful person.

Plimsoll's Voyage.

"Mr. PLIMSOLL has sailed for Madeira in the steam-ship *Patagonia*."—*Times*.

We see Mr. PLIMSOLL has sailed for Madeira. Let's hope to inaugurate there no new era. He preached against o'er-laden ships, but one asks That he won't do the same against filling the casks.

JUVENILE OFFENDERS' DEFINITION.—"Crowd Work"—Flogging.

"A HUMOROUS KNIGHT."

["It is reported that after the Leeds Festival Dr. SULLIVAN will be knighted." Having read this in a column of gossip, a be-nighted Contributor, who has "the Judge's Song" on the brain, suggests the following version, adapted to probabilities.]

As a boy I had such a musical bump,
And its size so struck Mr. HELMORE,
That he said, "Though you sing those songs like a trump,
You shall write some yourself that will sell more."
So I packed off to Leipzig, without looking back,
And returned in such classical fury,
That I sat down with HANDEL and HAYDN and BACH,—
And turned out "Trial by Jury."

But W. S. G. he jumped for joy
As he said, "Though the job dismay you,
Send Exeter Hall to the deuce, my boy;
It's the haul with me that'll pay you."
And we hauled so well, mid jeers and taunts,
That we've settled, spite all temptations,
To stick to our Sisters and our Cousins and our Aunts,—
And continue our pleasant relations.

Yet I know a big Duke, and I've written for Leeds,
And I think (I don't wish to be snarly),
If honour's poured out on a chap for his deeds,
I'm as good—come, as MONCKTON or CHARLEY!
So the next "first night" at the Opéra C.,
Let's hope, if you're able to find him,
You'll cry from the pit, "There's W. S. G.
In the stalls,—with a KNIGHT behind him!"

VALUABLE TO ARTISTS.

WHY is an Illustration at the top of a page better than an Illustration at the bottom?
Because it's a Cut above it?

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, Master of one of the City Companies?

Worshipful Master. I am.

Our Commissioner. Of which Company?

Worshipful Master. The Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders.

Our Commissioner. Are you by profession a Bellows-Mender?

Worshipful Master. Oh no; I'm a Drysalter.

Our Commissioner. And what may a Drysalter be?

Worshipful Master. I have heard it described as a kind of Comical Psalm Singer.

Our Commissioner. Do you know anything about bellows-mending?

Worshipful Master. No; except that being very asthmatic, I should like my bellows mended.

Our Commissioner. No ribaldry, Sir! You'll find it no joke before I have done with you.

Worshipful Master. So I fear.

Our Commissioner. Are there any other members of your family Bellows-Menders?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes; I am the Master, my son is the Clerk, my nephew is the Solicitor, and my brother the Wine Warden. I have two aunts in our Almshouses, and three nephews in our free schools.

Our Commissioner. Dear me, what a monopoly! Is yours a particular case?

Worshipful Master. Oh, by no means. For instance, I am informed that in the Mercers' Company one family prevails to such an extent that the Livery speak of it as "WATNEY'S Entire."

Our Commissioner. Dear me, how strange! But how do the Livery like this sort of thing?

Worshipful Master. Well, not much, I should think. But who cares for the Livery? They don't dare say a word; they know that if they did, we should never put them on the Court.

Our Commissioner. Have you any system of apprenticeship in your Company?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes; but, of course, it's all nonsense.



CONFUSED ASSOCIATIONS.

"AND WHERE DID THESE DRUIDS LIVE, TOMMY?"

"THEY LIVED IN GROVES OF OAK."

"AND IN WHAT PARTICULAR CEREMONY WERE THEY ENGAGED ONCE A YEAR?"

"ER—LET ME SEE—OH! IN KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETON!"

Our Commissioner. All nonsense? How's that?

Worshipful Master. Why for instance now, I've three apprentices to whom I am bound to teach the art and mystery of bellows-mending; but they don't want to learn them, and, if they did, I couldn't teach them. One is the son of a Baronet, another of an M.P., and another of an eminent literary swell.

Our Commissioner. Have you any trust funds?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes. A Mr. SMITH left us a little estate in the City, some three hundred years ago, which produced £20 a-year, of which we were to pay £5 to the Church of St. Bennet-shere-the-hog; £5 to the poor of Bullock Smithy; £5 for coats or gowns for five poor men of St. Michael the Queer; and the rest to ourselves for our trouble.

Our Commissioner. Very good. And what does the estate produce now?

Worshipful Master. About £2000 a-year.

Our Commissioner. Dear me! And how do you divide it?

Worshipful Master. Exactly in accordance with the will of the pious founder.

Our Commissioner. Quite right, quite right? In four equal portions, I presume?

Worshipful Master. Oh dear me, no! We still give £5 for each of the charitable purposes specified, and keep the balance, as directed by the pious founder.

Our Commissioner. You don't mean to say that out of £2000, you distribute £15 in charity, and keep £1985 for yourselves?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes we do, in strict accordance with the will of the pious founder.

Our Commissioner. Pious Fiddlesticks! Think you he could ever have intended to give you £1985 for your trouble in distributing £15?

Worshipful Master. It is not for us to judge of the intentions of so good a man; all I know is that we stick to his words. Will you allow me to add, Sir, that we all think it very strange that we can't be let alone. We are all satisfied, we don't complain, we are all loyal and contented subjects, we loathe the very name of Reform, we always drink Church and QUEEN at our modest repasts, we are,

A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

Any English Boy. Will you, please Papa, explain to me this Presidential Election which is going on now in America?

Any English Father. With pleasure, my dear boy. Well, you see, the Americans are divided into Democrats and Republicans.

Boy. But I thought all Americans were Republicans.

Father. Oh yes, of course they are; but, you see, they must have parties, or there would be no election, so they call themselves Democrats and Republicans.

Boy. What's the difference between a Democrat and a Republican?

Father. Oh, ah, well, you know, the difference between a Conservative and a Liberal. It's like that.

Boy. Yes, Papa. And is a Democrat a Conservative, and a Republican a Liberal, or is it the other way?

Father. Well, you see, one's one and the other's the other. After all, there is really not much difference.

Boy. No, Papa. And do these people vote?

Father. Yes, my lad, of course they do.

Boy. And have they a House of Commons?

Father. They have two Houses—Congress and Senate.

Boy. And which is the House of Lords—the Senate, or Congress?

Father. Why, Congress—no, Senate. They haven't got a House of Lords. There are no Lords there. Republicans don't have Lords, and you know that the Americans are Republicans.

Boy. But you said some were Democrats, Papa.

Father. Oh bother! Hold your tongue! Where's HARDCOURT?

"Round About Town."

OUR Travelling Fellow was so exhausted after the Gresham Lecture last week, that he has not yet come round. We sent some one to bring him round, but at present all remedies have failed. He is just now supposed to be lost in contemplation of the Griffin on the Temple Bar Memorial, but we trust that in our next he will return to adorn his own column in these pages.

"Just as I am." By Miss BRADDON. Yes; sensational: just as she was.

in fact, model Citizens. What more do you want? Do you want to make us discontented like mere Irishmen?

Our Commissioner. Yes, that's just what the contented burglar would say, when enjoying a successful coup.

Worshipful Master. Oh, pray, Sir, don't utter such bitter truths.

Our Commissioner. Let us resume, Sir. Do you receive any salary?

Worshipful Master. Salary! Oh dear me, no; not a single farthing.

Our Commissioner. Any fees?

Worshipful Master. Some few, of a most trivial character.

Our Commissioner. What do they amount to?

Worshipful Master. Not above a poor £500 a year.

Our Commissioner. £500 a year! What do your relations get?

Worshipful Master. My brother gets the same as myself; my nephew about £1000 a year; my son, the clerk, a poor £2000; my two aunts about £100 a year; and my three nephews about £150.

Our Commissioner. Bless my soul! that makes over £4000 a year.

Worshipful Master (after a pause). Yes, I find, upon calculation, you are right, as usual.

Our Commissioner. Have you no compunctious visitings of conscience?

Worshipful Master. Thank goodness, I am not one of those pests of society, a thoroughly conscientious man.

Our Commissioner. I wonder your dinners don't choke you.

Worshipful Master. On the contrary, I find that a good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both.

Our Commissioner. I think I have learnt enough from you to-day.

Worshipful Master. Thank you, Sir. But, before I leave, allow me to hand you a ticket of invitation for our next Court Dinner, which will be a specially grand one.

Our Commissioner. Shall I find any £5 notes under my plate?

Worshipful Master. Excuse me, if I say, "Ask no rude questions, and I'll tell you no rude stories." Come and see! [Exit.]

BY THE WAY.—It seems natural to speak of the pavement in front of the New Law Courts as the Causeway.



DIPLOMACY.

Nurse (to Professional Friend making a call). "WELL, NUSS," SEZ HE, 'IOH AND 'ORTY LIKE, HE SEZ, 'WOT DO YOU THINK?' SEZ HE. 'DOCTOR,' I SEZ, QUITE DIFFERENSIAL, I SEZ, 'I'M QUITE OF YOUR OPINION,' I SEZ. 'AND I'M OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING, NUSS,' SEZ HE. AND SO WE SETTLES IT."

Professional Friend (much interested). "LOR! AND WOT WOS HIS OPINION, NOW?"

Nurse. "BLESS YER 'ART, MY DEAR CREETUR, IN COURSE HE NEVER HADN'T GIVEN NONE!"

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

PEOPLE are constantly asking this question, and getting no satisfactory answer. The following scrap of a diary from Scotland Yard, which has come into our possession, may throw some bull's-eye light on the subject:—

Quiet two days in the office, yesterday and to-day. All the Inspectors and many of the Superintendents dancing attendance on the Licensing Magistrates at Clerkenwell. Ought not, perhaps, to use the term "dancing attendance" in such a connection, because the Magistrates are rabid against dancing. Took fifty intelligent officers from active service and put them on to Music-Hall duty. Suspect they like it. Plenty of drink and plenty of loafing. Told them to watch the behaviour of the hardened criminals who listen to songs and smoke tobacco. Told them to report any songs that suggested impropriety. Said they would to the best of their judgment, which is not much. Received a report from one officer that a hornpipe had been danced at one hall with only a music-licence; also report from another officer that he thought a dramatic entertainment was being given at another hall without a dramatic licence, but he would like to go to the Dog-in-the-Manger Theatre, and see. Gave him a shilling and a suit of plain clothes, and told him to see. Reported himself at two o'clock A.M., having just left the theatre. Said there had been a benefit and two Shakespearean plays—drinking going on all the time. This sounded very dreadful; but found they had authority to sell drink as long as the performance lasted, even during prohibited hours, under an Act of WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

Telegrams from outlying stations, saying that in consequence of the fogs, the burglary season had commenced early with unusual severity. Took four officers from Music-Hall duty, and put them on to Burglary. Fancy they grumbled. Another officer reported improper singing at the Aesthetic Music-Hall. Made inquiry, and found the song was from the *Cloches de Corneville*, and was being sung at the Chelsea Theatre. Sent to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, next day, to know what it meant. Answer from Licensor of Plays that he did not think the song improper, and answer from Licensor of Theatres that

the house was twenty yards out of their jurisdiction, and I must apply to the local Magistrates. Sent to Magistrates, and found they had adjourned (as usual) for a twelve-month. Another officer reported a rickety staircase at the Fossil Music-Hall. Thought of Magistrates, but recollected they had dissolved. Sent over to the Home Office. Messenger treated with contempt, and told to go to Jericho. He came back. Recollected Board of Works. Messenger went to Government Board of Works. Wrong again. Recollected Metropolitan Board of Works. Sent messenger. Answer, "No power to deal with old buildings, only structures in course of erection." Next day heard that the staircase had tumbled down at daybreak. Saw a spiteful letter in a low paper, asking how much longer we should be before we cleared up the Harley Street mystery? Looked at the Murder Book, and was astonished to find such a lot of undiscovered mysteries—Hart Street, Cannon Street, Coram Street, Hoxton, Euston Square, Burton Crescent, Harley Street, &c. Took four more officers off Music-Halls, and put them on to Murder.

THE VERY LATEST.

(By Our Own Special.)

CHITTING, 9 A.M.—All right. KIRBY GREEN off. Everything settled. Dulcigno to be handed over this afternoon without conditions. Turkish Commissioner just arrived. General illumination preparing. Invested in coloured star and two crackers.

10 A.M.—Hitch. Albanian found in bazaar with hair badly out. SULTAN protests to Powers. Withdraws concession, wants six months' delay, and *pour-boire* for Commissioner.

11 A.M.—KIRBY GREEN back again. Refuses everything. SULTAN to be deposed. Sold crackers for firewood to an Infant School. Prince been out for an hour on horseback. Enthusiasm indescribable.

NOON.—SULTAN yields. KIRBY GREEN off again. Note just in. Promises cession on simple conditions. Prince to stay half an hour in town, wear fez on Sundays for eighteen months, then call again. Have lighted star.

1 P.M.—All off. KIRBY GREEN back. War settled. Put out star. Prince out for another hour. Enthusiasm indescribable. National 75 per Cents. at 1½.

2 P.M.—Difficulty surmounted. KIRBY GREEN off. Dulcigno to be handed over unconditionally. National 75 per Cents. at 1. Infant school blown up. Great difficulty experienced in finding Dulcigno.

3 P.M.—Last telegram from SULTAN a hoax. KIRBY GREEN back again. Ultimatum from Porte. European War declared. Doubts as to whereabouts of Dulcigno.

9.30 P.M.—Glorious news! *Dulcigno discovered at last.* National 75 per Cents., 0½. Figs steady. KIRBY GREEN naturalised. Enthusiasm describable.



"Take away that Bauble!"

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy.

A SHORT time since "A Musical Joke by MOZART," played at some Promenade Concerts, attracted all London to hear it. The thousands who delighted in the pleasantry, if they visited Burlington House between the hours of ten and four, would find another *tour de force* of a similar character. All they would have to do would be to ask their way to the Diploma Gallery. "When found, they might make a note of" what may be aptly termed a "piece of pictorial waggonery."

On the occasion of my visit I was kindly attended ("in my mind's eye, Horatio") by the spectral figure of a typical Royal Academician, who was good enough to act as a guide.

"We have managed to hide the directing placard behind a pillar," chuckled this amusing personage, as I ascended some stone steps. "When the Public can't find it, they do grow so wild!"

Smiling good-naturedly at the joke, I pushed open a door, and found myself in a dimly-lighted passage leading to a dark staircase. "You will have to go to the very top before you come to our little comicalities," was the spectral commentary. It was true enough. I laboured up and up until, out of breath, I reached a landing, upon which was placed a plaster-cast which I pretended to examine with the greatest curiosity.

"What a humbug you are!" was whispered in my ear. "You know you can't see it! Do you think we should have put it there if we had believed for a moment that you could? *Excelsior!* Plenty more steps before you come to us!"

Again I laboured on, and found another plaster-cast, which I learnt was the same as the first—Cupid and Psyche, by GIBSON.

"Funny notion that, eh?" I heard. "Pity we hadn't more of them! But as we had only two, we put both of them in corners, close together, in the dark! Come, you *must* smile at that piece of drollery!"

I stumbled on, and encountered more plaster-casts. So far as I could make out, they appeared to be busts of nobody in particular, grouped round the model of a horse that would have been the very thing for a sign outside a farrier's shop. Another effort and I was in the Gallery.



There were three rooms. On my left, amongst some statues, sat the genius of the place. He wore a cap drawn down close over his ears, a horse-cloth thrown over his shoulders, and a blanket tucked comfortably round his legs. He was seated on a chair, reading a daily paper, and seemed to be suffering greatly from the draught. Beside him (under a towel) was a suit of livery, apparently ready to be assumed at a moment's notice, on the

approach of Royalty or other visitors of distinction. He looked at me as I entered, as if he were unaccustomed to the presence of strangers, and then resumed his reading.

"You can see, from the unconventional costume of our custodian, that the Public do not patronise us as they ought to do," grumbled my Spectre-guide. "In fact, our janitor has the place very much to himself. He must know all our little jokes by heart. I verily believe that even the 'Battle of Chillianwallah,' at the end of the Gallery, by this time has ceased to move him to uproarious merriment!"

Leaving the official in undress behind me, I walked quickly into the last room. It contained an enormous Cartoon of BLUCHER meeting WELLINGTON after Waterloo, hung in such a manner as to bring out in full relief the rich absurdities of Mr. JONES's martial masterpiece. A strange mixture of dying Guardsmen, military sycophants, and Generals prancing unconcernedly amongst the wounded, formed a striking contrast to a small and compact set piece that in the palmy days of ASHLEY's Amphitheatre would have been undoubtedly "billed" as "Exciting Combats, one hundred trained Auxiliaries, concluding with a grand display of Fireworks, and the triumphant Victory of the gallant British Arms—for this night only!" The two battle-pieces were toned down with a mysterious piece of stonework labelled "Antique Fragment of a Female Draped Figure." Further on was an arm-chair under a glass-case, that seemed to be proud of its anonymity.

"We don't tell them what it is, or to whom it belonged, or how it came here," explained the Spectre. "We do so like to puzzle them!"

I now entered the Centre Room. On one side were the efforts of past Academicians—on the other the works of more modern Masters. I selected the latter for examination. The study of a gigantic hand first attracted my attention. It was worked out in great detail in shadow on the wall in conjunction with the reflection of a nose which had been introduced most successfully to heighten the effect. The hand belonged to Mr. COPE, but I could not discover the proprietor of the nose. Not far from this quaint fancy was a merry family party

engaged, apparently, in a game of romps. The son had put his head on the table ready to cry forfeits; one of his sisters, evidently preferring blindman's-buff, had covered her eyes with an apron; while a second damsel whispered into the ear of the good old mother one of a series of "cross questions and crooked answers" destined presently to set the table in a roar. In the meanwhile the genial old father politely requested a young lady carrying a doll to withdraw into the garden for a few minutes, while he prepared to surprise her with a little "dumb crambo."



I was heartily admiring this pleasant picture of "Christmas Time at Hollybush Farm," when I was surprised to notice the composition labelled, for some unaccountable reason, "The Outcast."

And now I came to a characteristic work by that greatest of artists, Mr. SOLOMON HART. It was called "An Early Reading of Shakspeare," and was chiefly remarkable for the Reader's legs, which were of abnormal proportions. Leaving a waxwork group of "St. Gregory teaching his Chant" for the



consideration of some unambitious imitator of Madame TUSSAUD, I came to a pictorial protest against the views favoured by Sir WILFRID LAWSON. A lady (whose recent occupation was delicately hinted at in the tones of her nose) was rising from a wine-cellar, to kiss a semi-intoxicated lover in the presence of a decidedly "drunk and incapable" Father.

Turning from this "Scene from the Two Gentlemen of Verona" (as the painful *tableau* was called), I gazed at an enormous picture of a salmon, a few mountains, a couple of boats, and a study of wide-awakes. This vast composition turned out to be "Letters and News at the Loch side." The central fish was interesting, but I cannot conscientiously say that I admired the accessories.

I next noticed a picture of Mr. FRITH (dressed for a lounge in the Park) busily engaged in sketching a sleeping crossing-sweeper. Charmed with this study of real life, I turned to something more artificial. In a "Pleasant Corner" I found a wax doll in a ten-and-sixpenny doll's house. Then came an old favourite. "Whither" introducing me once again to a portly mediæval Paterfamilias taking a walk in his garden after his dinner. He was still accompanied by his daughter carrying a tin of biscuits. I could hear the girl murmur, as of old, "I do so wish Papa would return to the house for his coffee, as he *will* wear his slippers!" Then Mr. HOOK showed me an incident in country life. A man was meeting a woman and a child in a lane, and exclaiming, on noticing that they both were wearing "big heads," "What, Boxing Day already!" Lastly, I stumbled upon a strange-looking person, biting his nails among some mountainous sponge-cakes, while a lion in the back-ground leisurely devoured a baby hippopotamus. I frankly admit I was perplexed to make head or tail of it.

"I knew you would never guess it!" exclaimed my spectral Friend, who had been silent for some time. "But look at the label, and you will be enlightened."

I obeyed the direction, and read, to my extreme astonishment, the simple word "Remorse." This last mystery unnerved me. I determined to fly before my confusion was completed.

"But you have not seen half the good things!" exclaimed my shadowy Guide. "The old pictures are just as funny as the new; and there is really a world of quiet humour in the arrangement of the back hair of a lion belonging to St. Jerome. It has been imitated in the toy-shops, but—"

I angrily interrupted, and refused to go further.

"But pray be reasonable," continued the well-meaning Phantom. "You cannot imagine *what* an absurd effect we obtain by mixing up the Gibson Gallery with the daubs of a century. You cannot think—"

But by this time I had escaped, and was once more in Piccadilly. As I hurriedly walked away, an old lady stopped me, and asked me where she could find the Chamber of Horrors?

"In the right-hand corner of Burlington House," I replied, and although I answered at random, I believe I spoke truthfully.

HOW AND WHY IT WAS DONE!



THE trembling Grand Vizier, called up in the dead of night, hastened to the sanctum of his Sovereign.

"O Sultan of Sultans!" sobbed the unlucky Minister, prostrating himself before the Imperial couch. "The meanest of thy slaves hopes to escape the bowstring! What has he done that his loved Master should frown upon him?"

"Rise, Grand Vizier, and be not a fool," said the Monarch graciously. "I want thy brains, and not thy head. Quick—pens, ink, and paper."

In a moment the now reassured official was seated on the floor in an attitude of rapt attention.

The SULTAN drew from his breast a paper, kissed it, and then returned it to its resting-place. Then he commenced in an excited voice—

"Know, O pig! that I am about to put my financial affairs in business-like order!"

The Grand Vizier shook his head in a melancholy fashion, but held his peace. He had heard something of the sort frequently before.

"I will do my duty!" cried the SULTAN, enthusiastically. "I will pay my debts! And, as a first step towards this end, invite the cursed European Dogs—I should say the Turkish Bond-holders—to send delegates to Constantinople to enter into direct communication with the Ottoman Government."

"As there are ten categories of Bond-holders of different nationalities, all with more or less conflicting claims, will not this be a difficult task, O Defender of the Faithful?" was the Grand Vizier's feeble suggestion.

"Dog! Degraded dog!" shouted the angry Monarch, hurling his slipper at his offending Minister. "That is *their* business, and not mine! Say another word and thou shalt spend the remainder of thy miserable life in company with the fishes of the Bosphorus!"

The wounded official, hearing this, kept a discreet silence, and waited for further instructions.

"Tell them," dictated the SULTAN, "that I propose recommending payment of the interest on their bonds by a simple expedient. I invite them to appoint a Banker who shall have the honour of incurring a fresh debt of eight millions sterling—on their behalf—in their name!" The Grand Vizier did not raise his eyes from his writing.

"Add that of course they must look after the floating debt and arrange about the Russian Indemnity. But when this is done—mark my words—when this is done they shall have, subject, of course, to my general supervision, *all the remainder!*" And the SULTAN's face beamed again with an expression of gratified generosity.

"What remainder?" asked the Grand Vizier unconsciously.

"Pig! Paltry pig!" shouted the angry Monarch, throwing his second slipper at the head of his Minister. "Dost thou dare to laugh at my beard? I haven't got a beard—but no matter. 'What remainder!' That is *their* business, and not mine! Away, dolt! And if the Circular is not to my liking, beware of the torture-chamber!"

Within a couple of hours the Grand Vizier once more presented himself before his master. Grovelling in the dust, he handed his Sovereign a despatch.

"Very fair, indeed!" murmured the SULTAN as he perused the Circular. "And I have news to tell thee. HOBART PACHA has suggested a new impost."

"Indeed, my Lord! I thought every source of income was exhausted."

"Faith, and so did I," answered the Padishah, relapsing for a moment into his ancient language. "But, bedad, the Admiral's found another! He suggests an elegant tax upon Ambassadors! And now away to the Printers, the Pressmen, and the Telegraphers!"

But the Minister lingered. At last he ventured to say, "O Defender of the Faithful, deign to enlighten the meanest of thy slaves! Why dost thou issue this Circular?"

"Because I wish to obtain the sympathy of Europe, whatever happens," was the immediate answer.

"But how, O Lord of Lords?—how?"

"How! By paying one per cent. upon my Bonds, stupid!"

"Ah! To be sure! Just so! And what caused thee, O Sire, to think of such a clever thing?" continued the obsequious official, impelled by a feeling of overpowering curiosity.

"This admirable picture!" cried the SULTAN, again pulling the paper from his breast, and kissing it fervently. "Down on thy knees, dog, and worship it!"

The Grand Vizier obeyed, and paid respectful homage to Mr. Punch's Cartoon entitled "*Argumentum ad Pocketum*," and bearing date Oct. 9.

THE CITY OF UNMITIGATED POT-HOUSES.

To the (Seldom-at-) Home Secretary.

SIR,—If it is possible for any Minister to spare time from clumsy attempts to regulate the Universe, and to learn that one parochial gutter well swept is worth a hundred foreign dependencies over-governed into madness, it certainly would be advisable for that Minister to grapple with our Licensing Chaos. The worship of the Sacred Jackass is carried a little too far when this Chaos is dignified with the name of System. Four millions of wretched rate- and tax-payers, doomed to live in the most dismal City of Unmitigated Pot-houses on the face of the earth, are bound over, hand and foot, as far as their amusements are concerned, to an irresponsible Court Official and six hundred of the most ignorant, prejudiced—possibly venal, and certainly narrow-minded—creatures that a Lord-Lieutenant can pick out from the dreary ranks of respectability. This unwieldy assembly, with the exception of the Court Official, is set in motion by a brutal Act of Parliament that is a notorious disgrace to a not over-creditable Statute-Book. Originally framed to stop the singing of Jacobite songs, which the Dutch monarch of the period feared, but could neither read, sing, nor understand, and ostensibly directed in the coarsest terms against the "social evils" of 1750, this precious sample of antique legislation has descended to 1880, and administered as it is by a body only worthy of such an Act, it now paralyses the amusements of four millions of Londoners. Once during its long existence it has been amended or tinkered, but in a way that reflects the utmost discredit on its timid tinkers. When it was discovered, about three or four years ago, that, under its heaven-born provisions, a few harmless old women sitting at a concert before five o'clock in the afternoon were committing an indictable offence, it was thought by those who knew little of the cowardice of weak-kneed Governments, that the days of this triumph of legislative wisdom were certainly numbered. They were thoroughly mistaken. The ulcer was simply cut out, when the body ought to have been strangled; and the 25 Geo. II., cap. 36, still remains to comfort the true worshippers of the Sacred Jackass.

Amongst the countless pot-houses in this City of Pot-houses, there are about four hundred that hold a music licence, and perhaps about twenty that hold a music and dancing licence. The owners of these houses go to one licensing authority for tobacco, to another for beer, and to another for the licence to sell wines and spirits. Thanks to the Omnipotence of Gin and Beer in the councils of the nation, they have little difficulty in obtaining the drink licences if they stand well with the two great drink-producing interests.

Of course the usual hypocrisy is shown in all public debates on this question. Every Member—Minister or no Minister—carefully ignores the fact that one-third of our enormous national expenditure is drawn from national drunkenness; and the unfortunate publicans are snubbed and lectured, as if they were criminals, instead of active feeders of the Revenue. Any attempt to temper Gin and Beer with Music and Dancing is resisted by the compact Mawworm class, who rule the Licensing Sessions. Ten thousand applications for Music and Dancing would be made to-morrow, if there were anything like freedom and wisdom in our Licensing Chaos. London would



TOO TRUE!

The Colonel. "WHAT I SUFFER FROM IS A NEGLECTED EDUCATION."

Sir Gorgius Midas (whose main regret is that he was never at a Public School). "NEGLECTED EDUCATION! WHY, THEN, ARE YOU Brought UP AT ETON, WEREN'T YOU?"

The Colonel. "YES—THAT'S JUST IT!"

become as sober and cheerful as Paris or Vienna. The sot would become a singer, the wife-kicker a dancer; and what would be lost in one way by the Exchequer, would be gained in another. The million or more sterling now invested in London Music-halls would be exposed to competition; but, on the other hand, the owners of this property would feel an unwonted security in their investments.

We mention these "vested interests," because we know the weakness and the composition of Governments; but there is a broader ground on which to argue this question—that of public convenience. The four millions of people in this City of Unmitigated Pot-houses have a right to demand as many music and dancing-rooms as they think they require; and the supply, we presume, as usual, will follow the demand. If any one of these rooms is mismanaged, that may be a reason for punishing the proprietor; but it is no reason for closing the rooms, any more than the adulteration of bread would be a reason for the closing of a bakery. An ignorant and underpaid Policeman is not the proper person to judge and report upon the management of public amusements, any more than a sour body of unpaid Puritans—six hundred in number—is a fitting body to license these amusements. If all the Conventicles of London were put under the direction of six hundred Comic Singers, divided into a dozen or more conflicting jurisdictions, it is possible that even the Meddler Magistrates, and the worshippers of the Sacred Jackass would be converted to something like reason and justice.

PUNCH AND JUNIUS.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

HOORAY! *Viva Italia!* A chance at last! The Italian Government are offering £30,000 for a statue to VICTOR EMMANUEL. Send over that amount, and we will take it upon our responsibility to let you have the Temple Bar Memorialising Gryphon, and, not to be mean, we will throw in a statue or two. You pay the money, and you shall take your choice.

THE O'DOWD AT THE O'DOLPHI.

"OLD Materials made up. Jobs neatly executed. Orders punctually attended to"—not after seven. New card for the O'Dramatist. This is the story of the O'Dowd:—



"MIKE," ALIAS
"WALTING'EM,"
WHO LEADS HIS
CREDITORS A
PRETTY DANCE.

MIKE O'DOWD, son of an Irish fish salesman, having received a liberal education and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, comes up to London, takes a liking to the name of Walsingham, and under the mistaken notion that a Walsingham has a chance in London where an O'Dowd has none (an error which might easily have been corrected by the enterprising youth running his eye over the list of names at the Government Offices in *Whitaker's Almanack*—vide Judge-Advocate General's department), he drops his Irish name, comes out as a Walsingham—a great acquisition at dances where active young men are in great request by the ladies for waltzing 'em—and being an uncommonly sharp chap, he so completely masters the English tongue that by the time the piece begins there isn't the slightest flavour of the Irish brogue left in him. As he has been born and bred in Ireland, this victory over the brogue is itself a marvel, and quite prepares us to expect great things from the talented young gentleman, gallantly represented by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, who has been able to accomplish so much in so short a time.

His next happy thought is the humorous notion of borrowing money on this capital name of Walsingham—Walsingham having now become his stock-in-trade. This practical joke he carries to the extent of £20,000, foolishly supplied to him by one Mr. *Romsey Leake*—capitally played by Mr. J. G. TAYLOR—on very insufficient security. The conduct of the fish-salesman's son is characteristic of his origin. "Fishy is the word," as Mr. PATEMAN—who does a great deal with the character of *Chalker*, the man in possession—would say. *Romsey Leake* finding out that MIKE's father is worth £20,000, comes down on him to pay his son's debts, and save him from disgrace. But from what disgrace is the question? His son's friends by this time know all about him, and have condoned the offence. Even the wealthy widow to whom he was paying his addresses—the only thing apparently that he ever did pay—has forgiven him, and all his old associates have been backing him, as *O'Dowd*, in his canvass for his native borough, which it is his ambition to represent in Parliament.

Perhaps in the face of a future Election Commission there might have been some difficulty as to advancing such a large sum for election expenses; but as he has gained the day before the appearance of his creditor, the £20,000 would never have come under the head of Bribery and Corruption. Had this idea occurred to any one of them, of course the play would have been brought to a sudden termination in the Third Act; indeed, it need not have gone beyond the Second; and Mr. BOUCICAULT would not have had an opportunity of reminding us of Mr. SHERIDAN in *Les Cloches de Corneville*, on whom the loss of his hoarded money has the same effect as the discovery of his son's swindling has on *Daddy O'Dowd*.

In the last Act kind old *Daddy* recovers his senses, in accordance with the stereotyped stage plan of "clock strikes—he remembers to have heard a clock strike in his early childhood, bursts into tears," and his reason returns. Instead of the clock, it is the recurrence of a situation similar to one of which he and his son *Mike* had been the heroes a long time ago. History repeats itself; and dramatic authors and actors repeat themselves and other people too with more or less success.

Well—that's all. Few people are interested in *Walsingham alias O'Dowd*; and all are disappointed at Mr. BOUCICAULT's not being a rollicking, careless, Irish peasant throughout, the hero of a sensational drama. The piece is admirably put on to the stage. Mr. FREW's *Barney Tools* is an excellent sketch; and Mr. E. COMPTON, reminding us forcibly of his father's manner, plays the difficult part of a young swell who in the first Act has to gush considerably, in a

thoroughly natural and unaffected manner. He has all the makings of a genuine light comedian. Mr. J. COOPER plays *Wilcox*, *Lady Rose Lawless's* butler, so well in the Second Act, that we were not at all surprised when, on *Lady Rose* going to Ireland, we saw him promoted to be the Sheriff of Bally-na-Cuish, and conducting the proceedings with the utmost courtesy and impartiality. He did not seem to be recognised by his former employer, nor by any of her guests in whom he had previously been in constant attendance; but this might be chiefly owing to his having adopted a new wig, and his having picked up the Irish brogue with as great facility as *Mike O'Dowd* had dropped it. *Briget O'Dowd* (Miss LE THIÈRE) is about as useful and ornamental as the unfortunate widow who was the cause of the recent Merivale and Ward litigation. Mr. H. PROCTOR is suited in: *Colonel Muldoon*, and Miss LYDIA FOOTER, as *Kitty M'Cool*, looks less "my cool" than "my comfortable." Why does she go about London without a bonnet? Only orange-women and flower-girls do this in town; and surely *Daddy O'Dowd's* niece wouldn't have come all the way from Ireland like that? If Mr. BOUCICAULT knows she did, of course that's sufficient; but though a first-rate stage-manager, he doesn't know everything, or he



BELLA, WHO GOES
TO IRELAND,
AND IS ADDRESS-
ED AS "ABRAH!
BELLA!"

would never have permitted the sudden appearance of *Lady Rose Lawless's* gorgeous powdered footmen, in moustaches, to appear for no earthly reason whatever at the finish of the Second Act, just to distract the attention of the audience and spoil the *tableau*. If they won't shave, and if they must come on because they've got the liveries, then let *Lady Rose* explain their moustaches as a little eccentric fancy of her own. Miss PATEMAN plays *Lady Rose* very cleverly. But then she is very clever in everything, specially when it doesn't suit her in the least (like this part), and then she triumphs.

We stayed to welcome Mrs. MELLON in the after-piece, and wished there had been something for her in the drama.



KITTY MCCOOL AND DADDY-M'COOL-
DRINK.



"CUM GRAVO."

Room, the latest addition to Mr. GRAIN's repertoire of musical sketches, is as good as any of its predecessors—which is saying a great deal. The clever mimicry of the Village Choir is full of local colouring; and the imitation of the various clocks, inclusive of the short, sharp American timepiece, is something to laugh over and remember. The present "First Part" of the Entertainment is illustrated with extremely pretty music by Mr. LIONEL BENSON, and is capitally acted all round. Mr. ALFRED REED in the Second Part is seen to great advantage (in more senses than one) as the "Fat Boy" out of "*Pickwick*" into a Public School. Nothing could be better than his assumption of boyish bumptiousness, cowardice, and good-nature. Mr. REED has long since matured into a very excellent comedian. Extremely funny too is Mr. GRAIN as a priggish pedagogue; and Miss EDITH BRANDON is charming. Altogether, St. George's Hall is (as the Guide Books would say of the Market Pump) "well worthy of a visit."



THE FAT BOY, OR,
BATHER, THE OVER-
EATER BOY.



THE O'DOWD AND THE O'DOWDY.

TO A MODERN PYRRHA.



O H, PYRRHA, say what
Youth, so wan and
worn,
Wooes thee with many a
whisper heard at e'en?
For whom do you so curi-
ously adorn—
A subtle symphony in
sad sage-green?

How oft will he your way-
wardness deplore,
And miss the smiles that
once were all for him;
When this æsthetic mania
is o'er,
And you're perchance
engrossed in some new
whim!

But 'as for me, my first
love is the last;
New fancies and new
faces charm no more;
And, even were my youth-
ful days not past,
You're not the sort of
girl I should adore.

For whom do you, so very tightly laced,
With well-furred shoulders promenade the street?
Your hat a Gainsborough Beauty might have graced,
A Chinese lady envied those small feet.

What youth admires that figure so pinched in?
Who loves the fashions as they are just now?
What wonder that you grow so pale and thin,
With interesting furrows on your brow.

When to your natural grace will you give play?
'Tis better thus than crinoline and hoop.
"She stoops to conquer." Pretty PYRRHA, say
Now, if you want to conquer, can you stoop?

THE ELECTION COMMISSIONS.

WE have every reason to believe that the following are truthful summaries of the Election Reports which will be presented to Parliament by the Commissions.

IMMACULATESFIELD.

It is impossible for us conscientiously to report that we are satisfied with the manner in which the Election here was conducted. . . . The facts about the "mysterious stranger" are very suspicious. If he was not a bribing agent, why did he perambulate the chief thoroughfares with a bag of gold at his side, requesting the electors to vote for Captain COFFERFULL, the "Blue" Candidate? Why, if they promised to vote for Captain COFFERFULL, did he employ them as messenger at a salary varying from £1 to £10 an hour? These facts, we repeat, appear suspicious. It is, perhaps, open to remark that this "mysterious stranger" has not appeared to give evidence before us, and both sides profess complete ignorance of who he is, where he is; or, in fact, whether he is at all. Perhaps he's indisposed, and has not heard of this inquiry as yet. . . . As to TOM SNOOKS, we are not satisfied that he actually received more than £20 for his vote, though the manner in which he gave his evidence was most satisfactory. We are rather inclined to believe that the valuable gold watch which TOM SNOOKS presented to his sweetheart the day after the polling, was purchased out of some money which he received as an equivalent for his vote—or, as he facetiously expresses it, for "his loss of time." It is only fair to add that TOM SNOOKS himself swears that this is not the case, but that the watch was bought with money saved out of his earnings during the last two years. As TOM SNOOKS has only been in employment (as a rag-and-bone-picker) for one year, and his weekly wage is about five shillings, his story appears to us to bear on it traces of inaccuracy. Still, we are unwilling to believe that this excellent fellow has been committing wilful and corrupt perjury. . . . However, there can hardly be any doubt that some money was spent in illegal practices in this borough, inasmuch as we find that the number of the electors is 150 all told, and that £3000 was contributed by each Candidate for Election expenses, while another £3000 was contributed by political friends. Both Candidates assure us they had no notion that the

money would or could possibly be spent in bribery or treating. They appear nice gentlemanly fellows, but it is odd that they had no suspicions as to the use that was being made of their cheque-books. Mr. TIMOTHY HIGGINS acknowledged that he had received £10 for running messages, another £10 to see that the other messengers ran messages, besides £20 to see that no bribing went on, and an additional *douceur* of £30 to be sure that there was no treating. This looks to us like corruption, though we don't feel quite sure about it. Other cases of a similar nature occurred, so we can only end by recommending this ancient and most respectable borough to the mercy of your honourable House.

HAM SANDWICH AND VEAL.

This dirty and decayed little town, or two towns, appears, to our unanimous judgment, to be the most corrupt borough in the United Kingdom. At least, we cannot possibly imagine any borough more corrupt. There are upon the Register 500 burgesses, and of these we have to report that 495 were either directly or indirectly bribed. Of the remaining five, one is a hopeless idiot, or has the reputation of being so. Possibly this reputation may arise from the fact, credibly reported to us as true, that on the occasion of a former election this deluded individual refused \$5 and a glass of beer for his vote, on so-called "conscientious" grounds. If so, we are perfectly certain that there is no other man, woman, or child in Ham Sandwich and Veal that feels any such ridiculous scruples. . . . The four other persons who were not *proved* to have been bribed, can be easily accounted for. One refused to receive £10 for his vote, considering the sum offered much too small, and so didn't vote at all. Another had every intention of taking £5 from each side, but unfortunately couldn't find the place of distribution, and had to go without. The two others left the town hurriedly on the day that the Commission arrived at it, and are not expected to return until the Commission has finished its labours. This satisfactorily accounts for the whole population, so we can finish off this report here; and jolly glad we are to be done with it. We cannot, however, close without recording a most excellent JOKE made by one of our number, which we feel sure will amuse your honourable House. On Mr. SMITHKIN's remarking that "he had been promised £10 to vote blue, but had not yet received it," Mr. (rising) JEUNIOR replied, "Then I suppose you are all in the blues?" This appears to us a witticism so consummate in itself, and so admirably suited to the character of the occasion and the dignity of the inquiry, that we should fail in our duty if we omitted to record it. And your Commissioners will ever pray, &c.

OXBOROUGH.

This place is a Cathedral town. Therefore we need hardly say it is corrupt. Cathedral towns always are corrupt. There is something in a Gothic pillar, or a Norman arch, which irresistibly leads to depravity; and an Early English spire seems to be a direct incentive to vice (not the "Vice," of course).

It is very pleasing among the dark aspects of electoral affairs, to notice one feature of these elections, which seems to point to better times coming. As everybody knows, there is an ancient University here; and, of course, the University has nothing whatever to do with the City Election. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are great and good men among the professors and lecturers, who go out of their way to discharge their duty to their country, actually contributing as much as £50 a head to the expenses (of course the necessary expenses) of the Election; and when that is not sufficient, running up to town, and getting as much as £3000 from the Head Centre of their respective parties to expend in—well, necessary expenses—as we said before. This patriotic devotion to their duty as citizens cannot be too highly commended.

Various sad cases of bribery have come before us, also of treating; but the gloom of our proceedings has been uniformly enlightened by comic incidents. Thus, Mr. JEREMY SPARKS, who confessed to having received £15 for purposes of treating, expended £3 in treating others, and £12 in treating himself. When asked if he considered such treatment of the funds honest, he replied, "Oh, yes, quite," which, we need hardly say, convulsed the Court and the audience with laughter, as was only natural.

The "lay clerk of St. John's College" (we are not quite sure what a "lay clerk" is, but fancy it's some inferior kind of election agent) who gave evidence as to his having paid £10 to one man because "he was handy with his fists," appears to us to have somewhat exceeded his duties as a "lay clerk." Another of the agents, who must be a wag in his way, described himself as "Chichele Professor of Modern History," a harmless pleasantry which must have rather tickled that venerable University official when he heard of it.

We really can't find anything more that's likely to interest your honourable House, and we beg to recommend either that the place be disfranchised—which seems rather severe—or that the Cathedral, as the great centre of corruption, be immediately destroyed—which appears to us a more statesmanlike plan. It's not much of a cathedral, and wouldn't be missed, except by the Dean and the aged woman who sweeps it out once a week.



A "GOOD TURN."

He (pulling up short). "I SAY, ISN'T THAT JACK SPARKES AND NELLY SWEETING COMING ROUND BY THE ROAD THERE?"

She (unsuspiciously). "I THINK IT IS, DEAR."

He. "THEN SUPPOSE WE TAKE THE LANE, EH? IT'S A BIT FURTHER, BUT—(magnanimously)—'SPOONS' DON'T CARE TO BE INTERRUPTED, YOU KNOW."

She (innocently). "DON'T THEY, DEAR?"

MISTHER O'GUY FAWKES;

OR, AINSWORTH IN IRISH!

"AND NOW WE'LL HAVE YOU," said the O'CATESBY, drawing his cloak tightly about him, the other conspirators at the same time following his example. "Shure an' it's a snug place you've got here intoirely," he added as, casting a glance at the accumulated storage of combustible and explosive material, that reached now nearly to the roof of the cellar, he gave a familiar nod to the arch plotter who had undertaken to fire it.

"All right, me boy!" replied the latter, giving a wink at his lantern and matches as he

took his seat on a barrel full of
bers of the *Nation*. "It's loil
hearing a thrifle from me befor
whisht!—whisht!" he added
after-thought seemed to str
"Moighty convanient as is th
I thrust now it's no rint that
for it!"

"*Rint!* Begorra! Hooroo
hapenny!" was the earnest
cloaked figures gave a wild w
faction, and cut a peculiar
as if the information had rea
they stealthily withdrew. The
noiselessly on the last. MIS
FAWKES was alone.

It was a dark and disagreea
subterranean vault in which
clumsily collected the evidence
stupid project. Nor did the l
its attractiveness. Barrels o
vulgar rhodomontade,—of passi
ment to outrage and rebellion,
here and there, with a few se
of free speech,—destined, but i
to conceal the mischief beneath
the ground and half concealed
the vaulted retreat. Placed
under the fabric of law and ord
spirators hoped that an expl
not only paralysed the executiv
the Union. Reflecting complac
situation of affairs, Misther O'
waited the approach of the app

But something had happen
the conspirators had not cou
Irish Secretary had received an
warning. Some friend, anxio
putation, had decided, at all
give him an inkling of the t
affairs. Thus it was that he h
suddenly one morning by post
Times. The incident was myst
had been conceiving for some v
growing distaste for the nation
was in a condition to be easil
He was upset. Nor was thi
return ticket, good only for a
nearly up; while he had heard
Hibernian piece of an excitin
had been produced at the Ad
determined him. He resolved
And now the fifth of November

Silent amidst his inflammabl
nalia, our hero waited its appro
scious of coming surprise. But
the officers of justice were eve
him. There was a stir in the v

"Sure an I heard someth
Misther O'GUY FAWKES, peeri
tively through the shadowy gloom
if it's any gentlemen that's aft
now,—we'll jist all of us have a
blow up together!"

He turned cautiously. He w
taken. There were misty figure
towards him. His first impu
consult a solicitor. Then he tho
barrels. But he was too late.
more he was seized by a powerf
called upon in the Queen's na
render.

A Rhyme for the Ti

SIMPLE SIMON*

Met a Piemant†

Going to vote at Deal

(Cetera

* Can this be Mr. CROMPTON R
† What an Elector?

NEW NAME FOR IRELAND.—T
Acres Island, late Emerald Isle.



SCENE—Hotel in Cologne.

Fidgety English Party. "THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A COMMOTION IN THE HOTEL, KELLNER!"

Kellner. "JA WOHL! DE DRAIN HAS CHEST GOM IN, KVITE FULL!"

[*Fidgety Party, who is not yet accustomed to the German way of pronouncing English, is aghast.*]

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Commissioner. You are, I believe, Lord Mayor of London?

Lord Mayor. I am.

Commissioner. From what do you derive your title of Right Honourable?

Lord Mayor. I am a Privy Councillor.

Commissioner. When did you last attend a Privy Council?

Lord Mayor. I have not attended at all. Nothing of sufficient importance has happened to require my presence.

Commissioner. When was the last time a Lord Mayor attended a Privy Council?

Lord Mayor. In 1837, when his Most Gracious and Religious Majesty WILLIAM THE FOURTH joined his Illustrious Ancestors.

Commissioner. What are your principal duties?

Lord Mayor. They are almost too numerous to detail, but I will refer to a few. I have to sign my name thirty thousand times officially. I have to dine five thousand hungry people in the most splendid manner human ingenuity can devise. I have to preside at fifty public dinners, and persuade fifty different sets of people to cash up handsomely for fifty different charities; and, far, far beyond all as a test of human endurance, I have to listen to fifty Charity Sermons, without the possibility of one quiet nap, as I feel that every eye is upon me.

Commissioner. Terrible, indeed! Anything further?

Lord Mayor. Oh yes, lots! I have to preside at all the Meetings of those slowest of slow coaches the Aldermen, and at every Court of that wild democracy, the Common Council. I have to entertain Royal or Illustrious Foreign Visitors, if occasion offer, taking, so to speak, the place of Majesty, during Majesty's temporary eclipse. I have to attend West-End Receptions, Garden Parties, State Balls, and Concerts, and bear myself as if to the manner born.

I have to administer justice indifferently—that is, in accordance with the advice of my learned Clerk.

I have to speak upon Art to R.A.'s, and to dilate upon the Drama to Critics and Actors, to entertain Princes, Ministers, Ambassadors, and all the Lords of the Council, and trust they may have grace, wisdom, and understanding.

I have to rush about the country—here, there, and everywhere—to give *éclat*, by the pomp and circumstances of my surroundings, to any local object I consider of sufficient importance.

I have to conduct myself on all occasions as the representative of a long and distinguished line of predecessors, beginning with ALWYN, who governed London in the twelfth century, and including such names as WHITTINGTON and GRESHAM, and to feel that in every circumstance of my important position the eyes of Europe are upon me.

Commissioner. Bless my soul, my Lord, you almost take away my breath. And what may be the salary awarded to your Lordship for all this tremendous lot of work?

Lord Mayor. Ten thousand pounds.

Commissioner. May I ask, in the most delicate way, if it is generally found sufficient?

Lord Mayor. I cannot answer for others, but I should think, for my part, it would require about three times that amount.

Commissioner. Dear me! And are there no perquisites or other matters that would repay this vast expenditure?

Lord Mayor. None whatever, except the approbation of my fellow-citizens, and occasionally the approval of our Gracious Sovereign.

Commissioner. You describe, my Lord, an amount of useful and important work, that I confess surprises me.

Lord Mayor. I do not wish to weary you; but I may add that I am the Almoner, as it were, of the Charity of the whole Metropolis, and sometimes of the whole country, for the alleviation of any great calamity, foreign or domestic.

Commissioner. Just so. But the one idea that strikes me is, could not all this be done without so much of the tinsel, and glitter, and barbaric splendour, so to speak, that seems somewhat out of place in these matter-of-fact days?

Lord Mayor. That is a question to which I feel scarcely competent to give an unbiassed answer; but, if we are to emulate the Republican simplicity of our American Cousins in all ceremonial matters, why begin with the Corporation, where it certainly won't end?

Commissioner. I see the significance of your reply, and will only add that as we must begin somewhere, it seems natural to begin with that institution that is of the least importance.

Lord Mayor. I can recognise no institution as being of greater importance than the Corporation.

Commissioner. Then I will trouble your Lordship no further.

THE MOAN OF THE "NATIVE."

"Of all the inanimate objects which are inimical to the oyster, there is nothing so fatal as sand."

Land and Water, Oct. 23, 1880.

'Tis the voice of the oyster, I hear him complain;
"I can't live in this place, here's the sandstorm again.
I was settling to rest 'mid the rocks and the tiles
They had made for a home, but this sand how it riles.
It gets into my shell, and the delicate fringe
That I use when I breathe; and I can't shut my hinge
When the grit lodges there: so the crabs come at will,
Since my poor mouth is open they feed, and they kill.
I've complained to FRANK BUCKLAND, who quite understands,
But he can't undertake to abolish the sands."
Thus the "Native" made moan, then I took up the
brown
Bread-and-butter and lemon, and swallow'd him down!

"AN INCREASING DANGER."

UNDER this heading "F. R. S." wrote to the *Times* last week to show that at any minute the telegraphic wire stretched over the streets might break, and, descending with irresistible force, strangle people in the road beneath. This is a timely warning to Conductors.

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

DEAR PUNCH,
I READ the following advertisements all in the same Number of the *Northern Echo* :—

FOG.—Excellent FOG TO LET, close to Stockton.—Apply, &c.

TO LET, Six Acres of FOG.—Apply, &c., Darlington.

TO LET, Four Acres of FOG, near Redcar.—Apply, &c.

TO LET, Sixteen Acres FOG, near Darlington.—Apply, &c.

SIX Acres of good FOG, well watered.—Apply, &c., Witton-le-Wear.

Evidently Fog is a merchantable commodity in the North. I think, if the Northerners were to come to London, we could, just now, sell them a few acres cheap, "well-watered" and otherwise. Eh? old Punchy-wunchy.

Yours mistily,

THE GAY FOGGROGHER.
Fogshall, S.W.

P.S.—A Northern Farmer—TENNYSON's or some other fellow's—has just looked in, and says, "Fog means the second crop of grass." I don't believe him.

Accommodation.

A DEPUTATION from the City Lands Committee of the City Corporation requested the Strand District Board of Works to withdraw their objections to the Temple Bar Memorial and the proposed Refuges generally. The Strand District Board could compromise by replying that they would be ready to withdraw their Objections if the City Lands withdraw their Obstructions.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 6.



LEX TALLY-HO-NIS;

OR, THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ON HIS HOBBY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Happy Thought!—write a history of the Chase!" said Sir ALFRED COCKBURN to himself on the passing of the Ground-Game Bill. The Chief has only two great predecessors in this line—XENOPHON, whom he quotes, and Mr. JORROCK, whom he doesn't; but, like a thorough old sportsman, he takes a line of his own across country.

PITY THE POOR PATIENTS.

"The Governors of Guy's Hospital have passed a resolution to adhere strictly to the law in governing that institution."

HERE'S an end then to all the long letters and jaw,
For the Governors will rule by the might of the law;
And this surely must mean that from bad unto worse
Must the hospital go 'neath the laws of the Nurse.
Yet would that these autocrats kindly would say
Whether, when ill at home, does the Nurse still hold sway.
We trow not, and it causes no little surprise
That the Nurse, not the Doctor, treats patients at Guy's.

Tit for Tat.

(By an Englishman, who has got a Cold in his head, Rheumatism in his shoulders, Lumbago in his back, six inches of water in his wine-cellar, and a fervent hatred of the *Weather Prophecies* of the *New York Herald*.)

A PARTICULARLY nasty, blustering, cold, venomous, wicked storm is leaving England for America. It will reach New York the day after to-morrow, and will blow it down. It will touch Chicago a day later, and drown half the inhabitants; then, with renewed vigour, it will get as far as San Francisco, which city it will utterly annihilate.

NEW READING.—*Dulcigno far niente.*

THE REAL HERO OF CARS.—The Winner of the Balloon Contest.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

English Municipalities, &c. (WATERLOO & SONS). All Mr. SOMERS VINE's books on Municipal matters and Corporation compilations are invaluable for reference. In the rise and development of Welsh Municipalities the extra-ordinary reader will find most interesting accounts of the growth of such places as *Llanllwchaearn*, *Ystrad-y-fodlog*, and *Fynyceghairn*.

Mr. SCOONES's *English Letters* (KEGAN PAUL & Co.) is a collection of special correspondence between 1450 and 1861. These Mr. SCOONES considers as "corresponding times;" and that he is right in his estimate will be evident from the following selections which, after a somewhat hurried perusal of his work, we make from memory, as having a special interest for the student—*e.g.* :—HENRY THE EIGHTH to CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, asking for a second-hand copy of BOSWELL's *Johnson*, and C. J. M.'s characteristic reply; Lady BLESSINGTON to Cardinal WOLSEY, asking for a seat in his box for JOHN PARRY's Benefit at the Gaiety Theatre; Queen ELIZABETH to DOUGLAS JERROLD, offering him her hand and heart if he would continue the *Caudle Lectures*, and JERROLD's reply, which so enraged the Queen that she executed the Earl of ESSEX, straight off, and said that after her death "Caudle" would be found on her heart; Dean SWIFT to Archbishop CHANMER on Irish Disestablishment; CHARLES THE FIRST to Lord NELSON on the Authorship of "JUNIUS;" Sir WALTER RALEIGH to W. M. THACKERAY, on allowing pipes to be smoked at EVANS's Supper-Rooms, and THACKERAY's answer to the effect that he considered cigars more genteel; ROGER ASCHAM to HANNAH MORE, inviting her to a *bal masqué* after the Opera, and her reply, accepting the invitation; OLIVER CROMWELL to MACREADY, asking the latter's opinion as to his probable success should he, then a young man, give up the brewing business, and go on the stage; and MACREADY to CROMWELL, telling him plainly that he couldn't expect more than a shilling a night at Pantomime time, but might make something extra by sitting as a model for a Big Head.

THE I-DEAL V. THE DEAL BOATMAN.

(An Illusion Dispelled.)

I KNEW him well. Not that I had ever seen him in the flesh—but I had read often and often of him. I knew his "grand massive face, furrowed with care, and exposure to a thousand storms. Yet strong and self-reliant as the face of a man who nightly wrestled with death." (From "*Braving the Breakers*." A story in the *Christmas number of the St. John's Wood Gazette*.) I knew his presence of mind, his great calmness in moments of peril. I could see him, "lashed to the tiller, with the pitiless storm howling around him, and the fiery waves leaping and boiling high over him, yet did he look forth into the night, and guide his boat as skilfully as a keeper in the Zoological Gardens might direct the untamed elephant." (From "*Saved from the Barque; or, Worse than its Bite*." A Novel.) And I knew of his honesty and his courage. Were not their reputations world-wide?

It was very dark now, and the storm was shrieking with increased rage across the breakers.

A crowd had collected on the beach, and all stood gazing out to sea. "Heaven help them poor souls as is abroad this night," said the old boatman, and dashed a tear from his eye.

"Amen!" said the crowd solemnly.

Every second they heard the minute guns.

Then the doomed ship burnt blue-lights.

"Splice my bowsprit!" shrieked the clear-eyed old Boatman, "but it is the *Mary Jane* that is breaking up on the Goodwins."

The tall figure of the Colonel was in the midst of the group.

"It is the *Mary Jane*, and on board her is my mother-in-law."

They respected his grief, and there was silence, only broken by the mad fury of the waves.

"A thousand pounds!" cried the Colonel, who had only been recently married, "to the man who rescues my mother-in-law!"



TRUE DOMESTIC SYMPATHY.

Wife of his Bosom (after learning that he has lost a fortune on the Stock Exchange). "WILL YOU PROMISE ME ONE THING?"

He (repentant). "WHAT? NEVER TO ENTER THE CITY MORE!"

She. "No, DARLING—BUT THAT YOU WON'T BE DISCOURAGED, AND WILL TRY AGAIN!"

But before the words were out of his lips, BILL WALMER had hastily divested himself of his tall hat, and patent-leather boots, and with a rope in one hand, was gallantly swimming the seven miles of disturbed ocean that separated the wreck from the land.

It seemed years to the anxious lookers-on; but seven miles against wind and tide take some swimming, even to an experienced boatman like BILL WALMER; and it was fully twenty minutes before a tug at the rope indicated that he had reached the wreck. Then they began to haul in.

And they hauled in BILL WALMER, who was closely embracing the fainting figure of a female.

"Saved!" cried the Colonel. "Brave heart, brave heart!"

"I promised a thousand pounds to the man who saved my mother-in-law. WILLIAM WALMER, the thousand pounds are yours. Take them!"

"Sir," said WALMER, with a pride that ennobled his homely features, "take back your wealth. I have done my duty. I need no gold for it."

I determined to see my hero, the Deal Boatman, face to face, I would gaze into his bold eyes, I would wring his honest hand. I arrived at Deal. I hurried to the beach. There, on a bench, I saw sitting my Deal Boatman. I sat on the bench and remarked—

"Fine weather, my hearty tar."

"Dang the foine weather. What's the use of foine weather when there ain't no soul in the place."

"You've had a good season, I hope?"

"A mangy set o' scrubs down here. Why, look you, there was a cove adown 'ere with a family. No end of babbies and nusses and governesses, and he says to me, 'I am going to stop here a longish time, and I wants a safe, steady, 'onest boatman to go fishing with.' So says I, 'I am yer man;' and we goes out together, and he pulls out a couple of letters, and reads them to his wife, and he says to me, 'My man, one of these 'ere letters is from Sir WILFRED LAWSON,' and I says, 'Oh, he be jiggered!' and he laughs and says 'Tother's from Mr. POPE, Q.C., and I knowed what a Q.C. was, having been in Maidstone, but never mind, and I says, 'What's his game?' and he says, 'Why he's the great man in the Anti-Tobacco Society,' and I says, 'Oh, lor!' and thought what a nice cheerful lot I'd got 'old of."

"And they had good sport, I hope?" I put in.

"What do *you* think?—as they thinks it funny to say at Margate. Was I a going to row out a long way and choose a good spot for a party who hadn't neither a jar of beer or a pinch of bacoo on board? Not me!"

Somehow or other this conversation didn't exactly fit in with my preconceived notions of the Deal Boatman, but as yet I did not despair, so began again.

"They prophesy stormy weather, and in that case I fear we shall be hearing of some more wrecks on those sands there."

"So much the better."

I wasn't wrong. He yearned for the storm, to show his courage, his heroism. He longed once again to fight the elements. It was his ardent desire once more to rescue life. Great heart! Gallant soul! How I had wronged him!

"That's to say if they be decent wrecks."

"Decent wrecks?" I inquired.

"Wrecks, with a bit of stuff about 'em. There was one 'ere the other day; and we went out, and brought seven cooves ashore; and, bless me, if they weren't High-talians: and all we got was twenty quid a-piece, bless their eyes!"

"Then you think of money?"

"In course. What should I think of? Do you think I am such a blanked old fool as go off on a beast of a night, if there weren't money 'anging to it? Do you think I cares one solitary curse whether them cooves was drowned or not? Do you take me for a idiot, as ought to be in Canterbury Asylum?"

"But your great courage, your noble pluck?"

"Pluck, Sir; it's luck you mean. Some cooves has luck. I have only had one bit this year. Me and my mates was off Ramsgate, and there was a yacht taken in a calm as 'ad broken her bowsprit, and a swell on board sings out, 'If you'll tow me into Ramsgate Harbour, you shall 'ave a sovereign, my lads!' 'Tow yourself,' says I. 'I can't,' says he. 'Ave got no dingley?' 'Do it for fifty quid,' says I. 'Go to blazes!' says he, and goes below. Then he comes up again, and says, 'A fiver, my men!' 'We are enjoying the hooian breezes,' says I, 'and ain't in no hurry!' Well, to make a long story short, he paid thirty-five at last; and it was only a half-mile pull."

† The world was out of joint. Anything might happen.

One of my illusions was gone for ever. My faith was shattered. How I struggled to say "You have a vote," I know not.

"In course I have, or, rather, I had. I should just like to get 'old of that MR. GOLDSMIDT, shouldn't I treat him like a conger heel?"

"I didn't understand you quite."

"Why, I should pitch 'im on them stones there, and dance on his 'ead. What call has he got to deprive honest brave sailors as faces the perils of death of their living? We have allus been bribed and allus would have been but for him. And who is this 'ere blooming Mr. JUNE, who says I ain't to have no certificate?"

"He is the Chief Commissioner. But why are you to have no certificate?"

"'Cos he says so. I had a five-pun note from the Tories, and a beggarly couple of sovereigns from t'other side, and they guv it me 'cos I am a honest man, and they knowed it. But Lor' love you, a honest, brave man, as we Deal boatmen is well bekknown to be, has no chance nowadays. You aren't goin', are yer? You don't mean to say you are goin' away after all this talk without giving me the price of a quart and a screw. What! Well, then, a bob. A gentleman would have made it arf-a-crown, but an honest, brave man nowadays—"

N.B.

"THOUGHTS OF A SITTER."—The Second Thoughts will be in Next Week. Great treat in store, Second Thoughts being proverbially the best.

HOW THEY READ IT.

FRENCH Republican Motto just now—Liberty, Equality, and No "Fraternity."

"DRY READING."—Not the Barometer for last week.



*Old Lady (to modest Curate). "LOE', SIR, I DO LIKE TO 'EAR YOU PREACH
EXTREMPERY!—YOUR LANGUAGE IS THAT WON'ERFUL FLUID!"*

FROM OUR PUBLIC BOX.

In a paragraph leader, "The Prince of WALES," supplied to the *Times* (Oct. 23), we suppose by the regular Court Newsmen, and perhaps edited quite in a friendly way, by Mr. BARRETT, the Manager of the Theatre mentioned, we read:—

"The Prince and Princess of WALES, and Prince JOHN of Glücksburg and Suite, honoured the Court Theatre with their presence on Saturday evening. The Prince of WALES paid Madame MODJESKA high compliments as to her acting, and expressed his admiration of the excellent manner in which the piece had been put on the stage by Mr. BARRETT."

Nothing could be better than this, for all the members of the Royal Family are known to be excellent judges of a good thing, and a published list of their several opinions on the leading entertainments of the hour, would not fail to be an immense boon to the wary playgoer.

Moreover, it might even prove a decided advertisement for the performances themselves. We would suggest the following specimens:—

Prince CHRISTIAN last night honoured the Lyceum Theatre with his presence. At the close of the first Act His Royal Highness sent for Mr. ARTHUR MATTHISON, and expressed to him the distinguished disturbance he had experienced at his ghastly deportment. Later in the evening His Royal Highness privately congratulated Mr. IRVING on the exalted excellence of the arrangements he had made for the care of the umbrellas.

The Grand Duke of HESSE and Prince LEOPOLD paid yesterday afternoon a visit to the Polytechnic Institution. On emerging from the diving-bell, their Royal Highnesses both conveyed to the Directors severally an expression of their dumbfounded delight at the comfortable and roomy character of the conveyance, as well as their restrained satisfaction at the sudden appearance of the Seal at the bottom.

Prince WILLIAM of PRUSSIA and Suite visited the Folly Theatre on Saturday evening last. Before leaving the house His Royal Highness expressed to Mr. TOOLE the majestic merriment the whole party had experienced in following the story of the *Upper Crust* carefully, with an *Oleendorf*, and two Dictionaries.

Such are a few of the particular models. For general purposes, however, perhaps the following will be found the most useful:—

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, having lately visited several of the leading West End Theatres, has on one or two occasions availed himself of the opportunities thus offered him of graciously encouraging distinguished artistic merit

by a few kind and well-chosen words of courteous private recognition. It is, therefore, with sedate satisfaction that His Royal Highness has been apprised of the exalted use for advertising purposes that has been made of his condescension; a use that has to him all the double-barrelled delicacy of an exceedingly high compliment.

ARCADES AMBO;

OR, WHAT IT HAS COME TO!

SCENE—A British Borough at the close of a Parliamentary contest.

Candidate (beyond reproach, scanning items of his hotel bill). Ha! I see you have charged me seventy-seven guineas a week for my room. Eleven guineas a night for my bed! That's stiff, eh?

Landlady (above suspicion, smilingly explaining). Why, no, Sir. It's our usual charge, Sir, at—this season.

Candidate (cheerfully). Ah! Yes, I daresay. Yes—but what's this? Five pounds fourteen for a mutton-chop!

Landlord. With the potatoe, Sir?

Candidate (brightly). To be sure; of course. I didn't see the potatoe. I beg your pardon— But, eh?—This sherry—?

Landlord. Fifteen guineas a bottle, Sir? I don't think we've charged you more. Allow me. I hope you found it a pleasant wine.

Candidate (cordially). Excellent. Very round in the mouth. Very! (referring once more to bill.) Hum— Boot-cleaning, now?—That seems a little high?

Landlord. Seven-and-sixpence the pair? I don't think we can call that much out of the way? It's the usual charge—at—

Candidate (jovially). At this season—eh?

Landlord. 'M—precisely—Sir! But if you would wish us to—to take off a trifle—?

Candidate (enthusiastically). Oh dear no! Not for worlds! There; we won't talk about it. Let's see,—what is it? Six hundred pounds. A mere trifle for a man who spends his money free and easy like me. Here,—I've very stupidly somehow left my cheque-book in town; but give me a bit of paper, and we'll settle it.

[Does so, and is quite happy—till the Commission.

Dulce est Dis-slippery in Loco.

THE *Athenæum*, in its record of recent scientific proceedings, informs us that at a meeting of the—

"QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL, Oct. 22, Mr. F. CRISP exhibited an improved form of bottle slide."

Of course the Members all dined together afterwards, in order to test Brother CRISP's latest invention. They wouldn't let such an opportunity slide, even though the bottle did. It was very slippery walking home that evening; and a microscopic eye was required to detect various lamp-posts; and "Quekett" became a very difficult word to pronounce clearly.

A Novelty.

WE learn from a weekly and very serious contemporary of the existence of—

"A NOVEL OCCUPATION.—France has just invented a new occupation. A man goes about the streets of Paris bearing a small tray, a pack of cards, a set of dominoes, and a dice-box. With this stock-in-trade the man, who styles himself 'L'Amateur,' goes to the houses of invalids or idle persons, and for a small fee plays games with them."

"Beautiful idea!" said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, JUN., who is not quite perfect in her French pronunciation. "Of course he must be one of the *gamins* of Paris!"

O Chimney!!

"THE Patent Ramoneur Co. (Limited)." First rule of the Association.—"Every member to make a clean sweep of himself on Sunday." Does the Company still exist?

WHAT THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IS MAKING ITSELF.—Small by Decrees.

TWO COMIC OPERAS.

HAD the Librettist, in adapting *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, remembered the good old farce of *The Boarding-School*, and transformed the French piece into something thoroughly English, the "book" might have been less objectionable than it is at present.

In *The Boarding-School* the characters are drawn with a broadly humorous touch, and there is plenty of scope for good rollicking fun of a genuine farcical character.



KNAVE AND ABBESS—A VERY LOW CHURCHMAN.

in which he should preserve his disguise as it is with the spirit of a work that, at least, professes to be a Comic Opera! Heavens! Imagine Count Almaviva talking of *Rosina* as "a scorchers," or *Rosina* replying to some question with "Not for *Rosely*!" There are several objectionable lines, but there is one—or there was on the first night—which ought never to have been passed over by the Licensor if it existed in the original MS. sent in to him. Its introduction, to say the least of it, is offensive to good taste. Let us hope that the Librettist erred through ignorance of the original line he was parodying, which, in all probability he attributed to SHAKESPEARE.

The instrumentation is good, and the accompaniments melodious; but the airs—with the exception of Mr. CHILLI's song, which does not belong to the Opera at all, and is by another composer,—are decidedly commonplace and ineffective. The chorus is well trained, the girls are pretty, the dresses bright, and the opening is so lively as to make the remainder doubly disappointing. Miss ALICE MAY does too much, and Mlle. SYLVIA does too little. The noble Comte was represented by a Gentleman who may be described as a Confidential Amateur. He steadily refused to face the audience, and delivered all his asides, as most important secrets, to the Violoncello-player in the corner, who, judging from his studied indifference, had probably heard them all before. The Comte was the one funny thing in the Comic Opera.

Miss CLARA GRAHAM, first as a *mousquetaire* and then as a nun, looked very pretty, and acted carefully. The scenes call for no special remark.

The music's by VARNET,
The words are by FARNIE.

And there's an end of it. If it turns into a success, we shall not be surprised, seeing that *Obivette* has succeeded, though we fancy that in this latter case Miss ST. JOHN is the chief attraction. It will be some time before we get a rival to *Les Cloches de Cornemille*.

Billee Taylor, at the Imperial, is quite another affair. It is in two Acts, well put on the stage, charming old English dresses designed by a Frenchman (M. PILOTTELL) and made by a French firm (AUGUSTE

PLAIN AND COLOURED IN
THIS "STOYLE."

& CIE.). There are a few pretty tunes, some well-executed choruses,

ingeniously devised accompaniments, and no offence in plot or dialogue from beginning to end. Why was it called "*BILLEE*," which suggests burlesque when it is described as a "Comic Opera"? This is irritating. With every wish to give a most sincere and hearty welcome to an English librettist and composer, we are sorry that Messrs. STEPHENS—a name of good omen so near the Houses of Parliament—and SOLOMON—who ought to inherit a share of the hereditary wisdom—should have deliberately chosen to follow so closely in the footprints of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN, as to convey either the idea of bold rivalry or intentional compliment. Had Messrs. STEPHENS and SOLOMON adapted Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN's names to their own, and described themselves as Messrs. GILPHENS and SULLIMON, we should have known what to expect; but though we may regret that Masters STEPHENS and SOLOMON should have chosen to enter themselves as pupils in this particular school, yet, as the boys insist on a competitive examination, we are bound to place them in the first class and award them a prize. But *Billee*—(Why *Billee*? Very annoying!)—is not the measure either of their ambition or their capabilities.



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

The music is light and pretty, but provokingly like "something you've heard before," which in itself has been found by eminent composers a sure element of success when combined with original treatment. The most original, and happily the best thing in the whole piece is the Chant of Charity girls—not their chorus—unaccompanied, describing their duties, to which the orchestra plays "Amen." This is excellent.

Master SOLOMON has evidently taken a great fancy to one of the learned Dr. SULLIVAN's tunes in *Cox and Box*—"Three years ago"—as he has given us an inkling of it first in *Billee Taylor*'s song—(Why *Billee*? Provoking!)—and a second time in Mr. STOYLE's song, "*All for the sake of Eliza*," where Master SOLOMON seems really quite sorry to part with the original model and substitute anything of his own. When Mr. STOYLE began it with SOLOMON, we finished with SULLIVAN. *Sir Minsinging Lane* (Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS) tells us "how he became" what he is, just as Mr. GILBERT's characters do.



SIR MINSINGING LANE.



BILLY AND ARRY-BELLA'ING.

Spite of all temptations
From other recreations,

will rush to see the Prize Work by Masters H. P. STEPHENS and SOLOMON, now performing at the Imperial.

Come at Last!

In the list of the Banquet given by the late LORD MAYOR to the Royal Academy on Wednesday, the last names are Mr. and Mrs. MANNERS. Don't we all recollect how in childhood's happy but gluttonous hours we were invariably bidden to leave the last piece in the dish for Mr. MANNERS? Mr. MANNERS was by polite fiction always supposed to come late, and here he is at the Mansion House actually last! What an excellent lesson to the Aldermen and the regular City feeders who had preceded them. Let us hope that these dilatory but distinguished guests had been duly provided for, and that something was left for Mr. and, of course, Mrs. MANNERS.



BOUQUET PRESENTED BY PREFECT PUNCH TO THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

A TRIFLE FROM BIRCH.—The Griffin on the (J.) T. B. Memorial now Gog, Fog, and Magog. The first and last are within the Guild-hall, and the second is in full force outside.

ENDYMION.

(A poetic fragment, apparently in imitation of Keats, picked up in the neighbourhood of Hughenden.)

A TURN for fiction is a joy for ever,
Its charm with age increases; it will never
Pass into prosiness, but still will keep
Seclusion roseate for us, and a sleep
Full of high dreams, and hopes and ardent breathing.
Therefore in my retirement am I wreathing
A flowery fiction to delight the earth.
Spite of Rad triumph, of the unhappy dearth
Of Tory voters, of the gloomy days,
Of all the bungling and word-darken'd ways
Of Old Verbosity: yes, in spite of all,
Bright shapes of splendour, move away the pall
From my calm spirit. Such he whom the Moon
On Latmos stooped to kiss; a blessed boon
For simple shepherd; such high souls whose wills
Sway the "green" world they dwell in, and whose quills,
In the cold shade of opposition, make
Things hot for their rivals, who in office quake
At the dread Nemesis that o'er them looms;
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
One pictures for a Party not yet dead,
For all the tales in penny papers read—
Those spouting pumps of washy mental drink,
Poured daily out for dolts who dare not think.

I do not merely feel these presences
When high in power; no, e'en as the scant tress
That curls o'er aged temples becomes soon
Dear as youth's flowing locks, so, like the Moon,
Romance's reflex lustre, though not quite
The Sun of sway, becomes a cheering light
Unto my soul, bound unto me so fast,
That, whether skies be bright or overcast,
It always shall be with me till I die.

So 'tis with pleasure purposeful that I
Will tell the story of Endymion.

No more Veterans!

AMONG the new arrangements comprised in the recently instituted "Army Organisation," is a rule requiring Captains to retire at the comparatively early age of forty. The greatest Captain of this, if not any age and country, fought his most famous battle at the age of forty-seven. Suppose he had had to retire! But it's absurd! He never would have retired when the enemy was to the fore.

IRISH RENT CHARGE.—A Ball Cartridge.

SIXPENCE A MILE.

WHEN an indignant Londoner complains that London has the worst supply of the worst cabs of any city claiming to be civilised, he forgets the conditions under which the Cabman works. The Cabman is the one labourer whose hire is regulated by a meddling Government. In hail, rain, or sun, pushing through the block of Cheapside or galloping along an open road, his fare, according to Act of Parliament, is always the same. The usual result follows. When the fogs come on, or the snow lies upon the ground, he retires sulkily to his home, and leaves the Metropolis cabless.

Over-regulated by Government, and patronised by a few philanthropists, he is now worried by Vestries. A few charitable people have subscribed to provide him with "Shelters," which are erected in certain districts by permission of the local authorities. These Shelters are Arks of Refuge in which he can get tea, coffee, and food, and warm himself between one journey and another; that is, if he stops in a neighbourhood where the Vestry is not opposed to Shelters. The Vestry of St. George's, which watches over Pimlico, appears to object to such structures—at least the tradesmen majority of that body have carried a resolution to remove a Shelter, which was much needed, near Victoria Station. A generous lady, with the appropriate name of *Trotter*, provided this Shelter, and it was erected near the Station until the Railway Directors found that it conflicted with the legal rights of their Refreshment Contractor. It was then removed to Stockbridge Terrace. Some of the inhabitants objected to this site. Sixteen hundred cabmen petitioned in its favour. The Vestry (the tradesmen majority) listened to the inhabitants, and the unfortunate Shelter was removed. After being nearly offered to the



A GENEROUS TRIUMPH.

"WHAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND SMYTHE, THAT YOU DON'T SPEAK!"

"HAW! FACT IS, WE WERE BOTH VIVALS FOR THE HAND OF THE SAME YOUNG LADY—A CELEBRATED BEAUTY, YOU KNOW!—AND—WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BWAQ, BUT I GOT THE BEST OF IT. POOR SMYTHE!"

"MY DEAR FELLOW, A THOUSAND CONGRATULATIONS!"

"THANKS AWFLY! WE BOTH PROPOSED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW, AND SHE ACCEPTED—A—HIM!"

St. Pancras Station, it was decided to pack it away, and at present it awaits another decision of the guardians of Pimlico.

As the Cabmen's Shelter Society has now between twenty and thirty structures of this kind erected temporarily in various parts of London, it is not easy to see why that Wilderness of Stucco, known generally as "Pimlico," should deny the sixteen hundred Cabmen this little harmless comfort. There is nothing in the new-born respectability of Pimlico to justify this exclusiveness; and we presume the older element of the neighbourhood is not consulted on these questions. If the Seldom-at-Home SECRETARY would carry Molly-Coddling legislation in Cabs a step farther, and provide Shelters or Stables for cab-horses and cabs, as well as for Cabmen, he might help to justify the interference of Government in a particular trade, and help the grumbling Londoner to a superior class of vehicle.

"Ads" and Ends.

We have several gems from the Emerald Isle. They are mostly applications for Land Agencies, which in itself would speak volumes for the peaceable prospects of the country, were it not for the general insistence on the applicants' qualifications as good shots. The following is a specimen taken from the Dublin *Daily Express* :—

AS LAND AGENT, or Assistant in a Land Agent's Office.—An energetic Gentleman, trained as above; also has experience in the practical working of land; first-class reference; good shot with revolver.

In many districts a Land Agency can scarcely be a comfortable berth; and it may turn out the very reverse.

BURGER AND BOUCICAULT.



"UNLIMITED" AND "LIMITED"
LOVEY. LOVEY.

Mr. IRVING uses the version brought out by CHARLES KEAN at the Princess's Theatre, Feb. 24, 1852, but in another version of the drama that was published at that time I find the following:—

"*Mont.* How can you possibly have obtained these sad details so quickly?
"*Fab.* You forget the ballad of BURGER, Monsieur—"The dead travel fast."

"This answers Mr. Punch's question.

"CUTHERBERT BEDE."

Whose was "the other version"? By the way, quoting poetry is rather out of keeping with the character of a gay Corsican sportsman like *Furbyang*. Thanks to Mr. CUTHERBERT BEDE, who is evidently flourishing, and not in the least "verdant green."

EASY GEOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS.

Question. Now, will you first kindly inform me what, and also where, is the Mediterranean Sea?

Answer. With the greatest pleasure. The Mediterranean Sea is where it used to be—somewhere on the road to India, and somewhere between Europe, Asia, Africa, Malta, and (I think) America, but I'm not quite sure about America. The three most important countries that it washes are Italy, Greece, and Turkey. It has been engaged in washing Turkey from the very earliest ages, but it doesn't seem to have got it all clean yet. The chief use to which this most convenient piece of water is generally put is as a theatre for Naval Demonstrations, and other histrionic performances. At the present moment it is being used for a Concert, in which all the Great Powers take a share. To be followed by a "Screaming Farce," in which the chief performers will be Turks and Albanians, entitled *Dulcigno*; or, *Don't you wish you may get it?*

Q. What are the limits of European Turkey?

A. Turkey is bounded on the north by rising Nationalities, and on the south by broken pledges; on the west by the Naval Demonstration, and on the east by the Black Sea Fleet.

Q. Why are these Nationalities that you have just mentioned called "rising" Nationalities?

A. Obviously because of a curious natural habit which they possess, of rising in revolt against Turkey on the slightest provocation, or none at all.

Q. What are the chief products of Turkey?

A. Pachas and Promises. The latter are always broken, while the former, unfortunately, are—kept.

Q. Can you tell me what is the form of Government in Turkey?

A. Of course I can! Anything you like to ask. Turkey hasn't got much Government of any sort. What there is, is framed on the amiable principle of taxing the people heavily for protection to life and property, and then leaving life and property entirely unprotected.

Q. Is there any other Country in Europe with at all a similar form of Government?

A. Yes—Ireland.

Q. What is—or ought to be—Turkey's National Motto?

A. "My word is as good as my bonds," and not a penny to choose between them.

Q. For what is Greece chiefly celebrated?

A. LEONIDAS and Lord BYRON.

Q. And what is the Northern Boundary of Greece?

A. Turkish regulars, and a very natural unwillingness on the part of the Greeks to come to closer quarters with them.

Q. What are the chief products of Italy?

A. National Debt, huge ironclads, hundred-ton guns, grapes, and Garibaldians. But I'm afraid I can't stop to answer any more of your questions just now. You'll find everything you want—though not half as good as I could give it you—in any Elementary Geography; mind and get one of Lord SALISBURY's big maps, be sure you don't mistake Greece for Sicily, and there you are. Ta! Ta!

"OLD KING COAL" AND THE FOG DEMON.

WELL, yes, Old King Coal is a jolly old soul,
And 'twill be a long time 'ere the world wags without him;
But he needs Constitutional check and control,
And so do the minions he's gathered about him.
The rollicking autocrat isn't King Log,
But his rule's not all rosy, a thing to remember,
When finding we meet with the first of the fog
'Ere we part with the last of September.

The Fog Fiend, his comrade, 's a murderous ghoul,
With long patient London is playing Old Gooseberry,
Soot-columns foul, belched from chimney and cowl,
The town in a stench as of long stagnant ooze bury.
Gets London immenser, grow denser and denser
Its fog-veil, less easy and wholesome for breathing,
As though fetid fumes from some demon-swung censer
The town in miasma were wreathing.

Still lengthens, still strengthens, the sway of the pest,
Its malodorous puffings still smoke us and choke us,
Till each of us feels he 's a fine for a chest
From Michaelmas right on to March and the crocus.
Five months of asphyxia out of the year,
With dark as of Tophet, and smells as of sewage,
Are rather too much. Who will help London clear
Of the Fog Demon's annual brewage?

'Tis long 'ere a Londoner's patience will fail;
But 'tis hard half the year to live silent and placid
In darkness Egyptian, with nought to inhale
But unconsumed carbon, and sulphurous acid.
How long shall we vainly assistance invoke?
How long must we bow to this Autocrat's grim knee?
Our City disfigured—its populace choke!
A prey to the Ghoul of the Chimney?

Let Science and Law take the matter in hand,
The former has ever for victory thirsted:
And will she sit silent in impotence bland.
By coal fires and chimney reek utterly worsted?
Death's jackal, disease's sworn ally, the friend
Of discomfort, and dirt, and destruction Fiend Fog is.
'Tis time to take thought, and the tyranny end
Of this blackest of Babylon's Bogies!

Satisfactory Solution.

AN Extractor sends us the following cutting from *The Standard* in full bloom:—

A Well-educated young SAILOR (four years as apprentice and two years second mate), a total abstainer from birth, REQUIRES a SITUATION in London; good writer; undeniable references.

How can he "abstain from birth"? This is what "Extractor" wants to know. Clearly a very wide-awake sailor is one who will always be on the watch, and never go to sleep; and so "birth" is simply a misprint for "berth." This solves the mystery. That he should be a second mate does not necessarily imply that he has been twice a widower.

FROM BEDFORD TOWN.

"THEY may know 'What's what' in Bedford," said the turgid old River, "but I'll show 'em 'Ouse 'oo'!" And he overran his banking account to any extent.

NO!

SOME Photographer in New York is said to have two hundred and fifty-three "distinct negatives" of a Miss MAUD BRANSCOMBE. Evidently a fellow who "will not take No for an answer."



“OLD KING COAL” A



AND THE FOG DEMON.



QUALITY V. QUANTITY.

Gus (to Frank, who is chaffing him about his thin legs). "MY DEAR FELLOW, WE CAN'T ALL BE CART-HORSES. USEFULNESS ISN'T EVERY-THING, YOU KNOW; AND THERE MUST BE A FEW THOROUGHBREDS, HERE AND THERE, IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF ORNAMENT!"

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Chamberlain.

Our Commissioner. What are your principal duties, Mr. Chamberlain?

Chamberlain. I am the Banker of the Corporation, and take care of their money, when they happen to have any. I keep all their accounts, and balance all their books—sometimes a very difficult operation when they are all on one side; in fact so difficult that I am allowed about a dozen clerks to help me.

O. C. Do the Corporation finances require very careful management?

Ch. Very. I am indeed so careful not to allow the candle to be burnt at both ends, that I am called the great Save-All of the Corporation.

O. C. You are also, I presume, their ceremonial officer?

Ch. No, I am not. I never stand upon ceremony, but do pretty much as I like.

O. C. What other duties have you?

Ch. I punish refractory apprentices. I always lecture and sometimes imprison them; and I have been told that they would rather have the imprisonment than the lecture.

O. C. Dear me! How very strange! That seems to suggest a solution of the difficulty with juvenile offenders. I will make a note for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Ch. I have also power to punish bad Masters, and to give them two months' imprisonment as first-class miscreants.

O. C. What is your salary?

Ch. I have no salary.

O. C. Dear me! No salary!

Ch. No; no salary—only an allowance.

O. C. What, then, is your allowance?

Ch. From £1,500 to £2,500 per annum, dependent upon my success.

O. C. Will you kindly explain that?

Ch. I have often endeavoured, but never yet succeeded, so must decline any further attempt.

O. C. As a fact, what do you receive?

Ch. As a fact, two thousand five hundred a year.

O. C. Always?

Ch. Always.

O. C. Then you are always successful?

Ch. Yes, to that extent.

O. C. Happy man! Do you give any security?

Ch. Oh, yes, I have two of CHUBB'S best iron safes, with three keys to each of them, and three clerks to look them up.

O. C. Ah, that's something like. Do you find any sureties?

Ch. Yes, I found two last week.

O. C. What did you do with them?

Ch. I handed them over to the Police for safe custody.

O. C. Dear me! How very singular! Do you want your allowance increased?

Ch. Most decidedly; but not immediately.

O. C. Why not immediately?

Ch. Well, sometimes we consider it more prudent to ask for a lump sum, on account, as it were.

O. C. Have you lately had a lump sum presented to you?

Ch. Yes.

O. C. How much?

Ch. £2,500.

O. C. Dear me! the Corporation seem to be very liberal masters.

Ch. They are not my masters.

O. C. Not your masters! Then who are?

Ch. The Liverymen of London, the most important constituency in the whole kingdom.

O. C. How so, Mr. Chamberlain?

Ch. They elect the Lord Mayor, they elect the Sheriffs, they elect four Members of Parliament, and they elect Mr. It takes only one day to elect an M.P., it takes fifteen to elect a Chamberlain.

O. C. You speak of the Livery as a model constituency?

Ch. Yes, certainly.

O. C. Have I not heard of Long-Shoremans as a part of your model constituency?

Ch. Probably.

O. C. Pray what is a Long-Shoreman?

Ch. I believe "NUTTALL" defines him to be a poor Liveryman, occupied along the shore of the river, who has the reputation of selling his vote at elections.

O. C. What is about the present price of a Long-Shoreman's vote?

Ch. I am quite unable to answer.

O. C. What was it when you were elected?

Ch. Those small details have quite escaped my memory.

O. C. What did your election cost you?

Ch. I have quite forgotten.

O. C. You can ascertain, I suppose?

Ch. No; all my papers relating thereto were unfortunately burnt.

O. C. (compassionately). Dear me!

Ch. (sympathetically). Quite so!

O. C. From what I gather, Mr. Chamberlain, there seem to be several little mysteries in the constitution of the Corporation somewhat difficult of comprehension.

Ch. Yes—(quietly)—I'm one of 'em.

O. C. On what ground, pray, did you base your application for a grant of money?

Ch. The great rise in the price of butter.

O. C. The price of butter?

Ch. Yes; I have to use very large quantities when admitting gentlemen to the Freedom of the City, and I have great difficulty in finding "fresh" butter for these interesting occasions.

O. C. Anything further?

Ch. Nothing further.

O. C. You may retire, Mr. Chamberlain.

Ch. Thank you, I have no wish to retire.

O. C. I mean you may go.

Ch. Oh, thank you.

[Goes off to a Meeting of the Society for the Conversion of the Bulls and Bears of Capel Court.]

ON THE CARDS.

THE Prince of MONACO has prohibited for the future the shooting of game in his dominions. Determined sportsmen will, therefore, now have no alternative but to make their own.

IRELAND FOR IRISH.

A PLOT that most of Erin's Peasantry would gladly own to is a Plot of Land entirely to himself. He'd have no other conspirators engaged on such a plot as that.

A DIRGE FOR THE DAIRY.

After Tennyson—and a Talk with the Registrar-General.)

MILK! Milk! Milk!

Just a drop in thy depths, O tea!—
Yet I feel that none would be better,
O far, far better for me!

Don't I envy the fisherman lad
Who can keep infection at bay,
And take, with the sailor boy
At breakfast, hot rum, ev'ry day!

For, on stately ships they can't buy
What a fever-ward soon would fill.
So, it's O for a pint of "best Swiss" canned,
Which, though sugared, won't make one ill!

Then, Milk, Milk, Milk!—
No more shall you tinge my tea.
Since the chance of my spending
three months in bed
Is a little too much for me!

Two Griffins.

THE *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday announced that—

"Mr. LEPHEL GRIFFIN has arrived in England from Afghanistan."

He at once drove to Temple Bar Memorial to see the other Griffin. The latter stood up uncovered to receive him. Mr. GRIFFIN does not return to India until February, when he might take Griffin Junior with him.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 7.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD MAYOR McARTHUR,

M.P. for the Aborigines,

AND IN FULL COSTUME NOT UNLIKE THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, MR. J. L. TOOLE, SO—"THERE YOU ARE, DON'T-CH-YER-KNOW."

BRAVO, ALDERMAN!

In the *Times*' report of the Thursday sittings at Guildhall last week we read:—

"After hearing some more cases of cruelty, Alderman NOTTAGE said he could not leave the Bench without calling attention to the fact that all the cases which had been brought before him that day had been charges of cruelty to horses. He had had no fewer than eight defendants before him, and it was surprising that in a city like this there should be such an amount of cruelty. It had now come to this, that the Magistrates of the City must adopt a different course, and instead of fining those who so brutally ill-used dumb animals they would have to send them to prison without the option of a fine, so that if they could not feel for their horses they might be made to feel for themselves."

And mightn't they have a taste of the whip they use so freely themselves just with a little *knottage* in it?

Improvement on the Tyne.

"A TYNESIDER" announces in the *Times*, that:—

"The entrance to the Tyne is now very much improved; there is no bar."

No, of course no public-house. This information should gratify the advocates of voluntary Temperance, as well as the United Kingdom Alliance.

THE LAP OF LUXURY (at the *Agricultural Hall*).—The last one accomplished by the winner.

HOW I BECAME A LORD MAYOR.

(After a Music-Hall Model.)

WHEN I was a youngster at Derry,
I showed early signs of success.
I was careful of ha'pence—yes, *very*;
And I grew crops of mustard and cress.
I never left pins in the gutter;
Paid cabmen exactly their fare,
Till my friends, in astonishment utter,
Said "Bless us—he'll end as Lord Mayor!"
That boy will become a Lord Mayor,
That boy will become a Lord Mayor,
So please to remember
The Ninth of November,
That boy will become a Lord Mayor."

Each ha'penny changed to a shilling;
And I think that the reason may be
Why people in Lambeth were willing
To give me some change as *M.P.*
So I sat in the House—where I voted
With a highly respectable air,
And my speeches were so little quoted—
That the world said, "He's safe for Lord Mayor!"
That man, he'll become a Lord Mayor," &c.

Though of dear gay Sir WILFRED's supporters,
The gayest, yet still, now and then,
I am held for (in serious quarters),
A "light" among model young men.
Be the work in Fiji,—spite the jokers,
I've always been game for a share,
Till my Christian Friends, in white chokers,
Have sighed, "Oh, he *must* be Lord Mayor."
That light must flare up a Lord Mayor," &c.

So, much to discretion beholden—
To the social distinction that tells;

With my gaze on the perch that is golden,
I shall mix, a *whole twelvemonth*, with Swells!
And as friends, who once knew me in Derry,
See me seated at last in the chair,
They'll observe, "Well, it's singular, very—
But, bless us, McARTHUR's Lord Mayor!"
That boy *has* become a Lord Mayor,
That boy *has* become a Lord Mayor!
So, long we'll remember
This Ninth of November
That made our McARTHUR Lord Mayor!"

WHAT ST. GILES'S SAYS.

THE Meddlevox Magistrates, like ALEXANDER THE GREAT, are sighing for new worlds to conquer. Not content with licensing and exterminating Music and Dancing, they are turning their attention to Convents and Religious Ceremonies. In a short time we may expect to see them trying to lay hands upon the Press, and after that upon Literature and Art. Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL is the moving spirit. With Lord ALFRED on the Bench, and Lord RANDOLPH in Parliament, who shall say that the perpetual £4000 per annum allowed to the Dukes of MARLBOROUGH has fallen upon barren ground?

We are a great and liberal country. The sun never sets upon our dominions. We collect and spend one hundred and twenty millions sterling a year, and glory in our pension list. In spite of this, however, the sun before alluded to seldom passes over London without witnessing a death from absolute starvation. Last week, amongst other cases, an American journalist died from want of food on the Thames Embankment, and an English artist perished in a back room in Marylebone. The sun, before alluded to, would probably blush if a statue of the journalist, stating the cause of death, were raised on the Embankment, and a statue of the artist, with a similar inscription, were put up in the Regent's Park. We want a few solid monuments of National Disgrace to teach us that Bumbledom is not perfect.



MILITARY EDUCATION.

General's Inspection.

LIEUTENANT LONGSTOP HAS BEEN ASKED THE WEIGHT OF THE SOLDIER'S AMMUNITION BOOTS WITHOUT THE LACES!—HE DOESN'T KNOW!
"Tableau!"

The Licensing Authorities are not always happy in their prohibitive action. At Brighton they lately abolished a wine-bar on the Marine Parade, with the view of improving the neighbourhood, and the proprietor immediately set up a bone-and-rag shop on the same premises. Perhaps Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL will make a note of this?

The next time (let us hope it will be the last time) that Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL and his colleagues are called upon to legislate on Music and Dancing, they might try to copy a Somersetshire Magistrate, named Mr. T. E. ROGERS. This Magistrate replied to certain Clergymen, who wished to limit the hours of village festivals, that he had a hearty dislike for all unnecessary restrictions on public liberty. He expected Governments to punish offences against order, instead of interfering with the legitimate freedom of purchase and sale. He regretted to see the Clergy banded together for the purpose of hampering popular recreations, and of "making those sad whom the Lord has not made sad." Mr. ROGERS's name ought to be changed to HAMPTDEN.

The Duke of MUDFORD is idle in Mud-Salad Market, but slightly active in Mudfordshire. The valley of the Ouse is overflowing with water. Nearly three hundred years ago a simple gentleman found more water in Hertfordshire than the county required, and at great cost and labour he brought it to a dirty metropolis. This was Sir HUGH MYDDLETON, who earned the eternal gratitude of Londoners. London has now too much Ducal mud, and the Ouse has too much water. What does the Duke of MUDFORD do? He calls feebly upon the Government to remove the water. Will he call upon the Government to remove the mud, and will the Government bring the water to wash away the filth of Mud-Salad Market? Judging from our recent domestic legislation, the whole question will be buried in one of those vaults of legislation—a Parliamentary Committee-Room—with a Blue-book for a tombstone.

Mr. RUSKIN has joined the ranks of Dramatic Critics, and has probably shocked the babblers about "Art" by openly preferring

an *Opéra-Bouffe* to a mouthing piece at the Français. It is rather late in the day, perhaps, to discuss the merits of *Le Châlet*, but Mr. RUSKIN, like any other man, must learn his business. There was once a dramatic reporter who treated *Macbeth* as a new piece by an untried author; but, unfortunately for him (which is not always the case), he wrote for readers a little less ignorant than himself. Mr. RUSKIN, on his return from France, will doubtless pay the London theatres a visit, and address himself to a Metropolitan instead of to a provincial audience.

The Corporation are in a difficulty with the Strand Board of Works about the refuge at the foot of the Temple Bar Monstrosity. The Strand Board object to the refuge on the west side, and Mr. BEDFORD plaintively says that this decision would make the structure look like a pig with one ear. Surely the ear on the Corporation side is quite long enough (perhaps too long) for all practical purposes.

A WORD FOR THE SOLDIER.

"It is a positive fact, though it seems almost incredible, that the uniform coat of an ordinary soldier is regarded as a bar to his admission to many public assemblies."—*Duke of Cambridge at the Mansion House, Nov. 3.*

Is Her Majesty's uniform such a disgrace,
 That a soldier when drest in it can't show his face
 In a public assembly? Yes, shameful to say
 This is what, as the Duke says, occurs every day;
 But the shame, *Punch* opines, surely rests upon those
 Who thus scout the brave men who defend us from foes:
 Who have worn the old uniform heedless of scars
 From the Pole to Equator in numberless wars;
 They have made it respected abroad, when they roam,
 Let them find it is equally honoured at home.

A REAL CASE OF CENTENARIANISM.—Consols, 100. Very Consol-ing.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Westminster Hall.

WHEN the edifice is finished in the Strand, and the Courts are transferred from West to East, "Rufus" Masterpiece" will have to rely purely upon historical recollections for distinction. Feeling this, I naturally wished to visit it once again before it sank into comparative insignificance. It was said that the old building is seen to greatest advantage on the occasion of a Coronation or a trial for High Treason. I saw it at its "second best," i.e., on the First Day of Term.

When I arrived, the Hall was crowded with a body of highly respectable spectators. A large portion of the audience were Ladies, attended by members of the very Junior Bar. These possible Lord Chancellors, were dressed in wigs and gowns that apparently had seen but little service since they were first exhibited before a "pension" of callous Benchers on a recent "Call Day." In spite of this, however, these juvenile aspirants to the Woolsack seemed quite happy and contented as "each and every of them" moved about a cheery head-centre of a group of awe-stricken but admiring spinsters. Loungers of all ages, and both sexes filled up the back-ground. A little before two o'clock the Civil Power cleared a road from East to West, and all was expectation. We waited anxiously to see a sight that we knew intuitively would touch us to the very quick. We were to behold the Law in all its majesty and might. There was a long pause, and it was difficult to restrain our pent-up feelings. At last arose a cry of "They are coming!" and the sound of prancing steeds was heard in Palace Yard. Then the rumour circulated amongst the eager multitude that the LORD CHANCELLOR was at the door, perhaps on horseback, surrounded by a body of Mounted Police with drawn swords. It was supposed that this military display was intended to strike terror into the craven souls of the Metropolitan burglars, and thus save the Mace. But still we had to wait. Forced inaction gave us time to examine a gorgeously appraised person, who seemingly had emerged from one of the offices belonging to the Houses of Parliament. We asked a few bystanders who it was, but nobody knew for certain, and a few suggested that he might be the Clerk of the House (whatever that may be), or a detective in plain clothes. As he did nothing in support of either character, the few spectators whose notice he had attracted soon lost all interest in him. That man missed a big opportunity of making himself famous.

At last a gentleman in a black Court suit appeared, carrying a richly-embroidered pouch. It was with immense difficulty that we repressed giving him three hearty British cheers. On seeing him, an old lady informed us that "she believed the LORD MAYOR must be coming, as this was a Sheriff." We consequently regarded him with increased curiosity. However, as no one joined him, the enthusiasm began to cool, and we were falling back into our old condition of wistful expectancy when a second gentleman in black Court dress appeared, staggering under an enormous mace. "He always puts that out of the



FREE MACE-UNRY.

carriage-window on Lord Mayor's Day, because there's not room for it inside, you know," was the knowing old lady's whispered commentary. Then the Police touched their helmets, and a dignified individual, in an enormous wig, a gaudy black-and-gold gown, and knee-breeches, entered Westminster Hall. Again we wanted to cheer, but were half afraid. At last some bold spirits in the back-ground ventured to murmur a distinct, but respectful "Hurrah!" The dignified individual paused, turned round, and looked towards the door. Something was evidently preventing him from progressing further. In a moment a third gentleman in black Court dress and a sword, appeared, hastily seized the dignified individual's train, and held it up. The difficulty in perambulation thus happily surmounted, the little party marched gaily away towards the end of the building. Then came another long pause; in fact, a long pause formed the chief part of the procession. By-and-by we were satisfied by the abrupt appearance of a second dignified individual, in a similar costume to that worn by the first. Again there was a difficulty about progressing, until another gentleman kindly assisted in carrying the train. Never were such troublesome trains, not even at Waterloo Station! Never were I should say never wear—such trains. I won't—till I'm obliged. And then just let me catch the

gentleman who'll dare tread on the tail of my coat. Bedad! I'd floor him with the mace. I was told afterwards that attached to the office of train-bearer was some trifling salary—about £300 per annum. And, taking one thing with another, I am not at all sure the service was dear at the money! The party of two followed the party of four, and then came a miscellaneous collection of more or less dignified individuals attired much after the same fashion, but apparently resenting the fact that they had no one to look after their trains. Trains without any guards, drivers, or stokers. For this reason, probably, they did not attempt any order, and were, consequently, rather mixed. There was another pause, and a body of full-bottomed wig-wearers entered the Hall, closely pursued by a surging mob. There was a little cheering and a good deal of pushing, and the ceremony was over.

As I hurried away, I heard the same old lady I had listened to before, explaining to her friends "that in her young days there were bands of music, men in armour, and lots of flags." She added, as a comforting second thought, "but perhaps, after all, they may have left them outside!"

I was carried with the stream into one of the Courts. It was crowded with a portion of the audience that had just quitted the Hall. The Members of the very Junior Bar were in full force, but now they seemed to be haughtily ignoring the presence of the more than ever awe-stricken spinsters, as they humbly occupied seats behind them. The looks of these coming Cookburns said in so many words—"Down, down, fluttering hearts! Away, away all gentle feelings! We are on duty! Behold us in our brand new wigs and gowns! We are worthily representing the Bar of England!" By-and-by two judges took their seats upon the Bench, after bowing to the Bar and receiving the Bar's respectful salutation. Suddenly there was a good deal of angry whispering and pushing, and a gentleman in a full-bottomed wig fought his way to the front row. The Presiding Judge bowed to him, and invited him to take his place in the foremost pen amongst the Queen's Counsel. There was a good deal of bustling, and the gentleman obeyed the direction. Then he bowed to the Judges, who bowed in return; then to the Q.C.'s, who also bowed in return; then to the Members of the very Junior Bar, who responded to the courtesy with effusion, as if they were greatly delighted at being included in the day's proceedings. "Do you move, Mr. SOMEBODY?" asked the Presiding Judge. Mr. SOMEBODY moved with a vengeance, as he sprang up like a jack-in-the-box, bowed jerkily, and sank back into his seat without uttering a word. Then all the wigs in Court bowed copiously to one another. Then, like the rush of the whirlwind, Mr. SOMEBODY hurried from the pen, and was seen fighting in the distance as he made manfully towards the door of the Court. As the proceedings now turned out to be of a purely perfunctory character, I, too, quitted the apartment for another. I had scarcely reached my destination before I saw something white bobbing up and down in a sea of heads. The something (amidst a murmur of disapprobation which grew louder and louder) came nearer and nearer until it reached the first desk. The something was the full-bottomed wig of Mr. SOMEBODY, Q.C.



"MY WIG!"

Again the Presiding Judge was courteous in his invitation. Again the Members of the very Junior Bar joined in the proceedings with the utmost heartiness. There was unlimited bowing as before. "Do you move, Mr. SOMEBODY?" asked the Presiding Judge, and as no one seemed inclined to "move," I did, and went into another Court. I had just taken up a comfortable position when an angry altercation going on behind me, made me turn round. Again a white wig (now beginning to lose its earliest curl) was the centre of a combat. It was Mr. SOMEBODY, Q.C., pushing his way (in accordance with precedent) to the front desk, with a view to engaging in another bowing match with the Bar, the Bench, and the Public. As I had seen, however, the interesting ceremony already twice before, I thought I might retire, which I did in my usual graceful fashion.

A "MOURNING PERFORMANCE."—William and Susan at the St. James's.

ANNE MIE; OR, LA GRANDE DUTCHESSE.

THE story of *Anne Mie* is simply this: At seventeen *Anne* is betrayed by an English Engineer, whom her father stabs, and leaves for dead. That's Act I. Eighteen years elapse; *Dirksen*, her father, is imbecile, and haunted by the ghost of his victim. *Anne Mie's* daughter is passed off as her niece, *Lise*, in the village where they have come to settle. *Koenraad*, a young Dutchman, will marry *Lise* if her parentage is without stain. The English Engineer turns up in time to "make an honest woman" of *Anne Mie*, which legitimises *Lise*,—thereby converting the play into a specimen of the Legitimate Drama,—and all ends happily—as far as the characters are concerned. This takes four Acts to tell, and



THE ARCH ANNE MIE AND THE FIEND.

there is a villain in it who, except as useful in making a scene now and then and diverting attention from the main incidents, is rather in the way than otherwise, and is got rid of directly real business is meant.

Now, in a Dutch piece where they are all boers together, it would be invidious to select any one character as a greater bore—we should write "boer"—than the rest. What a beautiful chance for an appropriate Dutch drinking-song, to the tune of "*When we were boys together*," has been lost by not letting Messrs. FERNANDEZ, DE LANGE—a small boer—and FLOCKTON—an awful boer—sing a *snale* of

When we were boers,
Merry, merry boers,
When we were boers together,

which would at least have had the merit of bringing down the curtain long before its time.

Not having seen the original Dutch play, we are unable to draw a comparison between the two, but are free to judge *Anne Mie*—pronounced *Annie Mee*—as an English play on its own merits. As long as the drama was in Dutch, it was lauded to the skies as being something marvellous. But once put into plain English the spell was broken.

The story is neither new, nor sensational, nor exciting. It is a simple story simply told in plain, straightforward language. The dialogue is generally natural and not above the social status of the speakers. The stage business is good, the pictures of Dutch life are quaint and interesting, and the acting fair, but decidedly not great.

What on earth tempted Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD to play, or rather to attempt to play, the part of a young and lovely girl of sweet seventeen, as *Anne Mie* is supposed to be in the First Act? "There," may the adapter well say to himself, "there was the weight that pulled me down, O CRUMMLES!" Next we may well ask

What did induce
Mr. EDGAR BRUCE,

to undertake the part of the Gay Young Engineer, the lover of *Anne Mie* in the First Act? Seeing them together he really has the air of a "young man from the country," who is a greater fool than he looks, and is in a general way very much to be pitied. Mr. BRUCE is capital in bustling, touch-and-go, light-comedy parts, but where tenderness, pathos, and a certain dignity are absolutely necessary to



ABOUT THIS TIME ANNE MIE FALLS A LITTLE FLAT.

prevent the character becoming ludicrous—and specially necessary with such a very knowing *Anne Mie*, who looks as if she were up to every move on the sea-board of Dutchland—Mr. BRUCE, to put it plainly and colloquially, is "not in it."

In this unfortunate First Act, which need not have been retained, as it is only a prologue that subsequent dialogue explains over and

over again, *Anne Mie* has a friend in *Neeltje*, an elderly, vixenish spinster, between whose age and that of *Anne Mie* any mere spectator, coming in late and ignorant of the piece, would find it rather difficult to discriminate. In the Second Act, when *Anne Mie* is supposed to be eighteen years older, time has moved but slightly with her, and scarcely at all with *Neeltje*.

Then when Mr. BRUCE, who hasn't been killed, turns up again, no one feels any more interest in him and his attachment to *Anne Mie* than they would in the haphazard appearance on the scene of a middle-aged commercial traveller of gentlemanly exterior, and bearing a distant resemblance to the lineaments of the great Duke of WARRINGTON. But as he does not attempt to trade on this peculiarity, the spectator merely notices it as a remarkable feature in Mr. BRUCE's performance, and nothing more.

The fact is, the hero and heroine—the light-comedy young English Engineer and the arch Dutchess, as represented at the Prince of Wales's—are a hopelessly uninteresting couple. Not so, Mr. ROBERTSON, as *Koenraad Deel*, the lover of *Lise*, played by Miss GRAHAM with much feeling and far too much voice—which is Mr. ROBERTSON's fault also; so much so, that in the Love Scene where both want to meet as quietly as possible, and not attract the attention of *Anne Mie*, who is writing in the next room with the door open, they, with an artfulness peculiar to double-Dutch people, shout at each other at the top of their voices, and bawl sweet words of love in one another's ears as though they were merely two accidental visitors spending a pleasant half-hour in an Asylum for Deaf Patients.

Mr. FLOCKTON—as the wicked Dutch Orphan, the perpetual burden of whose plaint is "O if I had some one to love me!"—is very good, that is, as the conventional melodramatic villain who goes about hating everybody until overtaken by poetic justice, which in this takes the very mild shape of simply getting himself kicked out of a Dutch pothouse by an Uncivil Engineer.

If Mr. FERNANDEZ be intended to represent an old Dutch farmer who in happier and earlier days has served his apprenticeship to a oostermonger with a donkey-cart in Whitechapel, and still retains, in his old age, a smack of the chick-a-leary slouch and tone of voice, then the highest praise is due to this artist for his admirable representation of a most difficult character. But if, on the other hand, this is not the idea intended to be conveyed, then he is a comparative failure.

Under certain conditions *Anne Mie* may yet flourish, but with those conditions the present Star of Tottenham Court Road would find it rather difficult to comply.

On *Chronophotonthologos* at the Gaiety Matinée, and the new afterpiece at the Royalty, fairly advertised as an Eastern Extravaganza, and now most unfairly described as a Burlesque, we shall have something serious to say next week.

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BRUTES BEWARE!

"Omnibus drivers and cabmen will find it useful to take note of the fact that Metropolitan Magistrates have now resolved to make life rather unpleasant for persons who maltreat beasts of burden."—*Standard*.

It's very well each Magistrate of London town proposes, To make the lives of cruel men no longer beds of roses. Who'er ill-treats his horses now, they've made an understanding Shall have no option of a fine, no gentle reprimanding. Such things have been of no effect, the cruel-hearted driver For paying, say a tiny fine, has never cared a stiver. He's given the money with a grin, and never felt remorse The while he lashed with cruel thong the ever-patient horse. The animals work night and day o'er flint and stones and gravel, And scores of them are very lame and quite unfit to travel; And under cover of the night the drivers, as we know, Put hapless creatures in the shafts with marks of many a blow. But now the Magistrates have said such monsters, without fail, Shall not be punished with a fine, but straightway go to gaol; And there they may reflect in peace, through all the weary day, That cruelty to animals does not exactly pay!

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS REQUIRED FOR DIGGING POTATOS IN MAYO.—Two Field Pieces! Digitized by Google

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How to Build a House.—Put yourself unreservedly in the hands of an architect. Let him lavish all his art on the exterior of the house, producing an artistic effect for passers-by and the people over the way. Never object to light and air being shut out of rooms by columns, projections, or the want of windows.

How to Let a House.—Look it up and put a bill in the window saying that the key is left at a certain Agent's. Select an Agent who lives as far away as possible from the premises. If you can get one who seldom answers letters, who is seldom at home, and who lives in a place that nobody ever heard of, so much the better. When the house is advertised, carefully exclude all information about rent, taxes, rates, number of rooms, &c.

How to Burn down a House.—Stop the gas supply, and use candles in all the rooms. Have paper shades over the candles, and leave these shades to tumble into the wicks in the drawing-room, while you are having a prolonged dinner in the dining-room.

Another Way.—Use mineral oil in lamps that are placed upon tables easily upset.

MR. RUSKIN intends completing his *For's Clavigera*. He is contemplating a series to be called, in turn, the "*If's*" the "*Buts*," and the "*And's*," which will go on all-fours with the "*For's*."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 8.



SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARECAUGHT.

AFTER SETTLING A VERY OLD OFFENDER, HE HAS HIS EYE ON THE JUVENILES.

ADVICE TO PLAYGOERS.

THE proceedings of the Church and Stage Guild are a relief to the monotony of existence. Life is worth living to read the accounts of their meetings. They have all the propriety of the Church, and are far more amusing than the Stage. Last week the Rev. Mr. Ponsonby read a Paper on the duties of playgoers who find themselves witnessing a bad play. He had no strong opinions to enforce, and did not counsel violence. He was not sure whether an audience ought to hiss, or go round in a body to the Manager. He did not hint that they should ask for their money back, tear up the benches, or call for the Author, and pelt him. He rather suggested a policy of patience and forbearance. Our advice to playgoers in this position is more definite than the Rev. Mr. Ponsonby's. When they witness a bad play, let them go home immediately, and write a better one.

Turtle and Griffin.

BIRCH's Turtle not a few
Take it down at tiffin;
Would it were as easy to
Take down BIRCH's Griffin.

SOMETHING IN AN IRISH NAME.

APPROPRIATE place for the residence of tenants who won't pay their rent—*May Owe*.

CONSIDERATIONS OF A CAULIFLOWER.



WHAT a funny world it is—to a humorist! I'm a humorist. Perhaps you wouldn't think so to look at me, unless you're a person of unusual penetration. If one doesn't caper like a Clown, or grin like a jokin', one is set down by idiots, as dull. Most people think me as grave as a Chancellor's wig. Young TURNIPTOP, who is a wag—I hate wags, they've no sense of humour—calls me a Melon-Cauliflower, and thinks himself awfully funny. More like a Melancholy Jaques. He wasn't a horse-collar man, and I'm not a horse-collar-flower. Oh! a real humorist can pun, as well as mere wags, when they care to stoop to it. TURNIPTOP says my puns "lack finish." I'll "finish" him before I've done with him. Humph! Something equivocal there! But never mind.

It's a funny world, I say. Here am I now, tucked up under the fustian-clad arm of a bawling Coster, and being hawked round a small and sordid suburb. A fine creature like me, and of so good a family too! Why, bless you, CAULI CIBBER and Lord MACAULI—the names have suffered corruption—were only—but there, it does not become a humorist to vaunt his lineage. Only those pretentious Brocolis are parvenus and impostors, that I will protest. They dare to claim kindred with me on the strength—or weakness—of the most distant resemblance in name and family physiognomy. Preposterous! Why they're sold by the pound, a degradation to which, thanks to our superior size and splendour, we've never been reduced. No, we have always been monetarily individualised—to put it simply—though when the tariff comes to be—in the words—(semi-articulate howls rather)—of the horrid hawker, "sixershillincollyflower!" there is, in sooth, but little left to boast of.

We used to be credited with the superiority which is our native possession. But these are democratic days, and even the haughty Asparagus is sold by the quarter-bundle, on door-steps, to dowdy women with bombazine dresses and blatant babes. Fancy being chaffered for by a City clerk's wife, or appearing, with smoky melted-butter, at a small shopkeeper's Sabbath board! Is it not a funny world?

Prices rule low to-day, but I suppose suburban "screws" rule lower, for I don't get disposed of. The Coster is hoarse, his arm is hot, his fustian malodorous. In these dirty democratic days, sense—all the senses—as well as spirit, are subject to indignity and disgust. Enough! I always so shrank from anything common and cheap. "Cauliflower Collywobblers" young TURNIPTOP calls this superior sensibility—"a bad imitation of aristocratic bumptiousness." TURNIPTOP is low—lamentably low. On the best terms with the proletariat, he'd as soon serve a shoeblack as an Alderman. As he himself rhythmically puts it—he's absurdly proud of his Catnach doggerel:—

Since destiny me has decided to dish up,
What matter if 'tis to a Bargee or Biahop?

Wags haven't the discrimination of a Colley dog's tail, much less of a Cauliflower's head. It's very, very funny. If TURNIPTOP only knew what an idiot he is! Well, then, of course, my superior sense of humour would lose the subtle delight attending perception of his unconscious imbecility. There are compensations. It is a funny world, and the funniest things in it are asses unaware of their ears. This last by the way, was TURNIPTOP's own expression—epigram he called it—and the drollest part of the business was he didn't see its reflex application. Meant it as a hit at me!!! Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, it is a consolation to be a humorist, even in a world of donkeys and democrats.

Hillo! a halt! Bawling Brute stops bawling, and begins "a deal." It is too much, a "deal" too much (as TURNIPTOP would say). And with a Sweep, of all Men! Horror! I am transferred to his sooty paws, my snowy bosom is desecrated by his dirty digits. I rage! Vain is the wrath of a poor cholera flower—I mean Cauliflower. "Tuppence" changes hands. My doom is sealed. Cut off in the Cauliflower—pshaw! the flower of my youth and humour. I go—I go—to Pot!



"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

Brigson (at last winging a Pheasant, after missing right and left all day). "Ah, ha! KNOOKED HIM OVER THAT TIME, JENKINS!"
Keeper. "Yes, Sir; THEY WILL FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES!"

THE PIG AND THE PASTOR.

(Ballad by a British Farmer.)

"NEW TEST FOR TRICHINÆ.—A Holstein peasant, uninstructed in microscopical research, and not possessing the requisite instruments of precision, has devised for himself a new test for the presence of *trichinæ* in pork. When he killed a pig he was careful to send a portion of it—a ham or a sausage—to his pastor, and then waited the consequences for fourteen days. If his pastor remained healthy, then he felt perfectly easy in his mind, and well assured that his pig fulfilled the requisite conditions of soundness of food, and he proceeded to dispose of it accordingly in his own family. This ingenious method of research has not been considered satisfactory by the district physician."—*British Medical Journal*.

Up out there in Holstein—you knows where I manes—
 That there Dutchee what Froosher purlined from the Danes,
 Lives a cottidger chap in the farmerun line;
 And the chief of his substance depends upon swine.

Now the pigs in them parts be disposed to disease,
 Which is varmun fur wuss than outziders like fleas.
 Cause as how they don't skip, creep, or crawl on their hides:
 Bred in pigs' flesh and innards there they nestles, and bides.

'Tis a spacious o' worms what be mostly so small
 As the bare eye wun't sarve fur to spy um at all.
 They be finer nor hairs, and the pigs by that means,
 Be pizon'd wi', what scollards calls um, "trikeens."

When a Christian on pork, ham, or bacon as feeds,
 Tuks um down wi' a's vittles, inside un they breeds;
 Trikeenosus a sassidge med gie un aloan,
 Or pigs' chiddluns perdoose that complaint in a's own.

That there Holstoner farms in a small sart o' way,
 And accardunly don't kill a pig every day;
 But the day that a do so his mind's all agog
 As to whether there's any trikeens in the hog.

Ne'er a bit up to Sciunce that feller, not he,
 By the help of the magnifire can't saroh for'm and see;
 And so an experiment, assurance to git,
 He performs on a subject he looks on as fit;

Makes his Pastior a prezunt o' sassidge or chine,
 Ham, or gammon moor like, sends that Rev'rund Divine;
 Then a bides a full vartnight, meanwhilst a time gies
 For to note how the Pig and the Paason agrees.

O' the rest o' the Pig, if the Paason be sound,
 Arter that he partakes, wi' his household all round;
 And they feastes their fill and enjoys the good cheer;
 Fur to foller their Pastior's ixample no fear.

So now fur a moral to tag to my song;
 If you always dooz right you wun't never do wrong;
 When you purchases pigs, mind o' what breed they be:
 You be caashus of all barn o' sows beyond see.

Don't trust none what comes over from outlandiah parts;
 But stiek fast to the hogs of the old English sarts;
 Then, if tithe-pigs to Paasons you chooses to pay,
 Fur trikeens you'll ha' no call to try um on they.

Attitude of a Basuto.

THE following telegram—one of a series—from the Cape was lately received at the Colonial Office:—

"UMQUIKELA sitting still."

Nothing else was added to that message respecting UMQUIKELA. We can imagine a photograph taken of UMQUIKELA as he appeared sitting still. Or UMQUIKELA may be supposed to have been, as above described, still sitting for his portrait. The next telegram of course was "UMQUIKELA taken"—and, as it now appears, we've got the wrong man, after all. Never mind, the Aquarium wants a new show.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

ONE of our gifted Artists quietly noted the following Advertisement:—

STATUARY.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—The COMMITTEE for LETTING the BRIDGE HOUSE ESTATES hereby GIVE NOTICE that they will meet at Guildhall, London, on FRIDAY, the 25th day of March, 1881, at 1 o'clock precisely, to receive DESIGNS for STATUARY to be placed on the Four Pedestals at Blackfriars Bridge. The Designs may be submitted either by Drawings or Models. If by Drawings, to be either in Chalk, Charcoal, Pencil, Ink, or Sepia. If by Models, in Clay, Plaster, or other convenient material. The Designs in either case to be prepared to a Scale of one inch and a half to the foot. Six Premiums will be awarded by the Committee, viz.: Two of \$250.; two of \$150.; and two of \$100. These Premiums will be given for Models only, &c., &c.

He has done several in Chalk, which he may possibly exhibit at Chalk Farm, at whose Dairy he has a considerable chalk scored up. No doubt if his proud spirit will submit to competition, he will win by Chalks. He has also done some in Charcoal; and we hereby warn him that if these frescoes be not removed from the passage of our Office, where they are obstructing everybody, they will be at once carted off to the coal-hole. We have the deepest respect for Art, but to the coal-hole they will be consigned, and respect can't go much deeper than that. The Committee who award the Premiums will make the draft payable to us direct, and we'll see the Artist gets his due.

The Designs are accompanied by written descriptions, and we trust Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON will appreciate the whole lot at their proper value. Of course Sir FREDERICK will not allow any prejudice in favour of a certain "Athlete and Wiper" to bias his judgment. Here they are:—



ALLEGORICAL HEROIC GROUP—
THE CONQUEST OF CALIPASH
BY THE LORD MAYOR AND
ALDERMEN.



FLYING BARMAIDEN RELIEVING
DOWN-FALLEN TRAVELLERS IN
DISTRESS.



"SI MONUMENTUM QUERIS—CIR-
CUMSPICE."



ALLEGORICAL GROUP—THE CITY
OF LONDON, BATHED BY FATHER
THAMES, GETS COAL'D.

Revolting Cruelty to a Woman.

ANOTHER Illusion gone! We did believe that the Americans were chivalrous to the weaker sex. And yet we read that they serenaded SARAH BERNHARDT with a *Militia band*! Let us hope it is not true. We trust that out of compliment to the National musical instrument of the States, to the personal appearance of DOÑA SAL, and the skeleton in the coffin which we believe is her cheerful travelling companion, the serenade was given on the Bones.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

LORD MARE'S DAY.



LAST Toos-day was Lord Mare's Day! I can scarcely rite the words without imoshun. The grate red letter day in our Cullander, as I heerd the Gildall Beedle say. Every good Citizen was on tip-tow, in his dressing-gown and slippers, to see what sort of morning was abreaking before brakefastin; and when they seed it was pretty good for the

time of year, they, no doubt, all sung Nong Nobis, like we do for a good dinner.

As I alwis hear sumeboddy say, for more than 700 years, beginning with Lord Mare ALL-WINE,—not a bad name for a Lord Mare,—has this sollum day been dewoted to Lord Mares, and Sheriffs, and Gilla, and Men in Armer, and tho the thoughtless may sneer, all loyal and constitooohunnle mines will bow down on their bended nees and bless the 9th of November, which curns to tell is only 4 days after Gi Fox Day! What a proverdenahal thing it is they warn't on the same day! How the ribble Gester would have rejoiced. Let it ever be remembered to Gi Fox's honnur, that he urrid on his little job so as to git it over before the 9th.

I was spehally fortinit this year. I was at Gildall to see after the brakefast, so I saw the aho start. I saw the gracefull way in which the Coachman, and the postillium, and the 6 grums, and about a duzzen Perlicemen tugged and dragged the State Carriage and 6 hosses up to the dore at Gildall, without one of the hosses tumbing down, or even the Carriage bumping against the posteses more than 3 or 4 times.

As I gazed with reverunse on the wundufull and butifal machine, a fine sample, I was told, of the Eye Art of the Middling Ages, the one thort that wade upon my mine, heavier than Xmas puddin, was, would it go through the Tempul Bar Testimonial, or would it stiek on the Refuge for the Destitoot in front of it.

From the lots of Fire Engines and hundreds of Firemen in the percession, the ignerant Foringer would ha' thought that Westminster All was afire, and the grate LOR MARE was agoin in state to put it out.

I asked BROWN how they alected which Compennies should go with 'em, and he told me at once, for he seems to know everythink. They has the Patten Makers becoss the LORD MARE is considered a Patten to all the world. They has the Lorreners' mistry because nobody ever yet discovered what on earth a Lorreners means. They has the Stationers because the Copperation, like the Company, wants to be stationery. They has the Salters for fear of any Assalts, and they of course has the Speektiole Makers because the LORD MARE always wears 'em.

I was in the Libery, to see the presuntashuns, and didn't some of my Patrums look lovely in their Deppity Leftenants' red coats and reel sords, almost like reel sojers, only those stoopid sords wood get stickin between their legs and neerly upsettin them. All the Committee with long stiox in their hands, and bootiful ornymments hung round their necks with red ribbons, like pet lama, kep comin in and goin out, aperiently not knowin what on earth to do with theirselves, but yet werry ankahus that their friends should see as they was all there. Wen the Swells begun to cum they walked in front of 'em, and got in every boddy's way, and purvented us seein anythink, so we wished 'em all a jolly ways off, stiox and all.

The last appearance of the late LORD MARE, amost heort tears of sorrow and refleekahun to evry manly eye. Ah, if we could reed his feelinx what a pikeher we should have to listen to! After having



HIGHER EDUCATION.

Aunt. "I SUPPOSE YOU ARE VERY SORRY TIM HAS GONE BACK TO SCHOOL, AREN'T YOU, AMY?"

Amy. "YES, VERY. BUT YOU SEE, AUNTIE, IN THESE DAYS OF ENFORCED EDUCATION ONE IS OBLIGED TO PUT FEELING ENTIRELY ASIDE."

for 12 short months the Eyes of Eurup and the Ears of England upon him, he attends this, his last Bankit, like the Skellytun that the Ajipehun Gent kep in his cubbud and brort out on all jovial occasions, to point a Moral and adorn a Tail. And don't the Griffin pint a moral and adorn a tail on the site of Tempul Bar? Ah! "Hart for Hever," as Prinse LIPPOLD said.

Presently Mr. ARPER and his friends guv a werry loud blaster on their own silver trumpits, and ARKER's lovely pink satin saah, with a bow as big as a soup plate, got between his legs and amocet upset him, and his manly voice alightly trembled as he enounced the name of that terrible Mr. GLADSTONE! The flutter of excitement was immense, and the faces of 2 or 3 Masters of Compennys was pail with surpressed agony. I scarce expecs to be beleived when I say that he walked in perfectly calm and smiling and all serene, instead of humblin hisself like a lam as we all expected he wood.

The new LORD MARE hain't got the fine bow-wow style of the old 'un. In fact I don't quite know what to make of the new LORD MARE. There's sum things about him as I likes and sum as I don't.

We lives in times of change and wurry and wat not, but there's one thing that mustn't be changed, my LORD MARE, and that's the dignerty of your eye office. I don't wish to preech or to be personal, but a Lord Mare in speetickles ain't quite the thing!

I can't imagin your elustrius Predesesser, ALL-WINE in specs.

Try and do without 'em, my Lord, try and do without 'em, you'll find it werry convenient not to see evrythink that goes on around you at the Manahun House, and it'll add as much to your comfort as to your dignity.

That terrible Sir WIRMIN ARCUIT proposed the health of the Sherifa. Really his irreverunse for the most sakrid thinx is sumthink dredfool. He thinks no more of a Sherrif with all his robes and his chanes and his real lace frills, than I do for a meer Choppus Waiter with his apern on. The idear of his saying in his charfing way that Gog and Magog must have been the two first Sherifs! No wonder poor Sherif FOULHER was so overcoome, that he could only gasp out one sentinse in reply.

(Signed)

ROBERT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR old friends EVELYN and PEPS would have been delighted with the specimens of Diaries which Messrs. J. J. SMITH, SON & Co. have issued for 1881. Had we as many lives as a cat, we should find in this lot which have been forwarded to our Office a special diary for every one of them. The little pocket-books are evidently most useful; and the prices, like the books themselves, are adapted to all pockets. To any modern BOSWELL who has a Dr. JOHNSON in view, these note-books are invaluable.

The Rebecca Rioters, published by MACMILLAN, is well worth reading. The Rioters went for all the barriers in their neighbourhood, and ultimately, as it was a real grievance, the obnoxious obstructions were legally abolished. The authorities at the Mudford Estate Office will probably consider this a too dangerous chapter in a History of the Bar to be studied by the residents about the Gordon and Tavistock Square and Gower Street districts. By the way, the notices on his Grace of MUDFORD's barriers are instructive reading for the Sunday Traveller who may not be in a hurry to drive to Euston Square, and has half-an-hour to spare. "Oh, Reform it altogether!"—SHAKESPEARE for ever!

The new edition *de luxe* of ZOLA's *L'Assommoir* is to be appropriately illustrated with *eaux fortes*.

Looming in the Future; or, the Last of the Weavers, is not yet ready.

"Ads." and Ends.

THIS appeared in the advertisement sheets of the *Times* :—

REQUIRED, at once, so as to teach a lesson to the incumbent, in a gentleman's family, seven miles from town, good PLAIN COOK, of strictly sober habits.

What is the Plain Cook to teach the Incumbent? We leave our readers to make their own deductions.



CONSOLATION.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "AND SO YOU STOPPED A WEEK AT THE DUKE OF SCLILTON'S! WHO WAS THERE?"

Gorgius Midas, Esq., Jun. "OH! A PRECIOUS RUM LOT! WHY, THERE WAS AN ACTOR, BY JINGO! AND A SCIENTIFIC CHAP, AND AN ARTIST FELLOW, AND WHATSHISENAME THE FIDDLER, YOU KNOW, WHO WRITES ORATORIOS AND THINGS! AND A DEAL MORE WAS MADE ABOUT THEM THAN ABOUT YOURS TRULY, I CAN TELL YOU!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "AH, CLEVER AND AMUSING PEOPLE, AND ALL THAT. BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT IF ONE OF THEM WERE TO PROPOSE FOR A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE, HE'D SIMPLY BE TURNED OUT OF IT FOR HIS IMPUDENCE. WHEREAS, YOU'VE ONLY GÓT TO THROW THE HANDKERCHIEF!"

[Which, to do Mrs. P. de T. justice, is no more than the truth.]

NOTES ON THE NINTH.

(The Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall.)

THE TWO GRACES—one before and one after the Banquet—were not given by choristers. The Chaplain "begged a blessing" (as *Mr. Stiggins* was requested to do on a certain celebrated occasion), and returned thanks. This method was not so effective as the pious harmony of ancient times.

THE LORD MAYOR, on proposing the Foreign Ambassadors, didn't risk the pronunciation of M. CHALLEMEL LACOUR's name. Mr. HARKER, the Toast-master, risked it, came out with something sounding like "Shallaballa," and then disappeared for a minute or so behind the Lord Mayor's chair.

Mr. GLADSTONE personated a Naval Demonstration by appearing in an Admiral's Uniform. He wore epaulettes—but his shoulders are broad enough to bear anything. It is believed that he was a little disappointed at not being called upon for a hornpipe. If occasionally at sea towards the end of his speech with regard to the Eastern Question, yet it is probable that his nautical costume suggested his commenting on Lord SELBORNE's speech about "Law and Liberty," after the style of *Captain Cuttle*, and informing his audience that "the point of these here observations lies in the application on 'em"—to the present Irish difficulty.

After the PREMIER had acted as telegraph-boy—not the *Daily*, but *Postal*—and delivered a polite message from the SULTAN to the LORD MAYOR, the general impression was that the Porte had made a present of Dulcigno to our present Eastern Potentate King MACARTHUR. But what will he do with it? Turn Turk, eat Turtle Soup, marry Green Fat-ima, and make all the Common Councillors wear turbans? No, that would create too great a disturbance in the City. Still a very effective speech might be made on 'Change beginning, "Hereditary Turkish Bondsmen, know ye not," &c., &c.

The distinctive feature of the Banquet was the braying of the trumpets before every important toast. There were many present who, had they been permitted to be their own trumpeters, would have brayed just as loudly, if not so well.

Those unaccustomed to the ways of the Guildhall Banquet fixed their eyes on a rostrum, expecting to see the Chaplain step up there and say grace or read a homily. They were agreeably disappointed as the Chief Carver ascended this pulpit, and had a Lord Chief Baron of Beef placed before him on the reading desk, which was soon ornamented with some very fine specimens of genuine old English carving.

It was remarkable how the LORD MAYOR accentuated—Irish-accentuated—every point in his speeches, which were, on the whole, of commendable brevity; but after the Star of the Evening—Beautiful Star—had twinkled, we thought it best to strike the light lucifer, and, taking comfort in the weed which cheers but does not inebriate, to wend our way home humming "Hey down Derry," and success to MACARTHUR.

The New Motto.

"LAW and Liberty" is a free or liberal translation of "*Imperium et Libertas*." The necessity for coercion in Ireland must be "proved to demonstration," says the PREMIER. What sort of demonstration this time? A Military Demonstration? If so, let us hope that it will be followed by something more valuable than the "Cession of Dulcigno," i.e., by the "Session of 1881,"—or even by an extraordinary Session of 1880—to redress real Irish grievances and satisfactorily answer our Western Question.



LAW AND LIBERTY.

LAW. "NOT YET, SISTER. THEY MUST FIRST LEARN TO RESPECT ME. YOUR TURN COMES NEXT."

THE GRIFFIN'S LAMENT.

As sung by the Fleet Street Selkirk.



I AM Monarch of naught I survey;
E'en my site is a theme for dispute:
Every omnibus horse that I see,
As he passes me, says, "What a brute!"
Talk of dignity? What are its charms,
When, thrust in the popular face,
I fill the whole street with alarms,
Looking down from this horrible place!

I'm out of humanity's reach,
Stuck up here on the summit alone;
And as for the music of speech,
All I get is a hiss or a groan!
For no beast of the plain, old or new,
No brute from the depths of the sea,
No bird that you'll find at the Zoo—
Has the vaguest resemblance to me!

No wonder I can't inspire love!—
Why, at dusk I'm the cause of such dread,
That, had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make for the Duke of York's head.
Up there, I my grief might assuage,
And at least limit critical truth
To such chaff as might come from the cage,
In the shape of the sallies of youth!

But, alas! spite rebuke and report,
And letters, and threats, by the score,
I've been fixed! And henceforth, without sport,
I shall hear my name mentioned no more!

My friends in the City, do they
Send a wish or a thought after me?
I trust that they do; for this way
Not a friend but old BIRCH shall I see!

So the traffic each night sinks to rest;
The barrister turns to his square:
The bustle all hurries due West,
Yet still I sit here in the air!
And if you could ~~then~~ see my face,
You'd say, "He has had it so hot,—
Has that brute, that he knows his disgrace,
And admits he's a precious bad lot!"

A LADIES' MAN.

MAN is at length about to concede the rights of Woman. They have been acknowledged by the Elective Branch of the Manx Legislature. The House of Keys has amended its Election Act by the extension of the franchise to all women of full age not labouring under legal disqualification. In so doing the Manx House of Keys has opened its doors to Man's better half.

The other Assembly of the Legislature of Man may be confidently expected to confirm the decision of the Elective Branch, and prove itself, as it were a House of Lords, no less disposed and determined to do justice to the Ladies. The experiment of Female Suffrage, successfully tried in Man, must shortly cause that manly example to be followed by the Imperial Parliament, and then the electoral influence of the Gentler Sex will advantageously serve to counteract that exerted by the Roughs.

A PHILISTINE.

TAKE away all your adornments æsthetical,
Plates of blue china and bits of sage green,
Though you may call me a monster heretical,
I can't consider them fit to be seen.
Etchings and paintings I loathe and abominate,
Grimly I smile at the name of BURNES JONES,
Hating his pictures where big chins predominate—
Over lean figures with angular bones.

Buy me what grinning stage rustics call "furniture,"
Such as was used by our fathers of old;
Take away all your nonsensical garniture,
Tapestry curtains and borders of gold.
Give me the ancient and solid mahogany,
Mine be the board that will need no repairs;
Don't let me see, as I sit at my grog, any
Chippendale tables or Sheraton chairs.

Hang up a vivid vermilion wall-paper,
Covered with roses of gorgeous hue,
Matching a varnished and beautiful hall-paper,
Looking like marble so polished and new.
Carpets should all show a floral variety,
Wreaths intermingling of yellow and red;
So, when it enters my home, will Society
Say, here's a house whence æsthetics have fled.

Academicians at Play.

At the Fishmongers' Banquet Mr. HORLEY, R.A., expressed a hope that the Rich City Companies would turn their attention to Mural Decoration, and wisely mixing a little business with plenty of pleasure, he suggested that he himself was not altogether inexperienced in this department of Art. Evidently he had his eye on some particular wall—without being wall-eyed—and perhaps is eager to purchase spaces and start as a rival to Mr. WILLING, whose works Mr. HORLEY must consider "willinous." Mr. LEALIE, R.A., who evidently didn't take the same view of the stroke of business to be done, replied that the "City Companies had no idea of going to the wall," which was rather hard on his brother Academician, who won't be able to get any of the City Companies' boardings to cover the expenses of his wall. But the idea is good, all the same.

Here's a "Little-go"!

[The proposal that French or German should be substituted for a classical language in the Previous Examination, was rejected amid loud cheers in the Cambridge Senate House, Nov. 11, by a majority of 40.]

LATIN and Greek are all that we want here,
German! Absurd! And French—*cela va sans dire*.



A THOROUGH UNBELIEVER.

Hale Visitor (to Invalid, who has just arrived, "confident of a cure"). "WHAT! FEEL YOUR LEGS DRAG, WITH A WEIGHT DOWN YOUR BACK, AND HAVE GOT SO DEAF THAT YOU CAN HARDLY HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING! AH, THEN IT'S QUITE CLEAR YOU'VE BEEN AT THE WATERS!"

GOVERNMENT SECRETS.

WE have been favoured—through our Special Eavesdropper—with the following abridged account of what *actually* took place at the last Cabinet Council:—

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Here we are again! Ah! DILKE! Just back in time. How's GAMBETTA? In a difficulty, eh? Glad to see you all. I've got something that's sure to please you. Telegram from SULTAN:—"English bondholders to be paid at once out of pocket-money of members of Harem—Greek frontier on point of being surrendered—Kind regards and best wishes to English Ministry." Most flattering.

Sir Ch-rl-es D-ike (aside). Hm! Does he mean it?

All the Rest. Most satisfactory!

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Yes; and G-SCH-N to be made a Member of the Imperial Order of the Waste Paper Basket—answers to our Garter, I believe. Then here's another most gratifying communication I've received. AYOUB KHAN to British Ministers:—"Friendly greeting—hopes we're standing our trying climate pretty well—is sure we shall be glad to hear that he doesn't intend moving from Herat till next spring—kind compliments, &c." Also a telegram from Commander-in-Chief of the Basutos. As it's written in Basuto, rather hard to make out; but he says in effect that we "needn't be alarmed about the War, everything going on satisfactorily, some of Cape recruits rather raw, but he likes them raw," and ends with "best wishes for our continuance in office." Most flattering.

All. Exceedingly gratifying to our feelings.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. I thought you'd say so. Bless you all! Now, must really think about work for next Session. What shall we start off with—Eastern Question, Bankruptcy Bill, County Franchise, Land Bill,—which shall it be?

Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt. Talking of the Land Bill somehow or other reminds one of Juvenile Offenders. I don't know why it should, but it does—

Sir Ch-rl-es D-ike. Bother Juvenile Offenders! I believe you've got 'em on the brain. How about the *Senile* Offender, on the Bosphorus, eh?

Mr. F-rst-r. Yes, and the *Green-Isle* Offenders all over Ireland? I had a precious narrow squeak of it coming over—dynamite laid on lines—several infernal machines on board steamer to Holyhead—Fenians blazing away into carriages! No joke, I can tell you.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne (cheerfully). Well, here you are, at all events. Now, suppose we have a little talk about Foreign Policy?

Earl Gr-nv-lls. I was going to mention that I've got a capital notion. You'll say so when you hear it. All European Powers to form Joint-Stock Company for liquidation of affairs of Porte by arrangement and composition! Just think of the splendid dividend we shall get! I ought, perhaps, to add that I'm indebted for this excellent business idea to a young and rising member of the Ministry.

All. Capital! Exquisite! And the dividend—?

Earl Gr-nv-lls. That's the best of it. *Turkey*, of course, don't you see? To be divided among the shareholders in proportion to the number of their Ironclads and the amount of their enthusiasm.

All. First-rate! Let's propose it to B-SM-ECK.

[*Boy sent off to telegraph to B-SM-ECK.*]

Mr. F-rst-r. Now that we've knocked off the Eastern difficulty, let's tackle Ireland. The thing to do is to satisfy demands of tenants without infringing rights of landlords; to introduce law and order into disturbed districts, and at same time to convert starving labourers into happy peasants of an Hibernian Arcadia. That's my plan.

All. Capital! How are you going to do it?

Mr. F-rst-r. How! Oh, that's a mere matter of detail. I leave that to you.

Lord S-lb-rns. If you leave it to me, I should say, "Coerce the whole lot of 'em."

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Just so. Coerce Irish Landlords. Drive 'em out, "bag and baggage."

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Hm! You forget I am an Irish Landlord. (*Awkward pause.*) Can't we suspend Habeas Corpus?

Lord S-lb-rns. Or can't we suspend P-RN-LL?

Sir Ch-rl-es D-ike. Why not buy up Landlords? Pay for it out of some of that money GR-NV-LL's going to get out of SULTAN. Coercion a great mistake.

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Talking of stakes, I never thought that *Robert the Devil*—

Mr. F-rst-r. Well, well, let's talk about him afterwards. So, we're all agreed about Ireland. Now, suppose, for a change, we pass on to India?

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Thought you'd come to that sooner or later. I've got splendid notion. Candahar to be put up to public auction—AMERR and AYOUB bid against each other, city knocked down to highest bidder, and there you are! Or, at least, of course you aren't there, because you've got safe back into India. Then with the money we can buy one or two Big Maps—sure to come in useful—or reduce Income-tax, or something. I may mention that this capital business plan is entirely due to the fertile brain of a young and rising member of the Administration. It wouldn't have occurred to me—

Mr. Br-ght. Talking of the Kurds, what shall we do about these outrages? Here they are, you know, outrageous, murdering, crucifying! Every bit as bad as Bulgaria—eh, GLADSTONE?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. A place and a time for everything, my dear JOHN. "Atrocities" are an exceedingly important electoral fact—or rather pre-electoral fact. Now comes the interesting question—"WHERE IS THE FLEET?"

[*All get out their maps, and look for it. Boy sent to telegraph to Sir B. S., asking where on earth he's got to. No answer being received, the Council shortly afterwards broke up, Lord H-rt-ngt-n vainly attempting to interest Mr. BR-GET in the chances of Petrol for the Liverpool Cup. Mr. GL-DST-NE when last seen was presenting Mr. F-RST-R with a complete set of chain-armour, revolvers, and knuckle-dusters, a life-insurance ticket, and a "Boycott" life-preserver—just patented—for use in Ireland.*]

An Irish Land Question.

SOME difference of opinion prevails in Ireland as to the accuracy of "GRIFFITH'S Valuation." Some landowners may ask in a tone implying not curiosity, but cavi: "Who's GRIFFITH?" but it is only a small minority who reply "Not a Safe Man."



APPRECIATIVE SYMPATHY.

Herr Bogoluboffski plays a lovely Nocturne, which he has just composed. To him, as he softly touches the final note, Fair Amateur, "Oh, THANKS! I AM SO FOND OF THAT DEAR OLD TUNE!"

THE TELEGRAMS THAT WERE NOT READ.

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to J. Bedford, Guildhall.

WOULD I were quaffing sherbet (extra sec, reserve cuvee) with you! At any rate I can add to the harmony of the evening by congratulating you on the storms of applause which have greeted you over your massive conception of the Memorial. Glad you did not cede it. Don't cede it. A Cession is a mistake.

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to Lord Penzance, Court of Arches.

CAPITAL! Capital! You and the French must really send me over some Delegates to give me lessons in the art of religious toleration. In France they turn their priests out, in England they "run 'em in," to use one of GOECHEN's witty sallies. That is the way to promote harmony and good-fellowship. Do you know what the Turkish word *bosh* means?

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to Cambridge, War Office.

WHAT a nation of soldiers you are! You have to march a regiment of soldiers thirteen miles in your own country—mind you, it is your own country, don't you cede Ireland—and you can manage that by keeping the men without food for nearly twenty-four hours, and by compelling them to walk the streets of their destination all night, because no accommodation was prepared for them. It is these little matters which makes Russia tremble before you. Everyone, on reading such traits of national character, desires to have you as his ally.

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to Editor of Punch.

HA! ha! Of course you saw it! Good, eh? Does that dear GLADSTONE know the difference between the Ninth of November and the First of April? As a practical jokist I think I am all there, and if the worst comes to the worst, you could give me a berth. We could edit together. Bowstringing correspondents who send jokes transcribed from other papers, provincial journals unmarked, and sayings of their children, is a process well worthy of a trial in your country.

HAMLET IN MUD-SALAD MARKET.

O THAT these too, 'too sordid sheds would fall,
Tumble and turn to heaps of builder's rubbish!
Or that parochialism had not fixed
Its veto 'gainst improvement! MUDFORD! MUDFORD!
How dirty, stale, damp and detestable
Seems to me all this muck-heap called a Market!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis a true Sluggard's "Garden"
That runs to waste; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That we should look on this,
When care and cash—and not so much—could give us
So beautiful a Market, that to this
Were Tempe to a pig-run! Blowing hence
One would not have the softest wind of heaven
Visit one's nose too closely! MUDFORD! MUDFORD!
Must we remind you? Why maintain the nuisance,
As though delight in nastiness had grown
By what it feeds on? And yet in a few months—
Let me not think on 't—Delay, thy name is Bumble!—
A few short months, and this muck-midden old,
This fetid place that is by everybody,
Like a bad play, well hissed,—aye, e'en a goose,
A foolish fowl that doth delight in dirt,
Might hiss at it,—could promptly be replaced
By a new Market, no more like Mud-Salad
Than I to BIRCH's Dragon:—a few months,
Ere righteous anger at the town's disgrace
Have grown past patience in the public mind,
It might be,—O, my MUDFORD, reek the rede!
Make a clean sweep of the pestiferous nuisance!
It is not, but it yet may come to, good.—
But break my heart, for I must hold my nose!

[Exit hurriedly.]

New Views of Ireland, very plain (by Lord SHEERBROOKE), 2s. 6d.; highly coloured (by CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C.), 1d.

THOUGHTS BY A SITTER.

No. II.



PERSONALLY fond of animals, especially cats, I had the privilege of being brought up in my boyhood with a magnificent specimen of a female Persian. Anything softer than her fur, more luxuriant than her tail, or gentler than her manners, it is impossible to imagine; but her misfortune was that she was too attractive.

It was my mission, when not engaged in the comparatively humble vocation I then pursued in the City, to keep my eye upon *Medorah*. Weapons were not permitted me: my revered relative was so fond of cats that she forbade even the wanton wanderers of the night to be treated with

severity. My office was to open the front-door very wide, and say "Shoo!" or in serious cases to make that peculiar clatter with one's hand and one's hat which, I verily believe, no animal, from the lion downwards, can bear without abject terror. My patience, however, was at times a good deal tried; and on one fatal night, having been already roused by three distinct and different cats—each with a distinct and different serenade—and getting up with fury and impatience to turn out a fourth, I took up the poker, struck wildly at the intruder, and killed—*Medorah*!

I draw a veil over the mental agonies with which this mischance consumed me. I had esteemed the deceased very highly, but my Grandmother loved her to distraction; she would, I felt, never forgive the cause (however innocent) of her favourite's death; and she had twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal!

I have said that *Medorah* was a fine specimen of her race. But the phrase "as large as life" did not apply at all to her; for, when stiff and cold, the poor dear creature became about twice the size she had been when alive and kicking.

I put her into an old fish-basket in which a Severn salmon had arrived—it was not an inappropriate coffin, for she loved salmon,—and, having sewed it up with a needle and packthread, placed it on the top of my bed as a temporary measure. It would be safe there, I knew, in the search that was sure to follow, till I had made up my mind what to do with it.

I went to the City next morning in a state of mind easier to imagine than describe, leaving my Grandmother almost out of her mind.

"If I knew the darling was dead, JOHN," she cried, "I believe I could bear it; but to think of her being lost—and—and exposed to temptation—"

And there the Old Lady fairly broke down under the weight of her calamity.

Perhaps she *could* have borne it better so; but the question for my consideration was, if I had told her the sad truth, would she have borne *me*? My impression was, and is, that I should have become abhorrent to her, and that she would have left that twenty thousand pounds of hers away from her natural belongings to a Cat Hospital.

All that day at the office I involuntarily defrauded my employers by thinking what I should do with that dead body. To a question of a fellow Clerk, relating to an important female client, I answered at random "Drown her! Burn her!" And when asked for somebody's name, that of one of the chief Clerks of the Probate Office, I answered "*Medorah*."

When I got home I found my Grandmother had been offering rewards per handbill for her favourite's recovery, and that with the same object she had communicated with the Police. All this made my position more critical, and the disposal of *Medorah's* remains more difficult. Where was I to put them?

We had no back garden, not even a back yard. I thought of sitting up till the rest of the household had retired, and burying my victim under the hearthstone of the back kitchen. There were fearful precedents for this course. We were a long way from the river, and, as to carrying poor dear *Medorah's* body for miles in an omnibus—no

To keep it on the premises, and especially over my head all night was, however, impossible. When my Grandmother had retired (in tears) to her own apartment, I took the salmon basket with its contents and left the house.

It was a summer night, but sufficiently dark to suit my purpose, which was to drop it unobserved in some secluded spot. I knew of a terrace, retired, but fashionable, at a moderate distance, which I had made up my mind should be *Medorah's* cemetery, that is, *pro tem*. I was well aware that somebody would soon appropriate the salmon-basket, imagining, perhaps (from analogy and the association of ideas) that it held a salmon; after which, "What to do with *Medorah*," would be a question for *his* consideration.

Walking quickly along like a fishmonger's young man, or some youth connected with the Parcels Delivery Company, and whistling carelessly whenever I passed a policeman, I arrived at my destination. The terrace, which had neither shop nor public-house in it, was utterly deserted. Without pausing for a moment, and as carelessly as if it had been the end of a cigar, I dropped my basket on the pavement, and hurried round the corner.

It will be imagined, doubtless, that I hurried home; but I did not. A terrible fascination compelled me to remain with my head projected into the Terrace, to see what would become of *Medorah*. Two minutes, three minutes, and then there was a female step. A middle-aged woman, looking like a small lodging-house keeper, was approaching me by the way I had come. Suddenly she saw the basket, and stopped. I saw her give a hasty glance around her, to make sure nobody was looking, and then stoop down. The basket had vanished. The middle-aged woman had grown a little stouter—bulged a little on one side as though she had something the matter with her hip-joint—and that was all. The next moment, however, she uttered a shriek—a passionate appeal for pardon. A man of the artisan class, whom her conscience had, no doubt, for the moment represented as a policeman, seized her by the arm. I walked round the corner, like a young gentleman taking an evening stroll, and inquired of the struggling pair what was the matter.

"This man wants to steal my property!" exclaimed the woman in quavering tones.

"*Her* property!" cried the other, disdainfully. "Why, I see her lift it from the pavement with my own eyes! It's *my* property, Sir. I just stepped in to call at Number Seven, and left it outside, and here this wicked woman comes by, and collars it."

"I think you had better let him have it," said I, judicially.

The woman muttered something about men always siding with men against the weaker sex, and walked off as if nothing had happened.

The man walked on also, but in the other direction, and with the air of an injured person. His innocent mind was doubtless picturing to himself something nice for supper; and as for me, I walked home, with a mind relieved.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THE Duke of BESTMINSTER has come to the relief of the Duke of MUDFORD. He has planted a *Kiosk* in the midst of Mud-Salad Market. A *Kiosk* used to be spelt *Kiosque*, but that is of small importance. A *Kiosk* is a Sentimental Eating-House with a very bad name—a Cook-shop where they really cook—a Coffee-shop where they really sell coffee. It is intended for market-men, poor people, and economical people. The latter cannot complain of a place where they can get a dinner consisting of soup, fish, and *entrées* for sixpence. We have all our exits and our *entrées*, and one man in his time eats many tarts, but our *entrées* are not always twopence, and we do not always get a slice of bread and jam for a halfpenny. A clean, large, well-arranged Restau-Kiosk-que-rant, where soup is twopence, half a pint of good coffee, tea, or cocoa is a penny, a plate of beef is threepence, a rasher of good bacon is twopence, a bottle of soda-water is a penny, and hosts of other things in proportion; which is open from two o'clock in the early morning till half-past twelve o'clock at night, which has beds and baths, a penny lavatory, provides chess and draughts, and the newspapers at half-past five in the morning, and which is lighted up with the electric light, is a place for the Duke of MUDFORD to look at and copy. The beds and baths might be a little cheaper, and there is a little disproportion between the rasher of bacon and the rasher of ham, but take it altogether, the Bow Street Kiosk is a thing for the Duke of BESTMINSTER and his colleagues to be proud of. If they would only enlarge their labours, and form a Mud-Salad Market Improvement Company, there would be some hope for Central London.

The Griffin Memorial!

Startling Disclosures!! Probable Increase of Crime in the City!!!

THE mere existence of the Griffin on the site of old Temple Bar is, to begin with, worse than a crime—it is a Blunder. As long as that stands where it does, the Police must be on the alert, as no one can pass along Fleet Street, within the vicinity of the new Law Courts and the Temple, without having a Fearful Object in view,—an object too dreadful to contemplate.

GAIETY IN LONDON AND PARIS.

CHRONONHOTONTOLOGOS was of course a most successful burlesque in its day. It is a genuine burlesque, because it burlesques a serious original. Without this there is no *raison d'être* for burlesque. A burlesque should caricature a particular piece, or the mannerisms and affectations of a school. *CARRY* had this latter object in view when he wrote *Chrononhotontologos*, and was probably stigmatised as a profane trifler by the theatrical big-wigs of his time, who, had they dared to pun, might have called him the *Don't-Carey*, and prophesied a bad end to such a profane scoffer. Burlesque has its own proper sphere in Art, and its legitimate exercise should produce a most salutary effect. *Chrononhotontologos* is intended to satirise the grandiose and drama of its day. The stilted style of blank verse no doubt suggested to Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD the appropriate introduction of the *troupe* of eccentric gymnasts, the tallest of whom touches the sky-borders. Such a burlesque as this requires serious playing; and, as in the *Critic*, the humour at once disappears directly the Actors attempt to be funny. Mr. SOUTAR as *Rigdum-funnidos*, Mr. MURRAY, at first, as the *King*, and Mrs. LEIGH as the *Queen*, entered into the true spirit of the piece. Mr. SQUIRE (who is admirable as *M. Meynard* in the *Corsican Brothers, Limited*), soon discovered that his efforts at forcing fun threw a damper over the audience.



"How's THAT FOR HIGH?"—QUITE THE STILTON!

It is the fashion nowadays in some quarters to decry burlesque; and if by burlesque such objectors understand the all-leg-and-no-head pieces, which simply depend on song, dance, dress, and deportment, then we are inclined to agree with them—only they must not so misuse the word "burlesque." For example, *Don Juan* at the Royalty, which, forgetful of the brilliant Strand days, styles itself "the ancestral home of burlesque," is not a burlesque at all—it is an extravaganza, and as such was at first correctly advertised. To say of it that it is the greatest success since *Black Eye'd Seeusan* is to place it in a category to which it does not properly belong. A GALLIO-like critic may personally care for none of these things, and stigmatise them all under the general head of trash or absurdity, but as a professional dramatic critic he should distinguish between extravaganza and burlesque. *Don Juan*, as a modern specimen of the kind of entertainment which was in vogue "console *Planché*," is light, bright, and, from BARROW-METRICAL DEPRESSION, OR AN AFTER-LATE-DINNER POINT OF VIEW, sufficiently amusing to those whom Providence has blessed with affluence and good digestion. This extravaganza might sing of itself—



BARROW-METRICAL DEPRESSION, OR PRACTICAL FUN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"I am such a plotless thing," with perfect truth. It is said to be written by the Brothers PRENDERGAST. What the brothers were at all "aghast" at, is not evident, but if it be true that the *collaborateurs* are Messrs. RIGHTON and REECK, then we are sure that there must have been some good Reck-on for his writin' with RIGHTON, as the Right-hon-ourable Mr. REECK can write 'un without RIGHTON. "But this is quibbling," as the great tragedian REECK-TORT remarked. The instantaneous

changes of scene on such a small stage are a real triumph of ingenuity. Our gifted Artist who went to take the costumes seems to have thought that there was very little to take. He has reproduced the pretty faces and what appeared to him to be the best lines in the piece. In extravaganzas of course we must expect the characters to go any lengths—except in costume.

The dresses here are far better than those in *L'Arbre de Noël* at the Porte St. Martin, which is about as dingily mounted and as weak a fairy-piece as it has ever been our misfortune to witness. MILHER, one of the best actors of character-parts, whose performance of the miser *Gaspard* in *Les Cloches de Corneville* was worthy of ROBSON in his best days, plays a rôle utterly unworthy of his talents, which are quite thrown away on such trash as *L'Arbre de Noël*. Madame ZULMAR-BOUFFAR sang "*The Two Obadiahs*," in English; this and a dance of about sixty Notaries were the funniest hits in the piece.

We went over to see *Michel Strogoff*, but found that, having been

postponed, it was *Michel Struck-off* the bill till the following Wednesday. It's out by now; but when there's a "depression" in trade-winds, and when there are howling hurricanes in the Channel, we prefer to be one of those gentlemen who live at home at ease, and who do not much trouble themselves about the danger of the seas when the stormy winds do blow-ow-ow.



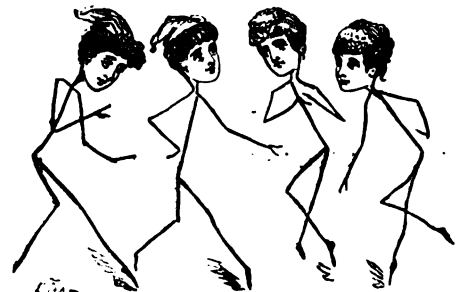
BROTHER PRENDERGAST AND DON JUAN EN-JUAN THEMSELVES.

We had the pleasure of seeing *Les Grands Enfants* at the Vaudeville. It is composed of old materials craftily worked up, and its success is entirely due to the wit of its dialogue and the admirable acting. Of course it took two authors to write it, Messrs. GONDINET and MARGALIER; but that trash, the *L'Arbre de Noël*, took four of 'em, and, if ever broth was spoiled by too many cooks, there is the specimen.

At the Vaudeville, Madame LESAGE, Messrs. DIEUDONNÉ and ERNEST VOIS are excellent. There is a men's trio somewhat in imitation of that in *Dora*, only not so powerful. We advise visitors to go and see *Les Grands Enfants*. Dine at the Grand at six, and you're within five minutes of your theatre.

We are going to lose DION BOUCICAULT. The "*Enfant GATTI*" of the Adelphe says he "won't play any more," and is off to America. Oh! Sulky!

Mr. FLORENCE, at the Gaiety, now appears as *Capt'n Cuttle*, a dramatic sketch from *Dombey and Son*. In the novel it will be remembered that *Captain Cuttle* took the part of *Florence*; in the play FLORENCE takes the part of *Captain Cuttle*. When found, make a note of—and we've made it. More in our next.



PRETTY FACES AND SOME SHARP LINES.

WHEN GREEK CUTS GREEK.

AN APPEAL.



MODERN Athens! will you start,
When I ask you back my heart,
Forced, by these affairs down West,
Thus to cool my Eastern zest?
Need I add, too,—surely No,—
Zên mou óds ágarw!

For, to empty coffers blind,
Though you've tried to raise the wind!
By each lid, whose rusty hinge
Gives me a financial twinge;
By the lot you're safe to owe,—
Yet, well—there, *óds ágarw!*

So, sweet Athens! when I'm gone,
If you will persist alone,—
(But, O don't be such a fool!)—
Still to fly at Istamboul,—
Mind, though floored and thrashed, you'll know
Zên mou óds ágarw!

FREE FOES OF FREEDOM.

At a meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly of the Free Kirk recently held in Edinburgh:—

"The Moderator was authorised to sign petitions against any measures brought forward in Parliament for opening Museums, Art Galleries, and Libraries on Sundays."

So much for the attitude of the Free Kirk of Scotland towards the freedom of everybody in the United Kingdom not of its own persuasion with regard to Sunday; but if this is the light shed on the

subject by a Moderator, the sooner Scotland gets some new Lamps for the old ones the better for everybody's rational enjoyment on the Saubbawth. To visit Museums and Art Galleries on Sunday is at least an improvement on tippling whiskey, seeing double, and turning the Saubbawth into a Saw-both Day.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL does much to settle the case of Ireland by telling us that in that country Mr. FORSTER is known as "Old Buck Shot." LORD RANDOLPH is doubtless well qualified to speak on all matters of gunnery, for he is such a small bore himself.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

A Suggestive Comedietta.

ARGUMENT.

THE elder and the younger Member for Birmingham having, with a view to studying the merits of the Land Question on the spot, taken between them, for a brief period, a furnished farm-house in the West of Ireland, find themselves instantly besieged in their own premises, and in danger of immediate starvation from the want of necessary provisions.

SCENE—The interior of a well-appointed first-floor room. As the Curtain rises, the Elder Member for Birmingham is discovered seated, out of breath, on an inverted chest of drawers, barricading the door. In the foreground, on all-fours, the Younger Member for Birmingham is creeping about with the remains of a tin of preserved-milk and a loaded rifle.

Elder Member (dodging a brickbat that flies through the window, and just misses his head). Dear me! They surely know my sympathy with Ireland is not a thing of yesterday! (A bullet whizzes in, and buries itself in the door.) What! Another! But this is most unreasonable; and if it continues four-and-twenty hours longer, I shall have, I feel, to speak to them seriously about LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

(Is again shot at, and gets down.)

Younger Member. Well, I want something to eat. As I said the other night, the state of affairs here is certainly exaggerated by panic:—still, I do want something to eat!

(Finishes preserved-milk beneath the window-sill.)

Elder Member (eyeing him reproachfully). "It is a great Constitutional principle in this country that the redress of grievances should precede Supply!" Those were your words upon the platform, yet you reverse them now. (Bitterly.) Is there nothing left for me?

Younger Member. Nothing. (Puts up his hat sportively on a stick at the window. It is instantly riddled with shot.) At least—but this!

Elder Member. Dear me! that is most awkward! (Gets thoughtfully under the table.) And, really, as I have had nothing myself these last three days but half a raw cabbage, I begin to think it is almost time, as I said the other night, to ask ourselves the question—is there any remedy for this state of things? Force, I know, is no remedy. Yet, don't you begin to feel, perhaps, seeing that I am hungry, that a few policemen now—?

Younger Member (with enthusiasm). Never! For, as I also said the other night, it may be the work of the Tories, to crush out disaffection; it is the better and higher work of the Liberals to find out its cause!

Elder Member. Most true! On second thoughts, you're right,—quite right! And as this is all we wish to ascertain, suppose you, now, put your head out of window—and ask!

(Is continuing his suggestions, when a wild "Hooroooh" below announces that the "boys" have carried the hall. Tableau. Curtain.

TELEGRAMS.

Lord Mayor to Sultan.—Where's Dulcigno?

Sultan to Lord Mayor.—Good conundrum, but won't give it up.



NINCOMPOOPIANA.

Young Milkington Sopley (a follower of Postlethwaite's). "A—YOU WERE NOT AT THE CIMABUE BROWN'S LAST NIGHT, MISS DIANA?"

Miss Diana (who does not like Æsthetes). "NO. WERE YOU?"

Sopley. "OH YES, INDEED."

Miss Diana. "AND WAS IT A PLEASANT PARTY?"

Sopley. "MOST CONSUMMATELY SO!"

Miss Diana. "AND WERE YOU VERY MUCH ADMIRER?"

Our Hero.

POOR SIR F. ROBERTS! First-rate soldier, but wretched sailor! The sea had already been sufficiently rough on the gallant warrior (Tuesday, November 16th), between Calais and Dover, but it was rougher still on him when, on turning up again on his native shores, he was seized upon by the Municipal Authorities and forced to listen to and make a speech, and so undergo a second attack of *Mal de Mayor*.

CURIOUS FACT IN SCOTCH NATURAL HISTORY.—If you call a McIntosh a whiskey-and-water proof, he doesn't like it.



"NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

Smith (meeting the Browns at the Station on their return from the Continent). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU BACK, MY BOY! BUT—WELL, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE ITALY?"

Mrs. B. (who is "artistic"). "OH, CHARMING, YOU KNOW, THE PICTURES AND STATUES AND ALL THAT! BUT CHARLES HAD TYPHOID FOR SIX WEEKS AT FEVERENZE (OUR HOTEL WAS CLOSE TO THAT GLORIOUS MELPIZZI PALAZZO, Y' KNOW), AND AFTER THAT I CAUGHT THE ROMAN FEVER, AND SO," &c., &c.
[They think they go to Ramsgate next year.]

THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

By JESTIN' MACHEARTY.

CHAPTER ONE.

1837.—"A Jove principium." (Mem.—Always bring in quotations where possible, especially Latin ones: shows one knows Latin. How about a few Greek ditto? Must really buy a Greek Grammar.) On the decease of King WILLIAM THE FOURTH, the youthful Princess VICTORIA ascended the throne. She had been excellently brought up, and was a most admirable and accomplished young lady. (Query—does this sound too patronising?) At her very first Council, this juvenile Sovereign of an Empire on which the sun never sets—(Query—hackneyed?)—behaved with an extraordinary degree of self-possession. Everybody, of course, stared at her: Lord MELBOURNE got on a chair, with an opera-glass, and stared through that, until WELLINGTON pulled him down by the coat-tails. WELLINGTON was heard to remark, "MELBOURNE has no manners." MELBOURNE was not a great Statesman. MELBOURNE was not a strong man. MELBOURNE was not the sort of man to "make good grow where it wasn't growing before,"—to quote a great writer, whose name I've forgotten. (Mem.—"Great writer" saves bother of looking him up.) And so much for Lord MELBOURNE.

CHAPTER TWO.

Now for 1838.—Nothing important. Why not talk a little about Steam? I will. Trains are a wonderful invention—people go much faster than they used to. STEPHENSON invented training. ARTEMUS WARD tells a most amusing story of a Red Indian who tried to lasso a locomotive. The locomotive didn't stop till it got to the next Station—nor did the Red Indian. This story conclusively proves the value of the invention of Steam. (Mem. for myself—always bring in entertaining anecdotes where possible. Think this one entertaining.)

CHAPTER THREE.

Next few years taken up with Chartism, China, and Cabul. Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Dr. BRYDON chief figures in troubles at latter place. Lord E. was showy. He had a good deal of the quack about him. So much for Lord ELLENBOROUGH. (Polished him off—hurroo!) Then came the "Repeal Year"—so called because nothing was repealed. (But it will be—you trust PARNELL and me!—Mustn't print this.)

VOLUME II.

[On the death of PEEL, PALMERSTON was the most prominent English Statesman. His light way of treating serious topics very distressing. (To me? Not a bit!) He knew a good deal about foreign politics, was disliked by foreign statesmen, had a quarrel with the Crown, and was immortalised by *Punch* as the "Judicious Bottle-holder." So much for PAM. As to the Crimean War, I may as well polish that off by saying that it was very damaging to our military reputation, and not a success politically.]

VOLUME III.

PAM was buried. Consequently, Lord PALMERSTON was *ex necessitate rei*—(notice the Latin!)—no longer able to lead the House of Commons. His mantle fell on a rising young Statesman—(was he young at this time? Mem. for myself—look it up)—Mr. GLADSTONE. (May as well polish W. E. G. off while I'm about it—here goes!) Mr. GLADSTONE had a great deal of earnestness, though not so much tact as Lord PALMERSTON. He led the House, while DISRAELI led the Opposition. DISRAELI has been called a political gladiator—(don't know why, but sounds well)—so he was! Mr. GLADSTONE has been said to talk in italics—(what on earth does this mean?—never mind)—so he did! And so much for GLADSTONE and DISRAELI.

This was to be a reforming Administration. Rumour gave Mr. BRIGHT India, Mr. MILL the Board of Trade. Very kind of Rumour. Talking of BRIGHT, may as well polish him off now. Mr. BRIGHT was not a Statesman. Mr. BRIGHT was not a man of profound and varied culture. Mr. BRIGHT was not a good many other things that he might with advantage have been. But he was a fluent debater, and a strong Radical. And so much for Mr. BRIGHT. All this was the "Reform" time. (Anybody desirous of further details can easily get 'em from HAYDN's *Dictionary of Dates*, or other reference book. N.B.—Capital work, HAYDN's! HAYDN's *Dictionary* for facts, MACAULAY's *Essays* for style, and there's your *History of Our Own Times*,—or, rather, MY *History of Our Own Times*, of course.)

When RUSSELL brought in his Reform Bill in 1866, GLADSTONE stumped the country in its favour. (Mem.—Colloquial style—ensures popularity, and covers a multitude of troublesome details.) DISRAELI made fun of it; LOWE was its chief opponent. He was the Achilles (Greek character) of the Anti-Reformers. This was his hour of triumph. He had, it is true, an awkward and ungainly presence; his voice was hard and rasping; his sight was very short, and his memory far from long. Where was he compared with the silver trumpet of W. E. G.'s oratory, or with Mr. BRIGHT's mingled pathos and bathos—I mean humour? Nowhere at all. Oh dear, no!

VOLUME IV.

"Bother this Reform business! Not done with it yet. To cut it short, DERBY and DIZZY brought in a Reform Bill in 1867—(vide HAYDN as before)—of a strongly Radical type. "They found the Whigs bathing, and ran away with their clothes." (Query—Who said this? Don't know. Sounds racy. Let it stand!)

In 1868 Mr. GLADSTONE rose to introduce his Irish Church Resolutions. As GLADSTONE rose, DERBY and DIZZY fell.

Then came 1868—1874, six fat years; 1874—1880, six lean ditto. And that brings me, thank Heaven! to end of my *History*. Must first polish off late and present Lord DERBY, however. Father all fire, Son all ice. Former loved HOMER—latter Blue Books. There you have 'em.

As to recent politics, I know all about 'em, and so does everybody else. Tories say, "Can we be so insane as to support Russia?"—Liberals say, "Can we be so wicked as to support Turkey?" There's the last four years in a nut-shell; and so ends my *History*, the four volumes of which have "perished like snow," long, long ago.

in the time of the Barmecides. (*Query*—Who were the Barmecides? Were they Egyptian barmaids? Look it up in HAYDN some day. Anyhow, nothing like poetry to end up with.)

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTIETH—AND LAST.

By the bye, must say something about Literature. *Happy Thought!*—Chuck in an extra chapter on Literature!

The latter half of this century has produced a few first-class literary geniuses (such as MACAULAY, myself, TENNYSON, and ANTHONY TROLLOPE), and no end of second-raters. MACAULAY made History popular: nobody had done this before. (Who's done it since?—give it up?) FROUDE introduced the Paradoxical school of Historians. They don't study to be accurate: they deal more with persons than with events, and a good deal more with fiction than with fact: they discover that some great man was all our fancy never painted him: in fact, this way of writing history has the advantage that it is seldom true, but never uninteresting.

Now for Science. HERSCHEL was a man who, in the words of the German poet—(which?)—"made eyes of the stars, and had his soul in the blue ether." (Have I got that quotation right?—No matter, on we go.) Then there's DARWIN, of course. His ideas not new. Somebody in one of DIZZY's novels says that "we were once fishes, and shall some day become crowns." Then there's HUXLEY,—and TYNDALL. TYNDALL's more poetical than HUXLEY—more "coarsely materialistic" too. How can he be both? (Ask somebody this—but it doesn't matter, as I'm making a brilliant finish.) HERBERT SPENCER is DARWIN, HUXLEY, and TYNDALL all in one. And there's an end of the Evolutionists, thank Heaven!

As to Fiction. THACKERAY, DICKENS, &c., not at all bad. But do read *Donna Quixote*—beats 'em hollow. Also *Lady Judith*. GEORGE ELIOT tolerable novelist. A. TROLLOPE A 1. No time for more: off to press. Hurroo!

MONTE CRAMPTO.

(A Chapter from a recent Election Commission Romance.)

It was the old town of Veau et Jambon. It was at the time of the General Election. A Stranger had arrived. It was MONTE CRAMPTO! Gaily the party rolled away towards *Le Crayon et l'Ardoise*, a hotel which MONTE CRAMPTO, the mysterious stranger, had hired at enormous expense.

"Why, he has prepared quite a *fête* for us!" said the Baronne. "Behold what a brave show these flags make!"

She was right. Hesitating at no expense when the pleasure of his guests was concerned, the town of Veau et Jambon was richly decorated with flags by MONTE CRAMPTO.

"Quick! see them!" said L'OURS NOIR. "Why, one, two—there are six persons making promenades on the Pier. Such a sight has ne'er gladdened my eyes before."

"MONTE CRAMPTO," replied the Prince, "does nothing by the half. All enjoy his bounty. He has thrown the Pier open free. Hence the crowd you behold."

"And the dead walls of the town," said DE LA BOUCHERIE, "they are all gaily hidden. Oh, it is beautiful!"

And so it was, for every available inch of wall-space was covered with what looked like tapestry, bearing for device—

VOTE FOR MONTE CRAMPTO! VOTE EARLY AND OFTEN!!

VOTE FOR MONTE CRAMPTO!!!

The guests did full justice to a sumptuous repast, presided over by their munificent host, which would have recalled LUCULLUS to their minds had they ever heard of him.

"But you eat not yourself!" said the Baronne.

"My tastes are ascetic," replied MONTE CRAMPTO, with his calm, cold manner.

"But this ham is uncommon good," said the Prince.

"It is the ham of York. I'm glad it is good. I care not what I spend, but I hate to be cheated. That ham costs me seven-and-sixpence the pound."

"This beefsteak-ple is superb, Count MONTE CRAMPTO."

"A mere bagatelle. Fifteen guineas they charged me for it."

"So crisp, so sweet, so fresh is this celery, that you must try it."

"A poor, humble vegetable," replied MONTE CRAMPTO, still calm and cold, "half a sovereign a stick."

"I enjoyed the beer—"

"At three shillings the glass, beer, I believe, ought to be good."

"—but this gin is very magnificent."

"I am happy," said MONTE CRAMPTO, still calm and cold, "they but ask me twenty or thirty-five shillings the bottle."

"And you know not," asked LES TRES HEUREUX POSTILLONS, "what it precisely stands you in?"

"Bah!" replied MONTE CRAMPTO, "when one spends thirty, or forty, or fifty thousand a year, one is not apt to think of trifles."

The guests shortly afterwards took their departure.

(To be discontinued.)

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



"BOSS PUZZLE—
15 AND 34."



"SINGLE WICKET."



"DOMINOS."



"FIVES."

A CENT-PER-SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

THE following letter is understood to be on its way from Constantinople to Berlin.

Stamboul.

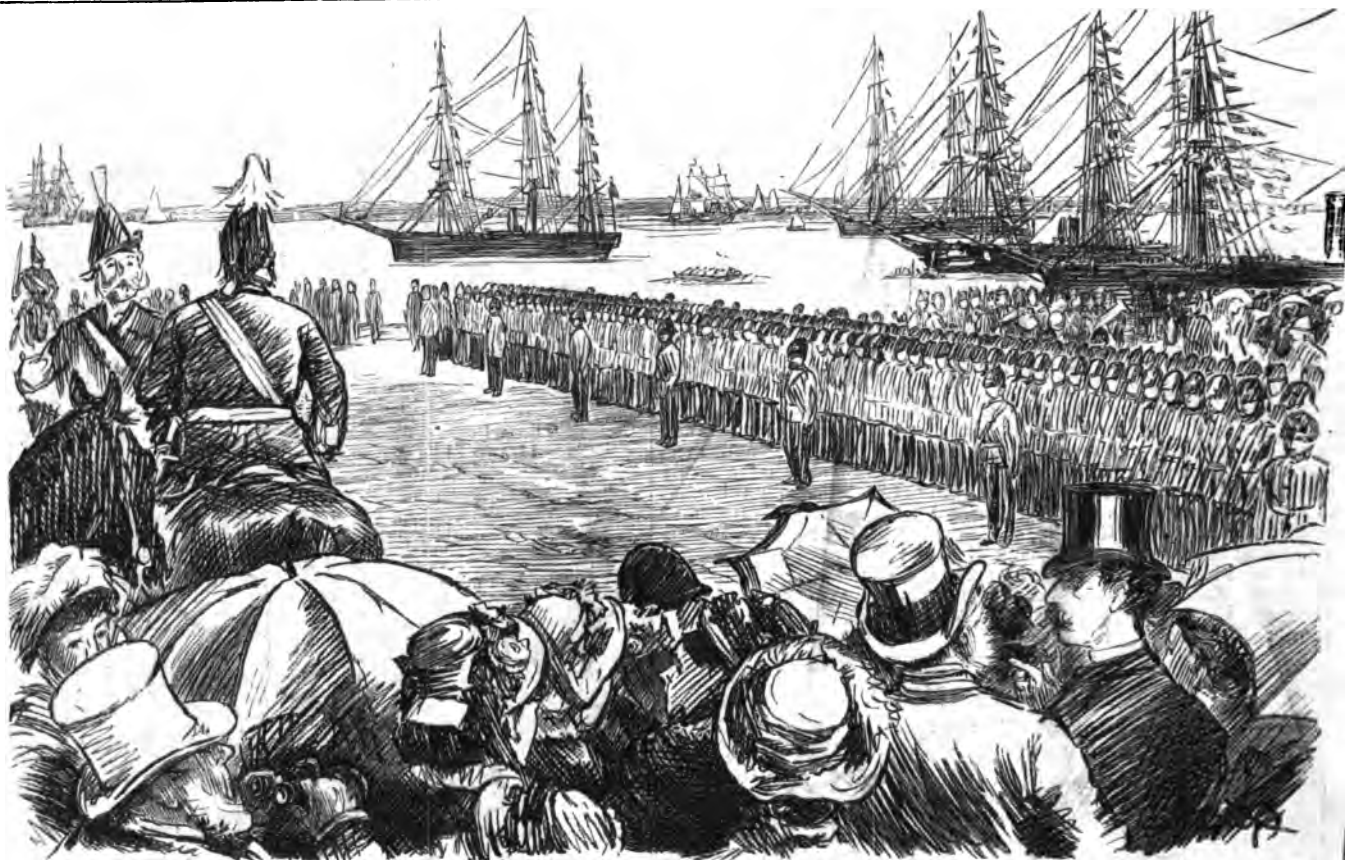
THE SULTAN presents his compliments to Prince VON BISMARCK, and regrets to note that His Excellency is embarrassed by the presence of certain members of an ancient race within the dominions of His Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor King. The SULTAN, in continuance of the enlightened policy of his august predecessors, has striven to the utmost to oblige the whole of Europe. From the benevolence of his heart His Majesty would now assist His Excellency. The SULTAN and his subjects have no sort of objection to Israelites; they scarcely understand the meaning of the word *Judenhass*. He thinks the Christian has just as big a donkey as the *Judenhass*. The Sublime Porte is too civilised, too business-like, to feel any prejudice about a question of race. Under these circumstances His Majesty with all his heart invites the Hebrews resident in Germany to leave Prussia and to take up their abode in His Majesty's dominions. They will certainly be allowed to partake in the financial arrangements of the country, and will be encouraged to enter upon commercial transactions of vast proportions. Such an arrangement will doubtless be most satisfactory to Prince VON BISMARCK. It will also be very agreeable to His Majesty. The SULTAN has no sort of objection to the Jews. On the contrary, he feels that he cannot get on without them!

(Dated) The Last Day of Courban Bairam Festival.

Bishops and Doctors.

"I am not ashamed to say I have a son a doctor."—Speech of the Bishop of Liverpool to Medical Men.

How kind of the Bishop, and how patronising,
And yet to his *Punch* 'tis a little surprising,
That speaking to medical men there in session,
He dared speak of shame and a noble profession.
A Bishop looks after our souls, but how odd is
The sneer that's implied at the curers of bodies.
For surely it would be no hard task to fish up,
A hundred brave Doctors as good as the Bishop.



OUR DEFENDERS.

First Spectator (Diplomatic Service, home on leave). "WHAT MILITARY SCHOOL IS THIS?—THESE LITTLE FELLOWS HERE, DRAWN UP ON THE RIGHT!"

Second Spectator (his Father, Retired General). "SCHOOL! LITTLE FELLOWS! WHY, BLESS YOUR SOUL, MY DEAR BOY, THAT'S THE OLD ROYAL BLANKSHIRE BUFFS! HER MAJESTY'S TWELFTH-DOZENTH REGIMENT O' THE LINE!!"

LIBERTY'S LICENCE!

THERE came to our shores a poor exile dejected,
Who saw in the distance his country depart;
He had buried in France all the faith he respected,
And the love of a patriot died in his heart.
"I have come here," he said, "just to warn, not to win you,
To point to the rocks and the breakers ahead;
Be true, in these days, to the light that is in you—
There'll be darkness in England when Liberty's dead!"

"When Governments call us to stand and deliver,
In highwayman fashion, denying all right
Of property, conscience, of gift and of giver,
When custom is nought, and might only is right;
When the will of a father or mother is doubted
To teach what they choose to the boys they have bred;
When possession is scorned, and when justice is scouted,
Then I ask for an answer—'Is Liberty dead?'"

"Is Republican fury to harass and harry
The men who have given brave blood for their land—
To turn away Peace from her olive, and carry
A Communist cry with an arrogant hand?
When they banish the friends of the sick and the dying,
And call back base women of crimes in their stead;
When subjects are slaves, and society sighing
For honour!—Don't ask me, 'Is Liberty dead?'"

"They dug at the roots that MONTALEMBERT planted,
When Liberal France was fraternal as well,
The landmarks are gone that our history granted,
Of safety our tyrants have sounded the knell.
They bind us with seals of the laws they have broken,
And pistols of policy hold at our head;

The pen may not publish the words they have spoken,
But the sword is the token that Liberty's dead!

"It is freedom of action, most truly, to banish
The men who would die for their freedom of thought;
But where are their Radical creeds?—well, they vanish.
And whence the Republican spirit?—it's bought.
When the men, without blame, are denied contemplation,
And the women are cursed who our starving have fed,
Then, I say, that a crime has disfigured the nation
That scatters the victims of Liberty dead!"

"I have come a poor exile, a friend, not a stranger,
For England is near me—America far.
Here hunted from home I am out of all danger;
I'm weary of stripes and have followed the star.
And it still shines in England—be true to its warning,
Be firm in the faith for which Englishmen bled.
Night settles on France; but your land is the morning,
Where Liberty lives and where Tyranny's dead!"

What are we Coming to Next?

THE following advertisement from a contemporary seems to denote a strange demand:—

YOUTH wanted for the bar. No knowledge of the business required. Apply, &c.

But there are hundreds of talented young men, all McPUNKIES, who are doubtless admirably qualified to fill the vacant position.

COMPARATIVE PLEASURE.—The great Gale last week wasn't enough for the Parisians, so they had a Gala performance in honour of OFFENBACH. Another Gale at Lillie Bridge this week, case of "Walker."



THE NEW STAMP DUTY.

MR. FAWCETT. "NOW, THEN, ALL OF YOU, 'IN FOR A PENNY IN FOR A POUND,'"

"MR. FAWCETT'S scheme brings saving within everybody's reach."—*Times*.



THE NEW BUTLER.

"AND ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"

"No, Sir. THE LITTLE I EVER DO IN THAT LINE IS WITH THE HANA-BAPTISTS."

BILLINGSGATE BILLINGSGATED.

LOWER Thames Street is a narrow passage at the side of the Thames, about broad enough for a wheelbarrow. It is called Lower Thames Street, it being almost impossible for the Corporation to sink lower, or for the street to be in a lower condition. It is guarded at one end by an old fortress called the Tower, where big guns, some Beefeaters, and a small army are kept to repel any foreign invasion. The guns and the army might be sent where they are more wanted, as no foreigner in his senses would invade Lower Thames Street, or come willingly within a mile of it. If the delicate odour did not kill him, it would drive him away as a warning to other invaders. This pervading perfume—which outspoken people inclined to "Billingsgate" would term "stench"—comes principally from a crowded fish-market, called Billingsgate, which has been re-built at great expense by the Corporation, when it ought to have been removed, and partly from the unsavoury proceedings of the Thames Street fishmongers. As usual with all London Markets, the highway and the neighbouring streets are seized by the marketers, and flooded with filthy slime from scores of dripping fish-carts. Rotten fish and anatomical parts of fish are deposited freely in the gutters, but though the Thames flows within a few yards and there are plenty of appliances, the art of flushing appears to be comparatively unknown to the natives. Attempts have been made by private individuals to lessen this evil by starting rival and more favourably placed markets, but the founder of Hungerford Market did not succeed, and the advisers of a certain charitable Lady spent £250,000 in a set of cloisters at Bethnal Green, which could not be created a fish-market by simply calling them a market. A calculation has been made that more wine is drunk at the City feasts in the course of the year than water is used by the Corporation to cleanse Lower Thames Street, and yet the inhabitants of Billingsgate have coolly asked the Metropolitan Board of Works to request the Corporation to make new thoroughfares into this charming retreat. They want half the City pulled down so that the public may come freely into the dirt, when they ought to sweep up their muck, and go with clean hands to the public.

NOT YET WITHIN THE PAIR OF CIVILISATION.—London Milk.

THE CLOUD.

(After Shelley—only from another point of view.)

I BRING the rain again and again,
From the seas and rivers,
And I pour it down on the deluged town
Till it reeks and shivers.
From my skirts are shaken the floods that waken
Poor Cits with the morning light;
I shower my best till they go to rest,
And I keep up the game all night.
By the bucket and pail, like a watery fall,
I lash the wet world under
With occasional spurts of hail (which hurts)
And frequent claps of thunder.
My pall of grey from day to day
Hangs over the dripping lands,
And from hour to hour of the night I pour
Unceasing as Time's own sands.
The dreamer waking hears windows shaking,
Whipped by my lashing flood,
It splashes and sputters from spouts and gutters,
And churns the poor earth into mud.
When the morning breaks the world awakes
To another day of drench,
And the walls all reek, and the roofs all leak,
And the drains all distribute their stench;
And noses red, with colds in the head
From perpetual damp, abound,
And every throat from the buttoned-up coat
Emitteth a bronchial sound.
Wheresoever you go it is blow, blow, blow!
With complaints of rheumatic pain,
And I all the while in the dark sky smile,
Whilst the world seems dissolving in rain.
The dainty maiden, with tennis-bat laden,
In vain prepares for sport;
For with heavy wet I have soaked the net,
And utterly swamped the Court.
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof
O'er the sadden cricket-ground,
Keeping all things damp as a dripping lamp
All the summer season round,
Until most mankind goes half out of its mind,
And the damp earth seems half drowned.
I am the daughter of smoke and water,
The child of a cheerless sky;
All, save ducks and pumps, must be down in the dumps
In a world that is never dry!
For after the rain, when my victims fain
Would believe in sign "set fair;"
And gingham are furled, and waterproofs hurled
Into corners, anywhere.
I silently laugh at my own cruel chaff;
And deriding man's hopes so vain,
From a sky all gloom, to an earth like a tomb,
I come down a drencher again!

Who Will Collar it?

THE Horse-Guards are going a-head. The other day they taught half a troop of cavalry the importance of knowing how to move about twenty-four hours without provisions. They have now shown energy in another direction. The distinguishing badges are to be removed from the collar to the sleeve throughout the entire British Army. As this trifling improvement will put about £80,000 into somebody's pocket, the policy that prompts it, though dashing, can scarcely be said to involve "need or nothing."

"Ads. and Ends."

A CLIPPING Correspondent from New York sends us this:—

WAITER.—By a highly respectable, genteel colour youth, in a family of refinement and wealth; is a wait by birth and education; understands making salads; age 2 has not yet approached the altar of Hymen; heart and hands are still unfettered; only parties of the highest social standing telegraph or address.

"Waiter by birth" is good. He oughtn't to be kept waiting long.

ALL UP WITH ENGLAND.

It being with England all up, haul down the English flag. The old country is worn out. Already in the records we can read—

"November 16, 1880.—Championship of the World sculled for on English waters by EDWARD HANLAN of Canada, and EDWARD TRICKETT of Australia. The former handled his sculls with such skill and dexterity as to cover himself with honour free from all trike(t)ry."

We shall one day read:—

"May 27, 1890. The Derby won by an American horse, an Australian one second, a Canadian a good third."

"March 4, 1900. The University Boat-Race. Won, after a good race with Yale, by Cornell. The race was somewhat remarkable owing to the fact that neither Oxford nor Cambridge was strong enough this year to send a crew to Putney."

News from London.

PARISIANS are exceedingly well-informed on all foreign matters. The *Figaro*-programme tells them that Mr. HENRY HARVING receives applause and guineas with the *Coriscan's Brothers*; that Mr. AUGUSTIN HARRIS possesses a success in *le Nord*; that the *Criterion* has played for more than a year in the *Suchs Betsy*; and that the *Vaudeville* has found a second *Ours Boys*.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 9.



RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

AS THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR WHO TRIES TO SEE HIS WAY TO A SUCCESSFUL IRISH PEACE WITHOUT A PLOT, AND WITH "NO GREAT PROPERTIES."

EXTRACTION AND EXTORTION.

Sufferer (who has just had an Obstructionist tooth out). What! (To Cheap Dentist.) Not three shillings!

Dentist. Couldn't do it for less. Time's money to me, you see; and—(looking at his watch)—I've only charged you eighteen-pence an hour!

[Exit, to next patient.]

The Manchester Mystery.

THE greatest mystery in this case is the selection of the Judge who tried it. Baron HUDDLESTON's illness may be a reason for creating a new Judge, but it is no reason for dragging an old Judge from his retirement, who was superannuated in consequence of a physical infirmity. Justice ought not to be deaf as well as blind, especially when people have to be tried for murder.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, Junior, writes to say that last Saturday she heard her nephew reading out from the *Times* a letter about the loss of some Affidavits. She is delighted to be able to inform anyone whom it may concern, that on visiting the Zoo, the other day, she saw a lot of Affidavits flying about their cage as happy as possible. Can these be the lost birds? she asks.

MY LITTLE BROWN MARE.

A Song for the commencement of the Hunting Season.

SHE's rather too lean but her head's a large size,
And she hasn't the average number of eyes;
Her hind legs are not what you'd call a good pair,
And she's broken both knees, has my little brown mare.

You can find some amusement in counting each rib,
And she bites when she's hungry like mad at her crib;
When viewed from behind she seems all on the square,
She's quite a Freemason—my little brown mare.

Her paces are rather too fast, I suppose,
For she often comes down on her fine Roman nose,
And the way she takes fences makes hunting men stare,
For she backs through the gaps does my little brown mare.

She has curbs on her hooks and no hair on her knees;
She has splints and has spavins wherever you please;
Her neck, like a vulture's, is horribly bare,
But still she's a beauty, my little brown mare.

She owns an aversion to windmills and ricks,
When passing a waggon she lies down and kicks;
And the clothes of her groom she'll persistently tear—
But still she's no vice has my little brown mare.

When turned down to grass she oft strays out of bounds;
She always was famous for snapping at hounds;
And even the baby has learnt to beware
The too playful bite of my little brown mare.

She prances like mad and she jumps like a flea,
And her waltz to a brass band is something to see:
No circus had ever a horse, I declare,
That could go through the hoops like my little brown mare.

I mount her but seldom—in fact, to be plain,
Like the Frenchman, when hunting I "do not remain":
Since I've only one neck it would hardly be fair
To risk it in riding my little brown mare!

GOING IT—BY DEGREES.

FROM a circular advocating the admission of Women to Bachelors' degrees, which has been sent round to members of the University, we extract the following:—

"So much having been done—i. e., for the higher education of Women and by the London University having thrown open its Degrees to female students—'What more is needed?' . . . An essential element of the older University system is wanting—that of the requirement of residence. The Cambridge Higher Local Examination is well adapted to encourage women of limited resources to use such opportunities of study as they may possess; but if regarded as a provision for the sisters of our Undergraduates, it is obviously defective."

Cambridge lodging-house keepers had better advertise their apartments to let in the *Matrimonial News*. But wherever they do advertise they could give particulars as to the eligibility of the Undergraduates who happen to be "keeping" in the same house. If the Ladies (bless 'em!) once come into residence, will there be any Degrees at all except for the pale students, who, like the good Saint Anthony of old, fixed his eyes on his old brown book, and wouldn't be distracted from his work by the greatest—ahem!—Beauty of 'em all.

The only Degree List that will then be generally interesting will be the List of Prohibited Degrees which includes some Cousins and all the Aunts and Grandmothers. If Degrees are to be granted to the Spindle as well as the Spear side, let the former be Spinsters of Arts, and the latter remain Bachelors—if they can. We must give this important subject our further consideration; but if we sign the requisition, the moment it comes into operation off we go into residence at Trin. Coll., Cam., as it suddenly occurs to us we have not yet taken our M.A. "Woe, M.A.!" Ahem! How pretty the caps and gowns will be. The Head of the Undergraduates will, of course, be a blooming Cancellaria. Delightful!

A PENNY READING.

"FORBITAN hæc olim meminisse juvabit," i. e., "This Post-Office Savings Bank plan will be a pleasant reminiscence of FAWCETT."



THREE JOLLY AGNOSTICS.

"AND MY WIFE, SHE SAYS, 'A MAN OUGHT TO HAVE SOME RELIGION,' SAYS SHE. (Hic.) 'RELIGION!' SAYS I. 'I AIN'T GOT 'NY, AN' I DON' WANT 'NY! ALL MY RELIGION,' SAYS I, 'ISH COMPRISED IN THE SHIMPLE WORD DUTY!! AN'SH 'LONG'SH I SETICK TO THAT I'M ALL RI'!" "EAR! 'EAR!"

ADAPTATION v. ROBBERY.

ROBBERY.

Bow Street.—A man, described as JAMES BILLING, was placed at the bar, charged with being in possession of a valuable book, the property of a Lady who gave the name of WREDDER. The prisoner's defence was that he had found the book, and, having torn out several leaves for pipe-lights, written a few remarks on one page, and his name on the title-page, he considered he had established a new proprietary right. The Magistrate took a totally opposite view, and sent him to Newgate to take his trial.

ADAPTATION.

The Times' Newspaper—To the Editor.

Sir,—I see that a novel of mine has been dramatised, sold and bought, performed in public, abused by some papers and praised by others, all without my knowledge and consent. The title is the only thing not stolen from me,—that has been stolen from M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.

WREDDER.

JAMES BILLING's reply, not this time heard at *Bow Street*, but inserted as an unpaid advertisement in the leading Journal.

Sir,—I never heard of SARDOU, or a dramatic work bearing my title. The drama is not adapted from, but founded on the Lady's novel. What I intend to do with the profits of this play must always remain a question of sentiment between dramatic authors and novelists.

Note.—Book-stealers who are wise will only steal the contents of books, being careful always to buy the paper and binding.

KING LOG!

(A leaf of it—for the Coming Yachtsman.)

Monday.—Ran up ensign of R.P.Y.C. Royal Popoff Yacht Club) on my new craft, *The Bloomsbury Square*, to-day, and spun out of Sheerness like a bird with sixteen tugs. Pretty sight. Marble staircases much admired. Went all over her on horseback.

Tuesday.—Last five-and-forty guests turned up this morning. Sat down two hundred and seventy to dinner. Hurricane raging. Not a candle flickered. Told we carried away head of Margate Pier at half-past ten. Funny. Thought it was somebody dropping a soup-plate.

Wednesday.—On the Goodwins. Very pleasant. Counted seven-and-twenty wrecks break up one after another. Billiards. Masked ball. Slept like a top. Woke up in night by Ramsgate life-boat. Threatened 'em with a summons.

Thursday.—Still on Goodwins. Man on light-ship signals that if we don't get off we shall wear the bank out and spoil the Admiralty map. Polo in afternoon. Bank worn out at 11 P.M. Off, and over the light-ship.

Friday.—Light-ship still bumping under bottom. Lovely morning. Making eight-and-twenty knots an hour. Amused ourselves by planting potatoes. Raced *Calais-Douvres* into Calais, and got stuck in piers. Backed, and took away half a mile of each. Left 'em at Pegwell Bay to be mended. To bed, laughing. Fireworks.

Saturday.—Woke at 5 A.M. by light-ship coming through bottom. Have gone down suddenly, apparently off Erith. Electric light most cheerful. Evidently in for a month of it. Sit down two hundred and eighty to dinner. Instrumental concert. Dublin steamer run on the top of us. Great fun. More fireworks. All of us to bed, roaring.

The (J.) T. B. Memorial.

Suggestion to the Chairman of the Epping Forest Committee.—Take the Griffin away, and turn him loose in Epping Forest. It will afford capital sport, and in the summer it can be let out as a scarecrow.

GREEK AT CAMBRIDGE.

SHADES of PORSON and of BENTLEY! did you hover in the air O'er the Senate House in Cambridge when the Dons were gathered there?

Did you hear the strange proposal to give up Hellenic lore, That the ancient home of Scholars should produce them nevermore? Did the angry flush come mounting to each spirit's classic cheek When utilitarian monsters wanted to abolish Greek?

Will the schoolboy of the future never hear of δ , η , $\rho\delta$, Shall the memories of *τὸ πᾶν* vanish like a dream of woe, HOMER, PLATO be abandoned, while the youthful mind we drench With philosophies Teutonic and the follies of the French? No! The ancient halls were faithful to the old traditions still, And the Syndicate that threatened could not work its wicked will. Greek must aye be learnt at Cambridge ere you take an Arts degree, Until Cam's Plutonian waters slide no longer to the sea!

Cold Water and Good Advice.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of one hundred jokes on "The Main Difficulty nowadays—The Water Companies." Correspondents will kindly accept the above intimation, restrain their ardour and keep their postage stamps to put in Mr. FAWCETT's box. Imagine what a fortune! A joke saved will be a penny gained.

LORD SHEERBROOKE in his recent article utterly repudiates the words of ROBERT LOWE. Comparisons are odious, but the readers of *Great Expectations* will remember the case of another returned gentleman from Australia whose constant assertion it was "I won't be Low(e), dear boy. I won't be Low(e)." by Google

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Windsor Castle.

ON my arrival at Windsor, I learned that it was necessary to obtain an order. An Order! Which?—of the Garter or the Bath? If so, where was the Lord Chamberlain with the decorations? As I was about to make this inquiry, I was informed by an obliging Porter that "I could get all I wanted from Mr. COLLIER."

I discovered Mr. COLLIER to be a bookseller. I entered his shop with a certain awe, and submitted my request in a tone denoting extreme humility. I wanted to go over the Castle. Mr. COLLIER (or his representative) eyed me sharply, as if he would gaze through my ulster coat into my very heart to discover whether I were a Nihilist, and asked me for my name and address. Mr. COLLIER (or his representative) was polite, but stern. I fancy he would have been better satisfied had I had an heraldic sketch of my coat in one hand, and my family-tree in the other. But as I had neither with me, my address card was considered an excellent substitute for both. The order was handed to me, and I learned that it was Her MAJESTY's express command that the ticket should be delivered gratis, but that I might buy a Guide-Book.



I approached the Castle, and was immediately surrounded by a number of individuals, who had been lying in wait for me from the time of my quitting the bookseller's, and now insisted that they were sure I wanted a guide. I haughtily repudiated the notion, and tried to look as if I hadn't come with an order, but was merely going to make a friendly call. After a while they reluctantly permitted me to continue my journey, and I reached a door. I rang a bell, and was immediately

received by a servant in full Court Livery. I jumped to the conclusion that I had made a mistake in the day, and that the Royal Family were at home, after all! I was about to leave a card, hope they were all quite well, and withdraw, when the red-coated, gold-braided footman respectfully took my name and address as a preliminary to ushering me into an apartment described by my Guide-Book as "the Queen's Audience Chamber."

I was bewildered as the thought occurred to me that perhaps I might be on the eve of receiving knighthood by mistake! A story of an obscure individual who had actually received the honour in error, passed through my mind. Had I been accepted by the Royal menial I had just passed, as a Lord Mayor, a successful General, or a superannuated Civil Servant who had come a little late? Fortunately at this moment other visitors arrived, and I felt that if there were a mistake I could pass unnoticed in the crowd. My hasty and unexplained elevation to the Knightage would not attract attention until it appeared in the *Gazette*. The other visitors spoke in whispers, and looked anxiously towards a door.

Suddenly we were all startled by the arrival of a very distinguished-looking individual, who emerged from somewhere behind us. He wore morning-dress, and there was a dignity in his bearing telling of a life-acquaintance with the very highest circles of society. I was so surprised at his unexpected appearance that for a while I could not catch a word he was saying. At last I heard him talking of the Castle in a tone of easy familiarity, which warranted the conclusion that he must be a distant member of the Royal Family, a Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke, or perhaps a Hereditary Grand Duke of something ending in "itz," who, having some leisure to spare, was employing it in making himself generally useful and earning a small salary.

His Serene Highness was full of information. He gave us, with the kindest condescension possible, the subjects of the tapestry upon the walls. Now and then he added the cognomen of the painter. On these occasions His Serene Highness invariably alluded to the workman as "an artist of the name of So-and-So." I feel certain that if the Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke had had occasion to refer to the talented author of *Hamlet*, and other tragedies and poems, he would have spoken of him as "a writer of the name of SHAKSPEARE." When he had told us something about a person whose title sounded to me like "MORE DICKER," (referred to in my Guide-Book as MORDECAI), he gracefully waved to us to enter another room. Then, when we had respectfully withdrawn, he looked at the doors of the apartment we had quitted with the dignity of a proprietor of at least fifty years standing. This air of being "quite at home and very pleased to see you" confirmed my impression that I was in the presence of a very illustrious personage indeed. It pained me to notice, however, that sometimes His Serene Highness misplaced the aspirate, and was a little uncertain about his "quantities." But this was pardonable and piquant

in a foreigner. We entered the Guard Chamber. The Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke gave the exact dimensions of the room, and pointed out two small flags that he said had been presented to the Queen by the Descendants of the Heroes of Blenheim and Waterloo. He kindly attracted our attention to one or two other little objects of a similarly interesting character. Then he looked



round, and noticing a richly-chased shield, observed that "it had been exhibited at several exhibitions." He added (I believe as an after-thought) that it had been made by a foreign Artist of the name of BENVENUTO CELLINI. We now entered the St. George's, or Grand Banqueting Hall. His Serene Highness smilingly pointed to an enormous dining-table about forty yards long. "Some of the leaves have been removed," he mentioned carelessly, from which I inferred that, many of the members of the Royal Family being away from Windsor, he had found the buffet inconveniently large, and had ordered it to be shortened to suit his personal requirements. On passing into the Grand Reception Room, his Serene Highness was good enough to give us a version of Jason and the Golden Fleece, which was illustrated in tapestry on the walls of the apartment. I could only catch a word here and there, but I believe the Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke spoke to the following effect—"There is Jason charming the Dragon. And there is Creusa, his second wife, putting on the fatal robe. And there is Medea, who has killed her children for falling out. Thinking of taking a flight to Athens, she would throw them at Jason's feet. And there is Jason wanting to kill her, but stopped by those two men, who, as you see, are restraining him."

After this exhaustive dip into classical lore, we entered several other apartments. And now our Deputy Arch-Ducal Guide began to unbend a little. Upon our admission to the Waterloo Chamber, he grew quite confidential about the domestic arrangements of the very Highest Lady in the Land. "The QUEEN," he said, "likes this room best for a dance. You see, she can put the musicians in this gallery; but in the other room she would have to build a place for the band if she used it." We all expressed ourselves thoroughly delighted at this piece of information, and felt (with the Court) quite a nice little family party. Next we went into a small dark closet, that His Serene Highness told us was a favourite dining-room of King GEORGE THE THIRD. Over the mantelpiece of this strange-looking apartment was a stained glass portrait of that eccentric monarch. "If you look in this," said His Serene Highness, pointing to a mirror immediately opposite the painting, "you will see the window reflected in it!" And, bless us! so it was!

We passed across a hall into another room. The Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke grew a little excited. He had approached the feature of the collection. He paused before a timepiece.



"It only requires winding up once a year!" he exclaimed, in triumph. "It is the only clock of the kind we have got in the Castle!" In another moment he had vanished, with the abruptness that had marked his first appearance. We saw him no more!

I stumbled up some stone steps, and found myself on the top of a tower. A jovial-looking Military Man was holding forth on the merits of the view before him. Hoping that I might be mistaken for an official visitor to the Castle, I said, languidly, "that I knew it all," as if I had been accustomed to the prospect for years.

I chatted on, and felt convinced that the Military Man believed me to be (at the very least) a Cabinet Minister in attendance upon the QUEEN, and staying in the Castle.

"You see those places down below, Sir?" he said. "In years gone by they used to be used as prisons."

"Yes," I replied, languidly. "Dark, dreary-looking places! And so they were prisons! By the way, what are they used for now?"

"They are used now, Sir," was the prompt reply, "as bed-rooms for the guests of Her Majesty!"

To prevent any further mistakes, I returned to Town immediately!

"Which is the properest Day to Drink?"—*Old Song.*

At Rochester, the other day, was observed a "Temperance Sunday." We don't know who observed it, but the barometer was so totally opposed to the notion, that it at once went down of its own accord, in order to prophesy a very wet Sunday.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Lillie Bridge.

On receipt of an invitation to be present at "GALE's Great Walk," I travelled down, a few days since, to West Brompton. My card of admission informed me that the feat would be performed by the pedestrian getting over "2500 miles in 1000 hours, walking 1½ miles every half-hour." I was further told that the promenade would continue "from Saturday, November 20th, 1880, to Saturday, January 1st, 1881."

Until my visit my impressions of Lillie Bridge had been rather vague. I had believed that it once had been the head-quarters of a Club given up to skating on wheels. I had heard it whispered that the Rink had been changed subsequently into a Gymnasium. I had seen on the hoardings about Town, just before Easter, large placards of men wrestling, labelled "Lillie Bridge on Good Friday," and from this I had gathered that the Club might have extended the scope of its original objects.

It has been my lot to be present at many depressing spectacles. I have visited a town immediately after a bombardment, I have seen convicts at work in a prison conducted on the silent system, I have passed through the confirmed melancholy ward of a lunatic asylum; but I never witnessed anything so utterly depressing as the grounds of Lillie Bridge during the early days of "GALE's Great Walk."

I presented myself at half-past two on a cold and wet afternoon, a few days ago. A passage beside a Railway Station led to a deserted turnstile, over which was placed a placard giving the price of admission. The label had been altered from some larger sum to sixpence. As I reached the stile, a youth, who had been walking away, returned hurriedly, and seemed surprised to find that I desired admission. However, the exhibition of my card, inscribed "Admit Representative of *Punch*—H. B. GREEN, Manager," obtained ready recognition, and the lad was good enough to conduct me into the grounds.

At first I could hardly believe my eyes. I was prepared for a melancholy sight, but not for solitude. I had fancied that Mr. GALE would have been surrounded by enthusiastic admirers and supporters, who would occasionally break into bursts of loud applause. I had even thought it possible that there might be some flags and a band. The place was quite empty, with the exception of two little men toiling round a heavy sodden track. One was Mr. GALE, and the other was his attendant. The first (in the distance) looked like a criminal lunatic doing his exercise, and the last like his keeper.



ON THE TRACK.

After learning from the youth that I was free of the place and might go where I pleased, I looked around me. I was standing on a large piece of uncultivated ground. There were two tracks—one was being used for the "Great Walk," the other was being slowly flooded from a running tap of water. On one side were the walls of Brompton Cemetery; on the other, a number of new taverns and small dwelling-houses, amidst which towered a workshop that had come to grief, and was now in the hands of the auctioneers. On the north were some ramshackle refreshment-rooms, apparently closed for the winter; on the south some low building that looked like a laundry or a Parish Union. The principal features of the grounds themselves were a small unfinished iron summer-house, and a swing that seemingly was the forgotten remnant of a long-past country fair. In a corner were two cannons of ancient make, that might have belonged to a Volunteer Corps that had left them there after being disbanded. Near the unfinished iron summer house was a board recording the number of miles that had been walked by the limping pedestrian now coming towards me.

"Two!" was shouted as I stood looking at the dismal scene in the drizzling rain. It was the only sound I had heard since entering the grounds, with the exception of the cemetery bell hard-by, which was tolling every minute in compliment to an approaching funeral. The Pedestrian, with a peculiar swinging gait, passed on and commenced Lap Three. As I stood, note-book in hand, an Official joined me. He was very civil and full of information. Yes, the Pedestrian had to come out every hour and half-hour to do his appointed distance. He generally took about twenty minutes, which gave him ten minutes rest. He could not sleep, but he sometimes dozed. I was not to mind the limp, it was his style, and he had had it during previous trials of endurance. I might go and talk to him. He was never tired of chattering. He had the Press to look after him. If I

liked (and this was told me as if a great favour were being conferred on me) I could come and see him walking in the middle of the night! The gate was always open, and he would be found doing his work every hour and half-hour from week's end to week's end.

"You have not many spectators," I observed.

Well, no, they had not. My friend the Official was of opinion that they (presumably the Public) would not come much before the end. Then, he gave me to understand, they would flock to see him—if he only could last out!

"Does he ever have a band?" I asked, fancying that perhaps music might be an assistance in a "Great Walk."

The Official looked surprised. He evidently thought I was quizzing him. A band for one man! But finding I was serious, he did his best to conciliate me.

"Oh, I daresay he will have a band during the last week," he returned; and then added, as if to confirm the good opinion I certainly must now entertain of the arrangements, "And I shouldn't be surprised if they didn't give him a lot of illuminations!"

By this time the voice I had heard before had called "Three," "Four," and lastly, "Finished." Upon this the Pedestrian quitted



REST! (TEN MINUTES IN EACH HALF-HOUR.)

the track, and was assisted up some steps into a large uncarpeted room surrounded with lookers. I followed him, and found two gentlemen seated at a wooden table. One was cutting out extracts from a sporting paper, the other was dividing the contents of a large dish of boiled beef, cabbages, and potatoes. Mr. GALE was assisted to take a seat on one chair, while his legs were propped up upon another. His lower man was covered with a horse-rug. I now saw him close, and felt the sincerest pity for him. His face was thin, and his eyes seemed to be staring out of his head with an expression of intense weariness. He was wearing a cap closely drawn over his head, a rough coat, knee-breeches, woollen stockings, and a pair of heavy boots. These last had holes in them. He appeared to be a lively fellow enough, and most anxious to afford information. He would take beef, but no carrots. He was fond of beef-tea. He found the track soft now, but during the night it had been as hard as nails. He had just got through some mouthfuls of food when a bell sounded. In a moment he was on his feet, and the beef was discarded. Another bell sounded, and he was out and away once more with his attendant. The time had already arrived for him to do another mile and a quarter in the space of half-an-hour!

I followed him, and saw him again limping beside the small dwelling-house, the Parish Union, the slowly increasing pool. As he finished each lap the voice recorded the fact as before. Now he appeared to me pale, now flushed, but always distressed. And as I looked at all this I thought why has a card of invitation to witness this sorry sight been sent to "a representative of *Punch*?" There was nothing comic about it, nothing amusing. I did not laugh, and felt that no true description of the matter could provoke merriment.



"FINISHED!"

I considered that the wretches of Portland would shudder at the idea of changing places with this poor creature. I knew that were a horse treated as this man was consenting to be treated, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would interfere. But there's no Royal Society, and no power in the world that can prevent a man making an ass of himself if he chooses to do so. But why send a card of admission to "the representative of *Punch*?" Was it because many a shameful transaction has been crushed in these pages? Was it because Mr. *Punch* for nearly half a century has been a powerful advocate on the side of justice? Was it because the promoters of this stupid, cruel, degrading piece of tomfoolery wished the matter to be placed in the proper light? Very well, then, Mr. *Punch's* Representative has done it. When I was at Lillie Bridge I did not see a single spectator who looked as if he had paid for admission, and I earnestly hope that not even "a band and illumination during the last week" will attract more visitors. But suppose this walk kills Mr. GALE, what will be the Coroner's verdict? His own fault? or whose?

As I left, the voice was crying "Finished" to the appropriate accompaniment of a tolling bell—in the neighbouring Cemetery!

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!



A HURRY-skurry on the staircase! loud cries of excited people clamouring for instant audience. Calm, dignified, serene, Mr. Punch rose to the occasion, but before he could utter a word the folding-doors were burst open, and in rushed, *pêle mêle*, a crowd of highly respectable but almost frenzied individuals with books under their arms, books in their hands, books in their pockets, books on their heads, while several turbulent persons in the rear were wildly waving illustrations, games, picture-books, packets of cards, and vociferating all at once.

"May I ask the cause of this intrusion?" inquired Mr. Punch with the utmost composure.

"Christmas is coming!" they shouted.

"I am aware of the fact," replied the Sage; "and if my old friend is on the staircase, I regret that he will be compelled to wait till the twenty-fifth of next month."

"No! no!" they shouted again. "Look here! We've brought—"

The Philosopher of Fleet Street held up his hand, and commanded silence. He had recognised some familiar faces.

"I think," he said, smiling graciously, "I am addressing my excellent friends, the Publishers of Christmas Books for Children—"

"You are! You are!" they cried.

"Also the Publishers of charming Christmas Cards—"

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed the representatives of several eminent firms, dancing with delight at the recognition.

"And, if I mistake not, I see amongst you Artists and Authors whose works have delighted our dear children—for all children are Mr. Punch's pets—for many years past?"

"You do! You do!" was the grateful and subdued murmur.

"Then," said Mr. Punch, practically, "let's see what you've got."

First he warmly congratulated Miss KATE GREENAWAY on her *Birthday Book for Children*, with verses for every day in the year, by Mrs. SALE BARBER. "A most dainty little work," observed the Sage, "and a really happy thought for Christmas." *Splashes of Ink Explained*, by Mr. C. J. LILLIE, was then brought under his notice. "Not exactly the æsthetic lily and peacock feather, I am glad to see," observed Mr. Punch, pleasantly; "but what capital things for children to imitate with a nice new bright-patterned table-cloth and lots of ink! What fun!" Turning to Mr. MACMILLAN, he congratulated him on the possession of such a treasure as the *Necklace of Princess Fiorimunda*, manufactured by MARY DE MORGAN, and magnificently set by Mr. WALTER CRANE. "A real gem," said Mr. Punch. He smiled pleasantly on Mr. SAMBOURNE'S *Sandford and Merton*, and shook hands warmly with some old friends of Mr. CHARLES KEENE'S called *Our People*, presented on their re-publication in a collected form by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW.

Then he examined Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE'S *Every Boy's Annual*, full of adventures by land and sea, with stories of Hardy Mountaineers' Ascents, by Mr. HENRY FRITH, Anecdotes of Sharks, by Lieutenant Low, and riddles, and pictures, and charades, and games, and "square words," and everything that every boy ought to know, and enough to keep every boy amused for the entire year. In your *Fortune-Telling Book*, said the Philosopher, "I see a fortune; and as my dancing days are not by any means over, I should like to join in your *Singing Quadrille*, with its nursery rhymes set to music, and if I 'sat out' I could delight the children with the amusing designs of Messrs. STAPLES, CORBOULD, and LONEMUIR."

Mr. Punch fell back in his chair, as about fifty new books were placed before him. "I shall never get through all these. But stop," he cried, and he selected one from the lot, "this does take my fancy." In a second he had skimmed through it, and put it by for further perusal. It was Mrs. LOCKER'S *What the Blackbird Said*, illustrated by R. CALDECOTT.

Then he looked through *Pansie's Flour Bin*. "A sort of relation to my dear friend *Alice in Wonderland* I perceive," he observed. "The finish in Sky Land is very pretty, and not too much over the heads of the young people for whom it was intended. Now then, what's on the cards?" he asked, taking up several packs. It was impossible to award special praise to any set where all were so good. Toby pronounced Messrs. HILDESHEIMER'S "Dogs" to be a real novelty, and Mr. Punch selected the Children's Parties, and the Little Babies, and the pictures of Snow-Balling and Skating with verses by F. E. WEATHERLY as very seasonable and cold weatherly. DE LA RUY'S Christmas Cards, done in satin for sending by post to friends abroad, are charmingly executed. The Ivory cards issued by J. WALKER & Co., hand-painted, "are," said Mr. Punch, "simply exquisite." Mr. ROTH'S cards are specially appropriate where



DEFINITIVE.

Board Schoolmaster (desiring to explain the word "Conceited," which had occurred in the course of the Reading Lesson). "Now, BOYS, SUPPOSE THAT I WAS ALWAYS ROASTING OF MY LEARNING—THAT I KNEW A GOOD DEAL O' LATIN FOR INSTANCE, OR THAT MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE WAS—THAT I WAS VERY GOOD-LOOKING, Y' KNOW—WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY I WAS?"

Straightforward Boy (who had "caught the Speaker's eye"). "I SE' SAY YOU WAS A LIAR, S'!"

merriment might jar, and those issued by the Fine Art Publisher, Mr. LUXS, are elegant in design, and marvellous in execution. The Sage suggested they should be called *affaires de Luxs*. At all events," he added, "I like the *luxs* of 'em." The cry was still "they come," and Mr. Punch's table was strewn with Christmas leaves.

A chorus of children's voices arose without. They had somehow heard the news, and were preparing to besiege their old friend in his own brown study. But on one point he was inflexible.

"You shan't see anything till the proper time," he called out to them; "and not then if you're not good."

"We will be so good!" was the answer.

"Bless you, my children!" returned Mr. Punch, paternally.

"You shall take them and be happy—at Christmas!"

The Deputation having thanked Mr. Punch most cordially, were about to withdraw, when the Sage of Fleet Street intimated that he had just one request to make.

"Will you kindly inscribe your names," he said, "in the new *Guest-Book* provided by Messrs. MARCUS WARD & Co., for 'recording the Visits of Friends.' It is arranged on a plan for making notes and observations, which will provide a fund of amusement for many a hospitable country-house this coming Christmas. Gentlemen, the book is in the ante-chamber. *Toby*, conduct the Deputation to the dining-room, and see that they are served with the best of everything. The compliments of the forthcoming Season to you, Gentlemen!"

"Same to you, Old Boy, and many of 'em!" they shouted with one voice as they quitted the room and descended the staircase.

"Now," said Mr. Punch to himself, "for a grateful havannah and half-an-hour's quiet enjoyment over Mr. CALDECOOT's *Three Jovial Huntsmen* to begin with, and his *Blackbirds baked in a Pie* to follow."

And as he opened the books his eyes twinkled with delight at the thoughts of the pleasure in store for all his children of all ages and all sorts and sizes.

PORK-CORNERS AND PIG-STYES.

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many pigs I see," &c.

PORK has suddenly become a topic. The *Times* has devoted a leader to it, and most of the other papers have treated it as a subject of importance. It has been served up with sage remarks and journalistic sauce. Chicago in America, and Wednesbury in Staffordshire, England, are responsible for this. In Chicago a firm of speculators have made more than a million sterling by what is called a "pork-corner." In England a pork-corner is generally understood to mean a pig-stye, but in America it means a "ring"—a combination to forestall the market, and to raise prices by creating an artificial scarcity. In Wednesbury the pork-corner was a far more humble matter. The inhabitants wished to live with their pigs on terms of domestic intimacy, probably without a thought of cooking, and they held a meeting at the Town-Hall to protest against the tyrannical action of the Local Government Board in placing difficulties in the way of realising this happy state of existence. In America, Dr. WATT's poem, as improved by Dr. JOHNSON, may be published without any alteration; but in England a new reading is evidently necessary:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many pigs I see;
How thankful I should be to those
Who made a pig of me!"

FOR DR. BIRCH'S YOUNG FRIENDS.

LAST week, *The Guardian* informs us, the Marchioness CONYNGHAM laid the foundation stone of the Smack Boys' Home at Ramsgate. Now then, Sir WILLIAM, here's a place for your juvenile offenders.

BOOTHFUL STAR!

THE best ornament in Mr. Gooch's re-decorated Princess's is our American Cousin, Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, tragedian. Mr. BOOTH is disappointing as *Cardinal Richelieu*—only, be it understood, agreeably disappointing. His performance is free from vulgar rant, but it is wanting in light and shade. He evidently saves himself for one great situation, which brings the house down, and which should also bring the curtain down, as, after this, every effort to the end of the Act is an anti-climax. Mr. BOOTH, with his admirable stage face, and got up to represent *Cardinal Richelieu*, could be like no other person but his Eminence did he not bear a strongly-marked resemblance to Mr. CLARENCE HOLT as the American Detective in *New Babylon*. Perhaps the similarity may be suggested by the "goatee," which was as common in France and England at that period as it is nowadays in America. At all events, Mr. CLARENCE HOLT wore it as typical of the American, and it just gives Mr. BOOTH's *Cardinal* that 'cute Yankee appearance which a cigar, the received would com- this accidental traits from Booth's por- lieu, as Mr. Mr. BOOTH, us of Mr. gives us, of the hacking chuckle a



BITTER ARMAND DE RICHELIEU, OR THE 'CUTE CARDINAL'.

a cocktail, and nasal twang plete. Not that resemblance de- the value of Mr. trait of Riche- HOLT may be like both the *Cardinal* and In manner Mr. BOOTH frequently reminds PHELPS, only without the growl. He throughout his stage business, too much ough and the chuckle. Were he to little less, he would not be so liable to this troublesome affec- tion of the throat, which his supply of lozenges is apparently powerless to alleviate. Why not try the "Cough No More" between the Acts? (N.B.—This is not an advertisement.) With his private box of sweeties he might be described as a sucking Cardinal. No doubt Mr. BOOTH has care- fully studied the cos- tume, but we are curi- ous to know what authority he has for *Richelieu* in a yellow



"VOICI LE SABRE DE MON PÈRE!"

dressing-gown trimmed with fur?—a robe far more appropriate to an old beau like *Sir Harcourt Courtly* in his bedroom, than a Cardinal in his reception-chamber. This is a detail, but not unimportant in what is intended for an historical portrait. And while on details—we are glad to learn that coats were so plentiful in France at that period, judging, that is, from the fireplace in the *Cardinal's Palace*. There might have been a log or two thrown on just for appearance sake, but perhaps all the sticks were otherwise employed.

Oh, Mr. Gooch! call this "support" a backing of your friends? Why, with the not very brilliant exception—but still exception—of Mr. EDMUND LEATHES as *Louis the Thirteenth*, and, of course, "Honest JOHN" RYDER as the Monk *Joseph*, the "support" given to Mr. BOOTH is of the feeblest possible description. Fortunately for Mr. BOOTH, his strongest "support" will come from the English public, which is thoroughly capable of appreciating all the finest points of his performance. Mr. CARTWRIGHT as *Adrien de Mauprat* treats us to a sort of "Reminiscences-of-Irving" enter- tainment, and a peculiar intonation, which if intended as a specimen of ventriloquism is not absolutely without merit, but if meant to convey the idea of earnestness or passion, scarcely achieves its object. Had Miss



FATHER RYDER. "THERE ARE CHORDS —BUT KNOT FOR JOSEPH."

GERARD as *Julie* simply to look pretty she would be a pronounced success; but, unfortunately, the part requires some little acting, and though it is only fair to her to say that she does give us as little as possible, yet that little is not strong. The appearance of Mr. SWINBURNE, in the double character (according to the bills), of Mr. REDMUND and *Baradas*, suggests the notion of an overfed tenor very much out of training, and constantly disappointing the public by not indulging in a Solo. He is described by *Richelieu* as "that smileless man."—(good idea for a song by Mr. GROSSMITH,—"He was such a *Smileless Man*!"—rights reserved.)—but if *Richelieu* had been in front he would soon have corrected that mistaken impression, as *Baradas* was perpetually smiling, and smiling "horribly." He was murdering with a smile the whole time; but this, of course, was his artful way of masking his deep-dyed villainy.

On *François* (Mr. YOUNG) *Richelieu* has to impress that there is "no such word as fail,"—a very necessary lesson:—only what matter the word when we have the thing itself? as the Frenchman said of the absence from the English language of any equivalent for *ennui*.

Mr. W. YOUNG has an expressive eye: the right being the more expressive of the two, at least, he lets us see more of it than the other, which he is constantly closing into a spasmodic "I-know-all-about-it-and-I'm-up-to-you" sort of wink. Perhaps, (this being a historical play) *François* did wink in this manner.

But what a tawdry fustian theatrical play it is! only re- deemed from burlesque absurdity by some fine lines here and there, and by certain telling situations which are known as "Actor's chances." By these alone, but specially by these last, it has held possession of the stage, and in powerful hands it may hold its own for many years to come.

What a foolish muddle-headed plot! What utterly farcical and impossible dialogues between the *Cardinal* and his confidant, *Joseph*, who are little better than a couple of mountebanks in eccle- siastical habits. A warming-pan might long ago have been in- troduced with advantage in the bedroom scene. Mr. BOOTH wisely avoids the Bulwer-and-Macready tradition of thrusting out his head from between the folding doors, or from behind a curtain, in the warming-pan and bedroom scene, and screaming with laughter at the approach of the conspirators, who, headed by the transpontine melodramatic ruffian, *Huguet*, are "heard without." In fact, his performance throughout errs rather on the side of caution. His great scene startles us by its sudden passion, but it does not strike us with awe for his priestly dignity, and the impression is so transient, that on recovering from our surprise, we feel angry at having been imposed upon by so shallow a trick as that just practised upon *Baradas* by this veteran practical joker, who can thus trifle with the most sacred subjects.

The bathos of the speech itself is only equalled by the celebrated anathema in the *Jackdaw of Rheims*, which, if given by a powerful tragedian, would tell with as thrilling effect as does this "Curse of Rome" in *Richelieu*. However, these are the faults of the play, not of the actor, who in this scene recognises a dramatic opportunity big enough to cover a mul- titude of absurdities. From what we have seen of Mr. BOOTH, we should imagine that one of his best impersona- tions will be *Bertuccio* in the *Fool's Revenge*.

At the Criterion, *Where is the Cat?* has been produced. The author was anonymous until Mr. WINDHAM, in a burst of candour, let the Cat out of the bag, and informed the first-night audi- ence that it was Mr. ALBERY, who seems to have thought that



JULIE—TRÈS JULIE.



BARADAS, A JOWLY BAD CHAP.



YOUNG ACO-LYTE COME- DIAN GOING IT "LIKE WINKING."

everybody had been troubling their heads about him and his work since his last appearance on the boards at the Vaudeville. Bless his sublime innocence! Why, to the majority of the public, the personality of any dramatic author, unless he be also an actor, is as little an object of interest as that of the master carpenter or the gasman.



MR. WYNDHAM LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

ODE TO MY CROWN DERBY.

AIR—"Derby and Joan."

DERBY dear, you are cracked and old;
Fifty years since you last were sold,
Saucer and cup, as they packed you up,
And the years rolled on.
Derby dear, if the world goes wry,
Fret at no trouble or loss shall I;
Ah, my Crown Derby, you'll cheer me then.
All else may go, so as you remain.
Always the same, Derby my own!
Always the same, with your D and Crown.

Derby dear, but my heart was wild
When a cup was smashed by a careless child,
Until one whispered, "Diamond Cement,"
Then my grief found vent.
Derby dear, when a loving hand
Mended you neatly and made you stand,
Ah, my cup! as I wiped each tear,
Never had china appeared more dear.
Always the same, Derby my own!
Always the same with your D and Crown.

Cup in hand, when my life is May;
Cup in hand, when my hair turns grey;
Saucer and cup, as they packed you up,
In the years that are gone.
Cup in hand, till it's past bedtime,
And I sadly part till the morning prime.
Ah, my cup, how I nurse you then,
Till I've to leave you for town at ten.
Always the same, Derby my own!
Always the same, with your D and Crown.

Journalistic Enterprise.

No less than five leading papers telegraphed full particulars of a rough-and-tumble fight in a Parisian pot-house, in which one combatant used the marble top of a table, and the other a pair of decanters. The fighters were said to be Corsicans—not *Brothers and Co.*—and a *vendetta* was expected; but, according to the latest telegrams from Our Own Correspondent, the affair has ended in a rather tame duel. If any further intelligence arrives connected with this affair, we will publish it in a special edition.

THE PLAY KING.

(Not included in Mr. Tennyson's New Volume.)

YOU may take and bill me early, bill me early, HENRY dear;
I'm going to make the biggest hit of all the coming year;
Of all the coming year, HENRY, the safest spec to pay;
For I'm going to write you a play, HENRY, I'm going to write you a play.

There's lots of blank blank verse, you know, but none so neat as mine;
There's GILBERT, and there's WILLS, and—well, some others in their line,
But none of them are Laureates, though clever in their way;
So I'm going to write you a play, HENRY, I'm going to write you a play.

'Twill be all right at night, HENRY, on that my name I'll stake;
I've got a good Egyptian plot, that's safe, I'm told, to take.
You're poisoned in a temple, Miss TERRY dies at bay,—
I am writing you such a play, HENRY, I am writing you such a play.

As I came towards the theatre, whom think ye I should see,
But Messrs. HARE and KENDAL, looking sorrowful at me?
They were thinking of *The Falcon* I wrote but yesterday,
And they didn't ask me for a play, HENRY, they didn't ask me for a play.

I know your Ghost draws well, HENRY, but don't be in a fright,
My *forte* isn't stage-effect: when I write plays, I write.
You'll have five pages at a time,—as much as you can say;
But a Poet is writing your play, HENRY, a Poet is writing your play.

Some critics tell me that my place is not behind the scenes;
That if I must descend I might stop short at magazines.
But as *Queen Mary* from the doors the money turned away,
You must long for another big play, HENRY, you must long for another big play.

For fads and fancies grow, HENRY, to wither like the grass,—
The latest, *culture*:—and for that, my name doth current pass.
So that's why, though I can't construe, and you feel all astray,
You've asked me to write you a play, HENRY, you've asked me to write you a play.

So take and bill me early, bill me early, HENRY dear;
I'm going to make the biggest hit of all the coming year;
Of all the coming year, HENRY:—and if it shouldn't pay!—
Still I shall have written your play, HENRY, I shall have written your play!

HOW IT WAS DONE.

(From a Dervish's Private Diary.)

6 A.M.—Just received telegram from Stamboul:—"Dulcigno to be occupied to-day, with a struggle." Have turned out. Nobody to struggle with. Nothing to occupy. Have wired back for further instructions.

7 A.M.—Second telegram. "Must do something. Powers pressing. GOSCHEN terrible. Can't make out *why*. So act at once. N.B.—Struggle is to prove sincerity to Europe. If nobody will fight, pay them to do it?" Have shown this to Chief of Albanian League. Wants to know the figure and will think it over.

8 A.M.—Reply to hand. Every member of League to receive "semi-detached villa in Asia Minor, and five hundred a year, recoverable on the ra-haat-la-koum duties." Shown this to Chief. He doesn't see it. Won't struggle under fifteen hundred a year (cash), and a house in the Cromwell Road.

9 A.M.—Fresh telegram from Stamboul:—"Powers unanimous. GOSCHEN has explained. Anxious about Fleet. Haan't been heard of for weeks. Think if session is accomplished it will turn up at once. Proceed with it. Condition as to Cromwell Road granted."

10 A.M.—Shown this to Chief. Settled that we are to breakfast together then burn blue fire, shout, play at "One, two, three, and under" in the town ditch for half-an-hour, and finally march in with a brass band.

11 A.M.—Have done this. Wired to all the Capitals of Europe that "Dulcigno has been occupied after a stubborn resistance." Breakfast excellent.

Noon.—Telegrams from all Capitals in Europe:—"Bother Dulcigno! Have you seen the Fleet?" Haven't. Have gone up on heights with Chief to look for it. Stuck up signal, "Row over. Come along. It's all right."

1 P.M.—Lunched with Chief and Montenegrin Commissioner. Latter very disgusted. Says he thought Dulcigno was nearly half as big as Herne Bay. Doesn't think he'll have it. Wired this to Stamboul.

2 P.M.—Reply. "He must have it. Offer him a house in the Cromwell Road, thrown in." Commissioner accepts on those terms. All of us anxious about the Fleet. Have stuck up fresh signal, in six languages, "Really there's no chance of your being wanted. Do turn up!"

3 P.M.—Glorious news. Signal seen. Fleet in sight. Have wired this to Stamboul.

4 P.M.—Answer direct from SULTAN:—"Am so glad! Allah be praised. Powers all relieved. GOSCHEN dancing a hornpipe. Shall receive some of your salary of year before last. Enclose you a Yellow Book sent to me anonymously illuminate."

5 P.M.—Have illuminated. Five o'clock tea with Chief. Mournful.

6 P.M.—To bed, roaring over Yellow Book.



WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

Eldest Daughter. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LET ME COME OUT, MAMMA! I'M TWENTY, YOU KNOW, AND SURELY I'VE FINISHED MY EDUCATION!"

Festive Mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of Chaperone and Wallflower). "NOT YET, MY LOVE. SOCIETY IS SO HOLLOW! I REALLY MUST PRESERVE THAT SWEET GIRLISH FRESHNESS OF YOURS A LITTLE WHILE LONGER!"

ENDYMION.

THE shades of night were falling fast
Round Hughenden,—for some time past
A Statesman, working day and night,
A flowery fiction did indite—

Endymion.

His hair was dark, and you could trace
A *souppon* of an ancient race;
And still, in quite his early way,
He wrote of Lords and Ladies gay—

Endymion.

"Tempt not the Press," Lord ROWTON said.
"Of critics have a timely dread:
They skinned you when you wrote *Lothair*."
He answered, with his nose in air,

"Endymion!"

"Oh stay," the Tory said, "and make
That wicked GLADSTONE writhe and quake."
A twinkle flash'd from out his eye:
"I'll give him rope," he said, "and try

Endymion!"

"Beware the day they may begin
To break the Treaty of Berlin!"
This was the Tory's last appeal.
He only said, "I will reveal

Endymion!"

And so, when Ireland was aflame,
The Eastern Question just the same,
Conservatives bafled with doubt
Their Leader bring his novel out—

Endymion.

And all who waded through the book,
Met Titles, Tailor, Prince and Dook:
What wonder it is all the rage?
For epigram adorns thy page,

Endymion!

There, in the twilight, cold and grey,
Serene in Curzon Street he lay.
"This cheque from LONGMANS' will go far,"
A voice said. "Now for a cigar!"

Endymion!

THE GAYMARKET AGAIN!

THE make-believe and somewhat unjust prosecutions of one or two restaurant-keepers in Coventry Street, for "harbouring" the natural inhabitants of the district, appear to have satisfied the police authorities and those who put their trust in them. The mock-modesty of respectability requires some such display as this, at certain intervals, and gets it. In the meantime the favoured division of police who have been kept in possession of this Tom Tiddler's Ground for several years, are still enjoying their valuable privilege, much to the disgust of their less fortunate fellows. To smoke cigars, accept pleasant drinks, hand ladies into cabs and broughams, and occasionally hold bouquets, is far more agreeable than struggling with drunken sailors in Ratcliffe Highway, or keeping order in the turbulent alleys of Drury Lane. Our parochial rulers are doing all they can to make this Gaymarket district even more desirable. When the Coventry Street improvements are complete, there will not be a finer promenade for houseless frivolity in London.

REGENT STREET NIGHT WATCH.—Not the "C Division"—the
"Won't See Division."



ENDYMION.

—“AND THE MINISTER FLATTERED HIMSELF THAT BOTH THE LITERARY AND THE GRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS OF HIMSELF IN *SCARAMOUC*H MIGHT POSSIBLY FOR THE FUTURE BE MITIGATED.”—Vol. i., p. 312.

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[Ahem! He did flatter himself!]



HAPPY THOUGHT! HOW TO THOLVE THE DIFFICULTY.

(Unter den Linden.)

"LOOK YOU NOW, MOTHT HIGBORN AND HANDTHOME, BUT QUITE IMPREUNIOUTH AND MUTTON-HEADED HERR BARON! LET UTH KITH AND BE FRIENDTH, AND YOU THALL MARRY MY THITHTER, AND I'LL MARRY YOURTH!"

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO STATION.

SCENE—A straggling, dirty, and draughty Railway Terminus. Enter Timid Traveller, bound for the distant wilds of Vauxhall.

Timid Traveller. Dear me, where am I? This Water!—oh, I see! Scaffolds, hoardings, heaps, much dust, many nasty smells,—ah! quite so! Station under repair again—though that's chronic—or alteration—that's always going on, piecemeal. Hullo!

[Tumbles over an artfully planted plank, and barks his shins! Staleheart Myrmidon in Policeman's uniform. Now, then, Guv'nor, 'old 'em hup, can't yer? Mustn't 'ave old gents a-tumbling about all over the shop like this, yer know.

Timid Traveller (subduing a disposition to howl). Wh—when will the next train start for Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (irrelevantly, but severely). Got yer ticket?

Timid Traveller. No, no, not yet, but—

Myrmidon. Then get it, and look sharp about it. No time to spare.

[Walks away, hustling any small and unimposing persons he may come across.

Timid Traveller (out of breath, and straining his neck to speak into a sort of low-placed pigeon-hole). First single, Vauxhall, if you please.

[No response; the solitary servitor within being engaged in a noisy dispute with a third-class passenger on the other side.

Timid Traveller (nervously). Oh, do look sharp, if you please! Voice from Within. Keep your hair on, there!—keep your hair on!

Timid Traveller. But the train's just in—

Ticket Clerk (leisurely approaching pigeon-hole). Where for?

Timid Traveller. Vauxhall.

Ticket Clerk (having heard distinctly). Where?

Timid Traveller. Vauxhall, Vauxhall!

Ticket Clerk. Then why didn't yer say so?

[Delivers ticket with savage reluctance, and throws down change with such staccato violence that some of it falls to the floor, and rolls into distant corner.

Myrmidon (approaching hurriedly). Now, then, what are you doing behind that door?

Timid Traveller (who has caught sight behind the door in question of a mysterious array of empty pots and glasses). Looking for a sixpence that I've dropt.

Myrmidon. Look sharp! Look sharp! You'll lose that train of yours if you don't mind.

[Timid Traveller, rushing to gate, encounters another stalwart Myrmidon engaged in easy converse with a person of horsey appearance, and intermittently howling forth certain sounds supposed to be names of Stations.

Timid Traveller (hurriedly). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (to horsey man—mysteriously). You put your shirt on. She'll do the trick this time.

Timid Traveller (puzzled, thinking he is addressed). Put my shirt on? Why, it is on; and, besides—

[Myrmidon and horsey friend double themselves up in convulsions of coarse merriment.

Myrmidon (recovering himself). What is it you want?

Timid Traveller. To know if this train goes to Vaux—

Myrmidon (violently). Yow!

[Rings big bell frantically, drowning voice of Timid Traveller, who wants to inquire whether "yow" means "yes" or "no."

Timid Traveller (to another vociferating lunatic in a peaked cap). Does this train stop at Vauxhall?

Vociferating Lunatic (fortissimo). Yaas! Nar! Third Clarse forward! Take yah Seats! Now then, you Sir, look sharp. STAND BACK THERE!!!

[Chiries Timid Traveller up and down platform, and finally, as he is plunging into a carriage, pulls him violently back by his coat-collar, and angrily abuses him, as train glides out of Station.

Timid Traveller, much depressed, is driven forth from the gates, like a portly middle-aged Peri with a portmanteau. Seeks further information of more Myrmidons standing about in attitudes suggestive of lofty indifference, abstracted meditation, or philosophical observation of human nature in general, and well-dressed persons with promising game-baskets, in particular. The latter are the objects always of prompt attention, and often of deferential pleasantries. In the absence of such, Myrmidons occupy themselves agreeably in chaffing the News-boys, reading (gratis) the latest race-returns, shouting smart repartees over the heads of the crowd, exchanging mysterious and idiomatically-worded "tips"; gathering in groups, and talking, with much loud guffawing, back-bending, and elbow-crooking; and otherwise demeaning themselves as sporting gentlemen of airy humour and easy leisure. When a race-train comes in, they are observed to rush eagerly to their duties, which apparently consist in confidential colloquies with persons having rakish hats and race-glasses. These official occupations are agreeably varied by lively altercations with too inquisitive travellers, chuckling chaffing-matches with ladies of free deportment, and frequent visitations to those mysterious doors behind which fortuitous pots and glasses most do congregate. The Timid Traveller, whilst waiting twenty minutes for the next train, has abundant opportunity of observing these and other humours of the place. At last, bell sounds, and gates are flung open once more.

Timid Traveller (at one gate). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (gruffly). Next gate!

[Whispers behind his hand to cad in loud "checks."

Timid Traveller (at next gate). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (peevishly). Next gate!

[Turns to finish his joke with a genial gent.

Timid Traveller (at third and last gate). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (ferociously). No! I tell you Middle Gate. Carnt-cher 'er?

[Nearly knocks Timid Traveller over by thrusting the gate in his face.

Timid Traveller (picking up his hat). Oh, this is too bad, really!

Myrmidon (at centre gate, to fellow-Sportsman in helmet). Start at ten to one, I tell you.

Timid Traveller (alarmed). Ten to one? Why, you just now told me it would start at half-past twelve?

Myrmidon (after five minutes' interval for convulsions). Yah! Meant Teddy the Tiler for the Stakes—not the train! In yer go! Train jest a-startin'! Make a move of it, or you'll lose it agen, old Stick-in-the-Mud!

[Timid Traveller hastily takes his seat, shouts from the window a final inquiry, "Right for Vauxhall?" receives, in reply, a Stentorian "No!" is gaily whirled on to Clapham Junction, and finally arrives at his destination in not very much more than twice the time it would have taken him to reach it on foot.

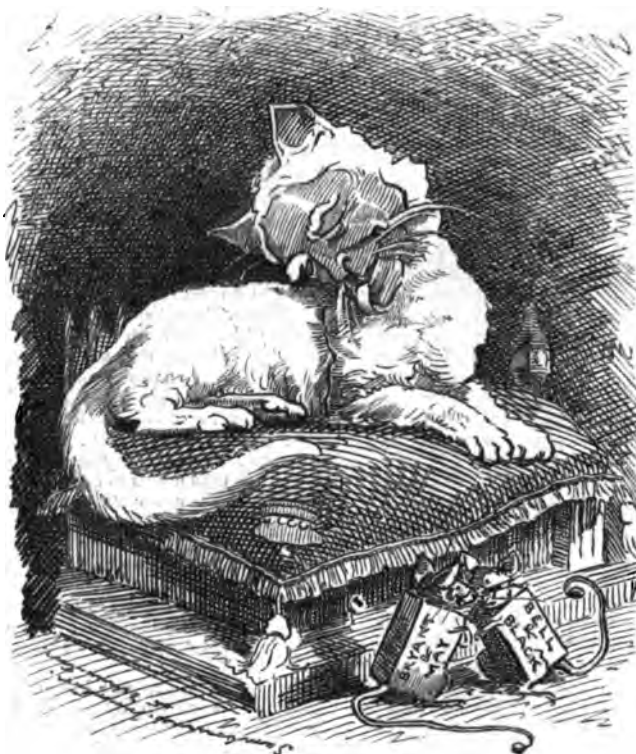
SMOKE AND FOG.

THE Committee formed to check the production of London smoke and the consequent creation of London Fog, will do well to turn their attention, in the first place, to Pall Mall. If they are under the impression that many less aristocratic neighbourhoods have a greater claim to inspection and prosecution, they are thoroughly mistaken. At four o'clock on a winter's afternoon, when the cooking furnaces of the great Clubs begin to show signs of activity, the street of palaces can compete in soot, gloom, and smoke with any quarter of Bilston, Oldham, or Wolverhampton. The great dinners of the Carlton, the Reform, and the Travellers create as much nuisance as a tin-plate factory or a dye-works. What with spongy roads, importunate crossing-sweepers, loading cabmen, night coffee-stalls, and midnight prowlers, the inhabitants of this locality have very little to be thankful for.

New Brooms.

THE *Times* informs us that the "Brush System" of electric lighting "is to be applied to one of the dials of the Clock at the Houses of Parliament." Perhaps some member may suggest trying it inside—on the Upper House. A new brush system might make a clean sweep of it.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 10.



LORD SHERBROOKE.

NOW RAISED SO HIGH HE TRIES TO SHOW
HE QUITE FORGETS HE N'ER WAS LOWE.

THE MUFFIN-BELL.

THE Marylebone police, who have evidently given up all search for the Harley Street murderer, are now devoting all their unemployed energy to the extinction of muffin-bells. A poor muffin-seller was summoned for unlawfully using a noisy instrument, to wit, a bell, his defence being that he had a bad cold, and no other means of earning a living. The Magistrate rather defended him on the score of the antiquity of muffin-bells, and adjourned the case. If the police, during the suspension of their more serious duties, are resolved to run-a-muck against bells, there is plenty of work for them to do, especially on Sundays. There are dismal, persistent, and monotonous ding-dongs, coming from chapels of all denominations, that are enough to drive the impious mad, and the pious into idioy.

Credat Judæus.

THE Divinity Professors at Cambridge have selected, among other subjects for the Jeremie Prize, the "Dialogue with TETRO the Jew." Prince BISMARCK will compete. Should he fail in coming out first, he will receive an honorary or Jeremie Diddler prize.

MEM. FOR MOTHERS.—A weakly child should be brought up by a Monthly Nurse.

BEN D'YMION.

By the Author of "Loafair," &c.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAPTER ONE.

It was a warm and rich night in August, when the Right Hon. WILLIAM GLADSTARS* descended the celebrated eminence of Houndsditch Hill. He had hardly got beyond the top of Whitechapel Lane, when he met the Marquis of FLORBERTIGIBBER.

"You are the precise person I was wanting to see," said the distinguished Statesman, lightly punching that nobleman in the region of his alimentary canal. The great are always affable.

The Marquis drew himself up. "I have but just returned from Windsor."

"From Windsor?"

"—And Newton. There's news at Newton—I mean Windsor. The King has sent for the Duke!"

Now Mr. GLADSTARS was a Tory,† and a firm believer in the Iron Duke; he could hardly restrain his delight at the intelligence. After throwing his hat into the air five times, slapping the Marquis very heartily in the small of the back, and executing a *pas sau* on the pavement, he ejaculated—

"The Duke has saved Europe!"

"Europe be blowed!" replied the Marquis, while a wrinkle of contempt disarranged his Titanic nose, and a frown gathered on his Olympian brow. "England doesn't want savings, unless in FOSSETT'S Post Office.‡ She wants some one to save England." Then, clutching GLADSTARS violently by the arm, at the same time foaming slightly at the mouth, he exclaimed, "It may be my fancy, but I can't resist the impression,—a change is coming!"

"I should welcome any change," remarked the Privy Councillor, "that took your hand off my biceps. 'Tis positive torture I endure."

"Endure!" said the Marquis, decidedly; "everything comes to him who can endure."

* *Errata to Editor.*—See the joke? They'll think I mean this for W. E. G. But do I? Watch me carefully, and you'll see—what you will see.

† *Same to name.*—Who is it now, eh? Mixed 'em up already, you see.

‡ *Errata to Editor.*—Almost prophetic, they'll think, won't they? Aha! Behold now, I slipped it in at the last moment just as it was off to press! Good that, eh?

And parting, the two Statesmen pursued their respective courses; the nobleman wrapped his emblazoned cloak round his Corinthian form, and dived into the Dead Meat Market, while the Right Hon. GLADSTARS proceeded on the knife-board of a City 'bus to the office of the *Quarterly Screamer*.

CHAPTER TWO.

SEMOLINA was the Empress of London, of fashion, and of the Tory Party. She was always at home to her intimates, so she did not get much exercise; at this moment she was reclining on a brilliant sofa, a majestic footstool at her feet, supported by romantic cushions.

In a low chair just in front of her, with bib and pinafore on, and catching up every word that fell from her lips, sat a Great Personage. A couple of Bishops and a Cabinet Minister were playing at cat's-cradle in an alcove; while, more remote, some dames of high degree were surrounded by cavaliers of ancient lineage, whose every word was a *bon mot*, and every movement a whole volume of Society etiquette. Servants glided about in muffled akates over the shining parquet, distributing sherry cobbler and gin cocktails to the visitors, while at half-minute intervals mysterious and noble-looking strangers appeared at the door, flew to SEMOLINA's outstretched palm, imprinted an impassioned kiss on her jewelled finger, and then suddenly vanished into air!

"What I want you to see," said SEMOLINA, "only you're so incurably obtuse, is that reaction is the law of life, that you can't get on without the Temple and the Bar, that the introduction of Gas will be fatal to the Crown, that Public Opinion is all humbug, that changes are likely to happen unless things go on as they are, and that on the Eve of change Adamantine fortitude is imperatively demanded. I hope you clearly follow me?"

But the Great Personage had fallen fast asleep, and was snoring. SEMOLINA was disgusted.

"The age of Liberalism has come!" she exclaimed; and kicking the low chair from under the Great Personage, she bounced out of the apartment, and slammed the portal behind her.

CHAPTER THREE.

MR. GLADSTARS was a constant contributor to the *Quarterly Screamer*. He was not a heaven-born Minister, but where he came from is a matter of no importance here. Early initiated into the mysteries of Eton and Christchurch, he had a fund of Latin quota-

tions, a happy knack of catching the Speaker's eye, and was as eloquent as BURKE, and as accurate as SALISBURY. He had married a lady who was an heiress. They had two children—Twins.

"If I ever had a son," he said one day at dinner to Count GUAVAJELLI, "I swore his name should be BEN D'YMION. His sister's name is TYRA."

These children are to be my Hero and Heroine! They were excellently behaved young people. When any one spoke to them, they put out their tongues, shrugged their shoulders, and stared haughtily.

BEN D'YMION had a face of majestic beauty, and so had TYRA. He was clad in a blue velvet jacket, with red Spanish flagree buttons, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of yellow damask. TYRA also wore Spanish flagree buttons. Everything about her was either Spanish or flagree. Her long ringlets were braided with pearls. It was poetical—it was "*Tête and BRADY*."

"What are you going to be?" asked kind old Lord GOOSEBERRY of the boy.

"It's like your impudence to ask," replied BEN D'YMION, at this time about eight years old. "I'm going to Eton and Christchurch, and then I shall be Prime Minister, a good deal sooner than you can say Jack Robinson."

"TYRA," remarked a handsome young Private Secretary, "remember you've promised to marry me some day!"

"Not if I know it," proudly answered the child. "Nobody under a Dook for yours truly." And the child resumed the cracking of the walnuts.

CHAPTER FOUR.

SEMOLINA was talking to GLADSTARS.

"I assure you 'tis quite settled. The King won't hear of the Reform Bill. You're to have Foreign Affairs, and the Duke's waiting to see you. Out along!"

That was a wonderful walk for GLADSTARS. He was going to be in the Cabinet! Only Ministers and Davenport Brothers are in Cabinets, and both are fettered. He seemed to tread on air. His heart almost failed him, but he screwed it up to the sticking-point with one or two glasses of old bay rum, and appeared in that condition before the Great Man.

The Duke was easy, affable, pleasant. "He had found it impossible to form a Government. Could he do anything for Mr. GLADSTARS? Would he accept the Under-Secretaryship to the Governor of the Silly Islands? No? Then he was afraid he could do no more. Good day!"

Mr. GLADSTARS returned home. This time he didn't tread on air. On the contrary, he felt he was in very hot water. He let himself in with a latch-key, went to his study, and blew his brains out. The operation took some time, the difficulty being to discover where his brains were.

The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict that "deceased committed suicide from want of imagination." BEN D'YMION took a junior clerkship at Somerset House, and TYRA spelt her name with an "M"—she had the choice of "M or N as the case might be,"—and became temporary editress of *Myra's Journal*.

CHAPTER FIVE.

VIGIL PILLBOX had fallen in love with TYRA. He was fifteen, and she was twelve. He was a very High-and-dry-Church boy. He took her out for walks, and gave her almond-rock.

"You are not high and dry?" he asked, as they were walking through a valley in a storm.

"No, I feel particularly low and wet," she answered. "Shall we return?"

"TYRA! I love you! As you are not an Erastian, you shall be mine!"

"My dear VIGIL, I shan't. I live only for my brother—and myself. I intend to be a *grande dame*. I intend my brother to be Prime Minister. My creed is, that a Human Will can accomplish any object it resolutely determines to attain. It's not a very long creed, nor a very good one; but it'll do."

And so saying, she got into her perambulator, and VIGIL wheeled her home.

CHAPTER SIX.

At length TYRA became under-nursemaid in the family of the JEWCHATELS. This was the richest family in England. Mr. JEWCHATEL was a Liberal. Somebody told him the Tory Dukes had come down handsome for Election expenses. "Have they?" he replied, "Put me down for double for our expenses. If they come down *hansom*, I'll come down a *four-wheeler*." Everybody laughed heartily at this *Jew d'esprit*. The pleasantries of the opulent are always amusing.

TYRA became the bosom friend of LEONORA, the daughter and heiress of the JEWCHATELS. A constant visitor was Lord LITTLEHAMPTON. He was Foreign Minister, and really ruled the country;*

* *Editor to Earl*.—Who on earth is this? PALMERSTON? PERL? MELBOURNE?

Earl to Editor.—There is no deception. He looks like PALMERSTON now, doesn't he? Well, wait a bit!



ENGLISH HISTORY.

"AND WHO WAS THE KING WHO HAD SO MANY WIVES!"
"BLUEBEARD!"

he was old and ugly, but fascinating. Everybody thought he would marry the heiress. He sometimes thought so himself. A man who thinks is dangerous.

BEN D'YMION was comfortably settled in a garret in Ratcliffe Highway. It was in this situation that he became acquainted with the highest of the *haute monde*. TYRA got ten shillings a week from the JEWCHATELS, and she gave BEN D'YMION half.

One day the leading tailor in London sent for BEN D'YMION. His name was PONGO.* When a customer bought a waistcoat of him, he presented him with a case of *Johannisberg* and a box of choicest Havannahs on the spot.

"I like the cut of your jib," he said to BEN D'YMION. "You can go on tick at this shop to any extent, and pay me back when you're a Privy Counsellor."

BEN D'YMION murmured his thanks, ordered twenty-five dress-coats at once, and went to call on Colonel ALBERT, *alias* Prince FORSITAN, the disguised and exiled King of the Haphazard Islands.†

CHAPTER SEVEN.

LORD LITTLEHAMPTON, though he was a Cabinet Minister, was of an obliging disposition. As people expected him to marry LEONORA, he thought he would try.

"LEONORA, do you love me?"

"Tis my money only you want!" and the maiden blushed a damson hue.

"Money!" said Lord LITTLEHAMPTON, musing. "There's no doubt that money makes the Novelist."

"Base and naughty man!" sobbed LEONORA. "Then you do want my money;" and she fled in tears from the apartment.

* *Earl to Editor*.—Who's this? POOL, eh?

Editor to Earl.—Oh, don't ask me! Give it up. He's a tailor now, but heaven knows what he'll be a chapter ahead!

Earl to Editor.—There you are! That's the fun of the thing. It's like a Pantomime play-bill "POOL—afterwards HUDSON,"—or, "PALMERSTON—afterwards CLOWN." Capital notion.

† *Editor to Earl*.—Who's FORSITAN?

Earl to Editor.—Don't quite know. Settle it in next volume.

Then Lord LITTLEHAMPTON determined to try TYRA. Though she was forty-five years and three-quarters his junior, he had always liked her.

"TYRA! Do you love me? Will you be mine?"

The penniless dependent was startled.

"Love you!" she replied. "Not a bit. But I *will* be yours. Listen!" And she grasped the aged nobleman rather violently by the wrist. "It is my creed that what a Human Will determines on—"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Lord LITTLEHAMPTON, "I've heard you say that before. The question is, *What* have you determined on?"

"To get to the top of the tree," said TYRA, "and to take BEN D'YMION up with me. As I said before, to accomplish that object, I am even ready to marry you!"

"Beautiful and truly feminine creature!" exclaimed Lord LITTLEHAMPTON. "Some people would call this an ambition fit for an unscrupulous adventurer, not for a modern English maiden. But I don't think so at all." And folding her to his embroidered waistcoat in one fond embrace, he leaped into his brougham, lit a cigar, and thought about the coming Budget.

(End of Volume I.)

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

AIR:—"The Woodpecker Tapping."

I KNEW by the smoke that so sootily curled
Above the red roof that a chimney was near;
And I said if Asphyxia's found in this world,
The chest that's asthmatic might look for it here.
Not a yard could I see, not a sight met mine eye
But the soot-flakelets falling like showers from the sky.

Then I said, "Were such foul-beloehing chimneys as this—
As they ought to be—made to consume their own smoke,
Even winter in town were comparative bliss.
One could keep clean shirt-collars, nor constantly choke.
Not a yard could I see, not a sight met mine eye
But the soot-flakelets falling like showers from the sky."

FISHY PROCEEDINGS.

WHILE the Billingsgate fish "ring" are suggesting to the Metropolitan Board of Works the desirability of pulling down Stinkpot Alley and widening Hold-your-Nose Corner, for the benefit of themselves and Billingsgate Market, it may be as well to suggest to the Metropolitan Board of Works that Billingsgate Market is a wholly unnecessary nuisance, and something worse. By wasting the time of the small distributor, it increases the price of an important article of food, and it helps to destroy as much of this food as would feed many thousands of starving women and children.

Fifty years ago all the fish came to market by water, and there was some excuse for a river-side receptacle, however filthy and difficult to get at; but now that only a twelfth part of the London supply arrives by boat, and the other eleven parts by rail, and chiefly by one or two railroads, it might be wiser for the Market to go to the Railways, instead of dragging the Railways to the Market. The Fish-Ring and the Corporation are hardly the persons to initiate this reform. The first combination helped to strangle Columbia Market; and the second knows so little about the business, that one of its Committees takes tolls from the fish-dealers who obstruct the narrow alleys, while another of its Committees tries to prosecute these dealers as obstructionists. It will take a good deal of showy Mansion House philanthropy to wash away the physical and moral muck of Lowest Thames Street.

Note by Scaramouch St. Barbe & Co.

LORD BEACONSFIELD's motto for *Endymion* is "*Quicquid agunt homines.*" But that's only half. Why not give the whole line, "*Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.*" Didn't the noble author like the sound of "*farrago*" and "*libelli*"?

"Rule, Britannia!"

THE deaths from starvation in London during the last fortnight have been rather under the average, except amongst the lower orders, who are not generally honoured with inquests. No case has occurred to cause any great public scandal. There is nothing like keeping up appearances.

LONGMANS, TO THE EARL OF B-C-N-S-F-LD.—"*La Propriété est trois Vols.*"

BEST!

The Plea of the London Shop-Girl.

BEST! I suppose there is some such thing
E'en in this our world, though the preacher's text
On Sunday warned us that Hope's tired wing
For final folding must wait the next.
Yet he seemed at ease in his pulpit snug,
And the shining Cits in their padded pews
Must have known rest's meaning, they looked so snug;
Nay, their stabled horses, in well-stall'd mews,
Having borne their burden of fine-clad flesh
From the crowded Church at the sermon's close,
Found e'en man-masters must fain refresh
A dumb brute's labour with slight repose.
But I? For a dozen long hours a day,
Six days in seven, to stand, stand, stand,
Till the sore-strained sinews with pain give way,
And the sick heart sinks,—that is Man's demand
Of mere flesh and blood in a Woman's shape,
When that Woman is poor and must toil for life,
The vesture vending that goes to drape
Fate-favoured sisters, or maid or wife.
And to talk of rest to such slaves as I
In the few snatched moments of toil's surcease,
Is like bidding the torturer's victim try
To sleep 'twixt the rack-turns and dream of peace.

I saw him there in the gilded Church,
My Christian master, a shining light.
Philanthropy is the saintly perch
He mounts in public, of conscious right.
I think he champions Slave—or Turks,
I know he feeds upon platform praise;
Does he ever think of the slave who works
In his hall of shopdom through dreary days?
I am near, a nobody, no one cares
To sing my sufferings, preach my wrongs;
The harried vendors of huckster's wares
Provoke no speeches, inspire no songs.

Too poor, too prosy! And yet, dear Heaven,
How woefully weary poor flesh can be!
Romance's lovers are little given
To seek the tragic in such as we.
But Nature speaks in the lowliest heart,
Though it is not always a lyric cry.
There are many victims in Shoddy's mart;
I have seen them suffer, and pale, and die:
I have seen them take to the road of shame
As a ready, rosy, if short relief
From woman-woes that I may not name,
And petty wrongs that might pass belief.

And I—what better am I than they?
What stronger, hopefuller, after all?
Must it come at last, when, some wretched day
Of bitter bondage shall fire the thrall?
When ruthless shop-rules that war with health,
And merciless finings that mock at right,
My little strength and my lesser wealth
Have taxed till patience is put to flight:
When the weary flesh, and the spirit crushed,
And the secret, sore, life-sapping ills,
Sin-fire a fancy that once had blushed
At thought of the refuge that saves—and kills.

Not yet! But if, or—ah, Heaven!—when,—
The pitiless rule and the penal rack
One more have maddened, and Mammon's pen
Strikes through the name of one more slain hack,
Will the wealth-spoil'd women who, seated, wear
My flagging strength with their wanton whims,
The blame of the bondswoman's soul-wreck share?
Will the aleek-faced singers of saintly hymns,
The lynx-eyed traders on girlish toil,
Who urge, and harry, and tax, and test,
Take any stain from the shame and soil
Of an o'er-worked woman who sinned—for rest?

VERY NATURAL.

At the "Fog and Smoke" Conference last week some most important remarks were made by Mr. COLES. COLES ought to know something about it. He, of course, suggested grate improvements.



Hungry Visitor (ignorant of the nature of this particular delicacy). "AH, DONAL, MON, WE KEN WEEV HEV THE RAWBIT FOR SAXPENOE. WE KEN GET TWA BAWREES FUR THE SKEEN WHEN WE GET BOCK TO GLASGOW!"

THE LAST STRAW.

(A Chapter from a modern Irish Romance.)

THE Major gloomily put an arm-chair upon the fire. Then he warmed his hands at the cheering blaze.

"It is an expensive comfort," he murmured; "but what can we do when they will not sell us a stick of fire-wood—an ounce of coal?"

His eldest daughter sighed as she noticed that the dining-room was nearly bare of furniture.

"What matters it!" laughed her father, bitterly. "If we have used up the dining-room table for fuel, was it not because we have long forgotten the meaning of dinner? *A propos*, are we to have any food to-day?"

His daughter burst into tears.

"They will sell us neither meat, fish, nor fowl!" she sobbed out, "and so I have had to sacrifice the parrot and my pet canary! Oh! cruel! cruel! They are roasting before the kitchen fire at this very moment!"

"The kitchen fire!" growled the Major, as he thought of his burning library and gun-cases. Then he added, "Enough of this! You know that however we may starve our body, we *must* feed our mind. I will give them one more trial. Good bye!"

In another moment the Major had put on his iron-sheathed great-coat, and had entered his fortified gig, and was off to the neighbouring county town.

As he disappeared his daughters raised their hands, and wished him "luck" with voices trembling equally from hunger and emotion. They waited for hours. At last there was a volley of musketry.

"It is papa!" cried the youngest. "I know the sound of the tenants' rifles."

The fair damsel was right. The Major entered weary and travel-stained. Shaking the bullets from his armour-plated coat, he sank upon a chair, and remained for a few minutes in earnest thought.

"My children," at last he said, "you know how I have striven to remain here. You know that I have put up with every indignity. I have tried to smile when all my cattle were destroyed, and attempted to laugh off the outrage as a thoughtless but withal amusing practical joke."

"Indeed, you have, dear father!" chorussed his children.

"When our supplies were cut off, I have never complained. I have treated the heartless conduct of our tradesmen as a bit of unseasonable jocularly. Yes,

even when the messenger from the Co-operative Stores was skinned alive and the contents of his parcel were cast to the winds,—even then I have said it is a piece of fun, and nothing more."

"You have, indeed, dear father!" again repeated his daughters.

"And when they tried to burn down my house," continued the Major, with a voice broken with emotion, "I have said, 'Bhoys (especially Irish bhoys) will be bhoys,' and have merely tried to put it out. And admit, dearest ones, it is *not* pleasant to be shot at by a hundred waiting marksmen the moment one puts one's nose outside one's house? Now, is it?"

"It is *not* pleasant!" readily admitted his daughters.

"But I thought they *would* draw the line somewhere. I believed that when I went down on my knees and implored them with all the eloquence of a father and a man to grant me the boon I craved, they *would* consent! But, no, darlings, they are obdurate! I cried—I implored—in your name—in my own—in that of justice, civilisation, right—But, no, they refused me, and I have come home empty-handed! And yet they know that no one can exist without it! Oh! they are ruthless—brutal—merciless!"

Some of the sisters were crying, but the eldest was calm and firm.

"Then, dearest father, we *must* go to England," she said; "there is no alternative! It would be weakness—nay, wickedness—to hesitate a moment longer."

"Yes, yes," replied her father, "as they will not sell it to me here, we must go across the Channel to get it. It is a necessary of life to us as well as to them. Without it we shall die! We must go at once—for all may be sold if we arrive late!"

Within a week the Major and his family were in England. They were quite happy. Need it be added that they were now in possession of Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book for the coming year?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LORD BRABOURNE'S *Mountain Sprites* is occasionally amusing. The illustrations, by ERNST GRISSET, are after the style of GUSTAVE DORÉ—only a very long way after. If names go for anything in Art, M. GREASY ought to come out well in oils—like a Sardine.

A new Edition of *The Works of Father Prout*, edited by CHAS. KENT (ROUTLEDGE AND SON). "What say you, KENT?" Well, what Mr. KENT *does* say in his Preface is the most interesting portion of the book. To quote the Bard again—"Tis noble, KENT," and is justly due to the memory of FRANCIS MAHONEY, of whom it may be honestly recorded, that, with all his rollicking Irish humour and classic wit,

"Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it."

The Secrets of Stage Conjuring, by the late ROBERT HOUDIN, edited by Professor HOFFMAN, are no secrets now. "Every school-boy" knows them, and has tried them, including the Decapitated Head, which necessitates some carpentering operations on the dining-room table when the Home-Ruling authorities are well out of the way.

Apropos. Just wait till we publish *Our Own Boys' Own Book*! It will be filled with practical directions for cutting trapdoors in the floors, making *Corsican Brothers' Ghosts'* traps down into the cellar, and will include a lovely play of *Guy Fawkes* for private performance, showing how to pile up the gunpowder and the agony, and only omitting the blowing up—which will be supplied in our Companion Volume called *Our Paterfamilias's Own Book*, or, *How to Spend the Christmas Holiday Quietly*. All Rights Reserved.

An Opportunity.

THE following advertisement has been sent us:—

A PRIVATE FIRM, distributing the richest milk from five dairies, belonging to Gentlemen Farmers, has VACANCY for THREE or FOUR NOBLEMEN and others, residing within two miles of Cavendish Square.—Apply, &c.

Here's an opportunity for noble Irish Landed Proprietors, who may be out of employment just now.



THE NE PLUS ULSTER.

Fair Customer. "BUT IT MAKES ONE LOOK SO LIKE A MAN!"
Showwoman. "THAT'S JUST THE BEAUTY OF IT, MISS!"

BEN D'YMION.

By the Author of "Loafair," &c.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAPTER ONE.

TYRA was triumphant. Instead of being under-nursemaid at the JEWCHATELS, she was Lady LITTLEHAMPTON. All the *haute monde* from Whitechapel was at the wedding. The *haute monde* very obligingly ate ortolans, and pocketed one or two of the most valuable presents.

"Tis a great coup," said ST. SNOBB,* the literary genius and Author of *Topsy Wopsy*; "we have now a Whig House!"

Lord LITTLEHAMPTON knew nothing of English politics. His *forte* was foreign affairs. "I don't care twopence," he used to say, "for a decline of the revenue, Reform, or the Corn Laws. Give me real politics—foreign politics—keeping up the name and dignity of England!"

BEN D'YMION was now always spoken of as "Lady LITTLEHAMPTON's brother." That was quite enough. There were times when he thought it a good deal too much. But he had become a youth of fashion, and a Personage!

What more could he want?

CHAPTER TWO.

BEN D'YMION was very fortunate in his apartments. The KIDLEY's were quite Model-Lodging-house-keepers. Though they lived in Ratcliff Highway, the

* *Earl to Editor.*—Do you recognise ST. SNOBB?

Editor to Earl.—Know nobody like him.

Earl to Editor.—Bless me! Don't you, really? It's a portrait of some one I knew when I was a boy at Stoke Newington. He was connected with the press, I think—

Editor to Earl.—Which 'is name were HARRIS; and you remember Mrs. GAMP, my Lord? The observation as she made lies in the application of it.

† *Editor to Earl.*—Is this PALMERSTON or yourself? Do just stop a minute. Let's see. You're BEN D'YMION, of course. Then you can't be Lord LITTLEHAMPTON as well. Can't you stick to one character at a time.

Earl to Editor.—Can't possibly. I feel so gay. I am so volatile. Never was in such "form." Never was in any form at all, by the way, as I wasn't at Eton or Harrow, though I did write *Codlingsby*. Never mind, must mix 'em all up. It'll come out splendidly, you'll see. "*Forti nihil difficile.*"

family was exceedingly refined. The two daughters, GORGEOUSA and SCIATICA, were the belles of the Metropolis. There was a *table d'hôte* every day at one o'clock, when Earls and Marquises vied with Cabinet Councillors and the *jeunesse dorée* in walking into the KIDLEY's hashed mutton, and flirting with the daughters.

GORGEOUSA, the youngest and handsomest, of course fell in love with BEN D'YMION.

So did IRREVALENTA, Countess MUMPFORD.

So did everybody.

TYRA saw the danger. "BEN D'YMION," she said one day, "I've taken chambers for you at the Albany. You must get to the top of the tree."

"It strikes me," said BEN D'YMION, looking from his window out on to the chimney-pots, "I am as high as I can be; and as to trees, I am certainly up a pretty considerable poplar."

"Despondency is the death of action," she rejoined.

"You know my theory, that the Human Will—"

"Oh, yes," hastily interrupted BEN D'YMION, "I can't help knowing it. I've heard it about forty times a day."

Then in her fondest tones TYRA resumed, "It shall have its 'tittle brougham, that it shall, the pretty pet, and its *valet*, and it shall be admired, and flattered, and get into Parliament, and be Prime Minister. *That*," she added, changing to a sterner key, "I have irrevocably determined on, and what the Human Will determines—"

But BEN D'YMION had stuffed his patrician fingers into his Arabesque ears, and fled from the apartment!

CHAPTER THREE.

IRREVALENTA, Countess MUMPFORD,* was the genius of Whiggism, and the Queen of London Society. Of course she was surpassingly beautiful, or I shouldn't mention her. Her silken eye-lashes fell on a cheek of calico whiteness; her eyes were like emeralds of the first water; her hair was a delicate amber, and her breath ambrosial. Her alabaster fingers were loaded with diamonds; but there was no danger, as by way of brooch she wore an inscription—"Beware—Loaded! Please not to touch the fingers."

Her husband, Earl MUMPFORD, was a most amiable character. Whenever his wife came home, he went out. If she had a party, he went fishing in St. James's Park. Even if he were under the same roof with his spouse, he never saw her, but always communicated with her by means of letters, post-cards, and a private telephone.

For all that, he loved her dearly, and she was devoted to him!

"DYMIE, darling," she said one day to our hero, "I'm going to have a tournament at Mumpford Castle; you must come up and help."

BEN D'YMION bowed his statuesque form to the ground, and kissed the lily-white digits of the Peeress.

"And you're to be Private Secretary to a Cabinet Minister as well," she went on. "That'll suit you, won't it, dear?"

"It certainly startles me," said BEN D'YMION, gulping down his emotion. "How can I ever repay you?" he added, while he took half-a-crown from his pocket, and wondered if that would be enough.

But IRREVALENTA, with a queenly gesture, motioned to him to put the coin back.

"Repay me," she said, "by becoming Prime Minister."

"I will," said BEN D'YMION, rapturously.

And he purchased a penny guide to the House of Commons, an old number of the *Statesman's Year Book*, and became Private Secretary to the Right Hon. SIDNEY STILTON.

CHAPTER FOUR.

VIGIL PILLBOX† was now Vicar of S. VESTILIARIUS; and the Tournament at Mumpford Castle was got up to please him.

He was the great attraction of London. 'Twas IRREVALENTA that procured him the living. As she preferred

* *Earl to Editor.*—Do you know who this is? Eh?

Editor to Earl.—No. Give it up.

Earl to Editor.—So do I. Aha! excuse me. I am so volatile!

† *Earl to Editor.*—Watch VIGIL carefully. You'll see. M-NN-NG or N-WM-N? "M. or N." as the case may be?



SYMPATHY.

Picture Dealer. "AH—IN EARLY LIFE I TOO MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ARTIST!"

Painter. "'LOR! WE' A PITY YOU WEREN'T!—TUT-T-T! 'COULD HAVE BOUGHT YOUR OWN PICTURES, Y'KNOW!'"

him to anybody else, of course he got preferment. He presided over a staff of extremely young, very handsome, and most ascetic Curates.

Mumpford Castle was a Northern stronghold. It was on a slight eminence, of some six thousand feet. The town lay at its feet. Ancestral deer roamed about the sylvan domains. There was a Donjon Keep, so called after Don JOHN, a Spanish prisoner, who paid for his own keep, after the Armada.

TYRA was the Queen of the Chivalry. Among the cavaliers assembled for the jousting were various kinds of Knights, including the Longest Knight, the Shortest Knight, the Knight before Last, and Last Knight.

"May I wear the colours of Lady LITTLEHAMPTON?" said Prince FORSITAN to TYRA, in tones that thrilled through her.

"Nay, dearest Prince," replied TYRA. "No one can wear my colours, because I am Queen."

The Prince turned his own colour—scarlet, and began to cry.

"What is it, then?" said TYRA, tenderly, as she wiped up the Prince's tears with her embroidered kerchief.

"Nothing at all," said FORSITAN, wildly. "Lord LITTLEHAMPTON, it is true, is old, and in the natural course of things will predecease you; and what will poor TYRA do then, poor thing? But I am dreaming!" he exclaimed, hysterically. "Who spoke of poison? Not I. TYRA!" he gasped, clutching the astonished noblewoman by her jewelled funny-bone, "I believe in Destiny." I shall win." And he dashed into the fray, and out again.

"Chivalry and Church begin with the same letters," said VIGIL.

"Chivalry!" said Count BISMOLÉ, † while talking to IRREVALENTA. "Who cares for Chivalry? I believe in Blood and Iron!"

"And I believe in Destiny and my Star!" said FORSITAN.

"And I believe you are all cracked," added IRREVALENTA. And she took BISMOLÉ's arm.

* *Earl to Editor.*—They'll think this is N.A.P. His phrase, you know. Get hold of a phrase, clap it on to a man, and there's your political novel! Ain't I volatile?

† *Editor to Earl.*—Who on earth?—oh, BISMARCK, I suppose. Well, get on! *Earl to Editor.*—Shall I change the name of BEN D'YMON to BEN D'INION in the next volume, just to give it an extra flavour?

Ed. to Earl.—Why D'INION? He's not of Spanish extraction. Too strong.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—I. ZOOLOGY.

OH! merry is the Madrepora that sits beside the sea,
The cheery little Coralline hath many charms for me;
I love the fine Echinoderms of azure, green, and grey,
That handled roughly fling their arms impulsively away:
Then bring me here the microscope and let me see the cells,
Wherein the little Zoophyte like garden floweret dwells.

We'll take the fair Anemone from off its rocky seat,
Since RONDELETIUS has said when fried 'tis good to eat;
Dyspeptics from Sea-Cucumbers a lesson well may win,
They blithely take their organs out and then put fresh ones in.
The Rotifer in whirling round may surely bear the bell,
With Oceanic Hydrozooids that HUXLEY knows so well.

You've heard of the Octopus, 'tis a pleasant thing to know,
He has a ganglion makes him blush not red, but white as snow:
And why the strange Cercaria, to go a long way back,
Wears ever, as some ladies do, a fashionable "sac":
And how the Prawn has parasites that on his head make holes,
Ask Doctor COBBOLD, and he'll say they're just like tiny soles.

Then study well Zoology, and add unto your store,
The tales of Biogenesis and Protoplasmic lore:
As PALEY neatly has observed, when into life they burst,
The frog and the philosopher are just the same at first.
But what's the origin of life remains a puzzle still,
Let TYNDALL, HAECKEL, BASTIAN go wrangle as they will.

Above Proof.

"*Laying Spirits in the Red Sea.*" This suggests incubation by disembodied Mother Carey's Chickens. How many Spirits do they lay *per diem*? Consult MASKELYNE and COOKE, or Dr. GEORGE WILD, M.D., to whom the Spirits, as reported in the *Spiritualist*, announced, when they had tied a knot, that they had "dood it." They "dood" Dr. GEORGE WILD; we 'spects; and they've "dood" a lot of other clever people as well.

GAIETY AND FOLLY.

DOMBEY and Son was reduced to FLORENCE, FLORENCE appeared as *Captain Cuttle* twice, and has now disappeared altogether. We should like to see Mr. FLORENCE in a good piece; as yet we have not had that chance. We enjoyed his dry humour and his artistic acting in the *Mighty Dollar*, but a mighty duller piece than that can scarcely be imagined, always barring his one part, which he played to perfection.



THE CUTTLE SHOW.

As *Cuttle* he was very funny: he was the well-known pictorial *Cuttle* down to the ground, and so Phiz-ically he was *Cuttle*, but morally he was not, unless Americans interpret CHARLES DICKENS's characters after a fashion which is as unintelligible to us as, we venture to say, it would have been to the Author. However, in this compressed American tinned essence of *Dombey and Son*, *Captain Cuttle* being all FLORENCE, does not even a "little Paul" on the audience. *Au plaisir*, Mr. FLORENCE,

if you come with good pieces, we shall welcome your return by a Large Majority.

There is method in some people's madness, and there is wisdom in Mr. TOOLE's Folly, though he doesn't show his entire stock of it all at once. Nowadays, when farce-acting is neglected, and when farces are of very little value to anybody—being reduced to "a mere farce"—the notion of giving a "laughable farce to follow," with the principal Comedian in it is excellent. But then the farce, should be really "laughable," there should be something in it as in MORTON's *Grimshaw*, *Bagshaw*, and *Bradshaw*, the immortal *Box and Cox*, and many others that take us back to the palmy days of farce, when people went to "see WRIGHT," or "see BUCKSTONE," being sure of an Adelphi Screamer with WRIGHT at the one place, and something not quite so broad, but equally mirth-provoking, at the Haymarket, with BUCKSTONE and COMPTON in it.



A FLO' OF LANGUAGE.

The Light Fantastic, put forward as "a new and utter absurdity," is exactly what it describes itself to be, i.e., it is "new," never having been played before,—though we fancy Mr. H. J. BYRON could pretty well tell the value of each *jeu de mot* he has put into it, and far be it from us to blame him for evincing a sentimental affection towards old friends who have rendered him considerable service in their time,—and it is, there is no doubt about it, "an utter absurdity," specially in its absurd utter-ances.

The utterly absurd ditty, "*The Domestic Man*," is lugged in anyhow, and is not strikingly comic. "*The Domestic Man*'s" sole merit of having invariably returned to his own house for dinner, is not very unlike the refrain of the song about the gentleman "who always came home to tea." As the apologists for the resemblance of *Billee Taylor* (why *Billee*?) in music and style of humour to the works of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN say, "It's in the same school."

The intended side-splitter begins well—that is, Mr. TOOLE begins well, his make-up and manner being intensely absurd; and the idea in itself was capital, as affording our popular



"GILLS"—BUT NO PINTS.

tragedian a real good chance of an eccentric-character part. But when Mr. *Samuel Slithery* has once been seen, and when in five minutes you've become thoroughly acquainted with all that *Samuel Slithery* is likely to do, and when there are no fresh situations to develop *Slithery's* peculiarities, then *Slithery* becomes wearisome, and *Slithery* finds himself lecturing to a disappointed audience. The puns may be pearls, and the audience may represent those animals on whom a shower of pearls is as thrown away as is the best joke in the world told in a deaf man's ear. Pigs, however, cannot give their opinions on pearls, but an audience can on puns and pieces; and if the public throng to *The Light Fantastic*, we shall be as ready to admit that there must be "something in it" as Mr. TOOLE will be to admit everybody. Then the "Crawl," which we had expected

so early, came so late, and, when it arrived, the "Crawl," despite our tragedian's most strenuous endeavours, was undeniably slow.



THE POINT OF THE PIECE.

The "utter absurdity" is solely remarkable for Mr. GARDEN's wonderful make up as *Signor Gassalieri*, which cannot be properly appreciated except by those who have previously seen him as the young Country Squire, *Sir Robert Boobleton*, in *The Upper Crust*. It is not often that an Actor has two good chances in one evening; and Mr. GARDEN invests both parts with such distinct individuality as shows him to be a genuine artist.

If Mr. TOOLE, as Mr. *Doublechick*, almost exhausts himself, and the merriment of the audience in *The Upper Crust*, it is an arduous task to keep the fun at high pressure through the last piece, which ought therefore to be very strong farce, with rattling dialogue, and laughable situations, capable of supporting the Actor, and not depending solely on the popularity of an individual performer for its chance of success. We came away with one deep regret, engendered by the careful perusal, alas, too late! of the programme, where we found the following information, that—

"In the Saloon of this Theatre is on view the picture of a Chinese Lady, painted by Mr. WALTER GOODMAN, who has had the honour of submitting the work to the inspection of Her Majesty the QUEEN, at Windsor Castle. This is the first representation of a Chinese Lady in her native costume ever painted by a European Artist."

What a chance we missed! By the way, the paragraph does not inform us what opinion HER MAJESTY was graciously pleased to express on this work of art. Was he invited to submit it? Or was he smuggled, picture and all, into Windsor Castle, and then did he happen to be in the vestibule as the QUEEN was passing through, who said, "What is he doing there?" "Chinese Lady, your Majesty," stammered the Chief Butler. "Take it away at once," replied the QUEEN. But this is merely



THE FAUX PA'.

"an utter absurdity" as an hypothesis. To think, too, that every night there is a "First Representation" at the Folly! Why, it's a big advertisement in itself! And why doesn't Mr. TOOLE, who is not a bad hand at advertising, add it to his daily show—"Real Chinese Painted Lady! Now on view! Every night. Folly Theatre." "First Representation of a Chinese Lady in her Native Costume!! To-night. Folly Theatre." Then "Mr. TOOLE and the Chinese Lady! Every evening till further notice!"

NEW SUSSEX COUNTRY DANCE
—CRAWLEY.

Well, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, as long as the Public run after you, your little game in King William Street, Charing Cross, will be "Folly my Leader. Bless you! Take her (the Chinese Lady), and be happy! Curtain."

A propos of things theatrical, the Naval Demonstration at the St. James's came to an end last Saturday. WILLS is paid off, and the rest of the crew gone on board the *Good Fortune*, built by Mr. COGHLAN.

We've not seen *Where's the Cat?*

but are informed that it has neither head nor tale. Queer animal!

We beg to recommend to the notice of playgoers a capital article on *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, in the *Theatre* of this month, written and signed by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT. The sooner these objectionable picture-posters advertising *Les Mousquetaires* disappear from our hoardings the better for the Manager's reputation, and, ultimately, for his pocket. For ourselves, we shall welcome almost anything at the Globe in the place of this so-called "comic opera," which might have been adapted so harmlessly and so amusingly, but which is, unfortunately, so stupidly vulgar.

COMFORT FOR VISITORS TO THE CUTTLE SHOW.—Whatever the fog or drizzle may be in other parts of London, at Islington there's safe to be some very fine Wether.

A NEW WOULD-BE GOVERNMENT.

To the Seldom-at-Home Secretary.

SIR,—London is about to be pestered with a new form of Government. We have Imperial rulers who seem able to manage nothing that is not ten thousand miles from England; we have Local Rulers who are pulling down half London at a cost of countless millions, and fattening a hungry herd of land-jobbers, builders, and contractors, and now we have a new assembly springing into existence—a kind of Long-Eared Parliament, with deliberative and suggestive functions, but, at present, with little practical authority. This new would-be Government is no other than the Meddlevex Irresponsibles, who, probably to save themselves from speedy extinction, are displaying a fussy activity in fields far beyond the control of those fossil Acts of Parliament which have enabled them to make London one of the gloomiest and most disreputable cities in the world. Yesterday they were annihilating Music-halls, to-day they are attacking or asking others to attack Convents, and to-morrow they may be deliberating about Clubs, proposing to inspect 'Flats,' recommending domiciliary visits to Bachelors' chambers in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, instituting inquiries into the happiness of those who have taken the vows of marriage, and suggesting further restrictions on private and public liberty.

In their onslaught upon religious bodies they have shown even more than their average ignorance. During their one-sided discussion there was no voice to tell them that no religious bodies object to any inoffensive Government inspection. Sitting in all their wooden pride and self-sufficiency, glorying in the belief that Clapton and Stoke Newington are the solitary possessors of the true faith, and they, the Clerkenwell Fantoccini, the only moral censors, they had no one to tell them that Catholics are as careful of their sons and daughters as the strictest Puritans, and far less likely to consign them to such unlicensed, uninspected prisons as are socially represented by pharisaically ruled households. Do the Meddlevexers wish their own residences to be inspected, and Social Inquisitors appointed to inquire into the domestic affairs of each individual, from Paterfamilias down to the scullery maid?

The world is often governed, and is sometimes quite content to be governed, by fools, but the fools must be brilliant, and have some points of sympathy with the governed. But here is an unwieldy body of nameless mediocrities, speaking through mouthpieces that are hardly up to an ordinary Vestry level, who, having made the licensing system a farce, and our chief thoroughfare an open market for brazen-faced Vice, are now asking a sluggish Government Department that has never yet grappled with half its legitimate work, to go out of its way to the spark of religious discord into a Smithfield flame. The Law as it exists has full power to deal with any conventional grievance that may arise.

The Home Office has committed many follies in its time—follies that have led to crimes; but the instinct of self-preservation, which Governments share with the lowest animals, will surely save it from this last act of Clerkenwell inspired idiocy. PUNCH AND JUNIUS.

The "Beak" and the Birch.

"Sir JAMES INGHAM asked the surgeon if he had ever known any injury effected by a birch rod.—Mr. MURPHY said he had.—Sir JAMES: But nothing to signify. There is nothing injurious to health in a good administration of the birch."

A Schoolboy loquitor—

No doubt, Sir JAMES, you're very glib and clever, Sir, but still You'd find the birch *does* signify when laid on with a will. Just let me take the rod in hand, and see how you would feel: A "good administration" might raise aggravating wheal. Though not "injurious to health," the birch would make you blench, And would you sit so easily next day upon the bench?

A Valuable Discovery.

IN a police case reported last week the name of a place in Devonshire occurred, Burlescombe. This is, evidently, what the Royalty Theatre claims in its advertisements to be, "The Ancestral Home of Burlesque." Who discovered Burlescombe? What a subject for a picture—"Discovery of Burlescombe in the Regions of Art." Is there Pantomimecombe anywhere? We must send out explorers. A Company must be got up first. A Travelling Company on Tour would be most useful.

Latest Telegram to the Fleet.

W. E. G. to Admiral S-ym-r.—"PORTE IT ISN'T."

[*.* This telegram was delayed in transmission, owing to considerable difficulty in finding the Fleet. Fog prevalent.]

TO A LADY DOCTOR.

AN AFFECTION OF THE HEART.



Yes, Doctor, your physis I've taken,
That surely should conquer my ills;
The bottle was solemnly shaken,
I dote on those dear little pills.
I've followed your rules as to diet,
I don't know the taste of a tart;
But, though I've kept carefully quiet,—
The pain's at my heart.

Of course you've done good; convalescence
Seems dawning. And yet, it is true,
I fancy the light of your presence
Does more than your physis can do.
I'm well when you're here, but, believe me,
Each day when fate dooms us to part,
Come strangest sensations to grieve me—
That must be the heart.

Your knowledge is truly stupendous,
Each dainty prescription I see,
I read "*Hæustus statim sumendus*,"
What wonder you took the M.D.!
I hang on each word that you utter
With sage *Æsculapian* art,
But feel in a terrible flutter,—
It comes from the heart.

Have you ever felt the emotion,
That stethoscope ne'er could reveal?
If so, you'll perchance have a notion
Of all that I've felt, and still feel.
Oh say, could you ever endure me?
Dear Doctor, you blush and you start.
There's only one thing that can cure me—
Take me—and my heart!

"More Light!"

If the legal luminaries in the Chancery Courts are very brilliant, it would be a great boon to the public were a few Vice-Chancellors and Queen's Counsel placed along the pavement in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields to assist the public gas-lamps, which only resemble angels' visits, inasmuch as they are "few, and far between." The business of the Courts is concluded at 4 P.M., and, when the doors are closed, the fog of the Law Courts comes out and joins its brother fog outside. Hang out some of the *penderites lites*.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

"AND we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death."

Henry IV., 1st Part, Act V. Sc. 2.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Gwendoline. "UNCLE GEORGE SAYS EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO HAVE A PROFESSION, AND I THINK HE'S QUITE RIGHT!"

Mamma. "INDEED! AND WHAT PROFESSION DO YOU MEAN TO CHOOSE?"

Gwendoline. "I MEAN TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY!"

THE GREEK QUESTION.

YESTERDAY afternoon a meeting was held at Flaneurs' Buildings to discuss the claims of the Greeks. Lord CONSTABLE presided, and among those present were Mr. DAUDLER, M.P., Mr. TWADDLER, M.P., Mr. DODDERER, M.P., Mr. THYCKE HEDDE, M.P., and Mr. ADGETTER, M.P.

Lord CONSTABLE remarked that he was going to be very brief (*loud expressions of delight*), and would say what he had to say in the smallest possible space. (*Renewed demonstrations of pleasure.*) The Greeks were a very ancient race. Of that there could be no doubt. (*Hear! hear!*) Lord BYRON went to Greece and wrote some pretty poetry about the country. Mr. GLADSTONE (*uproarious cheering*) was very fond of HOMER. Hence it was the duty of every Englishman to support the claims of the Greeks. (*Hear! hear!*) Now, what were the claims of the Greeks? They were indeed multitudinous. For the Greeks were such a poetic and picturesque nation, that they would claim anything (*cheers*), and the less chance they had of getting what they claimed, the more they would claim it. (*Loud cheers.*) The Greeks had been very badly treated, and especially by England. Would it be believed that during the late administration, an administration which the speaker was happy to say had died for ever (*cheers*), a Greek, a descendant of the race which produced HOMER, had been sent to prison for writing threatening letters to a lady? (*Groans.*) They might well groan, but there was even a worse case in the background. (*Sensation.*) A Greek named PERICLES ARISTOTELES, came not long ago over to this country and joined a certain Club, a Club into which Turks had been admitted. (*Groans.*) PERICLES ARISTOTELES, with the simple romance which endears the Greek to the Englishman, played at cards at that Club. Poor, downtrodden, unsophisticated child of nature, he was discovered with two or three kings up his sleeve. The speaker and the audience lived in a Christian country, and he would ask them to moderate their indignation when they heard that PERICLES ARISTOTELES was actually expelled from the Club. (*Groans.*) Was this the way to treat the Greeks? (*No! no!*) Was it not an essential part of the Greek's character to keep kings up their sleeves when they were playing cards? (*Hear! hear!*)

In the words of the great Greek poet, he would remark, "*polu-phloisboio thalasses*," and demand that something, he didn't know what, should be done for the Greeks. (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. DODDERER, M.P., concurred with every word that the noble Lord had said. It was disgraceful to this country to think of the way in which the Greeks were treated. He actually knew of a merchant in the City who would not deal with a firm of Greeks because he said they were such slippery thieves. (*Groans.*) Yes, he said they were slippery thieves. (*Renewed groans.*)

Mr. THYCKE HEDDE, M.P., knew of even worse instances than had been quoted. (*Sensation.*) He had been told of a restaurant in the City, frequented by Greeks, which blind, bigoted Englishmen had given up using for the paltry reason that the Greeks stole their umbrellas. (*Groans.*)

The meeting then broke up.

THE CITY MONTENEGRO.

(*One more Sonnet for the Laureate's New Book.*)

I ROSE to show them a half-sovran tail,
To turn to chaff their "freedom" on this height,
Grim, comic, savage; worse by day and night
Than any Turk: yet here, all over scale,
I watch the passer as his footsteps fail
With dauntless hundreds struggling, main and might,
To cross,—the one policeman out of sight,—
And reach this haven where the strongest quail.
O, smallest among steeples! Precious throne
Of Freedom! Why, I merely swell the swarm
That surge and seethe in curses and in tears!
Great Gog and Magog! Never since thine own
Odd dodges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Have you produced a mightier crop of jeers!

THE LORD MAYOR'S RESIDENCE.—The Munching House.



COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE.

THE PRIME MINISTER. "YES, AS YOU SAY, YOU'VE GIVEN UP DULCIGNO. WELL, WE'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR FRIEND, GOSCHEN!"

"Mr. GOSCHEN has told his colleagues that he will return to Constantinople about the end of January."—*Times*, Dec. 1.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



ONE of the greatest troubles we poor Waiters has is with the Wine. For my part, after my long experience, I suppose I ought to know a glass of good wine when I tastes it, and so I do, and to my mind, the finest wine in the world is to be had at the Aills of the Grate Livery Companies. And yet there are jellous Idjuts who wants to abolish 'em!

But of course wen I speex of our trubbel about Wine, I means at Tavvna. With the old stagers its all rite, we knows what they likes and we gives it 'em, but wen we has a lot of young Swells who knows nethink about Wine, in course we don't give them quite the werry best. It mightn't agree with 'em and would be like throin Purl afore Swyne.

Well, wen they calls me up and sez, "Waiter, this Port wen't do, haven't you somethink better than this thick stuff?" I takes up the bottle and looks at it and smells it, and I sez, sez I, "This ain't a bad kind of wine, Gents, but it isn't the sort of thing they should ha' sent up for such as you. You want a older and a thinner wine, somethink like wat we gives the LORD MARK and the Sheriffs." "Yes," sez they, "of course we do." So away I goes with the decanter down to the Cellarman, and I sez to him, "BILL," sez I, "here's sum young swells up stares as wants a older and thinner wine," and I tips him a wink. "All right, Rosker," sez he, so he pours out a glass and he drinks it, and then he pours out another glass and I drinks it, and then he takes the Water Can and fills up the Decanter and gives it to me, and then he gives me an old bottle quite black with crust, that he keeps on purpose, and up I goes to the young Swells. And then I takes 'em all clean glasses, and I fills 'em very carefully, and shoves 'em the old black bottle, and a fine old cork as I always carries in my waistcoat pokit, and I waits while they drinks. "Ah," sez one of 'em, "this is somethink like, this is, it's just like the wine we used to get at my Guv'nor's or my Uncle's," as the case may be, and they all goes away happy and contented.

Ah, it's a funny world, my Lord Bishop!

I think it has been sed that more lies is told about the nobblest of all animals, Horses, than about anything in the world, but I should back the noblist of all drinks, Wine, and I bleeve that for good downwrite unmistakable Lyin, Wine would beat Horses all into fits and win in a Decanter!

Job and Mayjob.

THE Temple Bar obstruction is to cost something like £30,000, though the original estimate was £6,000. The obstinacy shown by the Corporation in this matter has even disgusted the tutelary deities of the City. They propose to change their names to JOB and MAYJOB.

A GUILD GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

[REFERRING to a change lately made by the Society of Apothecaries in its business arrangements for the sale of drugs, the *City Press* remarks:—

"The reputation which Apothecaries' Hall has always had for the purity of the drugs to be obtained there will not be diminished one iota by the change, but will, if that be possible, be added to. The Society of Apothecaries is one of the City Companies which has retained to the present day its ancient functions to the advantage of the community, and the Society has devoted the funds at its disposal to giving prizes in competition in botany for registered students, prizes in history also for young women, pharmaceutical chemistry, &c. The Society has also a fund for widows, and one for distressed members, &c."

DEEM not the Civic Guilds a prey
To rank corruption, all,
For one can hear the light of day;
Apothecaries' Hall:

In scientific trade expert,
A Guild whose goods are sure,
Select, and clear of drugs and dirt;
Their drugs, and hands too, pure.

Culture of physic to promote
In part their bounty tends;
Endowments partly they devote
To charitable ends:

Do not as those who pocket cash
They should by right bestow,
For cause in green-fat, calipash,
And calipee, to go.

O Gog and Magog, there's a Guild,
Whereof you well may brag,
Not as of bodies overfilled
By means of squandered swag:

A Guild unspotted by the stain
Of malversation see,
For choice, a gentleman were fain,
Of that Guild, rather, free.

If they to Hero, Prince, or Peer
Their freedom should concede,
The 'Pothecaries him, no fear,
Would honour do indeed.

So speed the Gallipot-Surpurgers, thrive
The Pestle-and-Mortar-Pliers!
And may their Hall for aye survive
In Water Lane, Blackfriars!

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN LONDON.

A.D. 2000.

DURING the excavations for the New Sulphuric Railway now in course of construction between Whitechapel and Tyburnia, the workmen unearthed a curious ruin, which at first was naturally supposed to be the remains of a Roman villa. This belief was fostered by the discovery of a variety of Roman coins, fragments of urns, broken implements of war, and other ancient relics of that period, until an expert dispelled this illusion by proving the coins and other curiosities to be modern antiquities made in Birmingham, and supplied wholesale to the workmen, who sell them to the collectors. Further researches established the fact that the supposed Roman villa was a building quite as rare and extinct—a casino, or dancing-room, standing in a garden. There were one or two broken statues of Terpsichore, or some other goddess appropriate to the place, a rusty gas device, and parts of a structure that had doubtless been an orchestra. A circular platform, which had evidently stood in the open air, and in all probability had been used for dancing in fine weather, was discovered in a wonderful state of preservation. Several eminent Archaeologists have decided that the place was once the Dodo Gardens, and was the last place of amusement abolished by a magisterial body known as the Parliament of Sacred Jackasses, who did their best to Quakerise London in 1880.

"THE THREE F's. (New reading).—France, Force, and Fanaticism.

"VIVE LA LIBERTÉ!"

Mr. GRISWOOD, an English gentleman, attempted to rescue a poor, harmless old woman from the hands of some brutal French policemen. Whereupon, he was hauled off, and, says the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, "after thirty hours of ill-treatment, fasting, imprisonment, and sleeplessness, Mr. GRISWOOD was liberated without any penalty, without any investigation or decision—the best proof that nothing could be seriously alleged against him!"

But what wonder in a country where the Government agents arrest their own countrymen for crying out "*Vive la Liberté!*" What wonder in a country where peaceable citizens who live but to benefit their fellow-men are expatriated, and LOUISE MICHEL, the *pétroleuse*, is received with acclamation, and her speeches applauded to the echo, by those who enlist under the motto, "*Ni Dieu, ni Maître!*"

Mr. GRISWOOD may be to blame for not knowing the French language, but he is scarcely to blame if being acquainted only with the traditional chivalric character of the French nation, he failed to comprehend that the brutality of four policemen towards a poor, inoffensive old woman could be tacitly permitted by the manly bystanders, and, least of all, sanctioned and approved of by high officials, whose one idea of retaining their own liberty seems to consist, as *Figaro* has already declared, in "suppressing the liberty of others."

Roberts at Woolwich.

GENERAL ROBERTS gave his thanks
To the brave men "of all ranks,"
Who had battled in the van
There in far Afghanistan.
That was right, so Brave "Bobs!"
Here's a man who never robs
Rank and file of meed of glory,
That their names may live in story.

"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

A PUBLIC Appeal has lately been made for donations and subscriptions in aid of the "Destitute Children's Dinners Society." Here, certainly, is an innocent and praiseworthy *dine a mite* plot which all may safely conspire to help and encourage.



UNCOMPROMISING.

The Doctor's Daughter. "I DECLARE YOU'RE A DREADFUL FANATIC, MRS. MCCLIZOM. I DO BELIEVE YOU THINK NOBODY WILL BE SAVED BUT YOU AND YOUR MINISTER!"

Old Lady. "AWHEL, MY DEAR, AN WHILES HAN MA DOOBTS ABOUT THE MEENISTER!"

THE BENCHLESS BARON.

A Technical Tragedy in Active Rehearsal.

CHARACTERS.

THE BARON (*an outcast*). CHARLES (*his friend*).

Critical crowd of Appellants, Witnesses, Ushers, Defendants, Suitors, Advisers, &c., &c.

SCENE—*A Hall of Justice—Enter BARON, wildly pursued by Critical Crowd. He makes for the Bench and seizes a chair. Thunder and lightning. Uproar.*

Baron (arranging his wig, and glancing fiercely and defiantly at the surging tumult beneath). Ha! I am even with ye at last. This is the Court, and I, your rightful Baron, am once more on the Bench! Come, out with your evidence, myrmidons though ye be. We are here for justice. To judgment!—I say. To judgment!

A Voice. Walker!

Baron. Ha! A question of jurisdiction! But it shall go hard with ye! Mr. USHER, quick; do your duty!

A Voice. Anything else! Why, who are you?

All. Yes! Who are you? Duty? Gammon!

Baron (rising). And is it thus ye dare insult the highest official in the Court of Arches! Behold your Dean!

[Throws off his cloak and discovers the seal of office.]

All. Yah! Get out with you!

Baron. What! Still a question of jurisdiction? (*Resumes his cloak.*) Then, once more, thus!

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Hold! 'Tis useless. Cloaked or unclouted, you are a fearful mystery! Nay, wince not; CHARLES is your friend, and

means it not unkindly. Do you not see, my good but mistaken Baron, that you have conceived that you have been acting in the exercise of your jurisdiction under the Public Worship Act, as Dean of the Arches, and have appeared and professed to act as Dean of the Arches, and not as Judge under the Public Worship Act; whereas, in truth, though you became under the Act Dean of the Arches, this was after the new jurisdiction was created and conferred; and that as Dean of the Arches you had no power to exercise the new jurisdiction, but could only act under the Church Discipline Act; so that thus, only showing an authority as Dean of the Arches, you failed to show any authority at all. (*Gently.*) I make it clear to ye, do I not?

Baron (descending slowly from his chair). Fairly, CHARLES, fairly! But yet methinks I am somewhat dazed and foggy! For if I be not the Dean,—in heaven's name tell me, and let me know the worst,—who and what then may I be?

Charles (with emotion). Hush! Not before these! (*Whispering to him softly.*) Who mayst thou be? Ha! Blighted and benchless Baron, that is a secret that even CHARLES, thy friend, has yet to fathom! But I'll look into the Public Worship Act, and may be,—now cheer thee,—I say, may be—we shall know some day!

Chorus of Everybody (without).

Twinkle, twinkle, legal star,
How we wonder what you are!

[CHARLES leads him off tenderly as the Curtain slowly descends.]

Our Musical Box.

The Old Ship, composed by WALTER MAYNARD, for Mr. KENDAL at the St. James's but not the People's WILLIAM, is a good song with a capital chorus. At first we thought it was an advertisement for BACON's well-known hotel at Brighton. Not many new tunes in our Musical Box just at present.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Lloyd's.



F course I knew something about the official home of the underwriters of England "who lived at home at ease," and, in spite of their comfort, were thoroughly conversant "with the dangers of the seas." A London dictionary had told me that they were an association of gentlemen dating from 1668, and that since 1774 they had occupied an upper floor of the Royal Exchange—ancient and modern. But I had drawn upon my "inner consciousness" for the rest. I had imagined clients in the shape of tough, weather-beaten sea-captains doing business with staid old gentlemen seated behind high desks covered with gigantic ledgers. I had thought it possible that now and again a piercing shriek would break the solemn calm as some poor orphan found by the notice-board of wrecks, that the ship upon which all her hopes were centred had sunk beneath the wave. Then I felt certain a sympathetic group of veteran underwriters would hasten to offer consolation, while some one (in the distance) played a low and touching chant on a hidden organ. The poor orphan, having received untold gold (from a benevolent fund kept for the purpose) would retire under the guardianship of two sea-captains of venerable appearance, who would declare that they would look after her "while a single shot remained in poor old Davey's locker," or something to the same nautically kind-hearted effect. And then staid, necessary, and old-fashioned business would commence once more. So much for my ideal of Lloyd's, and now for the reality.

I pushed open a swing-door, and came face to face with a beadle. He was more useful than ordinary beadles, for he was looking after some sticks and umbrellas. Then I ascended three flights of dark and dirty stairs fragrant with the fumes of smoke and cooking, and pushed open another swing-door to come face to face with a second beadle, who seemed to be about twice the size of the first. With the grace of a polite and civilised ogre, he asked me my business. I mentioned the name of a friend. Suddenly the name was repeated in stentorian accents, suggesting a mixture of a blast from a fog-signal and a report from a four-thousand-and-eighty-one-ton gun. Before the reverberating echoes had died away in the vaulted hall, a gentleman of the most engaging manners appeared before me. The gentleman was not my friend, but my friend's friend. He was extremely amiable, and in a second I was free of the place.

I passed the cheery shouter in the beadle's uniform and entered the great hall. It was, indeed, a wonderful place! Instead of the aged book-keepers I had pictured to myself, I found a number of dear acquaintances, more suggestive of the stalls at the Opera than business in the very heart of the City of London. One and all seemed delighted to see me, although I had not come to insure the *Great Eastern*. TOMMY, BILLY, FRANK, and JACK were all there. We had just begun to discuss the merits of the last Gaiety Burlesque, when I was startled with a "Bang!" a "ting!" a "smash!" and, lastly, a "crash!"

"What was it?" I asked, expecting to hear that it was the breaking up of some ill-fated vessel on the iron-bound coast of India, or elsewhere, the sounds of which were now being faithfully transmitted to Lloyd's by a new electric telephone of extra power.

"That's nothing," said TOMMY; "only the chimes on the top of the Royal Exchange! They give us a tune for every day of the week. This morning it's 'The Roast Beef of Old England.'—"Bang—wang—ting a ring—boo!" went the chimes defiantly.—"No, it isn't," he continued; "'The Roast Beef of Old England' is kept for Saturday. Stay—it's 'The Old Hundredth.'"

He listened; and as he recognised a more than usually discordant "crash," corrected himself with the observation, "that when he said 'The Old Hundredth,' of course he meant 'God Save the Queen.'"

My ears at last had rest; and after feasting my eyes upon the feeblest statue of Prince ALBERT in the world, (which appeared to be looking about for an absent screen) another sense was assailed.

"Yea," said BILLY, answering an interrogatory sniff, "it is not pleasant! We have spent a heap upon ventilation, but it's no go. First we pumped in sewer gas; then when that didn't seem to do, we pumped in something else. Now when it's windy outside, we are blown inside; when it snows over the way, we freeze here; when it's hot in the Poultry, we stifle over the Exchange. This morning you would think we were passing our time in keeping live rabbits, and making mutton-broth—now, wouldn't you?"

Fortunately my Friend's Friend interposed before I had time to answer. He had been exchanging merry remarks with some young gentlemen, who seemingly had been running up to him to tell him certain "good things." He now apologised for this. "They are my clients," he exclaimed; "and we have been doing business." "Business!" and yet no gold-rimmed spectacles, and enormous ledgers; only a few words entered in a little book, and the thing was done! Had my Friend's Friend been compiling a jest book, he could not have been more cheerful. Nay, he might have been a great deal less! We now made the rounds of the rooms.

I found myself passing a crowd of smiling gossiping gentlemen, seated opposite to one another at little tables, who looked as if they had nothing more serious in the world to do than to ask each other conundrums. Had they been Frenchmen, I am sure they would have been playing *écarté*, or partaking of the delicious excitement of dominoes! At the upper end were younger men. "The House of Lords!" whispered TOMMY, who joined us for a moment. "Only peers in their own right are admitted here!" and he was off before I could make any further inquiries. Entering a sort of cupboard, we saw the telephone in full operation. JACK was sending a message to TOM about something nautical—I think *Billee Taylor*. Next we entered a library, apparently full of dictionaries. There were also some models of new inventions. "Great larks those," said REGY, putting his head in. "We get the inventors to explain them!"

"And now," said my Friend's Friend, as REGY disappeared, "you must see the Captain's Room."

I paused, and a vision of *Captain Cuttle* appeared before me. I took out my note-book ready to record the tales of stormy adventures I expected to hear related.



THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM—THE IDEAL.

I even headed a page with "How I Weathered the Horn in '26." I was prepared to find myself in a whole kennel of aged sea dogs. I thought I should find hooks for arms, and gigantic telescopes in lieu of umbrellas. I nearly hitched up my trousers in sympathy, and brushed up my vocabulary (limited) of sea terms. I passed in, and found a luxurious eating house! Instead of weather-beaten tars, I met TOM, and DICK, and ALGY, and a lot of their "pals." There was a luncheon bar at the end, and there were boxes on either side. I was received with a shout of hospitality. I tried an appropriate joke about "the chops of the Channel." It fell flat. Nobody wanted to be nautical. The latest story from the "Steak" in exchange for the freshest "good thing" from "the House" was very much more to the purpose. "But why?" I asked—"why the Captain's Room?" "I am sure I don't know," answered ALGY, sipping his Chablis; "'sposè it's because they sell ships here while a fellow is quietly taking his luncheon! Waiter, some more natives!"

And with this explanation I left the Captain's Room.

But I had more to do. Before quitting Lloyd's I had to view the place in quite a different light. I had to see the books where every movement of every ship upon the face of the earth was kept from day to day. I had to recognise that in spite of the tone of universal cheeriness (extending even to "the Doctors" who helped their brother underwriters out of unusual risks), that everything was as well and as thoroughly done as if every member had worn gold-rimmed spectacles and had passed his life in doddering over musty folios resting on lofty desks. I noticed that, in spite of their airy manner, JACK, and his "pals" were thorough men of business.

As I left, the doorkeeper was shouting in stentorian tones the name of a firm I could not catch. If he had wished to describe the place in which he was standing, he might have called "Work combined with Pleasure!" and if he had, I should have heartily agreed with him!



TRANSACTING BUSINESS.



THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM—THE REALITY.



"BUSINESS."

Belle. (She had tried him on the *Royal Academy* and "*Grocerer*," the decoration of the Ball-room, the last *Novels*, *Music* and the *Drama*, *Operas*, &c.—couldn't get an idea out of him! *Happy Thought!*—perhaps he's *Political*.) "Is THERE ANY NEWS IN THE CITY THIS EVENING?"

Boss (brightening up). "AN; GIBBY SHIRTINGS STIFFENED, EXPORT YARNS HARBORISED, AND FLAX STRAIGHT AT FRIDAY'S CURRENTS!"

[He was purely Commercial!]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MANY of the Pictures in Major SPOONER'S *Military Misreadings of Shakespeare* are very funny, and all are amusing. It is worth while purchasing the book for the sake of the illustration to the mis-reading of the line, "What power is it that mounts my love so high?" Capital! Of course it is published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE. We're getting tired of seeing the name of this firm, which seems to be doing everything everywhere.

Afternoon Tea for Children. Brightly illustrated with coloured pictures of the Sandford and Merton period is published by FREDERICK WARNE & Co., and as it is sure to be popular with the little folks, its pages will be very well-worn before the holidays are over. See the illustration at p. 25 whence the book derives its title. The motto ought to have been *Fabula Narrator de Teo*—but it isn't, and we keep it to ourselves. Rights reserved. Be Warned in time, and don't say you Warned a going to make use of it, because that isn't grammar, tho' we are not prepared to deny that it may be genius.

More Christmas Picture Cards! What games of cards everywhere! It must be overdone at last, and then discarded for ever—till the fashion returns. Mr. HARRISON of Piccadilly has hit on a very original notion in his Hunting Christmas Cards, which are full of life and spirit, and, like the horses depicted, ought to go well.

His long cards of Lawn Tennis are very bright, but are rather too summary a mode of dealing with Christmas. As, however, their only legend is "The Compliments of the Season"—which is very complimentary to Christmas of course—they can be kept till July and presented when due. Why shouldn't there be compliments of the season in summer as well as winter? Why should all the compliments be kept for December? Are all the uncomplimentary things said during the other eleven months? We don't pause for a reply

THAT MUFFIN-BELL!

AK—*Those Booming Bells.*

THAT Muffin-Bell! That Muffin-Bell!
How many a tale its tinklings tell
Of youth, and hope, and that glad time
When my digestion yet was prime!

The bilious discs I then could eat.
The bell's wild whangling down the street
Was one of boyhood's special joys:
I never, never thought it noise.

How joyously at even sung
The tintinnabulatory clang!
The gawping jaw, the ravenous yell,
I loved them, loved them passing well.

These happy hours are past away,
Age must not with its peopies play.
Strange qualms within me darkly dwell
Whene'er I hear the Muffin-Bell.

And yet soft memories of old times
Linger about the jangling chiming,
And, like Dr. RUTTER, I'd be tender
To the too noisy Muffin Vendor.

But oh! methinks when I am gone
That timeless peal will not ring on;
For Man, with street-lamp ordered well,
Will hear no more the Muffin-Bell!

A Peep Behind a Grille.

MR. FREDERICK GORDON, the successful proprietor of the Holborn Restaurant, is the new caterer for the House of Commons Dining-rooms. Of course, in his parliamentary bills of fare, Mr. GORDON will prove himself truly Liberal, and in the coal larder he will be Conservative. He must be prepared to provide for any number of "parties," and whatever Honourable Members may be in other parts of the House, the Commons here will, no doubt, be found first-rate. It will be, we believe, what the Yankees call a "tall affair," and no short Commons. Mr. GORDON, however, is not expected to find all the "provisions" for every Bill introduced into Parliament. Mr. MALAPROP, M.P., has heard that the chef is a Gordon blue.

A MAN OF ART AND LETTERS.—MR. RUSKIN.

because we haven't time, but at Christmas we follow the fashion and speak by the Christmas Card.

We oughtn't to forget one publisher of Festive Christmas Cards, who bears the very reasonable name of TUCK. He prefixes "RAPHAEL" to it, which may attract Pre-Raphaelites to his Christmas Cards, but for the boys and girls he has only to give himself out as TUCK—"TUCK OUT!"—or if he's at home to all of them, "TUCK IN!" and that will delight every JACK and JILL of them, who after the Tuck in and Tuck out, will go to bed for the Tuck up.

The *Graphic's* great success is in its delightful picture by Mr. MILLAIS; and the popularity of "*Cherry Ripe*" will consist in the fact that every Materfamilias in the kingdom is certain to be struck by the strong resemblance between this pretty face and that of her own little pet—for, however numerous the family, and however impartial Pater- and Materfamilias may profess themselves to be, there is sure to be just the little one of whom the prettiest picture is always the best representation. Of the illustrations, "plain and coloured," the best are W. L. THOMAS'S "*First Party*"—not a political subject—Mr. S. P. HALL'S "*Cupid Telegony*" (for translation see Plate—and something so nice on that Plate!)—Mr. R. CALDECOTT'S "*Wyndale's Steeple-Chase*," for which we care less than for his usual illustrations of nursery rhymes—he is thoroughly at home in the nursery, and not so happy in the fields—and a charmingly pretty series by Miss CASELLA, called "*Grand-papa's Recollections*."

The *Illustrated* comes out strong with FRANK HOLL'S picture of "*In Wonderland*," and a Special Extra Number for the Young People, full of fairies and toys and dolls, from the pencil of M. CHURCHMAN. Oh, the happy, happy days when we were young! We didn't get all these pretty things! No; we were limited to *Peter Parley's Annual*.

The *Sporting and Dramatic* has a bright and cheery annual with plenty of readable writing by popular authors.



SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

SCENE—Office in Dublin Life Assurance.

Surgeon of the Company. "HEART AND LIVER SOUND AS A BELL. BE JARGE, YE 'VE THE FINEST LOIFE I EVER SAW, SOB! FWHEAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, OR PROFESSION, NOW!"

Applicant. "I HAVEN'T GOT ANY."

Surgeon. "FWHEAT! YE DON'T MEAN TO SAY YE 'VE GOT LAND!" *Applicant.* "A FEW ACRES."

Surgeon. "FAITH! THIN I'M SORRY FOR YE! BUT YE WON'T DO FOR US!"

[Certificate refused.]

A WILD CHASE AT WINCHESTER.

"FOX-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Wednesday the Hursley Hounds had a novel run. For some time the poultry yards at Barton Farm having been visited by Reynard, to discover his whereabouts the Hursley pack met at Worthy, and, drawing the osier-beds in the Winnal Moors, Reynard was found near the farm. He bolted south, and came into the city, crossing the North Walls, and into St. George's Street, into Mrs. DILLOW's premises, whence he was dislodged, and crossing the gardens to Parchment Street, finally took refuge in Mr. RICHARDSON's garden. Here he was hunted by some terriers before the arrival of the pack, who, on coming up, soon despatched the depredator of the fowl-yards."—*Hampshire Independent.*

AIR—"The Fox jumped over the Turnpike Gate."

The Fox went stealing our fowls by night;
We suspected the case was so:
And thought we'd the neighbouring Hunt
invite,

That they would help bestow
To find our hen-roost's foe,
And the hounds let after him go,
Driving the vermin
To cease and determine;
Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

The Hursley Hounds came over the Down,
As straight as flies the Crow,
To Barton Farm nigh Winchester Town,
Into the vale below,
Where Itchen's waters flow.
The Field was a sprightly show;
Squires in vermilion,
Horse and filly on,
Yoicks sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

They went and drew the Winnal Moors,
In a bed where osiers grow,
And they found sly Reynard out of doors,
Where the scent of him served to show.

He went off as the wind did blow,
Which way all foxes know;
Southwards following,
We went holloaing
Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

The bounds behind him off the scent
With deep design to throw,
O'er Winton's Northern Walls he went
As fast as bolt from bow.
And asylum sought from woe;
The domain of Dame DILLOW:
But they turned him out
To our echoing shout—
Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

Yet still, with tail towards the hounds,
Mid a general view hul-lo,
Away and away through private grounds
He fled in the morning's glow;
By terrace, lane, and row,
The traffic to and fro
Rather impeding
The Hunt's proceeding:
Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

At length he reached his last retreat
In a thoroughfare, long ago
That was named by the name of Parchment
Street,

Where RICHARDSON's roses blow;
And his cauliflowers too, I trow:
And he plies the spade and hoe—
I beg your pardon,
RICHARDSON's garden—
Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

There *Smoker, Smiler, Snap, and Tray,*
Forced Reynard fight to show—
'Gainst those domestic dogs at bay
He stood, till sure, if slow,
The Pack arrived, and lo!
We were in at the death; for O,
The bow-wows caught him,
And soon despatched him—
Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

Now this was a case of a genuine chase,
For which there was cause to show.
It was doing away with a beast of prey;
We had reason for doing so;
And our huntmen thanks we owe,
For they laid the purloiner low,
And stopped Reynard's thieving;
Head and tail only leaving—
Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!
Yoicks, &c.

A HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

A LADY sends us the following advertisement, extracted—extracted with pain—from the *Guardian*:—

NURSERY GOVERNESS, French or English, Protestant, WANTED immediately, after Christmas, for one little girl. Must be competent to teach the rudiments of French, English, and music. Sole charge of child; nursery and wardrobe. Meals with the servants. Personal character of not less than two years required. Address particulars to —

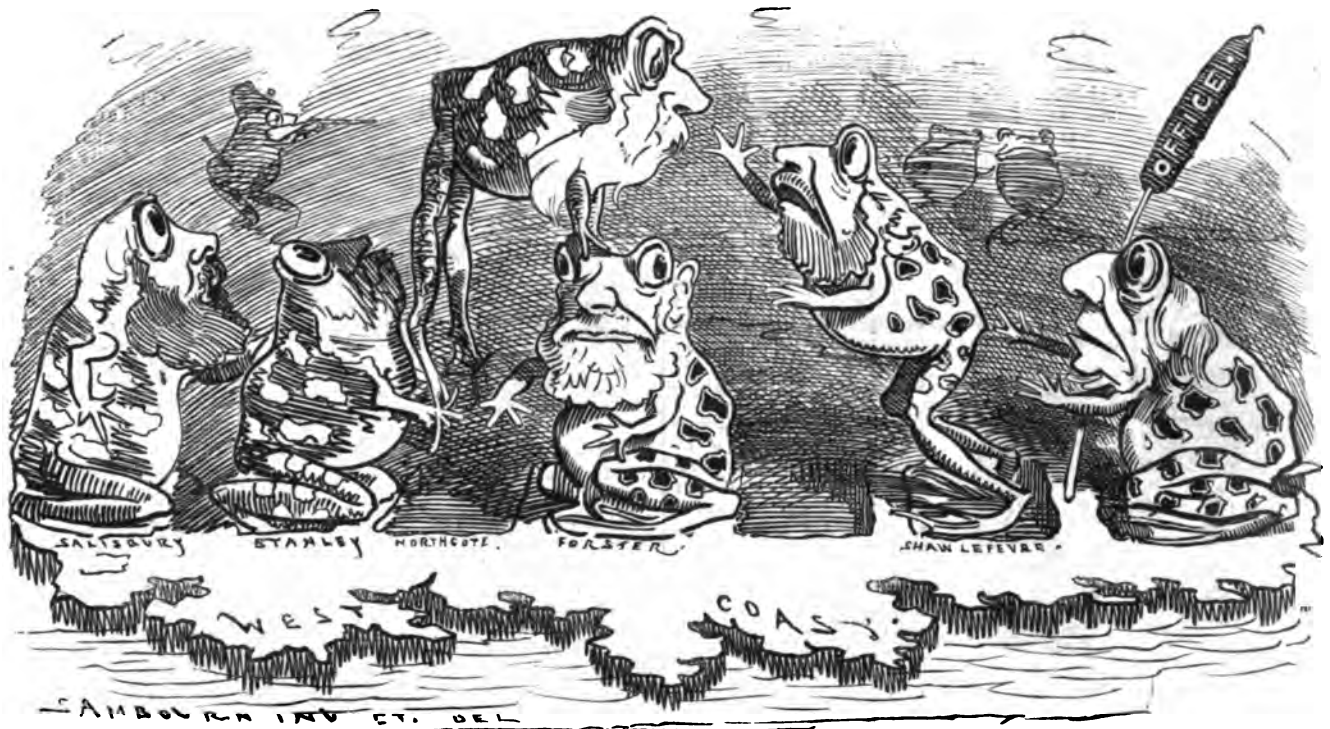
Here it is again,—the old-fashioned cruel vulgarity, that no preaching, no protest, no satire, no effort that kindly and earnest sympathy can make, seems able to suppress. Some refined and well educated lady, for the reference to her accomplishments presupposes gentle antecedents, is to eat the bread for which her necessities oblige her to toil in discomfort, humiliation, and pain. There is an accepted courtesy which, in dealing with ugly social blots such as the above, erases the published initials, or name and address of the offender, and *Mr. Punch*, who is orthodox, follows the fashion. But he doubts whether it is always a wise or a right thing to do so. It seems hard that a poor Governess should not be warned off such a home as that offered in this advertisement, where it is quite clear that if, on the one hand, she escape the menial food prepared for her in the kitchen, she may have to face something infinitely more degrading and unrefined, in the shape of the social atmosphere of the drawing-room.

Lines on Legal Proceedings.

De Contumace Capiendo.
Fie, what prolixity of jaw!
O, De Loquace Occludendo,
That there were such a Writ in Law!

Different Drovers.

At recent Live Meat Shows much attention has been attracted by some particularly fine specimens of Polled Scotch Cattle. Polled howsoever these cattle may be, they are a breed incapable of Bribery.



THE IRISH FROG PUZZLE—WITH A DEAL OF CROAKING.

THE PLEASING BIRTHDAY BOOK.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SUPPOSE it has happened to you, not once or twice, but a hundred times, to be asked to inscribe your name in some young Lady's birthday book. It's a nuisance, and should it not be mitigated before long, I intend retiring from the world and seeking some spot where neither of those abominable arts—reading and writing—is known. The worst of the matter is the want of appropriateness in the mottoes selected for these birthday volumes. I am middle-aged, a bachelor, tolerably well-off, and opposite to where I inscribed my name the other day was—

"Short time seems long in Sorrow's sharp sustaining;
Though woe be heavy yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see Time how slow it creeps."

SHAKESPEARE.

In the first place, I don't mind confessing that I don't understand the meaning of the above. In the second place, if I did, I don't see how it would apply to me. Subjoined is my idea of a birthday-book, if we are to have those evils at all. In these days of mixed society you will probably in any room get some dozen of the people enumerated below, and by making some uncomfortable, you will add to the happiness of many, which, after all, is the aim of society.

Singeon's Wood. Yours, very truly, *DIOPHANTUS BROWN.*

First Instalment for December.

MOTTO—

For any Tailor; your own, if possible. 1st. "Tailors were brought into this world by sin! Ergo, to pay a tailor is to respect the origin of tailors."—JERROLD.

For a Guardsman. 2nd. "A Soldier and afeard."—SHAKESPEARE.

For a Professional Beauty. 3rd. "Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover, Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense."—ADDISON.

For any Plunger. 4th. "Newmarket, that sink of iniquity and ill-manners."—CHESTERFIELD.

For an Irish Landlord. 5th. "See what a rent the envious Casca made."—SHAKESPEARE.

For a Member of Parliament.

For a Medical Man.

For a Benedick.

For an Original Dramatist.

For a Schoolmaster.

For an Editor of a Newspaper.

For a Total Abstainer.

For a Cabinet Minister.

For a Bankrupt.

For any one who has just been raised to the Peerage.

6th. "'Parliament' is derived from two French words—*parler* to talk, and *mentir*, to lie."—PUNCH.

7th. "But when ill indeed, E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed."—COLMAN.

8th. "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediment to great enterprises."—BACON.

9th. "I am but a gatherer and dispenser of other men's stuff."—WORTON.

10th. "Small Latin and less Greek."—JONSON.

11th. "This many-headed monster."—MASSINGER.

12th. "And he that will to be go sober, Falls with the leaf still in October."—FLETCHER.

13th. "Thou little think what a little foolery governs the world."—SELDEN.

14th. "Honest labour bears lovely face."—DEKKER.

15th. "Satan; so call him no his former name Is heard no more in heaven."—MILTON.

Clubs not Trumps.

I KNEW by the smoke that so heavily curled
From the roof of each club-house the Carlton was near;
And I said if there's fog to be found in the world,
The lungs that love asthma may look for it here.

LATEST FROM THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Q. Who was the first person to insist on daily washing?
A. TUB-AL CAIN.

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LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP;

OR, THE BOY, THE BOGIE, AND THE INVISIBLE INVALID.

THE above heading should be the title of Mr. COGHAN's Three-Act Play, *Good Fortune*, at the St. James's. The plot is simply this. The *Barl of Neath* is left penniless, so he drops his title, calls himself by his family name of *Denis*, and goes as bailiff to the *Ransome* family—at least we believe it's the *Ransome* family, or, at



A FELLOW WHO WON'T THROW HIMSELF AWAY, AND A FELLOW WHO DOES.

all events, a rather mixed family living at Mr. *Ransome's*, Torwen House, Wales. Here he falls in love with *Miss Ransome*, and she snubs him. They are looked up in a ruined tower together, on the *Ransome* estate, and to avoid the scandal which would be her ruin—it is her father's ruin where they are looked up—he jumps down from a perilous height of at least four feet, and then the lady is subsequently released by an accidental countryman. The hero's agility wins her heart, and she would marry him straight off were it not necessary to spin out a Third Act by some purposeless plotting; and the purposeless plotting not being sufficient, the heroine finds that her money

is really *his* money; and as he won't have it at any price, they agree to divide it, and make it *their* money jointly. That's all.

The great situation in the piece always was the Lover's Leap, which at the Haymarket Mr. SOTHERN used to make really sensational; but here, after a feeble scene, Mr. KENDAL, as *Lord Neath*, lays hold of the branch of a "practicable" tree, swings easily down behind a wall, is seen to pass the aperture, then disappears quietly below, when *Lord Neath* becomes *Lord Under-neath*; but nobody is thrilled—everybody sees there is no danger; and, worse than all, the interest in these two characters awakened in the First Act—which is by far the best—has utterly disappeared long before the end of the Second.

Just when a dashing action would rouse the audience from their apathy, the Hero of Romance shows the utmost caution, and evidently bearing in mind the old proverb, "Look before you leap," he takes a very good look a-head before taking a very bad leap.

Mr. JOHN CLAYTON plays the part of a portly but crafty Baronet, *Sir George Fallow*—who talks in the "aw-aw-ya-as" style, and is a vewwy absurd Fallow indeed.

One of the best characters in the piece is Mr. WENMAN's *Spencer Ward*, the Solicitor, capitably made up, and unlike himself in any previous performance at this theatre. The same may be said of Mr. MACKINTOSH's *Gilbert*, an eccentric old family servant, who seems to have been dug out of an old-fashioned farce.

Mrs. STEPHENS as *Lady Banks*, and Mrs. MURRAY as *Mrs. Ransome*,—the *Ransomes* and the *Banks* come together naturally—

are both excellent. The unconscious villain of the piece is the mischievous Welsh boy—a regular little welsher—who looks the door of the ruin, and then when Mrs. KENDAL halloos to him from the top of the tower, he is supposed to be so utterly frightened by her hat—that



THE BOY AND THE BOGIE; OR, ISABELLA AND HER UMBRELLA.

is a startler—and her six-foot sun-shade, which looks like a portable tent, that he takes to his heels and bolts incontinently,—probably over the border of the Principality into England, as he is never heard of or seen again.

Then there is the Invisible Invalid who is always supposed to be at his last gasp, and always sending for CHARLES DENNIS—CHARLES his only friend—either to play *écarté* with him or to make his will. Everything depends on his will—unless we entirely misunderstood the plot—and the audience are as fully able to realise the old boy chuckling to himself up-stairs in bed at all the trouble he is giving, as they are to imagine Mr. KENDAL's scene in the circle on a highly-trained steed off the stage, so graphically described by *Miss Ransome*, who witnesses the performance



OLD SLIPBOOTS, THE INVISIBLE INVALID, CHUCKLING OVER IT—"WHAT LARKS!"

from the balcony. This description, which brings the curtain down on a successful First Act, is well written—as is the dialogue generally—and cleverly acted.

The Third Act is very weak. *Miss Ransome* has to read an explanatory letter, informing her how her grandfather—we couldn't quite follow it—had once been a boy—an extraordinary thing for a grandfather at any time of course—and had surprised the entire British Army in India to such an extent that he collared all their money (we admit that we could not follow the details of the crime exactly), came over to England, made a fortune, and when adopting the motto of "*Ransome is as Ransome does*," it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to refund the coin to the representative of the British Army in India, if alive, or to his heir, who, of course, happens to be, curiously enough, *Lord Neath*. So *Miss Ransome*, who thought that *Lord Neath* was only making up to her for her money (she has a hundred million thousand, or some trifle of that sort), hands over her fortune to him, and delicately hints that he may take her with it; but *Lord Neath* hands it back to her. And so, as far as we can see, they might go on at this battledore and shuttlecock business through an indefinite number of Acts till death did them part, and on this unsatisfactory conclusion the curtain finally descends, and the audience with *Miss Squeers* asks, "Is this the end?"

The best finish would have been for *Old Ransome*, the Invisible Invalid, to have rushed on in his dressing-gown, and saying, "Take her—be happy!" to have had one violent struggle with the comic butler, and been carried back forcibly to bed. Mr. HARE might have played this, as there are several opportunities for him to have a *Quiet Rubber* with Mr. KENDAL—double dummy of course—and Mr. KENDAL might have made a few suggestions for the disposal of his property out of *My Uncle's Will*.

Our Artist has represented Mr. KENDAL with his sketch-book and pencil. This is a good omen for the success of the piece, as it illustrates the situation in Act II., where Mr. KENDAL appears to draw.



THE THREE GRACES AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

A Contribution from "Toby."

TOBY tells us, in strict confidence, that there is a large upper room in Leadenhall Market devoted to the reception of lost and stolen dogs. A friend of his, who was stolen, was taken there, and subsequently ransomed. Leadenhall Market is Corporation property. Is this a recognised—a half-recognised—or an officially unrecognised but actively existent department of the Market?

A RIVER NEVER MENTIONED IN FULL TO EARS POLITE.—The "big, big Dee."

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



BAGGY-TELL.



BOWLS.



GO-BANG.



BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR.

FOG. ITS FOES AND ITS FRIENDS.

THE Fog-Fiend must be shaking in his dirty old shoes. His realm, comparable only to that of Chaos and old Night, is menaced by many foes. Mr. Punch has evidently Cartoonised them into dangerous activity, and his urgent appeal to Science and Common Sense is being energetically responded to. Councils and Committees, lectures and letters to the papers, mean mischief to the villanous hanger-on of Old King Coal.

That cheery Potentate will have to part company with his unclean protégé. Let him put that in his pipe, and not smoke it. Science and Society have arrived—at last—at the conviction that unconsumed carbon and sulphurous acid in the atmosphere and the human lungs are fine illustrations of PALMERSTON'S smart definition of dirt—matter in the wrong place. Also that their presence in either locality is not a law of nature, but an accident of ill-contrived human arrangements. So one more time-honoured Old Nuisance is deprived of the pretext of Necessity, one more Inevitable Evil receives Notice to Quit. Hooray!

Since 1843 legislative enactments of one sort and another have more or less feebly and ineffectively shown fight against the Fog Fiend and his friends. For the disreputable old demon has friends. Whilst Bumbledom is stupid, and Vested Interest selfish what Ancient Nuisance will lack them? Acts whose operation is left to the initiative of vestries and the police are like pulp-shotted pop-guns, powderless and powerless. "Thou shalt consume thine own smoke," looks a tremendous fiat. But what a toothless old lion of a legislative lark it becomes when followed by the humorous saving clause "as far as possible." Time and saving clauses would Nicodemus into nothing a Medo-Persic Ultimatum.

The Sub-Committee on Fog and Smoke, and all other Anti-Fog agencies, have their work cut out. Forests of Factory chimneys, three millions and a half of fire-places, and all the selfishness, stupidity, obstinacy, and inertia represented by or associated with these facts,—practical reformers will not want telling what a formidable array of opposition forces is here. Cloud and chimney may readily be tackled, but foggy wits and fixed interests are harder to deal with. When the question Bituminous v. Anthracite is raised, look out for squalls between the vendors of Anthracite and Bituminous Coal. Gas fires, slow combustion stoves, compulsory enactments for depriving coal of its smoke-producing quality, every suggestion for improvement will bring up its own batch of indignant protestants or con-

temptuous pooh-poohers. Mr. E. CHADWICK says he believes that if the Smoke nuisance were removed, the washing bill of the Metropolis, which he estimated at six millions annually, might be reduced by one half! And then, of course, there would be revolt among the soap-makers, and insurrection among the laundresses.

But though the Fog Fiend will die hard, yet he will have to die. When mist and smoke get together, they go in for fiendish high-jinks and "make a night of it"—even at midday. What is doubtless fun to them, is death to us. Like the fleet at Dulcigno, they must receive orders to "part company." Science can find other uses for unconsumed carbon than darkening our days, defacing our monuments, and irritating our bronchial mucous membranes. Carbon is too useful a creature to waste its heat-generating power upon the City air, and choke the multitudes it was intended to comfort. An immense per-centage of heat-producing power squandered, with the result of spoiling our City, and raising our death-rates! That is the state of things that Science and Sense have to deal with. The interested friends of the *status quo* will please stand aside and let Science and Sense have a fair field and lots of favour. The *status quo* is humorously represented by TOM HOOD'S graphic picture of "November."

Remember, remember
HOOD'S dismal November,
The Fog-Fiend's demoniac plot!
Well, Punch knows no reason
Why that gloomy season
Should not be abolished—forgot.

EAST AND WEST:

OR HOW IT WORKS AT BOTH ENDS.

SCENE—Discovered Two Unphilosophical Speculators in a region somewhere within the operation of the Betting Act.

First Unphilosophical Speculator (who gets a "straight tip" now and then, and drops something over it). Well, look 'ere mate, would yer like to have a out in?

Second Unphilosophical Speculator (fresh to it). Well, don't mind if I do: but I ain't a blooming Courts, yer know; and shouldn't be game to drop 'eavy, I can tell yer.

First Unphilosophical Speculator. 'Eavy? Well, if yer can pay up wot yer drops, wot's the odds? It's straight sailin' in this 'ere shop; and yer needn't go wot yer earn't. Can yer do a quid?

Second Unphilosophical Speculator. A quid? Why, bless yer, mate, wot do yer think I'm made on?—hoyster shells and 'apence? A quid? Five wouldn't bust me!

First Unphilosophical Speculator. Right y'are then; and yer might risk a couple and no 'arm; though there's some of the blokes in the shop as would see twenty fly up and not so much as skin a heylid. (Conclusively.) So, come along, mate, "cut in" 's the word.

[And they do it, anticipating results: when, very properly, their conduct BEING STRICTLY ILLEGAL, they are pounced upon by the police.]

SCENE—Discovered Two Speculative Philosophers at a place anywhere outside it.

First Speculative Philosopher (who has gathered some useful experience at the "Olympus"). Come, old man, what do you say? Shall I put you up?

Second Speculative Philosopher (who hasn't). Well, thanks, old boy; I think I should rather like it. But—(reflectively)—you see, I don't know, you know, whether with what the Guv'nor allows me—I—h'm—I—could—

First Speculative Philosopher. What? the screw? Eh? Oh, we're all in that boat, old chap. Besides it ain't high. Why, if you were to play like a plunger you couldn't drop more than ten thou at one innings!

Second Speculative Philosopher (seeing light). Eh! What? Ten thou—at one innings! Why, my dear fellow, every penny I've got in the world is sixty-two pound ten a quarter!

First Speculative Philosopher. Sixty-two pound ten a quarter,—why, man, that's two hundred and fifty a year? Why, hang it, you'll be the Croesus of the Club! (Decisively.) I'll put you up this afternoon.

[And he does it with results: and, very properly, IT BEING QUITE WITHIN THE LAW,—nothing comes of it!]

"GUESS AGAIN!"

In answer to innumerable Correspondents all dying to know who is the author of "Ben D'yminion," the last volume of which appears in our columns to-day, we are only at liberty to reply that the author's initials are not "W. E. G."

LAW COURT QUADRILLES.—Wanted, Dance-Music for Jurors and Witnesses dancing attendance.



HOW THEY LIVE NOW.

SCENE—Smoking-Room at the Olympus.

TIME—4 P.M.

Young Quiverful (Government Clerk on £120 per annum, to admiring Friend). "YES—DOOSID BAD LUCK AGAIN—DROPPED THREE HUNDRED HERE LAST NIGHT. IF THIS SORT O' THING GOES ON FOR A MONTH, I SHALL HAVE TO DRAW ON THE GUV'NOR. THE OLD BOY 'LL FILL RATHER A LONG FACE OVER IT, EH!"

[Considering that the "old Boy" (the Rev. Denis Quiverful) has about fourteen children to provide for on a thousand a year, it is not improbable that he will.

"BREAKING UP!"

THE British Admiral-in-Chief ran up his last signal.

There was a distant and diffused clatter of opening telescopes, but the next moment "Part Company" had fluttered out gaily from the haly'rds. "I hope it's clear," he said, eyeing it critically. "There has been no end of a bother to get them to understand some of 'em—but I fancy they'll make *that* out fast enough."

He was right. A prolonged cheer in five different languages floated pleasantly in on the breeze. Then without an instant's delay the Admirals followed. With a wonderful alacrity they had come to take their leave.

"Well, Gentlemen," said the Chief, looking at them with an affable smile, "if manœuvring had happened to have been the order of the day, evidently *you* would have all been smart enough, eh?" A quiet wink went round the party. This pleased and encouraged him. "And now, as to our next place of meeting?" he continued, looking inquiringly towards the Parisian sailor. "I think I gathered from you that you would have no objection to the Piræus?"

The Berlin salt interposed. "The Piræus!" he said decisively, "You must mean Primrose Hill."

This was explained to the others. They instantly nodded their assent. The Admiral-in-Chief seemed puzzled.

"Well, Gentlemen," he said, surveying them once more good-humouredly, "I suppose we shall meet again *somewhere*?"

"Not a doubt of it!" responded the spokesman of the party, promptly. "Quite look forward to it, all of you—don't you?"

He turned to his *confères* with another agreeable wink. Again they responded to it heartily. The Admiral-in-Chief still smiled.

"Well," he said kindly, "come, you'll all admit, at any rate, it was a very pleasant meeting. You can't deny that there were some excellent dinners."

"Excellent!" they all said, in a breath, "Excellent!"

"And the change of air has done 'em all a deal of good?"

"A deal—a deal!" was the quick rejoinder.

"And not a single iron-clad was run down by the rest and sent to the bottom!"

"Not one! Not a single one!" they echoed quite enthusiastically.

"Well then, Gentlemen," continued the Chief, summing up, and preparing to take his departure, "I think we may fairly admit to ourselves that it has been a really great success!"

"Great?" they once more shouted in unison. "Immense! Immense!"

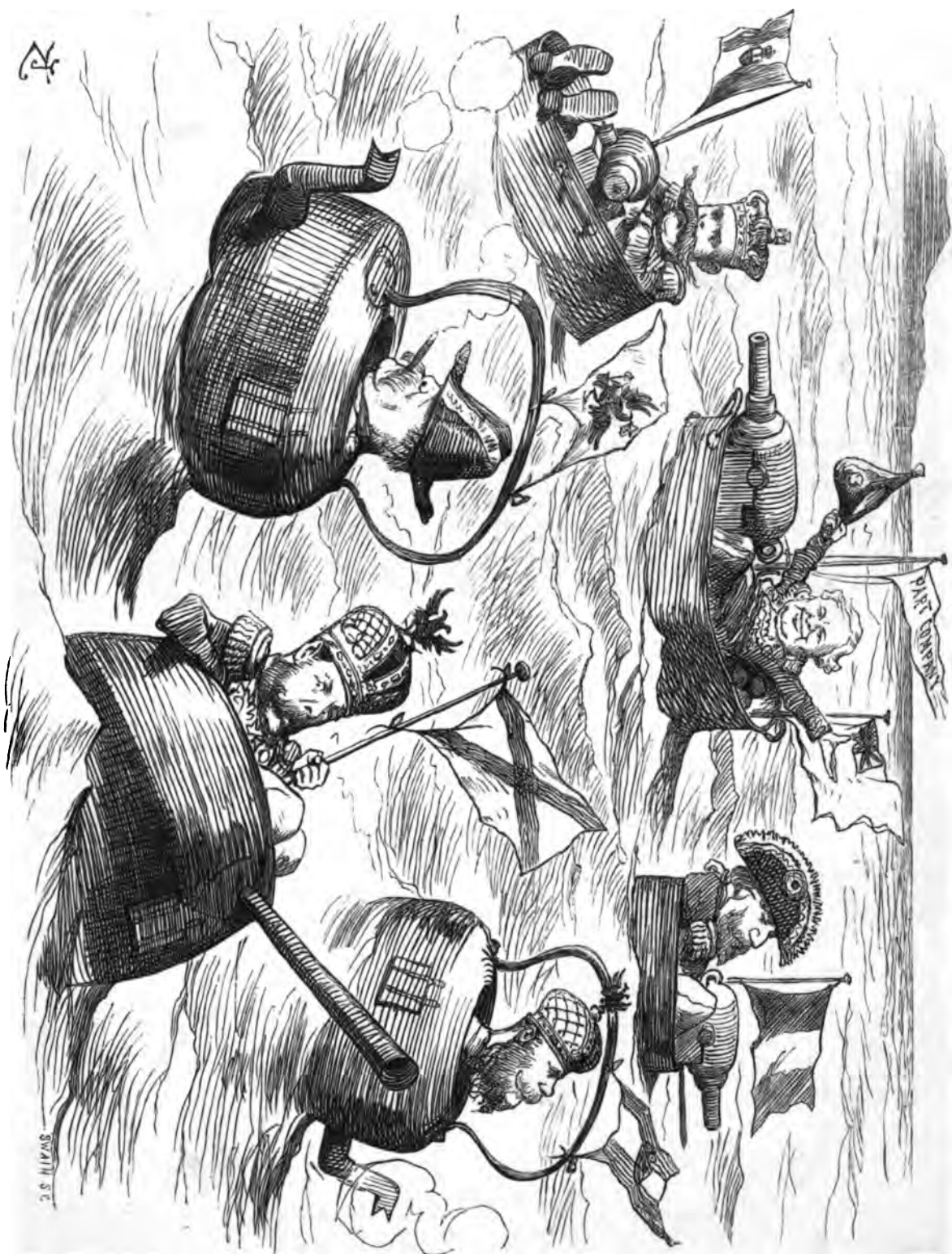
Then the party broke up.

There was a friendly exchanging of addresses, some hearty hand-shaking, an embrace—and even a tear or two.

And so, with one last quiet wink all round, the Admirals separated.

MYSTERIES OF LONDON.

THOSE respectable, but generally feeble-looking Porters in Lincoln's Inn, who are always hurrying about the place—what are they? Superannuated Vice-Chancellors who have been failures? Are they poor relations of the Benchers? What are their duties? and is one of their duties to "carry a case through the Courts?" If so, the case mustn't be a heavy one. Why white aprons? Are they presented with them once a week, when there is no cause on the list of the Courts to which they are attached, just as the Judge on circuit is presented with white gloves? They always appear to be on the look out for somebody who never arrives. We never saw them doing anything except shuffling their feet in winter to keep themselves warm, and we never remember to have seen them talking to one another. They are, as a body, one of the Mysteries of Legal London.



“BREAKING UP!”

(THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION DISPERSES ITSELF FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.)

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Agricultural Hall.

THE vast building at Islington is nothing if not sporting. In the summer the Horse Show makes its appearance, and Bicycle and Pedestrian Contests are held in the spring and autumn. A menagerie is quite at home in the place, and a circus can generally be accommodated with house-room. Sometimes a panorama appears for a few weeks, to disappear, with much satisfaction, into the provinces. The only real exception, however, to the rule is a body of Nigger Minstrels, who are usually to be found singing pathetic melodies and making well-seasoned jokes in one of its many recesses. But by far the greatest "feature" of the year is the Cattle Show.

After passing "the Angel," I found hundreds of "Sandwich men" silently imploring Farmer GILES, ROBIN, and DOLLY to visit this music-hall and that theatre. The vendors of patent medicines, too, appeared to imagine that none of the family could safely return to their rural home without taking back with them enormous packets of nostrums. Everybody seemed ready to disinfect them, to counteract the baneful effects of intemperance for them, to save them from the horrors of sea-sickness. One pertinacious advertiser was evidently convinced that our country cousins had never seen a cake of soap. Another was more than anxious to cure the toothache that too often results from a self-sacrificing career devoted entirely to agricultural pursuits. Having noticed all this, I turned up my nose scornfully at the presentment of a fat lady exhibiting at a rival show, fought my way through a moving forest of cabs and omnibuses, and entered the Hall.

Instead of the typical Farmer GILES and his family (of the Transpontine Theatres), I found ruddy-faced young gentlemen, in what the reporters would call "the height of fashion," lounging at the many bars, and chatting affably with the sprightly female attendants. Their fathers wore beards and moustaches, and bore a faint resemblance to the Poet LAUREATE. The ladies of the family had doubtless visited the show on the five shilling day to see the Prince, and now were conspicuous by their absence. The most thoroughly agricultural looking people in the place were unquestionably Londoners. The Cockneys affected pot hats, and never approached an unpleasantly corpulent bullock without punching him in the side with the forefinger of the right hand, or prodding him in the back with a stick. If the obese animal paid no attention to these unprovoked outrages, they seemed satisfied that he must be "as sound as a bell." If, on the other hand, the bull gave proofs that he was sufficiently unencumbered with superfluous flesh to move an inch, they beat a hasty and undignified retreat. I passed fat



A DISPLAY OF FEELING.

sheep and fat oxen by the dozen, and at length came to the attraction of the show. This was an enormous grey and white steer surrounded by a hurdle. The poor creature seemed profoundly unconscious of the sensation he was creating. His lair was shared by a countryman, who was seated under a placard bearing the startling and puzzling announcement, "The Best Beast in the Show." The steer, who, it appeared, belonged to Mr. COLMAN, M.P., seemed to take interest in nothing but food. As I watched him, in company with some fifty other pushing admirers, a load of hay was carted up to the pen. Upon noticing his lunch, Mr. COLMAN's brute indulged in a sort of flickering wink, which was accepted by the bystanders as a bovine equivalent to a human smile. Perhaps awed by the proteesting presence of his guardian, none of us for a long while dared to punch him in the side, although all our right forefingers tingled to be at him. At last a young lady, (who, by the way, was not exactly my idea of a farmer's daughter), ventured to poke him stealthily in the ribs with a fan. Mr. COLMAN's brute made no effort to resent the assault, and we were satisfied that he deserved the cups that had been showered upon him. After this the prodding became general.

I had seen in the newspapers, with feelings of gratified loyalty, that the QUEEN had taken two prizes in small white pigs. It was obviously necessary that I should inspect the Royal property. So trusting to one or another of my senses I made my way to the porcine retreat. On entering I was informed by numerous placards that the place was disinfected by some well-advertised material. Without pretending to be much of a judge of perfumes, I think on the whole I should have preferred the pigs *au naturel*. But this is a detail, and I may be old-fashioned in my likings. I found the hogs fast asleep. There was, but one exception, a truculent-looking brute who seemed

to be employing his ample leisure in making ingenious but unsuccessful attempts to murder his next door neighbour through the bars of his sty, because the latter had been "highly commended," when he had been passed over in silence. The Royal beasts were reclining in the orthodox fashion, and did not seem to be missing much the purple velvet fittings, the richly-liveried lackeys, and other gorgeous accessories, which doubtless characterised the home pen at Windsor. The bystanders regarded the distinguished porkers with awe, and seemed delighted when they contrived "to catch the



A ROYAL PIG QUITE AT HOME.

grunter's eye." The general impression was that each of the animals "looked every inch a pig." I do not believe that a single person in the admiring throng grudged HER MAJESTY the £10 she had gained so meritoriously.

I had left the Bazaar to the last, feeling that in its instructive halls I should be able to bring my agricultural education to a successful conclusion. I had pictured to myself all kinds of rural curiosities. Although I had seen specimens of roots and farm instruments in the Galleries, I thought that the best specimens would be reserved for the Museum. I entered. Immediately a lively young Lady claimed my attention by volubly describing the numerous merits of a needle-threader! However as this little instrument had certainly some connection with sewing, I accepted it as remotely connected with Agriculture, and passed on. "Had I seen this?" asked a second lively young Lady, nearly as voluble as the first. I certainly had not. "This" was a doll smoking a small windmill in its mouth like a cigar, and wearing a mechanically expanding and contracting opera-hat of grotesque construction. The second young Lady urged me earnestly to purchase this truly rural "exhibit," but finding that I was disinclined to invest any money in such a property, became convinced that I could not possibly support existence without a box of tin soldiers!

Tearing myself away, I came to other lively Ladies. "Would I look at this, that, and t'other?" was murmured in both my ears, and, before I could remonstrate, all kinds of miscellaneous articles were forced upon me. I found that in the Bazaar belonging to the Smithfield Cattle Show "Agriculture" was considered a very wide term. It included fuzee-boxes, medicine-bottles, comic songs, *bonbons*, marking-ink, patent cement, hair-oil, and gas-burners. To judge from the wares presented to them, our country cousins must not only be wealthy but eccentric. At one end of the Hall a gentleman was lecturing upon the "cheapest shilling's-worth that ever was seen." As I approached, he pointedly addressed me—"I have sold them at Scarborough to the greatest engineers in the world, and they represented themselves perfectly satisfied with their purchase." Subsequent investigation disclosed the fact that the gentleman was attempting, by his eloquence, to force a sale of pegtops and pen-knives! I walked on, and noticed that nearly all the stall-keepers were attempting to emulate the Lecturer on Scientific Subjects at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. "This useful little instrument," said one, "is well worthy of the attention of the Press and the Public. By inserting it with a rotary movement into a cork thus, it takes a firm hold, when the cork may be removed from the mouth of the bottle with the greatest facility." And a brilliant experiment in cork-drawing followed. I found that the smaller the article the more the vendor had to say about it. Weary with importunities to buy this and that, I at last came to a youth of retiring manners. In the fitness of things he should have been a salesman of sugar-sticks or hair-dye. He evidently did not care about speaking to me unless I opened the conversation. I stood still, and stared at him. Thus encouraged, he plucked up courage to address me. "Please, Sir," said he, in a deferential tone, "would you like to buy a gig?"

Fearing that I might be lured by this new temptation into unanticipated expenditure, I thought it best to beat a retreat. As I left the Agricultural Hall, thousands of fresh comers were entering, ready, I felt sure, to prod the beasts with the utmost heartiness.



UNCLASSIFIED STOCK.



Captain Jones (alluding to acquaintance who had just passed), "SEEMS A NICE SORT O' FELLOW, THAT BROWN. YOU SAY HE'S THE RIDING-MASTER OF THE 120TH HUSSARS?"

Lieutenant Krutch. "NO; THE VETERINARY SURGEON."

Captain Jones. "ARE YOU SURE?"

Lieutenant Krutch. "OH YES. HE'S GOT V.C. AFTER HIS NAME, AND I KNOW HE HASN'T GOT THE VICTORIA CROSS!"

posture. Only one thing is wanted—a Queen! How is Lord LITTLEHAMPTON? Ailing a little through age? Has he a coldness about the lower extremities? This is a symptom often produced by natural causes; it can also be produced by bi-chloride of potassium, a slow but deadly poison which leaves no traces whatever. But I am wandering, and will merely subscribe myself as

FORSTAN—your slave, and King of the Haphazard Islands.

TYRA had hardly finished the perusal of this truly kingly missive, when a telegraph-boy rushed in with a despatch.

Lord LITTLEHAMPTON had died that morning!

So had Lord MUMPFORD!!

CHAPTER FOUR.

BEN D'YMION had to make his first Parliamentary speech. He got through it pretty well. He only fainted away five times during its delivery. This was because he felt so dizzy. The Speaker fanned him with the Mace, and the Serjeant-at-Arms brought him iced water in his cocked-hat. The speech was rapturously applauded by TYRA and IRREVALENTA, who were looking in through a skylight: 'twas on the question of the Timbuctoo War, and was a masterpiece. The Prime Minister felt so unable to answer it, that he resigned.

There was nothing for it but to make BEN D'YMION Prime Minister!

IRREVALENTA called to congratulate him.

"I have some news for you," she said. "You know LEONORA?"

"LEONORA!" echoed BEN D'YMION, rapturously.

"She is engaged to be married to St. SNOBB!"

BEN D'YMION masticated his patrician lip for some moments, and

* Editor to Earl.—That's right! Clear 'em off. Isn't this rather sudden, though?

Earl to Editor.—Oh, yes, 'tis sudden. Such things will happen—especially towards end of Vol. III. Besides, I must get 'em out of the way for final scene.

then said, "Oh, I don't care! It doesn't matter to me! There are other people as rich, I dessay, and——"

"Dearest DYMIE!" said IRREVALENTA, "if you're thinking of marrying, Lord MUMPFORD's fortune was not inconsiderable, and

"Well?" said BEN D'YMION, impatiently.

"'Tis all settled upon me."

"Beauteous creature! What, all? A cool hundred thousand a year, as I'm a living Prime Minister. IRREVALENTA! you shall be mine!"

"Them's my sentiments, too," she said. And the peerless Peeress disappeared in his Titanic arms.

TYRA—she was Queen of the Haphazard Islands now—went with BEN D'YMION to see his old attic in Ratcliff Highway. It was quite a classical occasion. Let me hear it say its 'little cataclysm—I mean Catechism, DYMIE dear! What can the Human Will achieve!"

The Prime Minister put his hands meekly behind his back, and replied, "Whatever it determines on."

"And what is the Whole Duty of Man?"

"To get to the top of the tree."

"Good boy!" said TYRA. And she folded to her breast in a last embrace the First Lord of the Treasury! *

Editor to Earl.—I say, is this the end? What becomes of 'em all? And why last embrace?

Earl to Editor.—You don't expect Prime Ministers and Queens to go on embracing for ever, do you? Cleared 'em all off, y'see! It's gone first-rate, eh?

Editor to Earl.—Not bad, but nobody knows who's who.

Earl to Editor.—No, but somebody knows what's what! Send round the boy with the ten thousand. In all day. Ta! Ta! *Quicquid agunt homines*, &c. You know the rest, of course. If not, see Popular Quotation Book, where you get compressed version all ready for use in one line. It has been applied over and over again to SHAKESPEARE, why not to yours truly, £10,000?



LABORARE EST ORARE.

Senior Surgeon. "I WISH PARTICULARLY TO SEE CASE NO. 36 IN YOUR WARD BEFORE I LEAVE. I FEAR THE SYMPTOMS ARE NOT SO FAVOURABLE——"

Nurse. "YOU CANNOT ENTER NOW, SIR GEORGE. WE ARE JUST GOING TO HAVE EVENING!"

"THE MISSIS."

(AN IDYL IN AN ATTIC.)

TWELVE! He'll be blundering home by now, and I've let the fire burn low, Along of visions I seem to see in the embers' ruddy glow.

Me dream? Well, I used to dream of him once, long ago, so long ago!

Ten years! 'Tis a little eternity, and I look so fur away, A girl, with a red ribbon knot in her hair, and a laugh as the laverock gay. And I've hardly laughed since he struck me first, and the roots of my hair are grey.

At thirty! 'Tisn't the thing I thought when he left me there at the gate, With the bit of gold and forget-me-not on my finger. Though it was late, I watched the stars till they faded in dawn,—the stars that to-night I hate!

Look at them glimmerin' coldly there, as lovely as ladies' eyes When they shine on me out of a smooth, calm face, in their beautiful hard surprise

That all is not right in a world they light. Ah! beauty's the biggest of lies!

I was pretty once, but you can't keep looks in a London alley long; And he was the smartest lad in the shop—so straight, and square, and strong. If a man had offered to strike me then, had his life been worth a song?

But you see when a hand that has fondled once is lifted to bruise and maim, There's a somethin' snaps in a woman's heart that the clever ones may name. I know it seems bitterer fur than death, and I think it is worse than shame.

Bah! *Me* whimper?—the "Missis," old—for my heart is old—and grey, As though I was nought but that gay soft girl I see so fur away? *Me*,—who have fought it with red-faced MOLL, and can toil at the tub all day?

As that rag of curtain shakes in the draught, so I shook when he struck me first.

It wasn't the pain, though he smote the breast that his bantlings four had nursed; But now I am hard as the hand that strikes—and I know not which is worst.

It's the smell o' that spray o' laylook there that so me so to-night; A hush of it stood by my cottage gate. I will fl away. That's right! The gin-whiff is better, after all, for in that one car—and fight.

But love and flowers are folly, toys for the great fur as I see.

Why I'm hardly sure that I love my brats & they're clamouring at my knee, Cry, cry, cry! They're in bed at last; but whe these rest for me?

Now, in the silent chill night hours in this squalid at room?

Waiting my Man, as the "Missis" must, though he li till crack o' doom?—

And he was the lad who kissed me, kissed me under laylook bloom.

Rest? When the black thoughts tear my heart, an think could I strike one blow

Through his heart and mine as we lay at night, it w better fur to go.

But leave him, leave him to red-faced MOLL, and I broad-mouth'd laughter? No!

Sweetheart—Missis! Two wide extremes to touch one little year;

The petted darling, the beaten drudge; and the la that stands so near

To the starved bread-stealer as straying 'girl, seems terrible fur from here.

It made this ring; can it do no more in the way o' bin ing lives?

Can't it tie a man to the bit o' work, can't it break th drunkard's gyves?

You are pulled if you starve as heat a beast. Are horse better than wives?

I must stir his supper. Poor stuff, poor stuff! Will h taste it? Why should I care?

Beaten flesh hardens, and why should souls keep soft! Cold hearts can bear,

Big Ben's a booming—and there's his step a-stumbling loud on the stair!

A GROWL FROM A KERR.

OWN day last week at the City of London Court, during the hearing of a disputed claim, Mr. Commissioner KERR is reported to have said, "Don't talk to me about the working man. I have a very strong opinion about him, and that is, that he is one of the greatest impostors of the day." If the Commissioner alluded to the loafer who calls himself a working man, the rough who never has and never wants any work to do, and fellows of that stamp, he is perfectly right. But the condemnation was too sweeping. Isn't the Commissioner himself a working man? Aren't all who honestly labour in any rank of life working men? And, above all, aren't journalists the most hard working, the most hard-worked and least complaining of all rightly-called working men? With these exceptions Commissioner KERR's remark is quite kerr-ect.

Telephone v. Telegraph.

It must be a painful task for Mr. FAWCETT to appear as the Champion of a Government Monopoly, and the Opponent of Scientific Progress. The improvident bargain made with the Telegraph Companies in 1869 is now bearing bitter fruit. A man who has done so much for his Department, whose economical principles are above suspicion, is compelled to do battle for the worst form of Protection. The public, as usual, are the sufferers. Private enterprise would have given them sixpenny telegrams—the Government charges a shilling. Private enterprise and human ingenuity will probably supersede the telegraph, unless burked by Government and a more than Liberal Minister.

AN AESTHETIC PHILOSOPHER.—Sage from.

What was Found in the Snow.



It was Christmas-time in the Land of Queer Fancies, which borders on the State of Indi-gestion, and Mr. Punch, who had been making various purchases of illustrated books, Christmas Cards—"DE LA RUX with a difference," as he observed to himself, chuckling over the misquotation—and all the illustrated papers, including the *Showman*, edited by "CODLIN," with a capital preface by "G. A. S.," was wending his way back to his own home, situated on an eminence any number of thousand feet above the sea, but never over the heads of the people, among the Heights of Imagination.

"A Merry Christmas to you!" said a tall man, dressed in an old-fashioned style.

"Your name's SMITH, I believe," said Mr. Punch, who is endowed with the Royal faculty for remembering names and faces.

"Tom," replied that Gentleman.

"True," returned Mr. Punch; "but one hardly expects anything true from you, as you are so celebrated for your 'Crackers.' You're fresher than ever this year. Why don't you call your firm SMITH AND YOUNGER? Capital Fan Costume Crackers, those of yours. Very ingenious. Good-night. A Merry Christmas to you! Where's Toby?" and he looked about for his faithful follower.

Where was he? Career-ing far ahead, rolling over and over in the snow, as jolly a dog as ever was seen—a gay young dog as ever was heard of, going home for the holidays.

Growing colder and colder. Mr. Punch, in one of his own Dick-Doyley wrappers, quickened his pace to increase his circulation, starting new ideas from their lairs at every step.

Higher and higher Mr. Punch mounted, far from the "madding



LANDSCAPE IN THE

crowd," as he drew nearer and nearer to his Shooting-Box, which is the Noted Half-way House from Everywhere, situated on the Joke-capped summit of one of the loftiest Heights of the Imaginative Range. Thicker and thicker lay the snow.

Toby made a point. His tail became violently agitated.

What was that in the snow? A man's head? His boots! Heads or tails?

To dash at the head—to drag it out, and the body after it, was with Mr. Punch the work of less than half a second.

"All alive, O!" exclaimed the Benevolent Philosopher, cheerily. And a faint voice issued from the lips of the man just rescued.

"All alive, are they? Ah! I hope so!" by Google

The Collective Wisdom of the Humane Society, embodied in their President, *Mr. Punch*, at once suggested a good shaking to prevent a relapse.

"Do you mean," shouted *Mr. Punch* in his ear, "that there are any more of you?"

"Lots!" was the almost inaudible answer.

"Where?"

"In the snow—all about—" And he collapsed.

Toby was barking furiously. He was finding them, one after the other, in the snow, just as a dog finds truffles.

In another five minutes eleven frozen-out, speechless, inanimate travellers were stretched out in as many comfortable arm-chairs before a roaring fire in *Mr. Punch's* Hall.

"JOEY!" said *Mr. Punch* to the faithful old family servant. "JOEY, bring the flowing bowl, the devilled bones, and the tobaccoo."

A gentle thrill seemed to vibrate through the eleven frames at the sound of these magic words. The eleven iced travellers, victims of a freezing politeness, were gradually yielding to the influence of genial hospitality.

"They are thawing," cried *Mr. Punch* in great glee. "Happy thaw'd! Hot Punch!"

He ladled it down their throats. Coughs and sneezes followed intermittently in rapid succession, then one exclamation arose from all lips, "More!"

"Hooray! they're coming-to!" cried the Excellent Philanthropist, dancing with joy. "Glasses round again! Now a grilled bone! Out into it! Hooray! that's your sort! How do you find yourselves now?"

"Where did they find themselves now" seemed likely to be their first question. *Mr. Punch's* presence explained that, and then they insisted on embracing him. "Our Life Preserver!" they cried.

"And now, Gentlemen, as there's plenty more where that comes from," said *Mr. Punch*, pointing to the liquor, "we can look forward to a jolly Christmas evening. Hallo! What's this?"

His attention had been suddenly attracted by a Wild-eye'd man, who was drawing a manuscript from his pocket.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*. But, before he could utter another word, he saw that all the eleven strangers were pulling manuscripts from their pockets. Suddenly a light broke in upon *Mr. Punch*. "I see," he cried. "You're the usual set of Travellers who are always getting lost in the snow, or being shut up somewhere, or meeting in inns, or haunted houses at Christmas time, and then each of you tells a story or sings a song. I know you."

The Wild-eye'd one who had been the first to attract *Mr. Punch's* attention, replied as spokesman for the party.

"You are right, as you always are," he said. "We've brought all our Stories, and—"

"Fill your glasses," said *Mr. Punch*, bent on making a night of it. "I won't ask you who you are. Each one can introduce himself in turn. And now what's the first article?"

The Wild-eye'd person tossed off half a tumbler of the "mixture as before," and then read aloud—

The Mad Detective's Diary.



THE "D. T."-ECTIVE.

A GLOOMY December night. Time, 10 P.M.

Message suddenly flashed from Downing Street by special heliograph. "*Cabinet to Blunderbore*.—Come at once! Dreadful plot! You must find it out."

10.16 P.M.—I am in Downing Street. Always the professional Detective. I leap lightly on to the roof, and attempt to look down the chimney. Great difficulty to get near it, as the slates crowded with spies, eavesdroppers, emissaries, Irish landlords, Turkish bondholders, Greek and Montenegrin patriots, all interested in finding out the Government's intentions.

I slid down the chimney. Half-way I was wedged in by a Russian spy. He was going up. "There is a plot," he whispered, as he passed upwards and disappeared. The next moment I was in the Premier's room. He was reading aloud a poem called *The (Boy) Cotter's Saturday Night*.

"What answer shall I send Boycott?" asked the Secretary, venturing to interrupt his Chief.

"Answer?" returned the Premier, testily, "write 'Mind your own business' on a postcard, and send him that."

11.0 P.M.—Curious, none of them seem to know what the plot is. All sure there is one, however. Premier says Kurds are at the

bottom of it. Lord SELBORNE rather inclined to think Radicals a finger in it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN fancies it a plot of the Whig prevent reform in Land Laws. Earl GRANVILLE said he was the Americans were conspiring about Fishery question. Mr. BIR beginning to remark that as there were no lords or kings in America there couldn't possibly be a plot of any kind there. I cautiously inquired if the Plot was there? No. Aha! then I had found Plot out!! Good!

12.0 P.M.—I am in Westminster Hall. Who is that figure? I PENZANCE disguised as OLIVER CROMWELL, spade in hand, shod with earth out of a large hole which he has just made.

He throws down his implements, and says, "I am dressed CROMWELL, and am digging a hole for CHARLES."

12.30 P.M.—House of Lords deserted, except by a single occupant. Lord SHERRBROOKE sitting on a shelf, high up, looking very much changed.

"My Lord!" I said, taking out one of my blank forms of arrest. "I arrest you on a charge of *præmunire, scire facias, caveat emptor de contumace catchiando, and significavit*. So come along!"

"I'm not the man," he whispered, "try BRIGHT. "We're governed nowadays from Birmingham!"

I wrote the information down in my pocket-book. Two minutes whispered, "Try Colney Hatch." I started for my destination. I was wandering in my mind towards the Heights of Imagination when I lost my way in the snow and you found me.

"All right!" said *Mr. Punch*, nodding to the Detective. "Keep quiet." "Stands Scotland-Yard where it did?" asked a sombre-visaged person who subsequently introduced himself as an Un-blighted Tragedian.

"Well, I don't know," replied the Detective. "I don't like speaking against my own profession, but what do you think of this, eh?" and he read out—

Police Advertisement Extraordinary.

THE Metropolitan Commissioners of Police have much pleasure in informing the Public that they have now completed their arrangements for the speedy production of mock-murders, fictitious felonies, and phantom forgeries.

Imitation criminal-work in all its branches executed with neatness, punctuality, and despatch. A Protean witness kept in readiness, both day and night, on the premises. Please address all inquiries to "Manager, Criminal Investigation Department."

(Signed) JONATHAN WILD THE YOUNGER, Dec., 1880.

"Dangerous practice," observed *Mr. Punch*.

"Right you are, Guv nor!" said a smart youth, waking up.

"Why! surely!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*, as his face beamed again. "It must be—"

"Right again, Old Man! It's 'ARRY! It's me! It's myself! 'A I' 'ARRY THE FIRST! My name is 'ARRY on the Primrose Hill—"

"What's that?" growled the Un-blighted Tragedian. "Rash Boy! You mean *Norval*. I ought to know. I am a Professional in the Heavy line. Listen!" he cried, as he unfolded his manuscript. "Listen to—"

The Un-blighted Tragedian.

You will wonder why you have found me buried in an avalanche, ready dressed for *Hamlet*. I will tell you:—

I am the eldest son of a Duke, and heir, in direct succession to a couple of the wealthiest peerages in the three kingdoms. I was not "born" to the stage. The Duchess, my mother, had nourished a vast ambition for my future. She had said to my father, the Duke, "I am resolved about PLANTAGENET: he shall lead both parties in both Houses." My father had nodded approvingly, as he always did, and merely rejoined, "Very well, my dear; just as you like, of course." After this I began well. Cabinet Ministers were asked down to Boltons, and were hurried up to the nursery six at a time to look at me in my cradle. My earliest recollections are of nothing but crowned heads. At three and twenty, I was one of the acknowledged listeners of the House, had written a standard work on Blank Cheques, and was set down for a Junior Secretaryship. My reputation was European—at least, almost European. And now came the turning-point of my existence.

A literary Marquis had given me an order for two to the upper boxes, for a *matinée* at the King's Cross Theatre. I had never entered a play-house before. The piece was *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*. The hero spoke as if his mouth was full of potatoes. The heroine seemed on familiar terms with the leader of the band. But the blow was struck. The splendour of the whole thing seized on me like a mighty revelation. I felt, in an instant, that till now I had not known the meaning of that mysterious word "career." That very night, I saw the Prime Minister, and threw up everything I might have held. There was a scene, but I was obdurate. Within a week, I had been thoroughly prepared for the stage by an experienced advertiser. At the end of a fortnight, I had been driven from it in a shower of rotten eggs, on the occasion of my first appearance as *Virginus*. At the close of a month I was singing "*Why don't they put Uncle to bed?*" in a Music Hall at South Shields. But

no effort was spared at Boltons to win me back. My father, the Duke, joined the Four-in-Hand Club, with a real *Stage Coach*. He next entered a Circus horse for the Derby, but the Blue Ribbon



"WHAT AN ASS AM I!"
Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.

fell to another. At home, however, there was no lack of energy. A Clown and Pantaloon were asked down for the Grouse Shooting, and the whole of the diplomatic corps were invited to meet them. Nor did matters end here. All the back numbers of the *Era*, from its commencement were left about in piles on the drawing-room tables. This killed my mother. Still I persevered. To take the town by storm with my Danish Prince was the one object I had proposed to myself in life. Yet I had made it a rule never to miss a chance. I have played the *Dog in the Forest of Bondy*, and six of the characters in *Macbeth*, including the *Thane* himself, in the same evening.

But, perhaps, the best thing I ever did was a pepper-castor in a pantomime processional supper at a seaport town on the Essex coast. It was about this time, that my father received the Garter, and for a fortnight I was "wanted" in the second column of the *Times* by the family Solicitor. But I had chosen my career. My father was welcome to the Garter. Give me the Orders! To play *Hamlet* before a moderate house, that should not be more than *three-fourths* paper, was still the dream of my existence. So I kept my counsel. While they were in mourning for me at Boltons, I was working the tail of the "Merry Mastodon" in a burlesque that had been written by a local poet at *Herne Bay*, and had run a whole night and a half. Once, and only once, I got a chance with *Hamlet*. It was at a place where some-how, they had not yet heard of my name. And I was getting on fairly, when the *Ghost* suddenly staggered on to the stage, and I saw at a glance that he had been following the Danish custom, more honoured in the breach than the observance, and was, in fact, stupidly drunk. Fortunately experience had taught me what to do, and, at the line "*Alas, poor Ghost!*" just as he was trying in an imbecile manner to rap my head with his truncheon, I took him out on my back. But though I introduced my "ten minutes interlude" of "Feeding the Beasts at the Zoo (with imitations)" to the players, the five people in the house who had paid, would have their money back, and I never got to my fight,—and I've never got to it since!

And so it has come to this,—that nobody will touch me at any price. Even Literary and Scientific Societies won't have me *gratis*. I can't even get out "To be or not to be" before an Infant School. Still, it is a glorious profession, and I am neither blighted nor disheartened. On the contrary, I am cheery. Ready to "slip in" a scene anywhere and anyhow, I now walk about in costume, and I was coming to give you a quiet reading, for a charity, when the avalanche overtook me. If you would like to hear"—

"Thank you, another time," interrupted the courteous host. "Take a cigar, and allow me to fill your glass."

"I ain't much of a playgoer myself," sententially observed a shabby-looking man, in a dirty white tie and a shiny tail coat, "bein' mostly engaged in the evenin'."

"Your name, I should say, is ROBERT," said Mr. Punch, smiling graciously. "May I ask is that your diary you have with you?"

"Yessir. A mere hegstrack. You'd like to 'ear it? Yessir, comin' d'reckly, Sir."

The Waiter's Story.



R Waiters sometimes sees rum things and rum people too. I remember, many years ago, when I was engaged at a large Hotel in the Country, a Gent came in one day, looking in a great 'urry, and asked for a private room. I showed him into one, and he immediately looked the door. He had a large black bag with him, which he placed on a chair, and turning suddenly upon me said, "Can you keep a secret, Waiter?" "Yes, Sir," I said. "I think I can." He put a

sovereign in my 'and and said, "Now what do you say?" "Now," I said, "I'm quite sure I can." "Then," says he, "I'll clenoh the bargain at once," and he gave me another sovereign. I think I was never more astonished in all my life. He then pointed to the black bag and said, "My secret is locked in that bag, and here's the key; but before I give it to you, listen to what I have to say. I was the heir to a Dukedom and a Garter." "Only one," said I. "No," said he, "both; and also to immense estates and large sums of money, thousands of acres and tens of thousands of pounds. The only living being that stood between me and my large inheritance is here, here," and he pointed to the black bag. I thought I should have fainted with 'orror. "But," I said, "how can a human being be packed in so small a space?" "It is," said he, "only a child, five years old, with beautiful fair soft hair, and such sweet sad eyes. Did you ever hear of a child's 'air turning white with fear in a single hour? Look here and see," and opening the bag he showed me a lock of perfectly white 'air! He then locked the bag again, and turning to me said, "You must carry this bag with me to the Railway Station, and, if I escape undiscovered, I will give you untold gold; if you betray me, this six-shot Revolver loaded to the muzzle, shall punish your wilful lie."

Feeling now sure that I was in the presence either of a Murderer or a Madman, I knew not what on earth to do. However, he didn't give me much time to think, but, bidding me carry the bag before him, we went out. Directly we got into the fields he said, "There is a short cut, this way across the river." "Yes," said I; "but there's no bridge." "What of that," said he, "we will swim!" "I can't swim," says I. "Coward!" says he, "then we'll catch the Express as it rushes along, and hang on by the Guard's Van!" "It can't be done," says I. "Caitiff," says he, "are you one of Dr Couvror's adherents?" "No," said I, "I'm only the Waiter at the Black Swan," and I sticks to that. "Whatever," says he, "you have been offered to betray me, I will double if you will be true. Hundreds for falsehoods, thousands for truth. Can you hesitate? Let us go to some retired spot, and then, safe from interruption, I will relate my sad story."

Good gracious, how frightened I was! I knew it was no use shouting for the Police, because there ain't none there. That's one good thing in London—savin' the Detective's presence, which I'm glad to see he's fast asleep—you never need go far for a Policeman; you're sure to find one in a small area. Well, just as we were turning round the corner by the church-yard, four men rushed out upon us, knocked the pistol out of the gentleman's hand, and couffed him in less than no time, and seizing the black bag from my most willin' hands, opened it, and, to my intense astonishment and delight, took out a fine White Rabbit! The poor Mania looked at it with 'orror and despair; and the Keepers placing him in a carriage they had in waiting, they drove away, giving me five shillings, as they said, for my trouble. Well, if my trouble was worth five shillings, what was my fright worth? 'Owever, I was so puzzled and overcome that I quite forgot to return the two sovereigns the poor Gent had so generously given me. Two pounds five shillings is a lot of money to receive all at once, and for about only twenty minutes work, but I think, upon the whole, I'd rather not earn it again in exactly the same way, not even to be a Alderman, and live on tuttle.



"ALAS! POOR GHOST!"

"Consummate!" sighed an *Æsthetic Young Man*, who had been found in the snow with a Lily in his hand, and a Peacock's Feather behind his ear.

"Mr. POSTLETHWAITE, I believe?" said *Mr. Punch*, bowing.

The *Æsthetic* gracefully acknowledged the salutation, and relapsed into silence.

"The world's a stage, Sir, as you say," observed a sad-looking, middle-aged Man, in reply to some remark from the Un-blighted Tragedian; "but it's the unprofessionals who have most experience of its tragedy."

Mr. Punch requested the Sad Traveller to oblige him by reading the manuscript which he had already produced.

"It's in verse," said the Sad Traveller. "And I call it"—

Holly-Ho!

"Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly."—SHAKESPEARE.



THE holly was full of berry, the winter was hard and white,
As white as my girl-wife's face, and as hard as our life's long fight.

"It will sell all the better," she said, as she kissed me a faint good-bye.

And I gathered the scant rags round her, and went, with a tear-dimmed eye.

No fire in the rusted grate; chill cheer for our Christmas Eve!

And I left her, to wheel out the holly, though bitterly loth to leave.

It was brought from the far white woods, near the Cottage where POLLY was born,

Twenty long miles I had trudged with it, only that same bleak morn.

But the shining red berries were thick on it, showing so ruddily warm,

That I left just one scarlet spray on her pillow. Her frost-pinch'd form Shook 'neath the tattered quilt; but she said, "I feel cosy and well. And I never saw holly so fine, TOM; 'twill sell, dear, I'm sure it will sell."

Sell! 'Twas but little 'twould fetch, though it sold to the last red spray.

But what other chance of comfort was left for our Christmas Day?

A shilling or two meant dinner, a bit of fire in the stove,

And POLLY clasped warm in my arms, —yes warm as our sore tried love.

Ah! if only love could warm, spite of frost and of clothing scant,
Could keep off the biting of winter, the gnawing of hunger and want,

Then the cold had never struck home through the thin, thin rags of my wife,
Nor consumption's merciless clutch have been laid on the core of her life.

The streets were white, but the gaslight gleamed from a myriad jets

On a myriad eager faces; e'en poverty's fevers and frets Seemed stilled, or they stole into corners, like bats when the daylight breaks;
What have holiday buyers to do with the vision of hungers and aches?

"Holly-ho! Holly-ho! Holly-ho!" Oh, I shouted and smiled with the best, And I chaffed with the jovial chaffers, —longing for midnight and rest.

And an old stave ran in my head, about life being jolly, most jolly,

As I looked on the girls' rosy faces, and thought of the white cheeks of POLLY.



Yet the pennies came slowly in; but, at last, when the throng had grown thin,
There passed me a portly old fellow, wool-swathed to his round red chin.

Was he caught by the gleam of the berries,—my face's cold trouble? Who knows?

But he turned, and he bought the whole lot. What a laugh to my lips arose!

"Wheel it home to my house, my good man." And I followed him home through the night.

As clean as his smooth shaven face, was the Villa, all comfort and light;

And his daughters thronged to the hall, and they kissed him, and welcomed the holly;

And again in my ears rang the cheery old strain, "Life is jolly, most jolly!"

Well, with six shining shillings in hand, wine-warmed, with a flask "for my wife,"

It was hardly for me to be bitter, or mock at the landers of life.

The thought of the glisten of POLLY's dark eyes drew me on, hot and swift,

Till my soant breath failed, and I reeled, as the latch I was ready to lift.

One minute I paused on the threshold; I think that my thought was a prayer,

A wordless thanksgiving for her who was waiting so patiently there.

Hist! Was that her low voice? "TOM!" Aye, I heard it close at my ear,

The voice of the girl I had wooed in the holly wood, wondrously faint and clear.

And I burst in, singing the strain, "Oh, this life is jolly, most jolly!"

"It is Christmas morning, my girl, and I've sold every bit of our holly,

Save the spray on your pillow, my pet. Let me kiss your poor cheeks as red."

And I stooped, with my heart at my lips, almost happy, —and POLLY was dead!

Three minutes allowed for reflection, which was, however, interrupted by *Toby* rushing in with something in his mouth. "That dog is very troublesome," said *Mr. Punch*, apologetically. "One moment, Gentlemen," and he took up a roll of paper off the rug.

"The last Turkish Circular Note," he explained to the company, after perusing the document. "Will anyone cash it?"

There was a quiet laugh, but no one made an offer.

"Into the fire with it," said the business-like host. "And now, once more go on, if you please. Who's next?"

"I be!" cried a sturdy-looking Fellow, in velveteen.

"And what's your paper about?" inquired *Mr. Punch*.

"Well, Zur, it be better nor Playactors' ghosties—it be about reel ghosties." And laying down his pipe, the Velveteen Man read out—

The Haunted Preserbe.

(A Tale of a Village Tap-Room. Told by an Old Poacher.)



O I believe in Ghoasties? Ees. Seeun is beleevun. There wuz sitch things once. There used to be Ghoasties afore there wuz Raill-ways; but 'tis said Steam ha' swep' um all away.

Did I ever zee are a Ghoast myself? An, didn't I! There's them now livun besides me as remembers when they heerd say as how there wuz summut to

be sin down in Giles's 'Ood. So there wuz; and I know'd ut. I sin ut fust, though the fust to spake about ut wuz NED NORRIS, Sir THOMAS's Head Keeper; but I sin ut afore he. So 'twasn't no news to me when 'a told the storee, as I heer'd un tell ut at the "White Horse."

'A said 'a wuz out one fine winter's night, as med ha been yesterday a little, afore this here heavy snow come

on, a gwiun of his rounds. The moon wuz up, and purty nigh 'at the full. " 'Tis my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year." NED, 'a know'd that well enough; set a thief to catch a thief; not that! allows poachun's thievun,—that is, poachun as it used to be in the old days, but 'a know'd a moonlight night was the time o' day, as the Irishman said, for the keepers to be on the look-out. So in the course of his beat 'a wuz takun of a turn in Giles's 'Ood, when some way off 'a see a light a glimmerun droo the cover. 'Cause by this time the clouds had rose and the sky begun to be overcast. So 'a made his way towards the light that shone brighter and brighter the darker the night grow'd and the nigher 'a got, till 'a come nigh enough to make ut out a summut shinun out o' the middle of a holler tree. 'A went a step or two closer, and then 'a see a sight 'a said 'a hoped 'a should never see no more agen as long as 'a lived, wot struck un all of a heap and gie un a shock like as if a ramrod o' cold iron had ben drove down his backbone. 'A said, and 'a s'ore, 'a sin as plain as eyes could see a figger of a body in a shroud wi' a Death's Head on, all aight inside, and the eyes a flamun like gurt glow-worms, and the nose and mouth too a breathing out fire. The arms on't was stretched out crosswise like as if invitun of un to come to um and offer'n to clapee un; and afore 'a 'd got time to cry "Loora-massy!" the thing gie a groan more dismaller than the last dyun grunt of a stuck pig; and then vanished, leavun un rooted to the earth beneath un like a ground-ash stick. There 'a stood some time afore 'a know'd what 'a wuz about. When 'a come to, the snow had begun to fall, and by the time 'a got whoam 'a was as white all over as a imidge o' Father Crissmus; and his vease white too—half froze to death awuz wi' cold and fright. Never no moor, never no moor would NED NORRIS nor nary one o' the Keepers venter into Giles's 'Ood arter dark; not they.

Well; but how about me? Had I seed this here Ghoast in Giles's 'Ood myself, and know'd on 'un already? Ees, I had. I ought to a sin un afore anybody else, cause the truth o' the matter wuz I made un. I farmed un by manes of a prop and a palun and a pair o' old gloves at the ends on't, and an old sheet as had got moor holy than riteohus, and a good-sized turmut that I scooped out and carved wi' holes for eyes, nose, and mouth, like the Man i' the Moon, and by way of beautifyun the Ghoast's peepers in partickler, stuck bits o' green glass in um, which made um look all the moor soopernatural.

O' course, I needn't explain who 'twas that hid hisself behind the Ghoast in the holler tree, and gied the horrible groan, and suddenly doused the glim in the turmut lantern.

"Why, you jolly old 'umbug!" exclaimed the Irrepressible One. "That wasn't a ghoast! I don't believe in ghoasts," said ARRY. POSTLETHWAITE heaved a sigh.

"I do," said the Un-blighted Being; "SHAKESPEARE did."

Some of the company rose at once to dispute this position, but before Mr. Punch had decided who was to speak first, Toby rushed in head over heels, barking furiously.

"I can't help it, Master," yelled Toby in his best dog-Latin, which his master translated for the company's benefit; "but there are three Gentlemen outside, who want to know whether you'll subscribe a trifle to the Land League."

"With the greatest pleasure!" instantly responded the Just and Generous Sage, his eye twinkling. "What, ho! without there! Start an avalanche! There was a roar of thunder. "Now, Gentlemen," he said, smiling cheerily, "that's disposed of. Perhaps Mr. POSTLETHWAITE will oblige?"

The Aesthetic Young Man rose languidly from his seat, and leaning against a bookcase, with the Lily in his hand, and the Peacock's Feather in his hair, he read aloud—

Fleur des Alpes;

OR, POSTLETHWAITE'S LAST LOVE.

Good Philistines all, I don't carry manuscripts about me to read to the likes of you! and if I did, you couldn't understand them—and if you could, I should be supremely disgusted,—moreover, you would have the advantage of me.

But I can speak plain English when it suits me, and make myself pretty well understood, when I like—even by such as yourselves—wherefore, since you are willing to listen, I will tell you why I am here to-night, far, far away from the CIMABUE BROWNS—remote, ah me! from the tender companionship of my MAUDLE!

You have never heard of MAUDLE and Mrs. CIMABUE BROWN? I dare say not. To know them is a Joy, and the privilege of a select and chosen few; for they are simply Perfect. Yet in their respective perfection, they differentiate from each other with a quite ineffably subtle exquisiteness.

For *She* is Supremely Consummate—whereas *He* is Consummately Supreme. I constantly tell them so, and they agree with me.

I also make a point of telling everybody else.

My modesty prevents me from revealing to you all they tell me (and everybody else) about myself, beyond the mere fact that they consider me alone to combine, in my own mind and person, Supreme Consummateness with Consummate Supremacy—and I agree with them. We get on uncommonly well together, I can tell you.

It will not surprise you, seeing that I am thus gifted, to hear that

for the last year or two I have been quite a Social Celebrity. It happened in this wise.

One evening, for want of anything better to say, I told Mrs. CIMABUE BROWN, in the strictest confidence, that I could sit up all night with a Lily. She was holding one in her hand, as usual. She was deeply moved. Her eye moistened. She said, "Quite so!" and wrung my fingers. And it struck her as such a beautiful thought, that she couldn't help letting it out before that blundering buffoon GRIGSBY, who always tries to poke his vulgar fun at MAUDLE and myself; and GRIGSBY went and told it to every soul he knew, as a good joke against me!

Now GRIGSBY, for some reason or other that I could never make out, knows everybody worth knowing, and everybody worth knowing very naturally wanted to know a man who could sit up all night with a Lily!

A Lily! Just think of it, ye worthy Philistines! what a flower to have chosen! and for what a purpose! How Consummate! How Perfect! how Supreme, Precious and Blessed! Nay, how Utter!

I became the fashion. These very adjectives of mine have grown into household words. Even GRIGSBY uses them now, and about me



of all people; me, whom he pretends to hate! For does he not call me, and to my very face, too, a Supreme duffer, a Consummate ass, a Blessed idiot, a Precious fool, a Perfect noodle, nay, an Utter Nin-compoop!

Poor GRIGSBY! What an utter sell for him! But he lacks the real sense of humour!

I had imitators, of course. I can hardly call them rivals. PILCOX declared he could sit up all night with a Stephanotis—and actually did so, I believe, and was seedy for a month in consequence! And as for MILKINGTON SOPLEY, he swore he never went to bed without an Aloe Blossom! a thing that only happens once in a century! They overdid it. They always do. And GRIGSBY lets them alone.

Next season I took MAUDLE aside, and whispered to him (in the hearing of GRIGSBY) that I had sat up all night with a *Primrose*. I thought it a capital change after the Lily. So simple, you know! And we all went in for simplicity just then, even the little CIMABUE BROWNS! And what a sell for PILCOX and SOPLEY, with their Aloe Blossoms and Stephanotises!

A tear rolled down the Perfect cheek of MAUDLE (for his cheek is almost as consummate as mine); pressing me to his bosom he said, "Distinctly so!" GRIGSBY let off a big D., and went forth like an indignant lamb to spread the news abroad.

It took immediately; the people worth knowing (GRIGSBY's people, Ha! Ha!) literally fought for me—GRIGSBY was nowhere.

PILCOX followed suit with a Marigold, or a Dandelion, or some such twaddling superannuated old weed. And SOPLEY, poor boy! tried it on with a Snowdrop, so he said: but it was in June, you know, and didn't do at all. They overdid it, as usual, and were out of it again! The fact is, "they ain't got no Teak," as GRIGSBY says when he wants to be funny. And as for the sense of humour, they are as badly off as GRIGSBY himself. Besides which, PILCOX gets his clothes



ready-made at EPHRAIM BROTHERS, in the Strand, or somewhere. And SOPLEY can't bear up against a snub from a lady of title. It upsets his stomach, and he goes home and tells his mother and sisters—and they tell everybody all round. Fatal!

Now the Lily had carried me through my first season, the Primrose through my second. The question arose: what Flower of Flowers is to carry me through my next? It must be simpler than the Primrose, rarer than the Lily, and as consummate and all that as either; and such, moreover, as to rile GRIESBY to madness, and leave SOPLEY and PILCOX sticking in the mud for the rest of their lives.

I sat up all night with a Botanical Dictionary, and hit upon the very flower at last—The Utter Blossom! The Perfect Thing! Oh, my GRIESBY! It will be the death of you! And you, Professional Beauties, look well to your laurels! For this is a stroke of Genius, and will carry me on to 1883—or even '4!

And that is why I am here to-night.

Good Philistines, every one, you are the witnesses thereof—and when called upon to do so (by GRIESBY, for instance), must testify to the fact that I, JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE, was actually caught, by an intelligent little quadruped answering to the name of *Toby*—who informed his friend the big dog *Chang* of the fact, and *Chang* carried me hither—in a snowstorm at mid-winter, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, Lat. 45° 52' N., Long. 7° 12' E., under most unfavourable circumstances, and at considerable personal risk and inconvenience to myself, in the very act of

SITTING UP ALL NIGHT WITH AN EDELWEISS!

Here the *Æsthetic* POSTLETHWAITE produced a dried specimen, smelt it passionately, and fainted away. Punch revived him. Three sniffs did it. Then *Toby* asked permission to entertain *Chang* with grilled bones and porridge before the kitchen fire. "By all means!" said *Mr. Punch*, heartily.

"Don't twig this lingo about 'Consummate,'" said *ARRY*. ROBERT the Waiter thought it had something to do with soup.

"Look here, Guv'nor," cried the Irrepressible to *Mr. Punch*. "Tip us a stave yourself!"

"Hear! Hear!" from everybody, enthusiastically. "With pleasure!" replied the Sage, cheerily. It shall be something seasonable—I've just had a present from one of my oldest and most valued friends," and he drew from his portfolio a Christmas Cartoon.

"Here we are again!" they all called out as they read the title.

"Yes," returned *Mr. Punch*; "and here he is again—Father Christmas, the Friend of all—young and old! There is also, you will observe," he added, blushing slightly, "a somewhat flattering portrait of myself. I like being among the children at Christmas time. So fill your glasses a bumper, Gentlemen, if you please, and here's the health of the bairns, bless 'em! And now I'll give you"—

The Children's Welcome to Father Christmas.

Do you hear the children laughing,—fathers, mothers,—
Ere the sorrows come with years?

They are romping all together, sisters, brothers,
And they little know of tears.

The snow may be lying on the meadows,

The world with cold grief may be oppress'd;

The East may not be free from boding shadows,

Fresh trouble may be brewing in the West:

But the young, young children, O my brothers!

They are laughing merrily;

They are laughing, knowing nought of bills and bothers,
And from care and taxes free.

They look up with their bright and beaming faces,

And their looks are good to see,

And the vision of their infantile glad graces

Fills their *Punch's* heart with glee.

"The world," they seem to say, "is bright and cheery."

They wear its best of roses on each cheek;

And the sight of their fine rapture rests the weary,

And the music of their mirth inspires the weak.

Let us all be glad, and frolic with the children,

Though the outer world look cold;

Let us listen to their prattle, loud, bewildering,

And forget we're growing old.

For "O!" cry the children, "he is coming,

Father Christmas, he is here!"

The glories of his advent they are summing,

And his gifts and his good cheer.

Here is Christmas! As the children rush to greet him,

Mr. Punch, the children's friend, is midst their throng,

Father Christmas! Let us welcome him and meet him,

Like the children, with a jest and with a song.

There'll be lots of serious work to do to-morrow,

But to-day is Christmas Day,

So a lesson from the children let us borrow—

Laugh, and frolic, and be gay!

"I'm fond of children," said a spry, restless-looking Man, when the hearty applause which followed their host's verses had subsided; "I'm fond



“HERE WE ARE AGAIN!!”

of children, though I don't remember being one myself, having been always a self-made man. But then you see you don't make other people at the same time. And if things go against you—but—just pull yourselves together, and listen!"

Thus adjured, the company went through the process of pulling themselves together. After which Mr. Punch announced their readiness to listen to—

The Overseer's Story.



I'm an Overseer. My name is JOBBINS, Vestryman, Overseer, Chairman of the Assessment Committee in the parish of St. Horse-leach-in-the-East, and a member—I may say a very active member—of the Conglomerated Board of Works.

I got my nose into parochial business, and where my nose went my body soon followed. I soon mastered the theory and practice of parochial politics. I was rewarded by being made a Local Pole-Tax Commissioner. From this moment my building transactions increased in the most marvellous manner. I was sent to represent my District at the Conglomerated Board of Works. I soon understood my colleagues, and they understood me. I had many friends who bought land, leaseholds, freeholds, shops, and houses. It was curious that these places were always wanted by the Conglomerated Board for Babylonian Improvements. Not wishing to stand across the path of progress, they sold their property to the public, and bought other property. The same result followed. They were still in the path of progress.

I should probably have done wisely if I had merely acted as looker-on at these transactions, but my charity carried me away. The line of the Mammoth Thoroughfare required an opening right across a particular street, and the centre of the line was occupied by a large old lop-sided house which was in the possession of a fat, good-humoured Italian, named SPARGHETTI, who devoted the basement to the manufacture and sale of penny ices. SPARGHETTI's stock-in-trade was not imposing. A few glasses, a few lemons, a rusty copper, and some cracked marble tables. Even these were not his own, but heavily rented from a hungry-looking German who dealt in old clothes, fried fish, oranges, money-lending, and cheap jewellery. I quietly established myself as SPARGHETTI's patron, much to the disgust of the German. I did the house up in a showy manner, turned a small wax-work exhibition out of the first-floor, filled the rooms with packing-cases and a few boxes of macaroni, and put up a substantial crane outside the building. This gave us a wholesale look. Some old account-books, a small counting-house, and other signs of trade prepared us decently for our heavy claim for compensation.

We sent it in, backed by figures and the testimony of experts, and large as it was, we should have got it if it had not been for the waspish German and a new local journal called *The Houndsditch Nettle*. The waspish German supplied what he was pleased to call "facts," and the *Nettle* served them up with additions and comments. I was compelled to support the *Nettle*, and vote against myself. The compensation was reduced to a ridiculous sum, just sufficient to pay me for the alteration of the premises, and leaving a balance of about ten pounds, which I handed to the now houseless SPARGHETTI. The houseless SPARGHETTI would have been quite content with this sum, if his ear had not been poisoned by the waspish and revengeful

German. He was persuaded that he had been swindled, and that his Italian honour demanded vengeance. He began to dog my footsteps; he glared at me from doorways; he muttered threats in a language I could not understand. If I entered an omnibus, he followed me; if I tried a river steamboat or the Underground Railway, he was still my companion. I was afraid to claim the protection of the police. I could hardly appear in court against him. I thought to evade him by trying a foreign tour, and purchased one of Cook's Circular Tickets to go anywhere and everywhere—but I was mistaken. He turned up as a courier or interpreter, and was still near me. A fortunate accident at last came to my relief. His passport was out of order, and at the top of the Alps he was not allowed to descend into his native country. He was sent down again into France to get his proper credentials; and here I am, a warning to Vestrymen who try to deal liberally with ignorant foreigners. And by the way, I only hope your dog won't find that confounded SPARGHETTI in the snow; or if he does, let him leave him there.

At the conclusion of the Overseer's Story, a Gentleman of military appearance, requested permission to be allowed to ask the company a question, which he called "A Case of Uniformity."—Q. Why does the Duke of CAMBRIDGE wish his Officers to appear at all times in scarlet?—A. Because he wants them to set up to the spirit of the motto of the British Army—"Ready, eye ready!"

"What the Duke said," observed Mr. Punch, "was, if I remember rightly, 'Officers shall in future wear uniform, save when engaged in recreation.'"

"Then," rejoined the Military-looking Gentleman, "the question is—What is Recreation? Is it Recreation to drink brandies and sodas, smoke cigarettes, and relate anecdotes of a possibly hilarious but certainly questionable character every afternoon in a Bond Street hotel, frequent second-rate race meetings, and mix with light-weight jockeys and stable lads of considerably lower rank and education than your own servants, in the hope of getting a 'straight tip'? Is it Recreation to take Miss GUINEVERA DE CANCAN, of the Tootal-Looral Theatre, to the Derby? Is it—?" Here the Irrepressible interrupted the speaker with—"Give it up. Ask another." The Military-looking Gentleman was evidently about to retort somewhat violently, when Mr. Punch invited his guests to clink glasses amicably all round.

"Good tiddle this, Sir," said a Jolly-looking Young Man. "But there's a lot drank about this time that isn't. I speak as a Medical Student—or, I should say, I sing as one." And he at once trolled out—

A Seasonable Song.



Bring hither the bowl, let the goblet be mine,
Though painful *Podagra* may come from the wine;
Though the beaker I quaff, of no matter what shape,
Contains but a semblance of juice of the grape;
These are days unto fun and festivity dear,
For Christmas 'tis well) comes but once in a year.

Then let us be jolly, 'tis Carnival time,
Though sherry shows traces of sulphate of lime;

Though even the water, so fair in the glass,
Is charged with some dread deleterious gas,
We'll calmly consume it, and never show fear,
For Christmas we know comes but once in the year.

Let's fill up the tumbler to lighten our toil,
Though whiskey too often contains fusel oil;
Though rum, which our sailors imbibe, has been said
To be charged with red pepper and sugar of lead;
Though *Coccus Indicus* lurks in the beer—
We'll try them, for Christmas comes once in a year.

Then join me, good Punch, and we'll drink to your fame
In the mixture that's honoured by bearing your name;
If, haply, the liquor too deeply allures,
I can put ourselves down on my long list of cures.
Here's your health! We will risk indigestible cheer,
For Christmas, my Punch, comes but once in the year.



"Ah," said an old Man, in a corner, "drink's different to what it were. Everything's different."

"Who are you, my worthy friend?" asked Mr. Punch, with a warm tear glistening in his sympathetic eye.

"I am the Old Happy Peasant," answered the Ancient Man. "I've done a lot o' magazine work in my time, and I've got a little story here in my pocket, which I call"—

An Untold Tale.



REAL English Christmas weather! Above, a heavy grey sky, without a cloud. A pitiless, pelting rain, which the keen East wind sweeps across the fields. Below, mud thick and grimy.

Round about the fire on the Christmas Eve of which my tale tells, was a group characteristic of an English village. First and foremost comes mine host. His small eyes, set close together, his fiery and inflamed nose, his beetle-brows, his low forehead, his heavy jaw, combined to make him a regular jolly English sort of landlord, in whose house you would at once feel at home if you had previously been in the habit of lodging free of charge at any of Her Majesty's many public buildings. On his right sat CLIFFORD SINN, the lawyer who did all the village business. He had been struck off the Rolls in London, but at Slushley, nobody knew exactly what this meant, and regarded it as some professional distinction. Near him again sat JACK SWADDY, who had been a soldier.

When JACK SWADDY, driven to desperation by the Squire's game-keepers, ran away and enlisted, the big bells were rung, and bonfires were burnt to celebrate the delight the village felt at sending such a hero forth into the world. And whenever it was reported that a British regiment was surrounded by fierce and unconquerable enemies, whenever it was rumoured that the British army had been decimated on the field, and that the survivors had suffered the most hideous tortures, old men, and women, lads and lasses, fell on their knees, and devoutly prayed that JACK SWADDY might be in the midst of it. He returned after seven years' absence, with his hair cut very short, evidently in the military fashion, and a military way of lifting his feet high from the ground, as if, for seven years, he had been trying to go up an endless staircase.

The other inmates of the cosy parlour must be passed over quickly. Here sat the Doctor, one of the most famous unqualified practitioners in England; there sat the Parish Clerk, half blind and stone deaf; there sat the sporting Farmer, who had once run a horse at a suburban meeting, and had come home with two black eyes, and no front teeth to speak of; there sat the Butcher, who was complacently pointed out by the villagers to the few strangers who ever visited Slushley, as the man who was owed more money than the Landlord; and there, in the corner, sat old Gaffer NORTON. What Gaffer NORTON's age was, no one knew. He once stated he was over a hundred, but when his son, who was himself seventy, proposed to put him in a cart, and show him round the country at so much a head, he averred, with tears in his eyes, that he was only five-and-thirty. However, all agreed he was very old.

"So," said mine host, "Christmas is upon us once more like."

"Aye, sewerly," replied SWADDY, "they do say 'ooming, and so is Christmas; but a've noticed that Christmas, he does come, whether he will or no."

"Marvellous, it is indeed," remarked Gaffer NORTON, "he always do come as Master SWADDY has said. A am an old man, but a remember Christmas coming every year that a've been born."

"There now, there now, d'ye hear?" said the Butcher; "was there ever the likes of such a memory as this their man possesses? He never forgets that Christmas comes every year."

"And every year the ghost of Lady MARY," said the Surgeon, "walks on the terrace of the Hall."

"Uncommon wet night for her," sneered CLIFFORD SINN.

"But a'm uncommon dray," replied SWADDY, at which no one laughed, for each had meant to say it himself. The hint, however, was taken, and the glasses having been replenished with foaming quassia, and log-wood, and oil of vitriol, according to taste, mine host recommenced.

"Tell us all about the Ghost, Gaffer," said mine host, for he knew the story was long, and required much moistening.

"Aye, that a will with all pleasure."

At this announcement more than half the company left the room, and went away not to return.

"You may see," commenced the Gaffer, "that a were coming over the fields wan naight, five-and-fifty years ago, right adown by what they call Stokes End—"

"Was you sober?" asked the Butcher.

"A were," replied the Gaffer.

The Butcher sighed as if the interest of the tale as far as he was concerned had departed. So he departed himself.

"A were that sober, that a didn't know it were Christmas Eve at all. And a sees a light on the terrace o' the Squire. And a was mortually frightened. A am but a poor wambling old man, and had a raight to be terrified."

"But," broke in SWADDY, "you wasn't a wambling old man then, though you are now."

"A've always told this story the same way."

"And a've always said that it was wrong in the same way too; and a've gone home, and a'm going home now," and SWADDY with his high stepping action passed out into the night.

"Let him bide, let him bide. A were mortually frightened."

"You've said that before. I can't stop here all night hearing you saying the same thing over and over again," said CLIFFORD SINN. "I am off now," and CLIFFORD SINN departed.

"And a said what prayers a could remember. A shrieked out 'Amen!'"

"There will be no service here next Sunday," shouted the Clerk, awoke by the familiar sound. And he immediately went home under the impression that he had been to church.

"And the ghostly said to me, 'Gaffer NORTON, Gaffer NORTON, there is treasure in the field behind the 'Jolly Cookchafer.'"

Mine host slept out noiselessly, and catching up a spade, set to work to dig up his field with all the vigour he possessed.

"But first of all you must mind—Why, where's everyone agone to? Why, a do declare they've left a pore wambling old man all by himself. This is what they call manners. In my young days we sat around at Christmas, and told each other lies, and believed them; but naow—" And Gaffer NORTON drank up what was left in the glasses of the departed, and with difficulty sought his couch, vehemently, if inarticulately, abusing modern Christmas ways and fashions.

"Well, that's no end of a Story, that is!" cried the Irrepressible. "Bother your old country places in winter! They're a fraud. Look 'ere! Just see what I wrote to my pal CHARLIE. Here y'are!" And forthwith the Irrepressible read out—

'Arry's Christmas in the Country.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've just done the right truly rural. I don't call it *life* for my part. Why, a 'ouseleek atop of a barn sees as much of the rorty and smart. Uncle BOWPOR, the florist, lives here. Seeh a rummy old image he is. NOAH's Ark ain't a patch on him, CHARLIE, for primness and straightness of phiz.

I'm not nuts on flowers myself, though a smart buttonholder's not bad. When a feller means doing the heavy. Camellers is most to my fad. A red 'un with maiden 'air trimmings is what I consider O. K. Suits my style and complexion, yer know, so I runs to it once in a way.

Now FLO,—that's Miss BOWPOR, rum gal, she's my cousin—considers 'em flash. Queer people, these rustics, my pippin, no notion of cutting a dash. FLO somehow don't cotton to me, which is odd, and I can't make it out. For, you know, I am mostly all there when a petticoat's frisking about.

Bin 'oliday-making of course, up to what I suppose they call sprees. Took me pond-skating. Slow!—and I tumbled and busted my bags at the knees.

With a parson top boss of the bizness, no rushes, no lushes, no larks, It was more like an open-air meetin' than fun like we 'ave in the parks.

Then church-decorating! My winky! they had me at that High old game! Sticking holly and green-stuff on pillars. Why blowed if they didn't cry Shame!

When I dropped a mild D.'oos the leaves pricked my fingers, and one of the girls Looked as stiff as a saint out in stone when I ventured to twiddle her curls.

Then at night we went tootling and twang-
ling for miles in the snow—called it Waits.
Sung carols and that sort of rot; and FLO
piped like a bird, said JACK BATES.
Her fingers and nose were all right, though
I hadn't no feeling in mine,
And they lushed us on—what do you think
now?—ot coffee and spiced older wine!



SLIP 'ARRY.

I was out of it, jolly clean out of it.
Offered to tip 'em a song.
"La-di-da," or "O, isn't it Spicy," but bless
yer! they thought 'em too strong,
And when I jest whispered to JACK, "This is
rather thin gruel," he took me
Up short with a fierce sort of stare, jest as
though he'd a liked to 'ave shook me.

When Christmas night come I did fancy
they'd let go the painter a mite.
'Ad a party and 'ung up the mizzletoe.
"Now then," thinks I, "I am right.
Won't I take the shine out o' the chaw-
bacons?" Togged myself up in my best,
And there wasn't a chap in the room so
good-looking or nobbily drest.

My weakit and trimmings was killing, my
gloves was the cheese, and no kid;
And it dumfoggied me why they should
smigger and widen their eyes as they did.
Oh, Joskins ain't gentlemen, bless you!
But FLO looked so pooty in pink.
That I told 'er KATE VAUGHAN wasn't in it,
and tipped her my haffablest wink.

She stared, but took hold of my arm, and
her dancing was really A 1,
Not half enough fling in it, though; so says
I, "Let's go in for some fun."
And I carted 'er round, a rare breather, a
taste of my werry best form;
And when we pulled up she looked proper, so
panting, and sparkling, and warm.



CATCHING HIM TRIPPING.

Then I tipped 'em a song, a top-row one,
oh trust me! "Ah, where are we now?"
Thinks I. But the Joskins were jealous; the
girls didn't twig it, somehow;
And I couldn't fix FLO for a waltz, and the
mizzletoe bizness fell flat.
And though they seemed jolly as sand-boys,
I somehow dropt out arter that.

FLO danced with JACK BATES all the even-
ing,—no manners in rustics, dear boy,—
And songs of the wishy-wash border was
what they seemed most to enjoy.

Fact is I was far too good form for 'em; none of 'em up to my pace,
And your Cads always do git the needle as soon as they're out of the race.

The mizzletoe game I out clean. Well, I *did* condescend to try FLO,
But that blessed JACK BATES—clumsy clown—got 'is foot in the way, don't you know,
And I came sech a doose of a cropper, it quite put my nose out of model,
So I says, "Oh! this isn't quite good enough. Tip me my 'dip,' and I'll toddle."

My dignerty dashed 'em a bit. But they kep it up late all the same,
And you'd think, from the shindy they raised, they were 'avin' a proper old game.
But the rural 's a fizzle, dear boy. 'Twas the Guv'nor's idea I might marry
Miss FLO, and bag Uncle B.'s shiners! Not me! Or my name isn't 'ARRY.

"Here 's another!" barked Toby, dragging in somebody by the collar of his rough ulster.
Placed before the fire, and plied with punch, the New Arrival thawed instantly. There was a remark-
able twinkle in his eye as he drew forth from one pocket a quaint, old-fashioned clay pipe of the CHARLES
THE SECOND period, and from another a roll of paper.

"A manuscript, of course," observed Mr. Punch, placidly. He was becoming accustomed to them.
"No, my dear old friend," replied the Newly-found One. But, before he could utter another word,
Mr. Punch had seized him by the hands and was shaking them heartily.

"A manuscript!" exclaimed Mr. Punch, beaming, "of course not! It's a picture! Is it one of *Our
People*?"

"No," answered the Artist, winking confidentially as he filled his pipe, "it only illustrates an event in
the generally unromantic life of poor old SRODGE, which, as it had better have a title, I will call"—

The Artist's Story.

WHEN SRODGE was younger than he is now, he was entirely dependent on his Aunt. If he
did anything contrary to her wishes, she wouldn't leave him a farthing. SRODGE fell in love.
Aunt didn't approve. SRODGE determined to marry without her knowledge. As a young man he
had an enormous beard, black as a coal. He started by the night-train to visit his intended.



To his horror, he saw his Aunt enter the carriage. Always an ingenious and ready-witted
man, SRODGE had turned his beard up right over his face, crammed down his hat, and fixed it
so that only his nose and eyes were visible. When she saw him, the Old Lady, who was of
Northern extraction and slightly superstitious, thought it must be Auld Clottie himself, gave
a shriek, and fainted.

On coming to herself and the next station, she saw her nephew—undisguised of course—
leaning over her, and reviving her with a welcome flask. In burning accents he told her how
he had dashed into the carriage at the risk of his life, had grappled with a masked villain,
just as he was in the combined acts of robbing and murdering her all at once, had pitched
him out of the carriage and saved her life. Imagine the old Lady's gratitude! She con-
sented to the marriage, and SRODGE is now a rich man, amusing himself by painting bad
pictures, and giving good dinners. He gets praised for both by those who frequently come
to the latter.

Scarcely had the Artist resumed his seat, ere Toby dashed in. "What is it now?" asked Mr. Punch.
"Please, Master," replied the intruder promptly, "it's a Policeman, outside in the snow, who has been
trying to induce me to steal a leg of mutton from the larder. He wants to get up a case."

"Push him over the precipice," said Mr. Punch, severely.
"Yes, by all means," chimed in the Detective. Toby went out to see the order and the offender duly
executed.

"Another glass, Gentlemen! You won't go home till morning!" cried Mr. Punch, as heartily as ever.
"Not till morning?" exclaimed the Military-looking Gentleman, "then here's my manuscript"—
and at once he began—

The Tale of the Special Correspondent.

I AM a Special Correspondent. "Away to Turkey!" was the order from my Editor in Fleet Street. "More when you get there." I immediately obeyed.

I received my instructions by wire, which I carry with me. I lunched with the SULTAN. As PADDI SHAH he talks



A THREE-SHOOTER.

Irish with his intimates. He talked Irish to me.

"Bedad Sorr," said he, "how will I help you at all, at all?"

I answered that was his business, and not mine. I told him that he would be amply paid for it, and produced a roll of £20,000 notes. The eyes of the greedy



BIZZY-NESS.

Turk absolutely glistened at the sight of so much wealth, and he looked round to see if there were any Pashas within hail, so that he might give them orders for my immediate murder.

"No you don't!" I observed, drawing out three revolvers. I held one in each hand, and carried the other in my mouth.



GOING FOR THE RISE.

It was a habit I contracted amongst the Zulus.

The SULTAN apologised for his *gaucherie*, and wept upon my shoulder, explaining that as a child he had been perfectly guileless, but that advancing years had ruined what had once been a really beautiful character.

"Bedad! Hurroo!" at last he exclaimed. "What'll you give for a joke about Greek craft in Turkish waters?"

"Won't do!" I replied; and hurried off at once to Berlin. BISMARCK was only too glad to have my company. He began a long rigmarole about what he called his policy.

"Stop that nonsense," I cried somewhat sharply. "I have more serious matters to think of. Give me one of your clever epigrams to take back to England. Quick!"

BISMARCK smoked a pound of tobacco, and tossed off a gallon of beer. Having done this, he broke out into peals of laughter.

"I have the very thing for you!" he cried. "The very thing! and all out of my own head." Then as I took out my note-book he dictated, "When is a door not a door? When it is a-jar!" I jumped up furiously.

The Prince's mirth on seeing this was immediately changed into alarm.

"I meant no harm, indeed I didn't," he whimpered. "I own it is *not* mine. I haven't got one by me. I've only made one about 'Blood and Iron.' The 'Door a-jar' was given to me by Lord BEACONSFIELD, who declared that the joke was one of his own!"

Disgusted at having wasted my time on such a fool's errand, I started for St. Petersburg.

"I am really delighted to have your company," observed the CZAR, as we blew up together with a chandelier through the roof of the Winter Palace. "Don't be alarmed! We shall come down by-and-by. We are only on the top of an explosion contrived by the Nihilists. I ascend in this manner about a dozen times a day, like a captive balloon, and find the fresh air up above simply delightful." I explained to his Majesty what I wanted.

The Autocrat of all the Russias suggested that he could give me a local joke about the *Levadia* on the *Neva*, "Neva too late," &c. I informed him that it had been done before. After that—but—

Here the Special suddenly stopped, looked at his watch, and exclaiming "Six o'clock! Must be off! Special business! A Merry Christmas!" he seized a bicycle, and placing it dexterously on one of the telegraph wires that were now fast appearing through the thawing snow, using this narrow path as a road, he disappeared in the distance!

"Six!" exclaimed everybody. The sun, rising early on the Heights of Imagination, was beaming with red-faced joviality. And what a change outside the House! Why, the sun himself was hardly wanted, so thoroughly had the warmth of Mr. Punch's reception melted the snow all round, leaving, however, a good layer of it, clear, crisp, and glittering, wherever, at Christmas-time, any decently-minded and poetically-inspired snow ought to be.

Everyone felt the better for the night wif Punch, even POSTLETHWAITE, who sighed, and said it had been "Consummate!" and "Utter!"

Round Robins were singing carols on Christmas-trees, the bells were ringing in the Children's Festival, as all waved *adieu* to Mr. Punch, who, standing at his door, with Toby the Faithful by his side, cheerily shouted—and his wish was echoed and re-echoed all over the world—



"Bless you, my Children! 'Go it while you're young! A merry Christmas to you, one and all!'"

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Stock Exchange.

O many "Dulcigno Seventy - per - Cents" had been left me by an aged female relative, that I wanted to hear "something to their advantage." I called upon a stock-broking friend in consequence. He did not seem greatly impressed with the value of the securities. Yes, they certainly *had* paid seventy per cent.—but only for three months. For many years, they had yielded nothing at all in the shape of interest. Under these circumstances, they were not *quite* so much respected as Consols. For the rest, they had been issued at 40, and were now at something rather under 40.

From this, it appeared, they had fallen rather considerably.

"But," said my stock-broking friend, speaking of the Bonds as if they had been a confirmed invalid in the last stage of a rapid decline. "They may be a little better this morning. At any rate, I will go over to the House and see."

He left me in a small office. There were maps upon the walls, of half finished railways and projected gold mines. A blue paper, giving the latest "odds"—I should say "prices"—was hanging over the mantelpiece, above a bottle of water, flanked by a couple of tumblers. I sat down and waited. Suddenly I became conscious of a noise, that sounded like the ticking of the clock in the tower of the Houses of Parliament—exaggerated. Only it was intermittent, like the pulse of a giant suffering from indigestion. It stopped abruptly—then it began again. I traced the sounds, and found that they proceeded from a little instrument, from which was issuing by starts and jerks, a long paper tape. On the tape was printed a number of city quotations. The paper seemed to exercise a strange influence upon me. I was fascinated. It assumed all sorts of uncouth shapes. Now it rolled about like a serpent, now it enfolded me in its coils, now it fell in fanciful festoons from the ceiling. It was quite a relief to me, when my stock-broking friend returned. His manner, however, was strange. He was no longer cool and collected, but very excited.

"I can see in your face," he cried, "that you want to know the mysteries of Capel Court! Well, we have been boys together, and your inmost wishes shall be gratified! I am running a dreadful risk! If I am discovered, a lingering death in the dreadful dungeons under the House, will be my portion! But no matter—come! Under my sheltering guidance, you shall beard the wily stock-broker in his very den! You wear the garb of one who seems to have just quitted a hand-box! In such a costume, you are likely to escape observation! Once more then—come!"

Thus earnestly addressed, I could but accept his invitation. We walked down an alley, and passed through a pair of swinging doors, to meet a beadle. But the liveried guardian was no bar to our progress. We left another pair of swinging doors behind us, and were in the House itself.

It was an enormous room. White walls bare of ornament. Here and there a desk at which sat the dealers in Government Stock, and other high class securities. A clock and lots of notice boards. In the centre a rostrum out of which appeared and disappeared like a figure in a Punch and Judy Show, an attendant wearing a gold-banded hat. In other parts of the building more Punch and Judy figures of a similar character. Occasionally the puppets, I mean the officials, jumped up like Jacks in the Box, and shouted out a name, I could not help fancying that they must have taken lessons in elocution from the doorkeeper of Lloyds.

"Beadles?" I asked in a whisper.

"No,—Waiters!" replied my friend in the same tone. He took out a small book with a red binding and hurried away. Before leaving, however, he mumbled, "No strangers admitted here. So be careful and dissemble to the best of your ability."

I did dissemble. I placed my hands in my pockets, and hearing that the officials were Waiters I tried to look hungry. I expected every moment to see them spring up from their recesses with plates



ENTERING STOCK EXCHANGE.

of luscious viands. But so far as I could see, their connection with the kitchen, was as remote as possible.

Then I turned my attention to the members. I found on all sides spick and span Gentlemen conversing at the top of their voices. Now and then they adopted a lower tone. When this happened they laughed with glee. Were these confidential utterances connected with gigantic speculations? I was full of respectful amazement. Here was I in the very centre of commercial enterprise! The spick and span Gentlemen before me represented the Capital of the World! It was a very great thought indeed! At first I was afraid to mix amongst them. But soon my curiosity conquered my timidity, and I ventured to mingle with the "leviathans of commerce" while they were engaged in their gigantic operations.

Why, what was this? The Leviathans—some of them Levi-Nathans—were at play!! Quips, cranks, and quiddities! Business now and then in a light and airy manner, but fun first and foremost. Why the whole place was redolent of mad ways! There was scarcely a member who was not what may be called "an amusing rattle!" Such stories! Such sparklers! Such quaint anecdotes! Who were these humorists of the East, these *farceurs* of the City?

A fresh surprise! Instead of stock-brokers some of the members were warriors! Here was a "Captain," there a "Field Marshal," and yonder a "Count." And how I drifted into a land of riddles. What was that about "cynical C?" Who was "Doughy?" And why such frequent, albeit complimentary, allusions to "the Ancient Lubricator?" And where was "the Rat," and what was he doing? And, lastly, what could possibly be meant by "Ugly Ming" and "the Missing Link?" I was perplexed beyond measure, when suddenly there was a dead silence. Quotations and quips ceased in a moment, and the stillness was positively painful. The Chief Waiter (looking now like a Jack-in-the-Box who had taken up the profession of an auctioneer), suddenly rose from his rostrum. Heavens! had my dissembling been ineffectual, and was I now about to be publicly denounced as a traitor in the camp? In a state of suspended animation I listened for that Waiter's voice. He knocked three times on a desk before him, as if something were "Going, going, gone!" The something went! It was the credit of somebody departing for ever! At all events, it did not personally concern me. A melancholy pause, and then once more, "*Vive la bagatelle!*"

"The most dramatic thing I have ever seen!" I observed to a Gentleman standing near me.

The Gentleman looked at me sharply, noticed that I had no red book under my arm, and shouted "Fourteen hundred!"

In a moment I was surrounded. The amusing rattles treated me with the utmost politeness. And yet somehow I lost my hat! Profuse apologies were tendered to me; and yet I began to think it better to get towards the door! I was implored to stay; and yet I think I must have been pushed by some one from behind! But in compensation coppers were thrown at my feet, and the "fun" became fast and furious! All of a sudden it dawned upon me that I was the centre of a ring of scoffers! The Waiters rushed towards me, and —



LEAVING STOCK EXCHANGE.

"Hallo!" shouted my stock-broker friend, re-entering his office, "you must have been asleep! What a row you have been making!"

"Where am I?" I gasped out. "Am I safe?"

"Well, not to sell Dulcigno Seventies. They are rather flat this morning—down to one-and-a-quarter!"

Waiving away the notion of a deal in Dulcigno, I hurriedly related my adventures.

"A dream, my good fellow," said my friend. "Not a bit like the Stock Exchange. Ask any Member of the House, and he will tell you so!"

No doubt he was right. Still the dream seemed so real, that my system suffered a severe shock. I visited my doctor, and was ordered change of air. Result—a run into the country. Consequently no more "Rounding About Town"—for the present!

"READY-MONEY NAUGHTYBOY!"—The new rules for the better regulation of gambling, adopted by certain West-End Clubs, may be described as "The Ready Money System; or, Paying over the Counter."

A CHACKER-BOW-BOW.—In recognition of Mr. TOM SMITH'S services in the cause of Christmas art, Mr. PUNCH has created him Duke of St. Albans, and decorated him with an entirely new clasp.

SQUIB CRACKER MOTTOES.

For the Lord Mayor.

Prophetic Laureate! here's none
other than
(Mc) "ARTHUR like a modern
Gentleman."
Not at the Table Round of British
fable,
But at a—how much better!—
Guildhall table.
The King, perchance, might shine
where war-bolts hurtle,
But who'd not back the Alder-
man—at turtle?
To the Pendragon then knights
drained a flagon,
To-day the Pen is set against the
Dragon.
Were modern hero more admired
the more he ate.
Guildhall might lend an epic to
the Laureate!

For Mudford.

'Tis hard for thee fit motto to
discover:
Stop! Here's one—"My (Mud)
Salad days are over."

A Reason for the Season.

By a Christmas Minstrel.

"MAMMA JOHNSON, can you tell
me why de Griffin were placed in
Fleet Street?"

"No, Mr. BONES, I can not."

"It am placed dere to amuse
de Childs."

[Chorus Gentlemen, as be-
fore, "Keep in de middle
ob de road."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 13.



LÉON (OR NAPO-) LÉON GAMBETTA?

"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

GOVERNMENT AT ONE
HUNDRED AND TWENTY
MILLIONS A YEAR.

A REVOLUTION has been allowed
to grow and consolidate itself in
Ireland. The Ministers have all
gone to their country seats for
Christmas. A rebellion, which
promises to be successful, has
broken out in Natal, where it has
long been expected. On inquiry
at the Colonial Office, we were
told that the Earl of KIMBERLEY
was in Norfolk, and Mr. GRANT
DUFF addressing his constituents
at Elgin. On inquiry at the
War Office, we were told that
Mr. CHILDERS had gone to York-
shire, and Lord MORLEY had gone
to Devonshire, while the Perma-
nent Under-Secretary was also
away.

It was some comfort to know
that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY
was hanging about. If *Punch*
belonged to the vitriolic order
of journalists, he would suggest
that the Earl of GINGERLY, Mr.
GRANT DUFFER, Mr. CHILDISH,
and the others, should either
work or resign.

The Pot and the Kettle.

GAMBETTA and ROCHFORD are
each on their mettle,
And when one throws mud it is
straightway flung back;
While to France it must seem like
the pot and the kettle,
And both in the end may turn
out very black.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

You are now happily assembled at home, after the scholastic
exertions of the last half year, and I, as your Mentor and best friend,
think it only right that I should give you a few hints, whereby you
can make home conscious of your arrival, and even more conscious of
your departure about the eighteenth of next month.

You will first of all naturally wish to visit all the pantomimes,
which, considering that this year only Covent Garden, Drury Lane,
the Surrey, the Grecian, the Imperial, and the Britannia Theatres
present pantomimes, is so modest a request, that the sternest parents
will not fail to comply with it. For this kindness on the part of your
parents, it is your duty to show them some generosity in return.
They will very likely lose the enjoyment of their dinners by dining
at an abnormal hour, will venture out in the cold of the nights, which
is so injurious to elderly people, will sit through an entertainment,
which, though sport to you, is very dreary to them, and will under-
go all this martyrdom for your sakes. Nay, even they will go so far
as to give up their precious afternoons in order to accompany you to
what are known as morning performances. Do not allow this! Think
with pride and gratitude on all of what your parents have done
for you, and in return do them. Say kindly, but firmly, when
they propose to take you to the theatre, "Our dear Mother and
Father, we cannot allow it. You shall not be martyred for our sakes.
Enjoy your dinner. Dine at eight o'clock as usual. Linger over
your cigarette and coffee afterwards. Don't lose your afternoons.
Pay calls, have five o'clock tea, buy presents for your offspring, but
don't let your unselfishness make you miserable. Let us go to the
theatres by ourselves, give us sufficient money to dine at the Grand,
or the Holborn Restaurant at our own time, and if we are not home
by two or three in the morning, don't be uneasy, for we shall have
the latchkey." This depriving yourselves of your parents' society,
will indeed make them proud of you.

Next you will want to give a party. Now your parents will
doubtless ask your friends to come at seven and go away at ten.
How are your parents or your friends' parents to get their evening's
amusement with such a state of things? No! Take all trouble off
your parents' hands, and send out the invitations yourselves. Ask
no one before ten. You cannot too early learn the rules of Society.

Insist upon a good supper. Have nothing to do whatever with
negus or lemonade, such drinks being most noxious to the system.
All doctors agree that dry champagne and very old Scotch whiskey
are the only two refreshments that can be taken with impunity. In
these days of progress, a cigarette after supper will be highly
relished by both your male and female guests.

I have now given you directions for your behaviour for the two
chief events of the holidays you are enjoying. I would otherwise
call your attention to the facts that continual practice is necessary
before sliding down the banisters can be considered a graceful
feat of gymnastics; that snow-balling is a fine athletic exercise,
strengthening the muscles, and steadying the eye; that only molly-
coddles of the most degraded type fear to venture on the ice before
it is really safe; that the sedentary dullness of your servants' lives
will be agreeably diversified by perpetually ringing the bells all
over the house; that as minors you are not answerable for any debts
you may contract, and that therefore you have now an opportunity
of enriching your bedrooms with rare engravings from old Masters,
Queen Anne furniture, and costly tapestry, which may never occur
again; that to throw brightness and cheeriness into the prosaic
existence of your parents, you should never omit to pass their
studies or boudoirs without waiting outside the door to sing a verse
of "Kicking Jemima Down-Stairs," or "Grandmother's out on the
Booze," to learn which ditties you should, on your off-nights, attend
the music-halls; that your parents' friends are not necessarily
yours, so that some you should treat with distant politeness, others
ignore altogether, and to others show your marked disgust and con-
tempt; and that, finally, your parents are in all probability not the
very intelligent, extraordinary people they would have you believe
them to be, but mere commonplace, humdrum, jogtrot, mediocre
sort of folks, and to be told as much.

Attend to these directions, my dear young friends, and during the
holidays you will make home vivacious, and your absence long felt.

Yours, holiday-makingly,

PUNCH.

"HOT BITTERS."—The people who pay for this advertisement in
every paper in the kingdom are giving good advice to the public. It
is as wise to hop biters, as it is to skip troubles, and jump difficulties.



THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

The Principal (from the City, through the Telephone, to the Foreman at the "Works"). "HOW DO YOU GET ON, PAT!"

Irish Foreman (in great awe of the instrument). "VERY WELL, SIR. THE GOODS IS SENT OFF."

The Principal (knowing Pat's falling). "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DRINK THERE!"

Pat (startled). "OCH! LOOK AT THAT NOW! IT'S ME BREATH THAT DONE IT!"

LOWEST THAMES STREET.

THE Seldom-at-Home Secretary has at last caused an inquiry to be made respecting Billingsgate Market, and the fishmongers have stood up nobly for their offensive and old-fashioned property. They abused the Corporation for not spending a million of public money to make a new thoroughfare into Billingsgate. It was proved in evidence that a van had come laden with the same fish for eleven consecutive days, and being unable to unload, the food was at last condemned; and still the United Fishmongers thought that Billingsgate, and everything connected with it, were thoroughly perfect. It was proved in evidence that six hundred tons of solid food a year, or over half a million of fish in nine months, were destroyed in consequence of the want of market accommodation, and still the United Fishmongers thought that Billingsgate, and everything connected with it, were simply perfect. If the thousands of hungry, ill-fed, half-fed, and starving dwellers at the East-End of

London could have been examined by the Seldom-at-Home Secretary's representative, this monotonous song of praise might have been a little varied. It was proved in evidence that nearly seven-eighths of all the fish that came to London was brought by railway, and might be sold to consumers without being forced through a small, antiquated, and ill-placed market, and still the United Fishmongers thought that Billingsgate, and everything connected with it, were absolutely perfect. One enthusiast told his fellow-fishmongers that seven centuries were looking down upon them, and that London had better sink (he might have put the "t" in this word) than that the Corporation should do away with such a glorious institution as Billingsgate Market. It remains to be seen whether the Seldom-at-Home Secretary and his advisers will take the same rosy view of Lowest Thames Street and its gigantic nuisance.

George Eliot.

DEC. 23RD, 1880.

"Dr. ANDREW CLARK turned round and observed in a low voice to her doctor, '*Mortura*.' This mournful scientific verdict was too soon fulfilled, and the gifted Authore-s passed away shortly afterwards in a state of continued unconsciousness and without any pain."—*Telegraph*.

BREAKING upon the music of our cheer
Came the deep tolling of the passing bell.
Ah! "*Mortura*!" Then—the last sad knell—
And Death had claimed her with the dying year.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE SPEAKS.

"The Editor of the *Marseillaise* announces that Glasgow—"the largest Scotch town," as he tells his readers—is almost the exact copy, on a smaller scale of Paris."—*The Scotsman*.

DONALD! Donald! Tell me, gude mon, did ye ken in a' your days,
Siccan awfu' story PYAT prents in yonder *Marseillaise*;
Mon! He daurs to tell the public, oh, the feckless rantin' loon,
That there's naething so like Paris as our dear auld Glasgie town.

Has he seen the braw Sant Market that the creetur daurs to say,
That our houses much resemble those in Rue St. Honoré;
Says he that our graceless cummers chatter like the girls o' France,
Aiblins next he'll swear the Sawbath is devoted to the dance.

Well, we'll leave him to his hosenet wi' s mind that's in the mirk,
Keep a calm sough at such pliakies here beside St. Enoch's kirk:
They puir puddock-eaters surely, must be in an awfu' state:

FELIX PYAT—ay, a *pyet*—only gabbles at that rate!

Squib Cracker Motto.

For Ireland.

THE rose is red, the thistle blue,
The shamrock's green—and so are you,
Dear Erin, if you trust PARNELL.
Patience, and all will yet be well.

LAND MEASUREMENT.—An Irish League—Any il-league-al lengths.

AN OLD OFFENDER AND A NEW TRIAL.

THE Alhambra began it—with *Macbeth* II.—the "Second" probably refers to the part he takes in the duel—which is a muddled medley of tragic, comic, and burlesque materials. Vivacious Miss Dr. QUENTEN plays *Macbeth*, and if continual pointless posturing



"WHEN FIRST I SAW SWEET PEGGY"—CONDUCTED BY COSTER.

and perpetual motion could make the part successful, then this lady would have achieved her object within the first half-hour.

Miss CONSTANCE LOSKES sings at her best, and puts as much acting as there is scope for into the part of *Marguerite*. Miss ROSE BELL, as *Siebel*, always *à beau* as a young man, reappeared on the scene of her former triumphs. Mr. LIONEL BROUEN's acrobatic convulsions as the dying *Valentine* were funny.



SOLO BY THE LIONEL COMIQUE.

The *Broken Revels* are fairly effective, but nothing great, that is, for the Alhambra, which we feel in this instance has broken with its old traditions.

The music, well executed as it always is under the direction of M. JACOB, seemed to lack "go" and sparkle. Mr. LESLIE, as *Old Faust*, gave an imitation of a parrot which was rapturously encored. He did it "like a bird!" The piece as produced on the first night, is far too long, and requires what our Artist has given it—some good Cuts.

After the verdict on *Macbeth*, we move for *A New Trial*, which, though not exactly a rollicking Christmas piece, we do most heartily advise all playgoers, capable of appreciating true Dramatic art, to see, as it is now being represented at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

It is some time since we have witnessed so carefully studied and so artistically finished a performance as that of Mr. CHARLES COGHAN, in the part of *Corrado*,—and the same may be said with equal truth of the *Abbé* played by Mr. FLOCKTON, of *Dr. Palmieri* played by Mr. JAMES FERNANDES—admirably "made up,"—of the *Agata* of Mrs. LEMON MURRAY, and of Miss AMY ROSSELL, who has no easy task in the hopelessly anti-sympathetic part of *Rosalia*. Nor must Miss SOTHERN be omitted, who deserves great praise for her interpretation of *Annetta*, the young girl of fourteen, who, with one false note or anything like an exaggeration of manner, could have rendered the strongest situations supremely ridiculous.



"KEEP FATHER OFF!"

While highly commending the acting, we are bound to condemn

the glaringly false sentiment and atrociously repulsive character of the play. What is the story? An impulsive, passionate, young Calabrian artist loves and elopes with a young Calabrian girl of seventeen. Her relations are furious, and her brother, while attempting to abduct her from her lawful husband, is stabbed by the latter who is defending the inviolable sanctity of his hearth and home. For this he is condemned for life to the galleys—the extenuating circumstances of having simply got rid of an objectionable brother-in-law not being taken into consideration. The wife and child are left alone in the world—her family, by the way, must have been as wretchedly poor as they were snobbishly proud—and are offered shelter by a highly respectable young Doctor who happens to have quite recently become a widower in want of what he coolly terms "consolation." The wife lives under his roof as governess to her own child, who is brought up in the belief that Dr. Palmieri is her father.

After thirteen years, *Corrado the Convict*—a good melodramatic and transpontine title by the way, of which we here make a present to Mr. COGHAN, "no rights reserved"—turns up and claims, naturally enough, his wife and child. He has suffered for his crime, is sincerely penitent, and, but for some pardonable eccentricities of manner, is altogether a far more amiable, and interesting person than *Doctor Palmieri*, who, with his peculiar views of marriage, regards the escaped convict as an unmitigated nuisance.

Though *Rosalia* momentarily redeems her character by offering at the last to accompany her husband wherever he chooses to take her, yet she makes it evident that, in spite of her hypocritical assertion to the contrary, she no longer has the slightest affection for the man to whom she had given her first and best love, who for her sake alone had committed the crime for which he has so fully atoned, and who, impelled by overmastering love for her and his child, has risked death itself to throw himself at her feet, and clasp his daughter in his arms. She coolly allows that she has become very fond of the *Doctor*; and argues that a convict-father would only frighten their daughter into fits—which is highly probable, but easily obviated—and gives *Corrado* to understand that, in a general way, he is an Obstructionist. The *Doctor* explains the case to him in a cold, calculating way, his own child informs him that she will be happier when he's gone, and so the poor man sees nothing for it but to return to prison,—he is too honest to think of trying brigandage,—or to poison himself with the contents of a flask, which, "unbeknown" to the gaolers, he has carried about with him for thirteen years! He tells his child to pray for him, while he toasts off the "fine old crusted" poison, and then he dies in the presence of his wife (shedding crocodile's tears) and the *Doctor* (not even attempting a remedy), who must be secretly chuckling over it as a really "very happy release." Nothing but first-rate acting could carry such a piece,—and this it has got.

And now let us suggest that at Christmas-time, just to make things pleasant all round, Mr. COGHAN should add a Fifth Act, on the following lines:—

Curtain rises, and discovers Dr. PALMIERI, with ROSALIA and ANNETTA dressed for travelling.

Dr. P. Bradashado's Guido says 10/45 in correspondence with the boat for Marseilles. But being generally a sceptic, I do not believe in *Bradashado's Guido*.

Annetta (joyfully). Oh! what fun! Will *Corrado* always be my Papa now?

Rosalia (slightly blushing). Yes, dear.

Abbé (entering). Here is a passport which I promised your husband in the Second Act, when, however, he wouldn't avail himself of the offer. But now I have had it made out for himself and family in the name of "SMITH & Co., Leicester Square, London," and there will be no difficulty.



DR. PALMIERI AND ROSALIA.
(Latest Addition to the Chamber of Horrors.)



"AHH THOUART!"
(A Study in Black.)

Rosalie. Excellent! (To Doctor.) And as to his disguise?

Dr. P. I have lent him a tourist's suit. See!

Enter CORRADO the Convict, disguised as above-mentioned.

Corrado. I am all right. The antidote was first-rate. Cured in an instant! I won't go into details.

[Shakes hands with Doctor.

Don Fernando (the Abbé's nephew, entering). And as an old friend, allow me to offer you this purse. Draw on me—except with a poignard (Abbé coughs, Rosalie smiles, Palmieri benignly pats Annetta's head)—

ahem! beg pardon—I mean, draw on me whenever you like.

Dr. P. Good. Now you really must go. Only just time. Good-bye! Good-bye, Mrs. CORRADO!

[CORRADO, Mrs. C., and ANNETTA exeunt.

Dr. P. Precious glad I thought of the antidote! Rosalie would have been an awful bore, and the girl too, when she grew up and wanted to know all about everything.

Well—well—they've gone! Thank Heaven!

Abbé (taking snuff). Aha! Then you do own a Providence at last.

Dr. P. (converted, and kissing the Abbé's hand). Yes, Monsignor—(Aside)—He's only an Abbé, but it flatters him—(Aloud)—Yes, Monsignor, I do!

[Kneels to kiss the Abbé's hand, who gives him a pinch of snuff by mistake. Left on his knees as Curtain descends.

Now, that is a moral finish: and highly recommended by the Faculty.

M.B. FOR CHRISTMAS.—Mince-Pie.



SCENE—Country Post-Office.

Postmaster. "WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE, MA'AM!"

Old Lady (who has but a vague idea of Mr. Farwell's scheme). "JUST PUT ME UP SIX-PENNYWORTH OF CONSOLS, PLEASE, AND LOOK HERE, YOU NEEDN'T KEEP 'EM FOR ME. I'LL TAKE 'EM AWAY."

THE GOBLIN GOOSE.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.



Once, it happened I'd been dining, on my couch I slept reclining, And awoke with moonlight shining brightly on my bedroom floor,

It was in the bleak December, Christmas night as I remember, But I had no dying ember, as Fox had; when near the door,

Like a gastronomic goblin just beside my chamber door, Stood a bird,—and nothing more.

And I said, for I'm no craven, "Are you Edgar's famous raven,

Seeking as with him a haven—were you mixed up with LENORE?" Then the bird uprose and flutter'd, and this sentence strange he utter'd—

"Hang LENORE," he mildly muttered; "you have seen me once before,

Seen me on this festive Christmas, seen me surely once before. I'm the Goose,"—and nothing more.

Then he murmured, "Are you ready?" and with motion slow and steady, Straight he leapt upon my bed. I simply gave a stifled roar; And I cried, "As I'm a sinner, at a Goose Club I was winner, 'Tis a mem'ry of my dinner, which I ate at half-past four; Goose well stuffed with sage and onions, which I ate at half-past four." Quoth he hoarsely, "Eat no more!"

Said I, "I've enjoyed your juices, breast and back; but tell me, Goose, is This revenge, and what the use is of your being such a bore? For goose-flesh I will no more 'ax,' if you'll not sit on my thorax. Go, try honey mixed with borax, for I hear your throat is sore; You speak gruffly though too plainly, and I'm sure your throat is sore." Quoth the nightmare, "Eat no more!"

"Goose!" I shrieked out, "Leave, oh, leave me! surely you don't mean to grieve me? You are heavy, pray reprieve me, now my penance must be o'er; Though to-night you've brought me sorrow, comfort surely comes to-morrow. Some relief from thee I'd borrow at my doctor's ample store, There are pills of purest azure in that doctor's ample store." Quoth the goblin, "Eat no more!"

And that fat Goose, never fitting, like a nightmare still is sitting With me all the night, emitting words that thrill my bosom's core; Now, throughout the Christmas season, while I lie and gasp and wheeze, on Me he sits, until my reason nothing surely can restore, I am driven mad, and reason nothing surely can restore; While that Goose says, "Eat no more!"



A BUTLER'S REVENGE.

Lady Midas. "WELL, RIVERS, WHAT ARE THESE!"

Rivers (who has received warning). "THE DECANTER STOPPERS, MY LADY. JUST AFTER THE GENTLEMEN LEFT THE DINING-ROOM TO JOIN THE LADIES, SIR GORGIOUS LOOKED UP THE DECANTERS, AS USUAL, BUT HE FORGOT THE STOPPERS; SO I THOUGHT I'D BETTER BRING 'EM UP TO YOUR LADYSHIP!"

[And before His Grace, too, who has at last been induced to accept an invitation!]

"BON VOYAGE!"

Bon Voyage, boy! Good wishes greet,
From myriad lips, the young New-Comer.
Hope, gay as youth, as first love sweet,
As bright as Spring, as warm as Summer,
Lifts eyes of blue to smile on you,
Time cannot age nor trouble chill her;
But, boy, you'll need strong hand and true
Upon your tiller.

The tumbling wave, the threatening sky,
Portend a deal of dirty weather.
Blow high, blow low, 'tis yours to try
And ride them—you and Hope together.
Frail bark, young mariner, rough sea!
Nursling had seldom queerer quarters.
God speed your keel, my boy, say we,
Into smooth waters!

Yonder, her troublous voyage done,
Founders the worn-out hulk, Old Eighty,
Your craft seems slight, young Eighty-One,
For seas so high, for freight so weighty.
But buoyancy helps youth and boats
To ride o'er waves, to tide o'er troubles,
And Hope o'er turbid torrents floats
Like leaves or bubbles.

'Twill not be all plain sailing though
Upon the task you take, poor youngling.
Your steering needs be deft, you know,
'Tis scarce the hour for boyish bungling.
Both East and West things still look black,
Hand upon tiller well may tighten;
Strength must not sleep, nor watching slack,
Till skies shall brighten.

Bon Voyage, still! Dull, lumpish fear
Would overload your cockboat sadly;
Better set sail with words of cheer,
And enter on the voyage gladly.
Away with boding thoughts, away
With dismal doubts and croakings craven!
Here's wishing you swift cruise and gay,
And a safe haven!

Gagging the Volunteers.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has issued a "general order" denying the right of political discussion to Volunteers in uniform, if the discussion involves "political matter of a controversial nature." As a Volunteer is a tax-payer, who pays for the regular Army, including the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and then offers to do one half the work as an amateur, this order is particularly graceful and well-timed. The Clown appears to represent the Government at this so-called festive season, with a red-hot poker as a symbol of power.

Good-bye, Telephone!

THE Law has spoken, and the Telephone is told to leave a country which is tied hand and foot to the Telegraph. The ten millions of public money poured into the pockets of stock-jobbers in 1869 has bound England to the Telegraph and the Telegraph to England for ever. We may read about scientific progress, but we must go abroad to see it. The wire that misspells a message, and the street Arab who delivers it at his leisure, are all we shall get in this country till the day when we are conquered by the Irish.



“BON VOYAGE!”

PLAYERS AND PAYERS.

I. "PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE."

RE.—Mr. BUSKIN has recently addressed some pertinent remarks on the subject of Dramatic Reform to the Secretary of the well-meaning but mysterious D.R. Association. I do not intend to emulate

Mr. BUSKIN
On the Buskin.

But there are Reforms and Reforms, in things Theatrical, no less than in things Political. There is a world before and a world behind the curtain. Of the rare and radiant spirits who people the latter, none but the highly privileged Few may presume to speak; but in the former no fool need fear to tread who has the necessary shillings in his pocket.

The necessary shillings—in fact, the Needful—which brings me at once to my subject, "playhouse prices." Fools or Angels, the unprivileged must all pay; but though we would naturally range ourselves with my Lord BEACONFIELD on the side of the Angels, the thought will intrude that we may be something foolish to pay through the nose as we do now. As a rule, I notice that the largest-nosed people don't pay at all. But this by the way. 'Tis true a seat at the theatre is not a "necessary" (as young Hopeful pleads when he can't, and Papa won't, pay for some pretty freak of Undergraduate fancy), and no one expects a dinner at the "Star and Garter" for the price of a chop at the "Cook." But Man, though born to sorrow, is willing enough to barter his birthright when he can. Even the most grave and reverend of us like to unbend and stretch our legs sometimes—though the stalls of our theatres are, to be sure, the places to do anything rather than stretch our legs, but of this hereafter—and it is really becoming a serious question how much longer we, the great unprivileged and poor relations of the Mammon Family may afford to include the theatre among our "stock of harmless pleasures."

It was the little High-and-Mitey Theatre that inaugurated these extravagant prices, in the days when first it began to wax fat and splendid under that aristocratic patronage which it has ever since courted so exclusively, and, let it be said, so successfully. The High-and-Mitey became what our friend ARRY calls "quite the Stilton." Of course its rivals followed suit, and now those houses where a stall may be bought for less than half-a-guinea—even after a pilgrimage to the box-office to avoid the fees of the Libraries—might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Five shillings—he need be no grandfather to remember when a stall cost no more than

that—then seven shillings, now half-a-guinea,—to-morrow how much? Like SHELLER's skylark, higher and higher the price mounts. You will answer, my good Managers—and very good Managers you undoubtedly are—that any tradesman (only you would probably use some less vulgar word) is a fool who sells for five shillings an article which will command ready purchasers' attention. Granted; and let it be granted, too, that Sir GORGES MIDAS, your great patron and friend, would not deign to consign his lordly person to a seat rated at no higher value than a dirty five shillings. To him the more costly the entertainment, the more exquisite its beauty. What constituted, in his eyes, the greatest charm of the gifted SARAH? Unquestionably the price he had to pay to look at her. But recollect that Sir GORGES, though a very splendid creature while he lasts, is apt to be of a somewhat volatile essence. Like his grammar, he is an uncertain quantity. Your real strength, after all, lies in us, the Great Unprivileged, not in the "Upper Ten," the gilded few.

We are like the Dutch, perhaps you say; we ask too much and wish to give too little. Look at all the splendour around you, you cry: the magnificent stall you sit in, with its glittering monogram: the beautiful draperies, the gilding, the paintings on the walls, busts in the lobbies, rare shrubs on the landings, picture galleries, smoking saloons, with marble tables and soft couches: luxury and art everywhere, and all for the ridiculously small sum of ten shillings-and-sixpence! Precisely so. But, my worthy Managers, where is the need of all these pretty things in a theatre? Is it for these we, the Unprivileged, go to the playhouse? If we want pictures, remember there is a tolerably good collection in Trafalgar Square, which we can see for nothing: and all manner of beautiful, and strange, and costly things at South Kensington that may be inspected any day for very little more. Give us a clean house, a comfortable seat, and a good play, and don't charge for needless upholstery. We little folk are not used to all this magnificence; it makes us dissatisfied with our humble lot. And I take leave to doubt whether the great folk

care as much about it as you think. They have plenty of it at home, you see, and the genuine article. Don't you remember when Lord STREYNE dined with the King, what GEORGE the Magnificent gave his noble guest? Gad! a neck of mutton and turnips, and how pleased that splendid nobleman, with his heaven knows how many French cooks, was with his humble fare?

"If we choose to spend our money thus on the outside of the cup and platter," retort Messieurs the Managers, "what is that to you? It is our risk, not yours." Fair and softly, my friends. Has not he who pays the piper some right to call the tune? Is it your own risk, certainly; but who supplies you with the funds to run it? Deeper and deeper go your fingers into our pockets to pay for all these pretty gew-gaws. If we must spend our money, surely we have a voice in the selection of the article? And we, the public, the Great Unprivileged, are a little wiser than you take us for. You are safe enough, you think, in the rivalry of competition, and perhaps you are; but this is a world of reaction, and if some simple spirit should arise to preach the doctrine that "the play's the thing," and should give old Paterfamilias as comfortable a seat for himself and his belongings, and quite as good, may be a better, entertainment for a much smaller sum than that for which you undertake to surround him with the very latest gimcrackery from the Upholsterers and Wardour Street, and from the Studios of Unappropriated Talent what will Paterfamilias do?

For the present—the Christmas present—allow me, being but a poor old Boy, to subscribe myself—I can't subscribe much more—yours hopefully,

OLIVER TWIST.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—II. ASTRONOMY.



OME study with me
every bright
constellation
Of stars that you
see in the skies
on each night,
Those fanciful
groups will
compel admi-
ration,
Some dim and
far distant,
some daz-
zlingly bright.
You'll see the
two Bears, and
you'll oft fix
your eye on
The Dragon and
Swan, and Her
Ladyship's
Chair,
The Serpent, the
Eagle, the
Crown, and
Orion,
The Whale and
the Wolf, and
the Snake and
the Bear.

Then look at the Sun, and we'll learn, to begin, it's

A distance of ninety-one millions of miles;
But light does the journey in under nine minutes,
Which beats all express trains that run in these isles.
We learn, too, his force must be daily diminish'd,
That curious spots oft appear on his face,
And THOMSON says one day the sun will be finish'd,
And roll, a "cold black ball," through infinite space.

We'll find out the reason of total eclipses,

When, strangely, the Moon seems to eat up the Sun,
We'll see how the Planets whirl round in eclipses,
And how the four Seasons are duly begun.
How ages ago the fair Moon was volcanic,
As those can observe who through telescopes look,
And, certes, the craters are truly Titanic,
As figured by NASMYTH in LOCKYER's book.

Then gaze on each Nebula's wonderful pattern,

And watch the hot Comets go flaring away;
We've measured Jove's moons and the queer rings of Saturn,
But own that we're puzzled by Mercury's day.
Then ponder the Planets, their paths and dimensions,
Astronomy's surely a science sublime:
We'll soar o'er the world with its cares and dimensions,
And henceforward live by Sidereal Time!



"WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER!"

Uncle Robin (looking at Toy-shop window). "Ah! THEY DON'T MAKE SUCH AMUSING TOYS NOW AS THEY USED TO MAKE SIXTY OR SEVENTY YEARS AGO; DO THEY, DIK!"

Uncle Richard. "No, BY GEORGE! NOTHING LIKE!"

MR. PUNCH'S SUMMARY, 1880.

THE YEAR OF "COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE."

	<i>Disturbance.</i>	<i>Compensation.</i>
THE CZAR.	Dynamite.	The <i>Livadia</i> .
SULTAN.	Naval Demonstration.	Departure of GOSCHEN.
King of GREECE.	Patriotic People.	Pleasant Tour, "patronised by all the Crowned Heads of Europe."
BISMARCK.	GAMBETTA.	BISMARCK.
GAMBETTA.	BISMARCK.	GAMBETTA.
King of ITALY.	GARIBALDI.	GARIBALDI's Marriage.
Duke of MUDFORD.	<i>Punch</i> .	"K.G." (Kew Garden.)
RUSKIN.	Everybody.	Letter-writing.
JONES and BIRCH.	Temple Bar Griffin.	City Funds.
IRVING.	Gaiety.	Lycium.
Irish Landlord.	Boycotting.	Griffiths' Valuation.
Lord ROSEBERRY.	Greeks.	Newmarket.
FAWCETT.	Telephone.	P.-O. Savings Bank.
Professional Beauties.	Bills.	Photos.
Police.	Press.	"C" Division.
Middlesex Magistrates.	Public Opinion.	Self-Complacency.
Lord PENZANCE.	CHARLES.	COLERIDGE.
Revds. DALE and EN-RAGHT.	PENZANCE.	Cold Turnkey and Two-martyr sauce.
GLADSTONE.	CHAMBERLAIN.	Discovery of KIRBY GREEN.
Lord BRACONFIELD.	GLADSTONE.	<i>Endymion</i> , £10,000.
The Whole World.	Everywhere.	<i>Punch's Seventy-Ninth Volume.</i>

NEW YEARS AND OLD.

(A Growl to a Greeting. Growled by old Mr. GRIZZLEWIG.)

MANY Happy New Years do you wish me, Sir? Me! Why, you know I can't live many New Years to see. And at my time of life—the wrong side of threescore—All a man's years that might have been happy are o'er. As for me, Sir, I never a happy year knew; Future years won't be happier, and mine will be few.

If I owned all the wealth that I wish for in vain, 'Twould but ease off the years that before me remain. Had I ten times the riches I ever possessed At your age in my youth, Sir, I might have been blest With the means of good living, and then, I've no doubt I should, worse than I am, have been troubled with Gout.

I perhaps might have married, and made a mistake—Which I hadn't, like others, the money to make; Might for love have espoused an unsuitable wife, Who'd have been, and would still be, the plague of my life, And render my New Year, commencing to-day, Still farther from happy than 'tis, a long way.

And, Sir, e'en though I now were as rich as a Jew, Than the Old Year I sadder should still find the New,—To Gout, I repeat, Sir, a martyr the while, And a prey to Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, and Bile; The source of all manner of ailments and ills For which money can't purchase infallible pills.

I don't dare to enjoy the delights of the table, And besides, want of appetite makes me unable. All my pleasures must yearly grow lesser and lesser, And each twelvemonth prove worse than its bad predecessor.

Many Happy New Years may yourself, Sir, go through, But you'll have the advantage of me if you do.

Each New Year I remember since when a small boy, I've heard people wish friends and acquaintances joy, As if hoping good wishes would yet, for all past Disappointment, be crowned with fulfilment at last. And reflect, Sir:—Did ever you happen to hear Any mortal acknowledge a Happy Old Year?

SEASONABLE FOLK-LORE.

If the first person who enters your house in the New Year goes in with his right foot foremost, ill luck will befall you. If the person has his face blackened, a revolver in his right hand, a jenny in his left, and "CHARLES PEACE, a Monograph," in his pocket, ill-luck will befall you very soon.

It is considered unfortunate by some people to go underneath a ladder. These are the people on whom workmen have dropped pots of paint and molten lead. Others consider it unfortunate to pass outside a ladder. These are they who have stepped off the pavement into the road, and been run over by traction-engines.

The Folk-Lore with regard to salt is conflicting. If you have spilt salt on the table, and have then thrown a handful over your left shoulder, the servant who receives this in his eyes seldom considers that ill-luck has been averted. If you help your neighbour to salt, you and she are certain to quarrel if, at the time of your un-called-for politeness, she is eating ham, bacon, meringues, or ice-puddings. Some people when they have spilt salt on a table-cloth, immediately pour a glass of claret over it, to take out the stain. But this is invariably late in the evening, and arises rather from a confusion of ideas than from any accurate knowledge of Folk-Lore.

It is most unlucky to look at the new moon through glass. Want of attention to this maxim is the reason why so many people who wear spectacles are short-sighted. Also why astronomers generally come to grief. The case of GALILEO will at once occur to any child in the fourth standard at a Board School.

If you dip your hands into a basin where even your best friend has cleansed his face, you and he will quarrel. This particularly holds true when your best friend has been playing *Clown* in an amateur pantomime, or emulating the glories of MOORE and BURGESS for the benefit of a drawing-room.



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